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THE INGLENOOK

January 5, 1909

One Dollar Per Year




New Year's Mottoes

I asked the New Year for some motto sweet,
Some rule of life by which to guide my feet;
I asked and paused. He answered, soft and
low,
"God's will to know."

"Will knowledge, then, suffice, New Year?"
I cried;
But ere the question into silence died
The answer came: "Nay, this remember,
too,
God's will to do."

Once more I asked, "Is there still more to
tell?"
And once again the answer sweetly fell:
"Yea, this one thing all other things above,
God's will to love."

—Author Unknown.



EDUCATION IN CHINA—C. F. Appleton

59685

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois



Exhibit at International Live Stock Exposition Chicago, 1908

California Excursion

Thursday, Jan. 14, 1909

Will leave all points in Oklahoma for Butte Valley, California. An excursion will leave Chicago the same day; leaving Omaha, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri on Friday, January 15, 1909. All excursions will be consolidated at Cheyenne, Wyoming Saturday morning, January 16. For rates, routes and other information write to

E. M. Cobb,
Elgin, Ill.

Isaiah Wheeler,
Oklahoma City, Okla., or
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

D. C. Campbell,
Colfax, Ind.

or

George L. McDonaugh,
Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Neb.

CALIFORNIA BUTTE VALLEY LAND COMPANY

MACDOEL, CAL. Dec. 16, 1908

Mr. E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., U. P. R. R.

Omaha, Neb.

Dear Sir:—

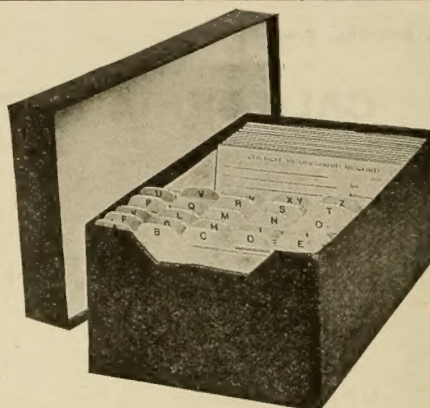
We, the members of the excursion to Butte Valley, California, leaving Oklahoma, Missouri, Iowa, Illinois and Kansas, in charge of your Messrs. Geo. L. McDonaugh, Isaiah Wheeler and E. M. Cobb, beg to take this method of expressing our appreciation of the service rendered by your railroad as well as the Southern Pacific and connecting lines, also the special attention and care given the party by your colonization agents.

We are delighted with Butte Valley located along the new main line of the Southern Pacific, and are very frank to say that this country was in no way misrepresented to us by your representatives, and we will take pleasure in recommending this location to our many friends who are awaiting our report. The best evidence of our faith in the possibilities of this Valley is the acreage purchased by this party.

*S. M. Sparling
Osborn J. Storm
Chas Dayton & wife
Arthur Dayton
George Dayton
J. R. Brinestead
Geo Goldard & Wife*

*Frank Rose
E. C. Schwesdtke
L. M. Wood
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

CHURCH MEMBERSHIP RECORD

Name <i>Smith, Andrew</i>	DATE
Residence <i>Leesport, Ill.</i>	Birth <i>Nov. 20, 1875</i>
<i>225 Sycamore St</i>	Baptism <i>Sept. 1, 1897</i>
Business Add. <i>136 Main St</i>	Marriage <i>Mar. 2, 1898</i>
Occupation <i>Clerk</i>	Membership Received <i>Apr. 1, 1901</i>
Official Position <i>Deacon</i>	From <i>Mt. Joy</i>
When Elected <i>Aug. 30, 1902</i>	How? <i>By Letter</i>
Position in S. S. <i>Superintendent</i>	Membership Discontinued
Lines of Church Activity	How?
Remarks	To

See other side for Pastoral Calls and Communion Services

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Just think! Nearly every winter day Old Sol smiles out warm and bright. Contrast this with the days and weeks of cloudy weather, rain, snow, sleet, slush and mud back East and North.



Thanksgiving Day finds us with a goodly harvest and thankful hearts for this our first year of prosperity.

Sickness has not been in our midst, death has claimed none of us and prosperity is inevitable for the future.



"Westward Ho" tells of our claims and resources.

Send for a copy. Come and see us.



Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.





Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.								
Nampa District.								
Name	Acres	Tons per A.						
Mark Austin, . . .	35	18	A. C. Coonard, . . .	6	18½	Wm. Hansen, . . .	6	16
Company Farm, . . .	90	16	Geo. Duval, . . .	170	14	Melcher & Boor, . . .	37	15
Allen Bissett, . . .	2	18	Rogers' Farm, . . .	20	24	A. E. Wood, . . .	18	16
Tolef Olsen, . . .	4	17½	Gough & Merrill, . . .	10	18	P. A. Gregar, . . .	6	15
C. G. Nofziger, . . .	5	19	A. V. Linder, . . .	25	16	R. F. Slone, . . .	5	15
Geo. Duval, . . .	6	26	David Betts, . . .	14	15	Thos. Weir, . . .	14	23
Payette District.								
			C. M. Williams, . . .	5	19	Wm. Melcher, . . .	21	22
			W. F. Ashinhurst, 3½	18		S. Niswander, . . .	26	17
			E. E. Hunter, . . .	27	16	John Ward, . . .	10	22
						W. B. Ross, . . .	5	23
Nampa District.								
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.			Gough & Merrill,			Oats	100	17
			Joe Dickens,			Wheat	56	20
			Sugar Company,			Barley	60	40
			Geo. Duval,			Barley	75	35
			John Holtom,			Wheat	52	20
			Albert Mickels,			Oats	90	
I. Hildreth,	Kind of Grain	Bushels per A.	A.					
	Wheat	58	15					

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

Colonization Agent, Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

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THE INGLENOOK

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January 5, 1909.

No. 1.

EDUCATION IN CHINA

C. F. APPLETON

THE educational system that existed in China at the beginning of the twentieth century is one of the oldest in the history of the world. The present Chinese characters were invented about four thousand years ago and the printing of books from blocks of wooden type was in vogue many centuries before Caxton produced his first printing press, and this method is still in common use in spite of the introduction of the most modern printing machinery from the West.

The Chinese system of reading and writing is very difficult to acquire and it requires a number of years to become reasonably proficient in it. This is on account of the large number of different characters in use. Several English-Chinese dictionaries give a list of six thousand characters, but good native dictionaries define from forty to fifty thousand. When one considers that the foundation for this vast number is found in two hundred and fourteen radicals, the magnitude of the task and the ingenuity of the inventor may be more fully comprehended.

Confucius, the Shakespeare of Chinese literature, was born 550 B. C. His classical writings and those of his students have been the principal books used in nearly all the native schools until the renovation of the educational system of this great empire.

Before the Boxer troubles of 1900, a Chinese scholar could hold the degree of A. B. or A. M. and know practically nothing but reading and memorizing the classics and being able to write a literary essay consisting of the sayings of the ancient sages on any given topic. Such subjects as mathematics, geography, history, philosophy, and science were wholly unknown in the school curriculum. Probably the greatest incentive to education all these centuries has been the requirement of the government that all candidates for official appointment must be literary graduates.

Owing to several causes, this old system has passed away and a modern course of study has been out-

lined and a new system is being established by the government as rapidly as possible. Some events leading up to this far-reaching change in such an important institution in the Middle Kingdom are as follows: 1. The China-Japan War of 1895 in which the millions of this country were defeated by their pigmy neighbors and "lost their face" before the world. 2. The Boxer troubles and the ensuing siege and capture of Peking—the Holy City—by the foreign powers in 1900, revealing to the Chinese their weak points and the vanity of trusting in their false gods which could not deliver in time of need. 3. The Russo-Japanese War in which Japan, which had but recently broken off the shackles of the past and was pressing ahead for modern improvements, defeated a dangerous enemy of China. 4. The visit of the five commissioners sent out by the Chinese Government to investigate conditions in such countries as America, England, Germany, France, Japan, etc. All these movements have had their effect in bringing about the wonderful changes that are now taking place throughout this great nation. The first step was taken by the throne when it issued an edict abolishing the old plan of examination by which the literati had gained their honors for so many centuries. A new office was created in the government viz., the ministry of education. To this committee was entrusted the duty of drafting a new method of education suitable for the country such as would place her on a par in the literary world with other civilized nations. The new régime took the Japanese system for a model and outlined four grades of schools as follows: The primary school, the common school, the middle school and the high school. Each grade has a four years' course of study and a carefully prepared curriculum including the subjects taught in any up-to-date educational institution.

In theory and as a tentative scheme, as it must necessarily be for a number of years, the new system has

been carefully planned and one might think that it should meet the need, but thus far it has failed to do so. This is due to two causes especially, viz., the lack of teachers and the lack of system in raising the needed funds for the maintenance of such a mammoth undertaking as contemplated in the plan. To provide suitable teachers for the education of the children of four hundred millions of people is not a task that can be accomplished in a year or even in a generation. All that was required of the school professor under the old régime was a knowledge of the native character with ability to write the same; diligence in being at his desk from daylight till dark to hear the students recite, one by one, the ancient, unintelligible classics. But now new duties confront him. Other subjects must be taught of which he has no knowledge and in a way perfectly unknown to him. To meet this need the government has opened normal schools in many of the larger centers for the training of these teachers on more modern lines. Two courses of study, one for one year and the other for three years, have been prepared for these institutions, giving the students a very elementary knowledge of the subjects, which they are supposed to continue to study after leaving the training school. Teachers from America, Japan and other countries have been employed in these normal colleges as also in some important places in the high schools. The expense of foreign teachers and the difficulty of teaching through an interpreter have been serious objections to this method out of the difficulty. Another plan of late years has been followed quite extensively, of sending groups of picked young men abroad for a few years of training. Two years ago there were some ten thousand such students in Tokio alone, but on account of the political agitations in Japan against the Chinese government, this number has been greatly decreased and more students are now being sent to the United States and Europe. Especially has this been the case since the American government has decided to remit the indemnity imposed on this country after the Boxer troubles of 1900.

Another solution for this problem is being found in the Christian mission schools which are the best equipped of any educational institutions in China, although the government still refuses to recognize them or grant their graduates any degrees.

The second cause of failure in the new system is the lack of funds, due largely to the corruption of the officials and to the fact that the schools thus far are too much dependent upon the gifts and benefactions of the people for their maintenance.

A large number of Anglo-Chinese schools are scattered throughout different sections of the country, but the students from these centers of learning are usually in search of a little English for business purposes, as English-speaking natives are in great demand and

can command much larger salaries than their equals in other vocations.

Such special scholars as law, medicine, forestry, etc., are not unknown in China but are few and far between at the present stage of development.

The textbooks of the present day are undergoing great changes. The Commercial Press, one of the largest printing firms in China, has issued a series of Illustrated National Readers which are being distributed. The old classical works are being read in the higher grades while their places in the lower classes are being filled by these modern books which are more simple and intelligible.

For such studies as mathematics, geography, science, etc., translations from western authors are being put on the market to meet the present need. Translations from Japanese works seem to have the preference. A new English-Chinese dictionary of one hundred and twenty thousand words and phrases has just been published by the above-mentioned company.

Truly China is in a transition period, politically, socially and educationally. The old dragon is at last rousing himself after a sleep of many centuries and time alone will reveal the results of the changes which are now taking place in the Celestial Empire.



ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS

G. FEGLEY.

XXIII.—J. G. Whittier.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER was the son of a Quaker farmer, John Whittier, and was born December 17, 1807, at East Haverhill, Mass. His father did not have much sympathy with his son's literary aspirations, but his mother, Abigail Hussey Whittier, who was twenty-one years younger than her husband, fully made up and more for the deficiency of the father. It was supposed that the brilliant black eyes of Mrs. Whittier and her son were inherited from the old colonial minister, Stephen Bachiler, who came to America at the age of seventy, founded cities, disputed with the preachers, and astonished everybody by getting married for the third time at the age of eighty-nine.

Whittier was frail physically and his health had much to encounter in the "toughening process" of a New England farm, being in marked contrast with his ancestor, Thomas Whittier, who at sixty-eight was able to do his full share in building the oak-timbered house in 1688 in which five generations of Whittiers were born and lived.

At fourteen Whittier had read and was delighted with Burns' poems, and bought a copy of Shakespeare on his first trip to Boston. He borrowed and read Scott's novels, with the greatest delight. Reading

Burns stimulated him into making rhymes of his own. His sister Mary sent them to Wm. Lloyd Garrison's Newburyport *Free Press*, unknown to him, and great was his delight to read his "Exile's Departure" in the issue of June 8, 1826:

Whittier had been working at farming and shoe-making, and wrote rhymes in leisure moments, and found them gladly accepted by Mr. Garrison, who drove over to see the bashful country boy who wrote such good verses. After considerable argument with the father, Garrison succeeded in getting his consent to the young man's going to Haverhill Academy, A. W. Thayer, editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, agreeing to take him into his home. "He paid for one term of six months by making slippers, and for another by teaching school." In 1827-28 he published nearly one hundred poems in the *Haverhill Gazette* alone, under assumed names.

In 1829 Garrison got him the position of editor of the *American Manufacturer*, a Boston protective tariff paper, which he edited seven months, when he was called home by his father's sickness. For a time in 1830 he was editor of the *Haverhill Gazette*, later going to Hartford, Conn., at request of George D. Prentice, the editor of the *New England Review*, and acting as editor a year and a half, when he wrote the "Life of Brainard" and "Legends of New England." The subjects of these legends he afterwards worked over into his poems "Mogg Megone," "Bridal of Pennacook," "Cassandra Southwick," and "Mary Garvin."

Returning home, he was in 1835 elected to the State legislature, and was reelected in 1836. He was in 1836 appointed secretary of the Anti-Slavery Society, and became editor of the *Pennsylvania Freeman* at Philadelphia. In 1840 he came to Amesbury and made it his home, and acted as correspondent of the *National Era*. In 1844 he took charge of the *Lowell Standard*, and in 1845-46 was the real editor of the *Amesbury Transcript*. He was corresponding editor of the *Era* from 1847 to 1850. When the *Atlantic Monthly* was founded in 1857 he had a sure mouthpiece for his productions. In 1858 he was made overseer of Harvard College, and in 1860 the college gave him the degree of A. M., and in 1866 that of LL. D.

For many years Whittier lived in Amesbury with his mother and sister, and after their death passed much of his time with relatives at Danvers. He never married, although he was one of the old-school gentlemen in his attention to the opposite sex. He was by birth a Friend or Quaker. Honors were heaped upon him on his seventieth, eightieth and eighty-fourth birthdays, and he was delighted to hear "that the bells of St. Boniface, Winnipeg, Manitoba (celebrated in his "Red River Voyageur"), were rung for him at midnight of December 17, 1891." His very last

poem was a birthday offering to Oliver Wendell Holmes. He died after a brief illness at Hampton Falls, N. H., September 7, 1892.

Whittier has been called "the Quaker poet," "the Hebrew poet," "the Prophet bard," but the name that fits him best of all is "the Poet of New England." His "Snow-bound" is a faithful chronicle of his youth on the farm. He lost all hopes of political preferment, if indeed he ever cared for it, when he espoused the Anti-Slavery cause, and his "Voices of Freedom" are trumpet-blasts; the most defiant one is "Massachusetts to Virginia," and perhaps the bitterest is "The Christian Slave." "Leaves from Margaret Smith's Journal" were poems, issued in 1836. "Songs of Labor" was issued in 1851, "The Chapel of the Hermits" and other poems, in 1853, "Home Ballads" in 1859. Other poems of note are "The Tent on the Beach" and "Among the Hills." A prose work, "The Stranger in Lowell," was issued in 1845; "Old Portraits and Modern Sketches" (biographical), was issued in 1850, and in 1854 "Literary Recreations and Miscellanies."

The most of his prose is in the various papers he wrote for, and much has very likely lost its value, being of a controversial or current events nature. He was essentially a poet of nature; he said he sat on his doorstep and wrote of what he saw from there. His poetry was full of fire and energy, grace and tenderness, simplicity and majesty; he has surpassed Spenser and Sidney; he is the most thoroughly American of all our native poets.

Worthy of mention: Walt Whitman, prose-verse; Samuel Woodworth, poetry; N. P. Willis, prose and poetry; Daniel Webster, orations; William Wirt, biography; R. G. White, Shakespeare; Constance F. Woolson, novels; Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney, stories; E. P. Whipple, criticism; Gen. Lew Wallace, novels; C. D. Warner, essays; John Witherspoon, religious and political essays; Francis Wayland, philosophy and economy; D. A. Wells, science and philosophy; E. E. White, education.

Bryan, Ohio.



I THINK we want to urge most strenuously upon young men the need, the absolute necessity, that in the appointed and demanded work of their life they should look for and should find the joy of their life. To do your work because you must; to do your work as a slavery, and then, having got it done as speedily and easily as possible, to look somewhere else for enjoyment—that makes a very dreary life. No man who works so does the best work. No man who works so lingers lovingly over his work and asks himself if there is not something he can do to make it more perfect. "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me, and to finish his work," said Jesus.—*Phillips Brooks*.

PERSEVERANCE A PREREQUISITE TO SUCCESS

J. C. FLORA

A GREAT many people have the idea that success in any vocation in life depends largely, if not altogether, on luck.

Indeed, this is a mistaken idea, and the sooner the youth of our land are made to realize it the better it will be for them for the fact is, fortune, success, fame and position are never gained, except by bravely persevering in any course until the plans are finally accomplished. Victory is only achieved by hard and persistent toil. In short you must carry a thing through if you want to be anybody or anything, no matter if it does cost you the pleasures of society or the thousand pearly gratifications of life.

Show me a young man or woman who is waiting for luck to come his or her way and I will show you one who has never and will never accomplish anything, whose life is a failure; but on the other hand show me one who is patiently and persistently toiling onward,—he is the one who will make a success of life. Read the histories of the lives of successful men and you will find this to be true in almost every instance.

Newton said that he owed all of his greatness to persevering efforts; that whatever he had accomplished more than the ordinary he had accomplished solely by the virtue of perseverance.

Yea, many others who have won well-nigh imperishable renown in the world of literature, science, or art, owe all their greatness to persevering efforts. They were once as weak and helpless as many of us, once as destitute of wisdom and power as an infant. Once the alphabet of the language which they wield with such magic effect was unknown to them. They toiled long to learn it, to get its sounds, and longer still to obtain the secret of its highest charm and mightiest power, and even longer yet for those living, glorious thoughts which they bade it bear to an astonished and admiring world.

Their characters which are now given to the world and will be to millions, yet unborn, as examples of greatness and goodness, were made by that untiring perseverance which marked their entire lives.

Gibbon consumed nineteen years in writing his masterpiece. Gray spent eight years in writing his "Elegy in a Country Churchyard."

Judson studied six years before he was enabled to preach a sermon in the Burmese language and labored seven years and four months in the mission field before the first convert was baptized.

Pythagoras spent thirty years in hard study, preparing for a teacher of science.

Kepler, the author of the famous Kepler's laws in astronomy, in his attempt to find the exact shape of the orbits of the planets, worked for eight years, making nineteen different calculations and testing each one but failed each time. He did not give up but continued to labor towards his much-desired end and finally succeeded in establishing his first and second laws and by persevering for ten years longer he was enabled to announce his third law.

Hans Egede spent ten years in unavailing endeavors to gain access to a mission field and at length surrendered his charge, as pastor, still uncertain whether he would be able to secure coöperation or reach the desired place. After earnestly persevering for three years longer, despite the bitter opposition that he met, he obtained the needed help and was appointed missionary to Greenland, his desired field.

Columbus met much opposition when he conceived the idea of sailing around the world, but by his undaunted courage and perseverance, after laboring for more than seven years, he succeeded in fitting up ships and after a long voyage he reached his much-desired haven, yea, even more than he expected in the discovery of a new world.

These are only a few of the many examples of men who have reached fame and success by perseverance.

Then does it not pay to persevere? Courage, when combined with energy and perseverance, will overcome difficulties apparently insurmountable. Perseverance, working in the right direction and when steadily practiced even by the most humble, will rarely fail of its reward. It inspires in the mind of all fair-minded people a friendly feeling. Who will not befriend the persevering, energetic youth? He who perseveres in business amidst hardships and discouragements will always find ready and generous friends in times of need.

It was by perseverance that the great pyramids of Egypt, the Coliseum of Rome, and the great Chinese wall were built.

Look at Nature. She has a thousand voices teaching lessons of perseverance. The lofty mountains are wearing down by slow degrees. The ocean is gradually, but surely filling up by the deposits from its thousand rivers and by the labor of a little insect so small as to be almost invisible to the naked

eye. Every shower of rain tends gradually to bring the hills and mountains down to the level of the plains. Then Nature's lesson is, "perseverance."

How many of us when we think of the immense amount of work lying between us and the object of our desires are almost ready to give up in despair! We should not forget when we view the work in a mass that there is time enough, if only rightly improved, to suffice for each effort. Then do not become discouraged if results do not come so fast as you had expected. You cannot learn everything in a year or two years or even a lifetime, but if you will keep plodding on, step by step, you will arrive at your journey's end some day, however long it may be. Neither can you obtain wealth in a day, but patiently perform each task as it comes to you and if dark days come do not become discouraged but ever press onward, remembering that above the clouds the sun still shines.

Abraham Lincoln had for his motto, "Keep pegging away," and by working in harmony with his motto and continually "pegging away" he, in the face of the most extreme poverty, acquired a good practical education and lifted himself from the log cabin to the White House.

Every one, then, regardless of his condition in life, should set his aim high and resolve to do everything in his power for its realization.



COMMENT: CRITICAL AND OTHERWISE.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

WHAT do you read? The other day I was reading over some parts of *Les Misérables*, and I wondered how such books as have their vogue today can get their prodigious audiences. Little thin, squeaky, ivory voices that they are, with their very clamor they drive out the round and resonant passages of the masters.

But you tell me that you have read *Misérables*. If you have, read it again. There are books that can never be put into the past tense. We may read the Bible, we may read the philosophers, we may read *Les Misérables*,—but we can never read them out. Whenever the fundamental principles of life have been written into a book, that book is an eternal fount of life-giving, health-giving principles. It can no more be exhausted than can the living spring in the mountain fastnesses. But like it, they are only for the toilers—the climbers. The mediocrity of the lower levels is good enough for those who are content with the rivers—the sewers of God. The masterpieces are few—but they are filled with fissures in which the treasure waits for the seekers—there are no vapid areas of spiritual stagnation through which the soul must starve its way unfed and unsustained.

I do not say that masterpieces are not written today, but when we throw the horde of things that sell by the hundreds of thousands into comparison with

the books that have lasted through the years, it is a cruel contrast. It is like sitting down to a puppet show after enjoying the music of an old opera.

Now and then we get a touch of the real. The old masters reveal a phase of real life—nay, they reveal life. They do not set pen to paper unless they have something to teach—something we ought to know, and something by which we will profit. All books teach—the question arises, *what do they teach?*

The old books—and a few moderns—move with a touch of truth. But mostly the modern books are "make-ups"—idle tales devised of the idle hours of idle minds. They are without literary style. There is no masterful word painting. The record of crime, as printed in our daily papers is just as good reading. Every day, tons upon tons of trash appear, not worth the paper it is printed on. They are fireside tales of the nursery, made for the infantile intellects of grown-ups. They inspire no thoughts—they create no impulse. They kill time and thereby destroy the most precious thing we have.

A book to be a good book must do three things: it must teach, entertain and stimulate pure thought. Books—good books—mould our characters. They are the foundation stones of our future knowledge. *Literature influences.* The masses, as a rule, are swayed by current literature, whether viewpoints of individuals are disguised as a piece of fiction, or openly introduced as an editorial utterance in a daily newspaper

Why should we read merely to kill time? Why not make it threefold? Why not learn, be entertained, and have our own thoughts quickened to action—to healthy, stimulating, inspiring action? We can replace a great many losses, but hours of the past cannot be regained. Let us fill them, therefore, with profit. The certainty that opportunity is a fixed quantity, which we can by no effort increase, should spur us on to extract the uttermost from each hour we live. And yet, we who are careful to drive sharp bargains with our pennies, are very prodigal with our time. In nothing are we more so than in respect of books.

You would not eat a bad orange at breakfast—those who are wise would no sooner read a bad book. Inane, inert, and lifeless literature is worse food for the soul than flat, tasteless products for the body. *Cling to the verities.* Leave the determination of literary fungi to the critics, and feed only on the food which the irrevocable verdict of time has found good. Then, if you have time to waste on the desserts of inconsequentiality,—dip into the books with the pretty covers, dip into the hash produced by scatter-brains. If you have time to spare, *to waste*, dip into the rot called literature. Men, women and children *must read good books*. It is part of the work called "Promoting Christian knowledge" and it hastens to make us ready for the kingdom of God.

Around the World Without a Cent

Henry M. Spickler

Chapter XXXIX.—From Naples.

"AND God saw that it was good"—this world he had made. And I am seeing that it is good, too.

I like to take just a map of travel in my hand and look over it, picking out its land and water markings, locating its cities full of wonderful people and interesting buildings. The spirit of travel is upon me. The dry bread I munch by the wayside is a loaf of cake, chocolated by unseen hands and frosted by an innocent dairy maiden I saw in a country home. The laborers I see, in old and patched stuff, are so many servants, working, with me, to make the great round ball more beautiful. They smile back at me because they divinely discern that I am one with them, with the Creator. What are all these seas for, if not for swift-sailing boats to carry to fragrant isles big loads of happy passengers? Why all these continents, so poorly developed as yet, but with their splendors to attract visitors and workers, if God did not mean that all of us, as many as chose, might sail over these seas and live awhile, here and there, and thus catch the health that different climates give, or receive the balance and poise and temper that change of scene always has to give so freely to worried folks too long in one place?

Ah, I know I'm right. This world is a good place. I'd like to live here a million years. And I think I will. My body is less than my mind. My mind is less than my spirit. My spirit, it's big. It lives forever. It goes everywhere. It is at once a long journey, a pleasant surprise, a wonderful city, a mountain scene, a good meal, a choice fruit, a dear glance of love, a tender caress of immortal affection. My body

is the poorest of all of my ownership, but see what joy it is finding. To possess the glory of the world is not my desire, but to be *it*. To rob others from rights to property is not my care, but to enrich everybody by bringing them into their own, all the earth and other worlds if they can use them, is my wish.

Now I roll out over the soft blue waves of the Bay of Naples in a little boat rowed by a strikingly handsome Italian. How he looks at me! But I trust him. He wants only his twenty centimes. My hand, scooping at the water as he pulls me past other boats, finds the sea warm and soft. The noise made by my hand running through the water, sings to my listen-

ing ears and expectant mind and throbbing heart a sweet melody that few but poets ever hear. But more of us are poets than the editors recognize. Our trouble is in our inability to tell it. The intoxicating effect of genuine pleasure in any form seeks to rob us of the power to crystallize the joy into symbols of language or other expression so that others may share with us the exquisite



boon that has been allowed to come to us. To test your poetical power, go with me, now, as I rock on the Bay of Naples, looking back at the city, now receding and fading, as old Vesuvius, growing bigger and plainer, blows the whisks of yellow smoke and red fire from the big pipe sticking right out of the top of her bald head. This is the same sea on which Paul sailed—in which he was shipwrecked. The country I am leaving is the one that cut off his noble head. This is the sea of the Carthaginians. Here they fought with the Romans, and the Spaniards. On this sea sailed the triremes, when

lives of men, chained to a life slavery, pulled on oars too long and too heavy for their aching backs. Here they saw their own ship afire, roasting, one by one, the live bodies of their fellows, the lurid flames coming at last to feel, with hellish fingers, for their own bodies.

But I am in the boat and it is taking me out to my beautiful steamer. Paul was here before me, and so I am safe. Yonder are the rocks, standing hundreds of feet from the water. There is magic caprice, with grottoes of broken rainbows playing with blue skies and crimson sunsets. But best of all—there's my ship, for my ship *has come in!*

It is not a big liner. That is all right in its place. It is just a small boat, with graceful bow and gentle swell and moderate bulge, but big enough and high enough out of the water, to be perfectly safe. Big enough for a thousand people, but carrying only a few passengers and much freightage, products of southern shores to Naples and products of northern colds for oriental folk.

The boatman takes his money, looks up at the officers on deck, and rows back to the wharf. I present my ticket that calls for a berth "on deck" and meals. I choose the whole ship for my state room, but drop my wheel and bundles on the fore deck in front of the "bridge" and find a chair for my use on a two weeks' cruise on the Mediterranean.

Two weeks! I'm tired hustling for myself in the hot, dusty streets of Naples. Hotel Metropole was first-class in every respect and the price is all right. Sixty Americans besides myself testified to that. But now I am on a traveling hotel for two weeks, and my board is paid. My wheel can rest. So can I. The strong cylinders must push out and draw back the long, heavy arms that turn the shaft at the end of which are the big, flapping screw blades. Money will buy many things, but money cannot buy my present and prospective hope. Two weeks on the Mediterranean! Why, I never thought of such a thing except in a day dream, and then only after inheriting some untold, unforeseen wealth. Two weeks on the

Mediterranean! Two weeks of gentle seas, warm zephyrs, green islands, tropical fruits, strange sights and loving skies. Two weeks of just going, going, and then going, with rest for my legs and sleep when I want it and reading and writing and eating good food, going to sleep on deck, floating on this blue sea, awaking in the morning, still floating on the Mediterranean, and then having a tasty, odorous breakfast brought me from the cabin.

While I sleep tonight, I will be going around the world, moving forward, farther and farther from home. In Italy I slept out six different nights in fields or parks. I found no trouble with mosquitoes or malaria, and I slept in the Campagna itself at night, once believed to be certain death by such exposure to a foreigner. I feel too good now to get sick from it. Feeling good is

the best antidote for illness. I am sure that if I never feel worse than now I will have to be translated from this life. I will not die.

The whistle has sounded the present departure of the steamer. She churns the water and begins to swing about, as the second mate leans over the high railing of the upper "bridge" and signals for clearance.

Sweet music floats up to us from musicians in a rowboat pulling now from our stern and making for

the next incoming or outgoing passenger steamer. But the sweetest music of life is hidden in the inner ear. I hear that.

Behind me lies Europe. Before me—two weeks of adventure in luxury, or danger, I know not.

"Thou art gone, the abyss hath swallowed up thy form;
Yet on my heart deeply the lesson thou hast wrought,
That shall not soon depart.
He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright."

And so the next day we came into the classic Bay of Palermo. This is the capital of the Island of Sicily and its chief city. It is Sunday noon and I will go on land two days. I am half afraid the sailors are playing a joke on me and when I get on land the boat will leave in the night. So I go to the head man,



"In the park I caught a picture of the huge elephant leaf and other strange foliage."

the captain, whose picture taken by me on the *Letimbro* will be shown soon. He assured me that his vessel would be in port two days. It was just what I wanted, for two days would give me ample time to get around and explore things. A better boat I could not have taken. I went directly to the big Hotel de France and was given a fine room and cared for at the table just as well as a favorite guest could have been treated. Like a true democrat, I went and came at my pleasure, careful to be around during the meal hours when the large dining-room doors opened and closed at the touch of a native servant in black dress and white bosom and curled moustache.

I was ready to sail away at the end of the first day, and that evening a message reached me at the hotel that the boat would leave during the early night. So my precautions had not been in vain. It pays to be careful and to look out for your own interests when those interests are purely unselfish. In the park near the hotel I caught a picture of the huge elephant leaf and other strange foliage growing about the fountain that sprayed the water drops about in the brightest sunshine I have seen. On the streets, little donkeys, laden with fruit and children and curious trappings and bells, stumbled along over frisking dogs, barely getting out of the way of a motley crowd of pedestrians whose color of skin ran all the way from a negro black to a flaxen fairness,—their blood the mixture of a dozen races.

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A LEGEND.

H. M. FOGELSONGER.

IN a cottage by the roadside once lived a maiden and her mother. They lived alone. The maiden's father had gone to rest a few weeks before this legend begins, and they buried him in a churchyard not far from the cottage. It was in the summertime. Daily the maiden gathered flowers and carried them to her father's grave, marked by a fresh mound in the green grass. When the maid gave her daily offering of flowers she wept, wept bitterly, and the dead silence of the place was broken by her stifled sobs.

One day when she was plucking the flowers in the garden a cloud came over the sun. The maiden's heart became heavier. "Just so a cloud has come over my soul," she said to herself, "since father is not here." She arranged her flowers and made her way to the churchyard. The creaking of the iron gate seemed to cut deeper into her soul for she wanted to hear no noise, she was communing with herself.

The grave with its conventionally-shaped mound met her eyes and she wept. The image of the sad procession of a few weeks ago came into her consciousness so vividly; how the six neighbors and companions of her father in his work solemnly bore the lifeless body to its earthly bed, how it was slowly

lowered into the ground and how the minister comforted them as they wept. He told them that the father was not dead but that he was living in spirit, that he was not taken from them entirely and that God would be merciful to them. But the maiden and her mother felt their loss too deeply to be comforted.

All those things came again into the maiden's mind as she placed the flowers on the grave. The words of the minister puzzled her. "How is it that my dear father is with me?" she asked herself. "O God show me," she prayed. A voice came into her soul, "Go home and you will see."

The maiden returned to the cottage. When she entered she saw her gray-haired mother seated in her chair reading God's Word. Opposite her mother was an empty chair in which her father used to sit. Sitting in that chair he read often to the maiden and her mother and told of things long ago. Many a time the little girl would climb upon his knee and ask for a story. The father's face would brighten as he told his daughter of times when her mother was young like her and when the little girl grew to be a maid the stories were longer and fuller in meaning. When the noonday meal was prepared a third chair was by the table unoccupied. There the father used to sit and ask a blessing before each meal and while eating he brought cheer to the table.

Gradually the maiden's soul opened and she understood the answer to her prayer. *Her father still lived with them.* He was not dead. The beautiful life which he lived was not shut up in the grave. The happy associations were not in oblivion. The beautiful aspirations and hopes which he taught the maid were with her yet. She understood, and her cup of joy being full, she prayed, "O God I thank thee for thy promises of immortal life and that my father is not dead but liveth."



HOME, SWEET HOME

The Life of Its Author.

JOHN HOWARD PAYNE was born in Broad Street, New York, on June 9, 1791; and a large portion of his childhood was passed amidst the peaceful verdant scenery of East Hampton, in that State, where his father was principal of a small academy. When John was five years old his father moved to Boston in a similar scholastic capacity, and there remained eight years, after which the subject of this memoir returned to New York and entered the countinghouse of a firm in which an elderly brother had been partner. But he never took to the dull drudgery of a mercantile life. Soon after this he entered Union College, but only remained a year, after which, owing to the pecuniary difficulties of his father, he found himself under the necessity of pushing his fortune in the world alone and unaided.

Payne now devoted his time to studying for the stage, for which he displayed considerable aptitude, and made his first public appearance at the Park Theatre, New York, as Young Norval in the tragedy of "Douglas." This debut was a complete success. From New York he went to Boston, where he again appeared as Young Norval, and also as Romeo, Rolla, and other characters. In cultured Boston he became even more the rage than in the great emporium of commerce. After a time he returned to New York, thence he visited Baltimore, where he was enthusiastically received, proceeding to South Carolina and other Southern States. He went to Washington in 1809, and attracted great attention, one admiring critic declaring that "a more extraordinary mixture of softness and intelligence was never associated in a human countenance; and his face was an index of his heart—he was a perfect Cupid in beauty." In January, 1813, Payne sailed for England, and in Liverpool was welcomed by William Roscoe, who presented him to John Kemble, Coleridge, Campbell, Southey, Byron, and others, and got him an engagement at Drury Lane Theatre in the character of Young Norval. Great applause greeted the youthful American actor, particularly in the death scene at the end of the play. Payne performed for a month in London, and then went the round of several of the principal English cities, after which he proceeded to Dublin, where, in conjunction with the celebrated Miss O'Neill, he played in various well-known dramas. He now visited Paris, where he met and became intimate with his distinguished countryman, Washington Irving, and formed a friendship with Talma, the French tragedian. Once more he turned to England, but on this occasion he was less of a novelty, and did not retain his former success.

About this time he began his career as a dramatic author, one of his first efforts along this line being the tragedy of "Brutus," produced at Drury Lane Theatre in 1818, the famous Edmund Lead taking the principal part. The play was a success, being performed to crowded houses for seventy-five nights. Upwards of fifty plays of various descriptions were written by Payne, and their pecuniary returns enabled him to live comfortable during his nineteen years' residence in Europe. But the production which has achieved such a world-wide fame, and rendered its author an honored name in many a household, was his "Home, Sweet Home." This beautiful song was composed in Paris one dull October day when Payne was living in humble lodgings near the Palais Royal. The depressing influences of his surroundings, something in the atmosphere which seemed to harmonize with his own feelings, and his solitary lot in life, were instrumental in drawing forth the simple pathos and tender yearnings of the song. The song was afterwards rewritten by its author, and introduced into an opera called "Clari, the Maid of Milan," a

play sold by him, in 1823, to Charles Kemble, of Covent Garden Theatre, for £250, the music being composed by Sir Henry Bishop.

"Clari" had a great run, the chief part being taken by Miss Marie Tree, whose singing of the simple song caused a wonderful sensation, gifted as she was not only with a beautiful and expressive face, but with a fine voice which thrilled her hearers. More than 100,000 copies of the song as set to music were sold by the publishers within a year of its publication; but poor Payne reaped no pecuniary benefit from this source, nor did his name even appear as the author.

For the next ten years he resided in America, and traveled extensively both in the North and South. In 1842 he was appointed American Consul at Tunis, but was recalled in three years, returning to Washington in 1847. By the exertion of friends he was reappointed to Tunis. In May, 1851, the author of "Home, Sweet Home," bade farewell to his country for the last time, and in a few weeks afterwards entered upon the duties of his office at Tunis, with high hopes of continuing his former career of usefulness. But it had been otherwise decreed, for ere another year had passed John Howard Payne had ceased from his wanderings, while his country had to lament the loss of one of her gifted sons. He died on April 9, 1852, and his body was laid in the Protestant cemetery of St. George at Tunis, the grave being covered by a white marble slab, with a simple epitaph.—*The Musical Million*.



I BLAME THEE NOT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

I blame thee not that thou didst prove
Unmindful of the promise given.
My soul would never stoop to love
That came not all uncalled, unbidden.
I could not count thy smiles, and know
They beamed but from thy eyes alone,
When from thy heart their liquid flow,
Dissolving, all thy soul hast shown.
'T is hard to bid thee say farewell,
Aye, life is death, from thee apart,
Yet better so, than hear love's knell
Struck at each throb of a wild heart.
I blame thee not; we may not bind
The wind, to do our wish, at will;
As well to fetter love and find
The bands soon rent with ready skill.
I long have felt, that not to me,
Belonged the magic, or the art
Whose charms, or subtle witchery,
Could spellbound hold thy changeful heart.
So fare thee well—and mayest thou be
Blest in thy love, thy all.
So forth, let not one thought of me,
Respond a sigh at memory's call.



STEADINESS of national character goes with firmness
of foothold on the soil.—*David Starr Jordan*.

Nature Studies



GLACIERS AND MORAINES

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

WHEN the temperature of a region is so low that the snowfall is greater than the loss by melting during the milder season, snow accumulates, sometimes, to the depths of hundreds of feet. As it continues to accumulate, it creeps toward the lower ground till it reaches a lower level, or the sea. These accumulations are called ice sheets or glaciers.

In the polar regions and on high mountains these are to be found today.

The ice sheet of Greenland is estimated to be fifteen hundred miles from north to south and from three hundred to six hundred east and west. The interior is thought to be nine thousand feet high.

In the Alps the glaciers are more like frozen rivers, creeping down the mountain side at the rate of from one hundred to five hundred feet a year. The ice obeys the laws of flowing water, the centre moving faster than the sides and the top faster than the bottom. This was proven by setting a row of stakes in line across a glacier and noting their change in position with reference to each other and those on the banks.

Moving glaciers press heavily on their beds. The enormous weight presses rock against rock, grinding some to powder and scratching others. Those that chance to be held by the ice and carried along, will be worn flat as will also be the upper surface of those remaining stationary in the bed. Large boulders sometimes fall upon the ice and are carried far from the parent ledge.

This rock waste is carried forward till the glacier reaches a temperature sufficiently warm to melt the ice and is then deposited. Continuing thus year after year the margin of the glacier or ice sheet is marked by a ridge of rock to which the term *moraine* is applied. Sometimes the moraine entirely covers the end of the glacier to such an extent that even forests are found on them. Such is the case of several in Alaska.

Early in the history of the earth there were periods when the glaciers were vastly more extended than now. This is known as the glacial period. During this period there must have been seasons of lower

temperature and greater precipitation than today. The most extensive of these ice sheets were those extending from eastern Canada across the Great Lakes upon the northern part of the United States and from the Scandinavian highlands across the Baltic Sea upon northern Germany. That from the St. Lawrence region is known as the Laurentian glacier and was nearly as large as the desert of Sahara.

The southern limit of the ice sheet is marked by a row of hills, called "*eskers*," extending in an irregular line across the States of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois. Hollows or "*kettles*" are to be found among these hills which on being drained have made fine farms. The Indians often made their trails along the tops of these ridges and settlers following have utilized them. One of these ridges extends east and west from Vandalia, the former capital of Illinois. Along its crest is a highway known locally as the "*Ridge Road*," where travelers may look down to the left or right on herds often fifty feet or more below. This ridge crosses Bond County in a broken line, valuable deposits of builders' and moulders' sand being found near the center of the county.

The greater portion of the debris brought down by the ice sheet was left in the preglacial valleys, filling them and forming vast plains. This debris consisted of an unsorted waste filled with boulders, and is known by the Scotch word *till*. Much of the softer rock has decomposed and forms a compact yellow earth known as "*hardpan*." The till of New England contains many boulders, so numerous in fact as to prevent agriculture being carried on in some places. South of the Great Lakes and from Ohio westward the till is less stony.

The melting ice made temporary lakes as the ice sheet retreated, the most extensive of which is named Lake Agassiz. It comprised what is now the basin of the Red River of Minnesota and reached northward into Canada hundreds of miles. Its shore lines are easily traced till they almost unite in the northeast corner of South Dakota; here the outlet, a mile or more wide, leads southeast to the Mississippi. The flow of the Great Lakes by the way of the St. Lawrence was also obstructed and the water rose to higher levels than today. Lake Ontario sought an outlet

by the way of the Hudson and Michigan by way of the Illinois. The first outlet is now marked by the Minnesota river, the second by the Mohawk and the last by the Chicago drainage canal.

The shore lines of the Great Lakes are no longer level, rising a few feet to the mile toward the east which indicates that the land is rising. Should this uplift raise the level of the lakes a few feet before Niagara can cut back into Lake Erie, the drainage of all but Ontario will be diverted to the Mississippi via the Illinois.

The ice sheets have vanished—so have the Indians almost disappeared from the East. The Indians are considered important in the study of American history. Even more important are the vanished ice sheets in the study of American geography.

*Mulberry Grove,
Illinois.*

NATURE STUDY.

"ONE advantage of nature study is that it tempts the children into long country walks, away from the formal streets, the dust, and the dirty air of the city. The air of the town is constantly charged with dust—and not simply dust, but particles carrying all sorts of disease-producing microbes. These are

taken into the nose and mouth with each breath, and also carried down into the air-passages or into the stomach when one swallows. The fact that anyone of us is alive shows that the protective forces of the body are usually sufficient to destroy these germs of disease; but to keep them thus effective we must do what we can to aid nature. It needs no argument to prove that exercise in the pure air of the country is one of the best means for gaining health and strength, and fortifying the body against the attacks of disease."

MUSQUASH IN WINTER QUARTERS.

ALL summer Musquash wandered up and down the stream, enjoying river frolics by moonlight with his brothers and sisters. He sucked the eggs and devoured the young of the water fowl, whose low-built nests he found in the rushes; gathered and cracked mussels, and waxed fat on an abundance of juicy frog meat. But now the hunter's moon, glittering on the frost that covers reed and swamp grass, tells him it is time to stop playing and go to work if he would be comfortable for the winter.

As soon as the sun has set, out troop the muskrats

from their holes in the bank. They hurry about gathering dried sticks and reeds for the foundation of the home. As these are laid in place they are firmly plastered with mud, for our friends are skillful little masons. What a wonderful instinct is that which tells them to lay the sticks very lightly at the top of their house and leave that part of the dome without plaster, so the foul air may escape and fresh air enter! The floor of the living room is just above high water mark. The front door, as well as the back and side ones, open under water, so that if danger threatens the muskrat will have more



THE BIRDS IN CHURCH.

From a leaflet printed by American Humane Association, Albany, N. Y.
Taken from Chicago Tribune.

than one escape. When the house is finished they bring in plenty of dried grass and lily pads for bedding.

So long as the water surrounding Musquash's home does not freeze to the bottom he leads a happy life. His hind feet are webbed and he is an expert in all water sports. There are gay times beneath the ice in Musquash Town. To be sure, the fare is only lily bulbs and fresh water clams, varied now and then with a few half-frozen insects or a cluster of mussels.

(Concluded on Page 23.)

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THE NEW YEAR.

ONE volume of the book of time has just been completed and laid away and we are now, with anticipatory thrills, fingering the first pages of the new volume that has been given to us. We are awed by its fresh, clean appearance, its marks of newness, and our feelings are a strange mixture of delight and fear. Of delight, because we are allowed to begin over again, as it were, with the possibility of making a better record. Of fear, because of the issues at stake and the remembrance of blunders and weaknesses recorded in the volume just closed.

This illusion of a new beginning is, we believe, as productive of good as any illusion can possibly be. No factor, aside from some outside agent, is so potent in putting new life and hope into the work as the thought of a new trial. Every faculty of mind and body is called into use in a new beginning, when otherwise the worker would jog along in a spiritless way and accomplish only a small part of what he is capable of doing.

The new year of 1909, with its promise of a fresh start, finds us, therefore, ready and eager for the fray. Not in all the history of the world could we find a time when one could fight as unhampered as now or work to better purpose than now. We need, first of all, to be sure that we are on the right side,—the side of right,—then we can throw ourselves unreservedly into the work. Though the cause we uphold may not win a complete victory this year, at least we, as individuals, will be victors, since we shall have had many triumphs in the kingdom of our own soul. For no man can truly fight in any good cause who does not make decided advancement in his own life.

We wish all our readers a happy New Year. May your plans be unselfish and with the aim to be of use in the world and then you *must* be happy. In turn, we crave the good wishes of all our readers. As many of you know, this new beginning for the INGLENOOK

is more than an illusion; it is a reality. New life has come to the magazine. And in the strength of the inspiration and encouragement that have come from its many friends we trust that it may reach a higher degree of excellence than it has yet attained. We are sure this possibility may be realized if our friends will continue to lend their help as in the past.



THE BIG FARM AND THE RICH FARMER.

IN the face of Uncle Sam's crop reports one ought not to take the cry of hard times too seriously. Real downright hard times must have as their basis a shortage of the products of the soil—a real famine look. When, on the contrary, our Secretary of Agriculture reports of farm products the biggest volume ever, it ought to make some of us feel ashamed in view of the long faces we have been wearing because of the "hard times." If one could lay his finger on the real cause of the present depression it would probably be not far from extravagance in living and wild speculation. Many of us live beyond our means and most of us are extravagant in one way or another.

So it is that this year's crop report makes good reading. William E. Curtis, writing on the subject in the *Chicago Record-Herald*, says the report ought to have been published before Thanksgiving in order to furnish material for Thanksgiving sermons. But the report will do us good now. Thankful hearts are what we need to begin the year aright.

Continuing, the above mentioned writer says: "Every year since Secretary Wilson commenced his series of annual reports (nearly twelve years ago) has seemed to surpass all previous records until the farm products of 1908 have reached the value of \$7,778,000,000—'the most extraordinary amount in the history of the world,' or, as the secretary calls it, 'an unthinkable amount of real, tangible wealth as it exists at the time it leaves the hand of the producer.'

"It is not necessary for him to tell the housewives of our cities that there has been a very large advance in the price of farm products, because they are only too familiar with that fact; but every woman who goes to market will be interested in his statement that the mean factory price of butter averaged 19.16 cents in 1899 and 27.16 cents in 1908; that the average farm price of eggs throughout the United States was 11.15 cents in 1899 and 18.3 cents in 1908; that the mean wholesale price of dressed poultry in New York was 11.15 cents per pound in 1899 and 13.56 cents in 1908. The wholesale price of milk in Chicago was 10.5 cents per gallon in 1899 and 15.16 cents in 1908, while in New York the wholesale price of milk increased from 10.12 cents per gallon in 1899 to 16.62 cents per gallon in 1908. That partially explains why the farmer is the most prosperous person in the country.

"In comparison with the previous five years there has been an increase in the volume of every crop except oats, flaxseed, potatoes, tobacco and hops, and a higher value for every crop except cottonseed and hops.

"The exports of domestic farm products in 1908 were valued at \$1,017,000,000, while the imports of the farm products of other countries were \$540,000,000, leaving a balance of trade of \$488,000,000 in favor of this country. 'The magnificent figures of the farmers' contribution to the exports of this country and to the favorable balance of trade,' said Secretary Wilson joyfully, 'are maintained in spite of this country's immense growth in population and the extraordinary immigration of nonagricultural peoples, and also in spite of the diminishing fraction of the population that is engaged in agriculture. No analysis could more strongly indicate the progressive efficiency of the farmers' labor and capital and the telling effects of the agricultural sciences.'"

Surely the farmer can begin the new year with courage and with confidence in the soil which he cultivates. Add to the agricultural report the fact that the farmer's life is the most free and natural and there is no visible reason why the farmer should not be contented and happy.



WITHDRAWAL OF WESTERN PHOSPHATE LANDS.

ACTING under instructions of President Roosevelt, Dec. 10, the Secretary of the Interior withdrew from entry, selection, and location all public lands in Wyoming, Idaho, and Utah, believed to contain phosphate rock, pending appropriate action by Congress. The list of lands withdrawn was furnished by the U. S. Geological Survey as a result of preliminary examination of the field. Further work will be undertaken by the Survey as soon as practicable, looking toward a careful classification of the lands in question and the restoration to agricultural entry of such portions as are found to contain no phosphate.

This action of the President has been taken largely as the result of facts brought out at the recent meeting of the National Conservation Commission in Washington. At this meeting it was shown that, at the present rate of production, the known available supply of high grade phosphate rock in the United States will last only about fifty years. Although this western field embraces the largest area of known phosphate beds in the world, the absolute necessity of utilizing these deposits for the benefit of the farms of the United States was strongly emphasized.

Phosphoric acid is one of the three substances which must exist in the soil if the soil is to be productive. It has been shown, as the result of agricultural experiment station work in Wisconsin, Ohio

and Illinois, that in fifty-four years soils of these States, in the cropped area, have been depleted of one-third of their original phosphoric acid. This is equivalent to twenty pounds per acre annually. Assuming it to be only half this amount, for the four hundred million acres of cropped land in the United States it would require 6,000,000 tons of phosphate rock annually to offset this loss, without considering the question of increasing the agricultural yield above the present production.

In 1907 there were 2,265,000 tons of phosphate rock produced in the United States, and of this amount 900,000 tons or about forty per cent was exported. The phosphate rock of South Carolina is practically exhausted; the Florida deposits have reached their maximum production; the output of the Tennessee deposits is on the increase, but this field alone would, at the present rate of increase in consumption, last only eleven years. There is some phosphate in Arkansas but it is of low grade; therefore the large deposits of the public land States must be depended upon for the greater part of our phosphate in the future. To insure the utilization of our own deposits in our own country some means must be devised to prevent its shipment to foreign lands. It would appear that this can be done only by retaining in the Government title to all public lands underlain with phosphate rock, and leasing these lands under terms which will prohibit exportation.

The Secretary of the Interior is charged by law with the care, preservation, and disposition of the public domain for the benefit of all the people of the United States; and the rulings of the Supreme Court are to the effect that he has full power to meet such unexpected contingencies or emergencies as are created by changed conditions, new discoveries, or unforeseen happenings. In such cases he fortunately has the power to make temporary reservations or withdrawals of the public domain, with a view to protecting and preserving the same pending the submission of information to Congress in order that it may enact appropriate legislation to meet the conditions disclosed. This power has been frequently exercised during the past forty years, in the public interests.

In this particular instance, the question is so vital to every citizen of the United States interested in the present and future agricultural production of the country that immediate action is necessary.

An executive order of withdrawal, general in its nature, like this, is under the rulings effective from the first moment of the day upon which it is made, and thereafter during the existence of the reservation, no valid location can be made or claim initiated. Valid claims initiated prior to a withdrawal and maintain by compliance in all respects with the law are not defeated or impaired by such a reservation.—*U. S. Geological Survey.*



The Home World

DESSERTS

LENNA F. COOPER

THAT the desire for dessert is almost universal and a natural one is proven by the fact that the menu always seems incomplete without it. There seems to be a natural appetite calling for something especially tasteful and dainty with which to finish off the meal. A dessert is not necessarily unwholesome: indeed, it may serve a beneficial rôle in the menu, providing it is made of wholesome things, and given a proper place in the menu. It may be that this appetizing dish serves as a natural stimulus to the flow of the digestive fluids just the same way as the appetizers such as fruits, hot soup, etc., at the beginning of a meal.

The dessert should ordinarily be simple. Too frequently, the desserts are rich and heavy, and an unnecessary addition to the already overcrowded menu. The desserts are usually rich in fats and sugars. Pawlow, the noted Russian physiologist, has recently shown that fats tend to inhibit the secretion of the hydrochloric acid of the gastric juice. Since the hydrochloric acid is necessary in stomach digestion, it becomes apparent that rich desserts should never follow a heavy meal, as the fat of the dessert tends to delay the digestion of the meal. If we serve rich desserts, the remainder of the meal should be correspondingly light. Ordinarily, sufficient food has already been consumed before the time for the dessert has arrived. Thus it becomes simply a tax on the digestive organs, because, as a rule, we eat more than is needed.

Let us analyze the different materials that usually compose the dessert. Fats and sugars form an important part of the dessert. As has been stated, fats always retard the flow of gastric juice, thus lessening the ability of the stomach to digest the rest of the food. Hence, rich pastries, puddings, etc., ought not to be served after a heavy meal.

The sugars, being pepto-genic, increase the flow of the digestive fluids, but sugars taken in the con-

centrated solution are very irritating. A twenty-five per cent solution of cane sugar placed in the stomach by means of a tube has been known to produce gastritis. Fortunately, we are unable to take it that strong, due to the fact that the saliva reduces it to a lower percentage. Most people, however, are in the habit of using too much sugar. Sugar, as we know it, is in a highly-concentrated form. If we were to take the sugar in the strength in which it is found in nature, as in the sugar-cane, beet, etc., it probably would do us no harm; but after it has been extracted from these sources and reduced to granulation by boiling and evaporation, it is many, many times sweeter than when found in its natural condition.

There are many kinds of sugar, however. Cane sugar does not mean simply sugar derived from the sugar cane. Chemically, cane sugar, beet sugar, and maple sugar all have the same formula. There is no difference in these three so far as physiological purposes are concerned. There are two kinds of fruit sugar,—levulose and glucose. Glucose is sometimes called grape sugar because it is found so abundantly in grapes: in fact, it is a predigested sugar, being all ready for distribution and assimilation by the body. For this reason, fruits and fruit juices are so refreshing. Sugar, which is the chief part of the fruit, gives up its energy very quickly. The levulose is also very quickly distributed. These two sugars are also found abundantly in fruits. The glucose is also the result of starch digestion in the body. There is also a milk sugar which is found in milk which is less sweet than any other of the sugars. Maltose is another form of sugar, and is the product of starch digestion. It is the intermediate step between the starch and the glucose.

Just here let us make a plea for simplicity of diet. The simplicity probably counts more for wholesomeness than any other feature. Complex mixtures are usually detrimental. The stomach forms habits

just as the rest of our body. It gets into the habit of digesting certain kinds of food. Practically all foods contain certain chemical substances, which we call peptogens, which are really stimulants to the appetite and to the flow of the digestive fluids. When we take fruit or any kind of food into the mouth and masticate it, the peptogens affect the nerves of taste, and telegraph ahead, as it were, to the glands of the stomach and the digestive organs, saying that a certain kind of food is coming, which will require a certain degree of acidity of the gastric juice. Meats require a higher degree of acidity than bread, and bread requires a higher per cent than milk. When we take a great many mixtures into the stomach, it complicates digestion very much. We have found that people troubled with indigestion in various forms, when put on a single article of diet for a time until the stomach gets into the habit of secreting the juice necessary for the digestion of that one article, are finally brought back to health, and the stomach gets back into right habits again. People ought to form habits of eating more simply. Children should never be given complicated dishes. If they are given simple, plain vegetables, milk, bread and butter, nuts, and fruits, they will form a desire for these things and will be much better for it. The nations which have accomplished the most are those which have lived simply. Going back to the history of Greece and Rome, we find that in the days when they were the greatest, they lived the simplest. The Roman army usually carried along with them their parched barley and oil, and gathered cress by the wayside. After conquering their neighbors, and adopting their habits, they became very luxurious and intemperate, which led to their downfall. The individuals who have accomplished the most in this world are the people who are simple in their habits.

Snow Pudding.

1 qt. milk	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup sugar	$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. vanilla
$\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup cornstarch	4 egg whites

Rub the cornstarch smooth with a little of the milk. Add the sugar to the remainder of the milk and heat it to scalding. Stir in the cornstarch and the salt. Stir well until thickened, and cook 15 minutes in the double boiler. Meanwhile, beat the egg whites stiff. Gradually pour the heated mixture over the egg whites beating thoroughly. Add vanilla and pour into pans and moulds. Serve with strawberry sauce.

Strawberry Sauce.

$\frac{3}{4}$ cup strawberry juice	2 tsp water
1 tsp. cornstarch	Sugar if desired.

Drain the juice from canned strawberries and place on the stove to heat. Then moisten the cornstarch with cold water and thicken the juice with it. Cook in a double boiler 15 minutes. If the berries are not very sweet, a little sugar may be added to the sauce.

Other fruit juice may be used in place of the strawberry juice.

Grape Apple.

6 medium sized apples	$\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar
$\frac{3}{4}$ cup grape juice	

Pare and core the apples, arrange closely in a pan, and fill the centers with sugar. Pour over all the grape juice. If this is not sufficient to about half cover the apples, add sufficient water to do so. Cover the pan and bake. Keep them covered until almost tender; then remove the cover and finish cooking uncovered. As soon as the apples finish cooking, remove them from the liquid, and allow the liquid to cook down until rather thick. Serve this over the apples.



FLOWERS

IDA M. HELM.

It is only a little hothouse flower, blooming in the warm sunshine of the south window. To me it is beautiful. It is a fragrant flower, and while looking at it I think of the poem—

"Smell the flower, my child, and see
What its perfume breathes to thee;
In its cup so small and bright,
Safely hidden from our sight,
There an angel spirit dwells,
And its message sweetly tells."

Out of doors all nature is frozen, the limbs of the trees are bare and brown, the frost has nipped the flowers and vegetables and they have faded away and even the hardy weeds have hung their heads and dropped to the earth, blackheaded and withered. We turn our eyes to the ground and look in vain for green grass. There is snow, snow everywhere. And we turn again to the plants in the window with their wealth of green foliage and the humble little flower that is giving its sweet fragrance for us. It is a cheering sight; they are thoughts of the Creator, written in green foliage and beautiful flowers. We admire them and we feel that we are akin to the Author of all things that are lovely and beautiful and good. They whisper to us of Jesus when he said, "Consider the lilies, how they grow." "If then God so clothe the grass which is today in the field, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, how much more will he clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

Oh, marvelous thought! The great Creator offers to clothe us with righteousness—the pure, white robes that only he can give. Into this world, in the mid-winter of sin, Jesus came to thaw the frozen soil and to give new life to the deadened germs lying in cold hearts, awaiting the warming, animating power of divinity. If I should set this flower stalk away from the sunlight into a cold, dark room, in a short time it would fade and die. It needs to be watered and kept in the warm sunlight and it will continue to grow and

bloom and give cheer to the cold winter days. We must go to the fountain of life and drink of its quickening waters and we must bask in the sunlight of the Gospel of Christ and our lives will grow beautiful like the Master's, and we can tell to hearts saddened and chilled by sin, the sweet message of salvation.

Ashland, Ohio.



TOMORROW.

Today may be dark and forbidding; our hearts may be full of despair;

But tomorrow the hope that was waning will prompt us to do and to dare.

Today we may feel that life's sorrows outweigh all the joy that we crave;

But tomorrow will teach us the lesson that life is worth while to the brave.

Faint heart is forerunner of sadness—despondency robs us of health;

The man who is chock full of gladness is the man who makes most of life's wealth;

Today may be all that is mournful—our paths cannot always be bright;

But tomorrow we'll somehow take courage, and trustingly enter the fight.

Tomorrow the sun will be brighter; tomorrow the skies will be fair;

Tomorrow our hearts will be lighter; we'll cast aside sorrow and care.

Remember, when heartsick and weary, the sunshine comes after the rain;

Tomorrow is time to be cheery—tomorrow we take hope again!

—Jerome P. Fleishman.



TEACHING THE BOY TO AIM.

"Hear, ye children, the instruction of a father, and attend to know understanding."

THE men who made Proverbs took a very cynical view of the children of good men. We are all familiar with the standing reproach hurled at the sons of ministers. The fact that a man takes the trouble now and then to contradict it with an impressive list of great and good sons of the parsonage does not seem to interfere with the popularity of the proverb. Perhaps there is a little malicious enjoyment in the contrast between father and son. At any rate there is a strong prejudice which seems in no danger of dying out that the sons of good men do not live up to their fathers and oft turn out badly. You cannot pick up a city newspaper without reading of the disgrace of some son of respected parents. The thousands of young men who behave themselves are overlooked. They do not break into the police news by being good.

The fact is that boys from good families are good fellows. They nearly all of them mean well in an indefinite sort of way. Some of them do go wrong, but they go wrong with the best of intentions. It is not a bad aim that makes them dangerous, but lack of aim.

The crisis in a boy's life comes when he leaves school. If he decides well then he has usually decided well for life. But most of them do not decide, they just drift. Here is one kind of boy—perhaps the commonest type of all. He does not know what kind of work he wants to do, but he wants a job where he can make a fair amount of money and have a good time outside of working hours. If his father will help him through college he picks out one of the recognized professions and follows it. Sometimes he goes into his father's business. He is following the line of least resistance. There is no harm in that, but there is nothing to save him from harm. And then if temptation does come, his good father helplessly wrings his hands and wonders why God gave him a wicked son.

Here is the answer. God never gave anyone a wicked son, but God never gave anyone a son that was automatically good either. Every boy has a right to be started in life with an ambition to do something worth while, and it is his father's business and your business and my business to help find him that ambition.—*Home Herald*.



VALUES OF LIFE AMONG WAGE-EARNERS.

"THE more intimately one comes into the home circle of the independent wage-earners the more clearly does the disadvantage of wealth stand revealed. Life must be lived so simply, the interests of life are so evident, that the value of words decreases; action expresses the heart perfectly. The very services the children render each other train them for the family life they will establish. The baby tended by an older brother or sister learns to depend on them for care, and that dependence in turn draws out a love and responsibility that could not have birth under any other condition. The child who finds that in pain, weariness, suffering, a father and a mother alone share its care; the elder children who see how naturally sacrifices are made for them, how little the father and mother value themselves, their ease, even their comfort, learn to value the love in the home and depend on it, and give love to it that money to buy service would bar out."—*Lillian W. Betts*.



SELECTED HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

BAKE square crackers in the oven until brown and crisp and coat them with sweetened chocolate. They are nice to put in the lunch basket for school children.

While nuts are nutritious and recommended as food, one should eat salt with them, especially walnuts or the oily kinds. Never eat a great quantity.

When lace-covered pincushions get badly soiled, remove all pins and needles and scrub the lace lightly with cornmeal. This will free the meshes from dust.

If the ribbons are badly soiled clean them in gasoline.

Grind pop corn after it has been popped and pour over it a chocolate fudge. Press the two into shape and cut with a sharp knife.

To revive wilted holly, place it in a small bathtub or any large vessel in which the stems can rest in boiling water. Put plenty of salt in the water and let the branches remain until the water is cold. It is best to clip the branches on the ends before immersing them. Mistletoe can be revived in the same manner, but it should first be placed in warm water, then cold.

White cornmeal lacks the richness of yellow meal, and in making pones, cakes and the like, more butter and eggs should be supplied to a recipe. A corn pone, however, is finer and richer when made of yellow meal, if a little white meal is mixed with it. Breakfast cakes are excellent when made of white meal, but more eggs should be added. Put milk in the water that mush is made of and it will brown more quickly when fried.



"THERE are those who stammer in their speech, and there are those who stammer in their Christian charity and honorable dealing with their fellow-men who had but words of pity for him who blundered in his speech. The one is a misfortune, the other is a vice. Better the man who stammers before man than he who stammers before God."

The Children's Corner

THE RHYMING NINES.

"OH, dear, mama, my remember is so poor when I come to nine times eight! I say it over fifty times, pretty near, then the next time I have to say it I can't tell how much it is. I think the nines are 'most as bad as the toothache," said Mildred, coming to the kitchen table where her mother was peeling apples for sauce.

"As sure as apples are good to stew, nine times eight are seventy-two," said mama, playfully.

"Oh—o—o, that makes it easy; I'll never forget nine times eight again," cried Mildred. "Please, mama, rhyme all the nines for me."

"Very well, dear, if it will help you to remember. I will have them ready for you when you come home from school."

Mildred went skipping to school, swinging her arithmetic by the straps, singing the rhyme and feeling she had conquered a very troublesome enemy.

When she returned home her mother read her the following, which she readily committed to memory:

It takes 'no time or thinking fine
When 9 times 1 are only 9.
Neither are we long in stating
9 times 2 are only 18.
Nice light bread is made with leaven,
9 times 3 are 27.
Are you fond of candy sticks?
9 times four are 36.
Bees make honey in the hive,
9 times 5 are 45.
Please come in and close the door,
9 times 6 are 54.
Wash your hands and come to tea,
9 times 7 are 63.
As sure as apples are good to stew,
9 times 8 are 72.
The nines this way are real good fun,
9 times 9 are 81.
9 times 10 are 90.
9 times 11 are 99.
The nines are done, let's go and skate,
9 times 12 are 108.

—*Sunday School Advocate.*



SIX CENTS FOR ONE.

"GIVE me a cent, and you may pitch one of the rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you six cents," said a man.

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to the stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails that was fastened on a board.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again or six cents?"

"Six cents" was the answer, and six bright pennies were put into his hand. He stepped on well satisfied with what he had done, and probably not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them, and they were not given to you. You won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path. That man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give the six cents back and ask him for your penny, and then stand square with the world, an honest boy again."

He had hung his head, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look as he said, "I'll do it!" will not be forgotten. He ran back, and soon emerged from the ring, looking happier than ever. That was an honest boy.—*Selected.*



The Quiet Hour

THE NEW YEAR.

MARY C. STONER.

Ah! bright the dawning of thy morn,
What on thy gentle wings is borne?
Thy sunbeams like the children play
With lightsome glee so blithe and gay.
And will your morn's be all so bright,
So full of cheery radiant light?
Thou'rt like a fair and winsome lass
So sweetly smiling while you pass.

We love thy dawn, thou fair young year,
With all thy cherished hopes or fear,
And welcome is thy beaming light
Born from the death of last year's night.
May naught of sin thy beauty mar,
But hearts grow purer hour by hour,
Until thy mysteries shall unfold
And crown thy sunset skies in gold.

North Manchester, Ind.



THE WEEK OF PRAYER.

For about half a century the meetings for prayer during the first full week of each year have had the interest and attention of the evangelical churches of the world. During the most of this time the special subject, or burden of the prayer, has been for the speedy conversion of the heathen world to faith in Jesus Christ.

In main the original purpose of the meetings has been maintained. A deep spiritual longing for the conversion of the world has been manifested. Earnest prayers have arisen to God, and the hearts of Christian people have warmed toward each other as they have unitedly gathered around the throne of divine grace, and asked God's blessing on the souls of men. They have prayed for revival, and God has sent many a gracious and glorious awakening in answer to their petitions. They have asked for the success of the Gospel in foreign lands, and during this last half century we have witnessed the most marvelous growth of the kingdom that has ever occurred since the time of Christ and his apostles.

And why should we not pray, and pray unitedly, for such ends? Is prayer a power, and shall we not employ it? Has God granted to us this power, and shall we not unite in earnest petition that the

world may be brought out of its sin and sorrow into the blessed joy and comfort of salvation? Surely it were cruel if we should not pray, since prayer is, according to the assurances of Jesus Christ, a power that we are to exert in behalf of others. Christian love and sympathy should prompt and compel us to pray, and to pray unitedly and to pray without fear or faltering, that the blessed kingdom of God may come, in peace and power, into the hearts and homes of our fellow-men all over the world.

But while we have prayed, in this general and universal way, for the whole world, we have seen many a blessed revival in our land which had its origin in the blessing of God upon the humility and confession and faith and prayer of his people. Commencing to pray for God's conversion of the heathen world, God's children have continued in prayer for a blessing upon their friends and neighbors, their children and their homes.

During this half century our evangelical churches have been drawn nearer to one another than at any time in church history, and the fraternity engendered in the exercises of this week has been largely the cause of the growing unity of believers. We have been drawn nearer to one another as patriots as we have prayed for God's purifying power in the life of our nation. We have been made more efficient and practical in our reformatory work as we have prayed for God's power to restrain and destroy intemperance and other evils.

So we look forward to the exercises of this first full week of the new year, and seek to put away evil-thinking and evil-speaking, and all unbelief and all bitterness, and to be ready to be used of God as he hears and answers our prayers. We shall find it good to draw near to God in prayer. We shall find it good to draw near to one another as we pray. We shall find anew, if we come in faith and assurance, that God is able and ready to do exceeding abundantly above what we can ask or think.—*Herald and Presbyter*.



WHEREAS: RESOLVED.

I USED to admire the ability of my friends that had the knack of writing resolutions in good shape. I

generally skipped the "whereas" portion myself, however, in reading these documents, being more eager than logical. Nevertheless I have just expressed some resolutions in this form, and I have done it to make clear to myself the reason for my action. Thus:

Whereas my experience shows me that I am not happy when I am murmuring, or complaining; and

Whereas I help to make other people unhappy by unloading the burden of wrongs real or fancied, upon them; and

Whereas complaining tends easily to become a habit, and a bad one, and to breed still more complaints; and

Whereas murmuring and dissatisfaction, and the repetition to others of my woes, rob me of spiritual power, fixing my mind on mere human conditions, instead of on God, who conquers them; and

Whereas complaining makes it impossible for me to obey the scriptural command, "Rejoice in the Lord always," because complaint and joy are opposites; and

Whereas complaining is evidence of lack of trust in God and acceptance of his will:

Be it therefore resolved:

Never to allow the mind to indulge in self-pity, to brood upon the wrongs I may have suffered, or may suffer;

Never to repeat to any one, no matter how dear they may be, any kind of complaint; but to cast such memories out of the mind resolutely and forever;

Never to seek sympathy that involves the darkening of other lives by my murmuring;

Always to dwell in the sunshine of the divine love, and know that he is taking care of all apparently untoward conditions, for "all things work together for good to them that love God";

Always to rejoice and help to make others happy!

There, now, what do you think of that? You say, of course, "You can never do it, Mr. Ripple." I know it. But the Power that inspired the desire can. "It is God that worketh in you both to will and to do."

The world is too full of complaints and lugubrious rehearsals of evils and wrongs. I cannot stop these things in others; I can in myself, by divine grace.—*Christian Endeavor World*.



LIKE UNTO THE CHRIST.

Two men were sinking a shaft. It was rather a dangerous business that they had to do—it was to blast a piece of rock. Their custom was to cut the fuse with a knife. One man then got into the bucket and made a signal to be hauled up. When the bucket again descended, the other man got into it, and—with one hand on the signal rope and the other holding the fire—he touched the fuse, made the signal, and was rapidly drawn up before the explosion took place. It was a dangerous business. One day they left their knife up above, and rather than ascend to

procure it, they cut the fuse with a sharp stone. It took fire. "The fuse is on fire. Both leaped into the bucket, and made the signal; but the windlass would haul up but one man at a time; only one could escape. One man instantly leaped out, and said, "Up with ye; I'll be in heaven in a minute." With lightning speed the bucket was drawn up and the man was saved. The explosion took place. Men descended, expecting to find the mangled body of the other miner; but the charge had loosened a mass of rock, and it lay diagonally across him, and with the exception of a few bruises and a little scorching, the man was unhurt. When asked why he urged the other man to escape, he gave a reason that skeptics would laugh at. "Why did you insist on this other man's ascending?" In his broad dialect he said, "Because I knowed my soul was safe, for I've gie it in the hands of him of whom it is said that 'faithfulness is the girdle of his loins'; and I knowed that what I gied him he'd never gie up. But t'other chap was an awful wicked lad, and I wanted to gie him another chance." All the infidelity in the world cannot produce such a single act of heroism as that.—*Selected*.



A SUDDEN ALARM.

ONE Sunday, not long ago, the audience had assembled in one of the churches to hear preaching. Suddenly the fire bells rang out.

In an instant the music stopped, and the congregation rose in a body and all rushed out into the street. Every one thought, "It may be our house on fire." So in one minute the house was empty.

It turned out to be a small blaze which had been extinguished by the time the people got out of the church. They returned, and soon got seated and silent.

The minister then rose and prayed:

"O Lord, make this people as anxious to save their souls as they are to save their bodies. May they make as great haste to rescue themselves and their neighbors from the fires to come as they now do to save their children and their property from the fires of this world."—*The Mennonite*.



CHICAGO'S anti-cruelty society now keeps horses with drivers stationed at the steep approaches to bridges up which it is difficult for teams to haul the heavy loads they easily pull on the level. The "Good Samaritan Horses," as they are called, help get the heavy loads, one after another, over the bridges.



"It is easier to discuss the duties of others than to do our own."



"MULISHNESS is often taken for manliness,—by the mulish."

Echoes from Everywhere



The department of agriculture and commerce of Japan is being prevailed upon to grant a sparrow-destroying subsidy, as in some parts of the country the English sparrow is becoming a pest, having devoured the rice crop.

The Western Electric Company of Chicago has forbidden its workmen from drinking beer on the company grounds. Careful investigations demonstrated that a large number of accidents occurred uniformly after lunch and in almost every case the victim had taken beer with his lunch.

The night of Dec. 23 was one of the busiest of the year in the handling of outgoing mail from the post-office in Chicago. About 260 tons of mail matter were sent out by the night shift. Fully 1,000 men were employed in the distribution of outbound mail and 200 were busy in the registry department.

The government of Panama has been spending large sums this year in fighting the locusts, which have become a serious menace to the agricultural interests of the country. The method of exterminating the locusts most generally adopted has been to dig a trench about 50 feet in length, 2 feet wide, and 1 foot deep, with perpendicular sides, into which the locusts are driven by men beating the grass and trees with switches. In this way millions are collected and are destroyed with a solution of strong lye soapsuds.

Claus Spreckels, the multimillionaire sugar magnate, died of pneumonia Dec. 26. Mr. Spreckels was born in Landstedt, Hanover, in 1823. He came to this country in 1846. In 1856 he went to San Francisco and seven years later established the Bay Sugar Refinery, procuring the raw material from Hawaii. He invented new refining processes and his business grew rapidly.

Statutes fixing the official status of Prince Chun, the regent, were published recently in China. The prince is given an annual salary of \$105,000, and is made commander-in-chief of both the land and sea forces of the empire. The edict provides also that a palace be built for him near the site of the late dowager's winter residence.

There has recently been completed at Great Falls, Mont., a huge brick chimney for carrying away the fumes of the smelting works, which will take rank as one of the tallest structures in the world. It is 78½ feet in outside diameter at the base, and 53 feet 9 inches at the top. It extends 506 feet above the ground and 528½ feet above its lowest foundation course. Its total weight is 24,964 tons. The brickwork is 18 inches in thickness at the top and 66 inches at the base. It is lined throughout with a 4-inch wall of acid-proof brick.

Judging from the turn of affairs, it is believed that Cipriano Castro, president of Venezuela, who recently went to Germany for medical treatment, will be permanently relieved of his office as president of the republic. Acting President Gomez has taken full charge of affairs and is doing all in his power to come to an understanding with those nations which have resented the high-handed actions of Castro.

The Secret Service of the United States after lengthy negotiations with the clearing house and banking associations throughout the country, has obtained almost unanimous action regarding the marking of counterfeit money handed to the receiving tellers. Nearly all these institutions have adopted rules requiring the tellers hereafter to stamp "counterfeit" on all specimens of bad money they receive. This will put it beyond the power of the owners of the counterfeit money to pass it on unsuspecting persons after they have failed to dispose of the coin or notes at the bank.

According to reports reaching El Paso, Texas, Dec. 27, a state of panic exists among residents of Hermosillo, capital of the Mexican state of Sonora, over a strange malady which has caused scores of deaths. Many people are reported fleeing from the new plague. Messages here do not state the nature of the disease but say that stricken persons die within a few days after being attacked. Doctors are unable to diagnose the malady and seem helpless to treat it. Fears are entertained that the plague will extend through the whole state of Sonora.

Mark Twain set the "thumb-print" craze going when he published "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and the government is still carrying on the craze. Secretary Garfield and the interior department have officially indorsed the thumb print as a signature concerning transactions of the Osage Indians. Indian Agent Millard, located in Oklahoma, has been notified that hereafter the thumb print of each Indian shall be affixed to his receipt for the payment of annuity money, and will also be recognized by the department in signing leases and other instruments in writing. Records will be taken of the thumb prints of the various members of the tribe, about 2,200 in all, and preserved for reference.

Dispatches from Rome Dec. 28 state that southern Italy and the island of Sicily were that day visited by a terrible earthquake. In many places a tidal wave added to the disaster. Small towns are reported destroyed and the city of Messina, in Sicily, with a population of 150,000, has suffered most, two-thirds of the place being reported wrecked. This is according to the earliest reports at which time it was impossible to make estimates as to total loss of life and property. However, the disaster is believed to be much greater than that of 1905.

The National Council for Jewish Women has a membership of 10,000 women banded together for work along philanthropic, legislative and coöperative lines. Some of its most effective work has been among the immigrants, and it has done much for the protection and uplift particularly of young girls lately landed in this country.

Following close on the agreement between United States and Great Britain providing for "penny postage" between the two nations comes the announcement of a similar compact with Germany. This understanding becomes effective on January 1st. The aggregate saving in postage to the millions of Germans in this country who have occasion to correspond frequently with Germany will be enormous, but better than this is the increase in intercommunication which is sure to follow. "It is for lack of knowledge that the people are destroyed; anything which increases their understanding of each other makes for mutual development and world-wide peace."

A new watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in counting the pulse. The watch indicates, without mental calculation, the number of beats of the pulse in a minute. It operates on the principle of a stop-watch. By pressing the push-button a large second hand is set in motion, and the counting of the pulsations begins. At the 20th pulsation the motion of the hand is stopped by another pressure of the push-button. The dial accurately indicates the exact number of pulsations per minute. A third pressure on the push-button brings the hand back to the starting point. The use of this instrument does away with the necessity of observing the progress of the watch while taking the pulse, and in addition insures an absolutely correct record.

When Bessemer steel was first placed on the market it was hailed as the great wear-resister, as indeed it was; but now that the wear and tear of commerce and travel have so increased, it is found that the Bessemer steel does not so effectively resist. On the Boston elevated railroad, for example, the rails on the curves have given way at an astonishing rate. Within three months Bessemer steel rails were so worn that they had to be replaced. Manganese rails have been tried and found to stand the usage much better than the Bessemer steel. Within 44 days the Bessemer rails wore down .065 of a foot, whereas the manganese steel was reduced only .046 of a foot in more than 2,000 days. All sorts of steel, including nickel steel, have been tried, but the manganese has shown better wearing qualities than all the rest.

Experiments are now being carried out on German warships with acetylene shells, which it is believed may take the place of the electric searchlight used hitherto by warships. These shells contain calcium-carbide, and the water can reach it through a tube. The shells are fired by a gun built especially for the purpose. On being fired the shell goes under water, and then rises to the surface, and the action of the water upon the calcium-carbide produces the acetylene light. Each shell is said to have 3,000 candle power and will burn for three hours. The great drawback of the ordinary searchlight is that, although it affords some protection from the unobserved approach of torpedo boats, it yet makes the warship using it an excellent target. The new acetylene shell referred to will have the great advantage of lighting up a given space, while the vessel that fires it will be left in darkness.

The French government has definitely adopted the scheme of "letter telegrams" which has been under discussion in France for some time. The new system provides that letters may be telegraphed between any two points in France at night at a cost of one-fifth of a cent a word, and that they will be delivered the next morning.

Fifteen thousand postmasters of the fourth class were placed under civil service by an executive order issued in the first days of the month. Those states in which the change is made lie north of the Ohio and east of the Mississippi, but there is little doubt that this order will be followed at no long time by another extending its provisions to the other states. The traffic in fourth class postoffices is thus abolished in a large part of the country, and the postmasters become real servants of the public instead of merely henchmen of the local congressman. President Roosevelt has brightened the concluding days of his administration by this act; it must have the commendation of all with the exception of the few congressmen whose patronage it demolishes.

Cocoanut oil, which was at first used only for making soap, may now become an important factor in food. In Madagascar, eastern Africa, Indo-China, and on the Congo stations have been established where the best varieties of the cocoa tree are brought together, from which places much cocoanut oil is shipped. Unfortunately, however, by the time it reaches its European destination it has deteriorated and become rancid, owing to the partial decay of the fatty matter in it. In order to obviate this a French scientist has formed the plan of sterilizing the product by submitting the fruit of the tree, cut in two, to the action of sulphur gas. The oil then obtained does not become rancid and may be used in some forms of food.

According to a decree issued Dec. 23 by the Missouri Supreme Court, the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, the Republic Oil Company of Ohio and the Waters-Pierce Oil Company of Missouri have been fined \$50,000 apiece and are to be driven out of the State. The decision, which was unanimous on the part of the seven judges, is so sweeping that Attorney General Hadley and Governor Folk hail it as the end of illegal commercial combinations in Missouri. Attorney General Hadley, who has prosecuted the Missouri case since its inception in March, 1905, will become governor in less than a month and will then be charged with the enforcement of the decree.

The battleship fleet of sixteen vessels under the command of Rear Admiral Sperry has turned homeward after an absence from Hampton Roads of nearly a year. The vessels are due at the southern entrance of the Suez canal Jan. 5, and after leaving Port Said, at the northern entrance, where coal is to be taken on board, they will divide into squadrons and make a series of calls at Mediterranean ports. In this manner the American ships will show at Athens, Tripoli, Villefranche, Marseilles, Genoa, Leghorn, Malta, Naples, and Algiers. According to the present schedule, the entire fleet will assemble at Gibraltar the first week of February, and on February 6 it will leave Gibraltar for Hampton Roads or New York. The question of the final port in America has not yet been decided. The vessels are due in Hampton Roads or New York February 22. When the fleet reaches the United States it will have traversed, since December 16, 1907, when it left Hampton Roads, a distance of 42,227 miles.

Among the Magazines



FEW "UNEMPLOYED" WHO ARE WORTHY.

England is struggling hard with what is called the problem of the "unemployed"—and in America, too, we have been hearing the plaint that thousands of men are out of work. Fortunately this country is not so hide-bound as England is, and industry here is reviving so rapidly that the number of idle hands is daily growing less. But in England the evil of the "unemployed" is both chronic and acute and it is difficult to see any remedy for the situation.

Both in England and America, however, it is found on investigation that as a rule the people who have nothing to do are themselves to blame. Very commonly the trouble is due to drink. The sober and industrious and reliable men are being given the preference more and more, and the loafers and triflers and tipplers are being cut off. Wholesale efforts have been made to induce the unemployed of England to go to Canada or elsewhere and work out their destiny on the land, but the plan does not suit the beneficiaries. One Englishman who had come to Canada last year has gone back because, as he complained to the writer of this article, it was "ten miles to the nearest saloon." And he is typical of a large class. Most of the unemployed dote on the fevered life of the big cities; they would rather starve in a slum than live a wholesome, useful life in the country, and anything in the nature of hard and steady work is worse in their contemplation than death itself.

The editor of *Spare Moments* has been making a first-hand investigation of the subject in this country and he arrives at this same conclusion. Many of the unemployed, he says, seemed "actually to tremble at the thought" of working on a farm; they were LOOKING for work, but not looking for WORK, as he puts it. The Los Angeles Y. M. C. A. reports on the case of a young man who had been begging his way and hadn't a cent in his pocket, but when offered a job of janitor work said he would not demean himself by doing such drudgery. An advertisement in a Rochester paper calling for men for outdoor work brought 98 applicants, but not a single one was willing when offered work on a farm to accept it. A Cleveland gentleman reports a case where a man asked him for some money to get him a meal; the beggar was referred to the local mission but immediately spurned the suggestion; he would have to cut wood before they would give him anything to eat there, he said.

In every city there are many men out of work who profess that they cannot find anything to do. Go into their cases carefully and you will find that in practically all there is some very good personal reason for their being idle. In many cases they have "struck" out of a good job; in many more they prefer to be idle altogether rather than work for what people can afford to give them, and in still others they find that by working a day now and then they can get enough money to get drunk

on—and that is the height of their ambitions. Sometimes, by some conspiracy of ill-fortune, a deserving man can find no work, but it is a rare case; the work of the world has to go on, in bad times and good, and no man who is not too proud or too lazy or too mean to give value received need ever fear having nothing to do.—The Pathfinder.



PRACTICAL IMMIGRATION.

Why not put incoming people where they can work out their destinies? There are railroads in the West which maintain special departments for putting immigrants into the field. One of them has developed the idea of putting villages of Swiss, of Bohemians, of Germans, and of Italians by themselves and making it possible for them to work at the trades they learned at home and to preserve their best national customs.

There is not in America a State which does not need these incomers. New England is just finding what value there is in her worn-out fields through the prosperity that Italians and Russians are finding in them. Missouri has Brandsville's Swiss as a shining example of its soil's value for vine culture and for dairy farming. But we all need them. And it would not be difficult to distribute them if we went about it wisely. Every Western railway keeps a record of opportunities along its line: "Smithville, general store needed, town of five thousand, large farming country;" "Brownsville, town of five hundred, opening for doctor and dentist." Such notices appear in large numbers in their advertisements. A national department, with its agents as widespread as those of the postal service, could keep a similar watch upon the nation. Thus we should have a report like this: "Thompsonville, hilly upland, large acreage for farming still available, about \$15 an acre; many Bohemian farmers, and available market for such and such products," with, of course, other details.

If there were on the other side of the water government agents, like the consular service, to whom this information was supplied, an intending immigrant could there determine under the authority of government just where an opening lay for him. Were he farmer, carpenter, printer, weaver, whatever he might be, he could determine where there was probable employment for him. If the gates of Ellis Island were then shut against those who come haphazard, and opened to admit only those who come with direct purpose, ticketed to some definite location where friends or the federal authorities had shown the need of them, the result would be achieved. There would be no more dumping in New York. There would be no more wiping out of skill, training, and the virtues of an older people. We should be saved half the work of "assimilation." And by the constant absorption of the new, good qualities we should become in them fabulously rich. We are talking now of conserving our national resources, and here is a great resource awaiting its proper conservation.—John L. Mathews, in the *January Everybody's*.

LEGISLATION TO PREVENT FOREST FIRES.

The frequency and seriousness of forest fires during the past autumn prove that the present laws for the protection of the forests are inadequate. We are of the opinion that negligence or inexcusable carelessness is responsible for the majority of the fires, not merely in the Adirondack regions, but also in the fire-swept districts of Minnesota, Michigan, and Wisconsin. If this carelessness be measured by the magnitude of the disasters of which it is the original cause, it takes on surely a strong flavor of criminality. For it is no excuse to say that the hunter who fails to extinguish his camp-fire, or the settler who leaves the edges of his clearing burning through the night in proximity to inflammable forest timber, does so without any thought of the loss of life or property which may result from his carelessness; for he is well aware of the fact that such smoldering fires may, and do, start great conflagrations, and that in these conflagrations, it frequently happens that not one but many human lives are sacrificed. If such carelessness in the presence of this knowledge be not criminal, a new definition must be found for this last-named word.

Our attention has recently been drawn to the fact that in Canada there is a strong movement on foot, urging the government to follow a more definite course of action in the protection of the forests, and to make the breach of the forest-protection laws punishable by imprisonment without the option of any fine. The object aimed at by the suggested legislation is, not merely to increase the number and enlarge the powers of the forest wardens, but also to compel every camper to either extinguish his fire or keep it under guard; to require every settler, railway contractor, or railway, in clearing lands, to maintain a guard by night as well as by day, so long as the stumps are burning, and to prevent any stumps or underbrush being fired within a reasonable distance of the standing timber; and finally, to make the railways and factories whose tracks or works are within the forest area responsible for the protection of the forest to a given distance on each side of the railway track or factory.

We commend this subject to the attention of the legislatures in those States most nearly affected. It is certain that legislation bringing the careless starting and neglect of fires within the range of the criminal law would prove a most speedy and effective check upon the present annual destruction of life and property.—Scientific American.



WHAT IS THE MATTER WITH THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS?

A little while ago, The Delineator was asking the question, "What is the matter with the public schools?" There were a number of suggestions that developed from that investigation. There are a number of things the matter. Out of them all one defect in our educational system stands out glaringly. It is most tersely told in the last report of the United States Commissioner of Education. It's a simple statement of the salaries that American cities pay their school-teachers.

And that, ladies and gentlemen of the school boards, is what is the matter with our public schools. We pay our unskilled street laborers something like a dollar or a dollar and a quarter a day. We are paying our school-teachers some less and some a little more. It is the wages that a dull brain and a primitive mind are worth. In return for such wages we are requiring a service that should be entrusted only to a mind and heart enriched

with all that literature and art and science can contribute to a perfect culture. It should be only such a personality into whose training we give the future citizens of the nation. Can we get personalities like that to serve us in our public schools? Not any longer than they can help it. Just so soon as their force of character and intelligence and initiative enable them to reach a better-paying position, one that will allow them to buy books and hear music and have the other good things of life that their larger natures crave, they go after it.

Until we realize with a conviction that reaches our pocketbooks that the school laborer is worthy of her hire, we aren't going to keep the best school laborers in the public employ. And there will continue to be something the matter with the public schools.



WE AND THE WEATHER.

WHAT a great misfortune this is, the habit of considering the weather!—of thinking that we must consider the weather. It is largely due, is it not, to clothes? No mention is made of rain in the Garden of Eden; but we must not, therefore, contend that rain was disagreeable and omitted; we must recollect that Adam and Eve did not need to consider rain; furthermore, in blessed ignorance, they did not know that it was anything to *be* considered.

To mind the rain no more than the May sunshine, but to plunge into it and let the drops pelt as they will; to accept snow without a thought of discomfort, but, rather, to enjoy the thronging presence of it; to pursue one's daily stint regardless of whether the sky be dun or blue,—this is a state which we, especially of the cities, long, long have lost.

We regain it, some of us, in the wilderness camp, where we hunt, or fish, if the day be dark or if the day be bright. And where we find that the dash of the soft rain on one's face is not death, after all; that wetness and dryness are merely relative terms.

All the centuries of fussing and fuming with the weather have not affected the weather one particle; it still rains, and snows, and sleets, and blows, just as dictated by circumstances. Therefore what's the use? Are your puny diatribes, or mine, of any greater potency than those of others gone before? Evidently not; accordingly, try the plan of being friendly with the weather—of agreeing with it instead of fighting it—and, 'pon my word, presently it will be agreeing with you.—Edwin L. Sabin in *November Lippincott's*.



MUSQUASH IN WINTER QUARTERS.

(Concluded from Page 11.)

Musquash knows when the January thaw comes he can make up for this slender diet, so he waits contentedly for the floods to wash from their beds the benumbed turtles, meadow mice, and snakes. Then, indeed, will he enjoy a bountiful feast, even if it is midwinter.—*Selected*.

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT POSTAGE STAMPS.

AN article published in the *New York Tribune* recently gives the following statements, that will be of more or less interest to all interested in stamp collecting:

Stamps were not in use before 1840. Before that time the postmasters in the United States in large towns and cities kept a private account with all well-known persons, and at the end of each month rendered a bill for postage.

Sir Rowland Hill, a member of the English Parliament, has the distinction of introducing the postage stamp, date May 6, 1840. On that date the English government adopted the penny post system. Brazil followed England in 1843, after which came the United States in 1847, Russia in 1848, Tuscany, Belgium, and New South Wales in 1849, and other countries soon after.

In our country before 1847, and as early as 1842, certain owners of local delivery companies began to sell stamps to their customers. The first of these was the City Despatch Post in New York. After being in the business for a few months, the proprietor sold the entire system to the United States Government. Soon afterward other cities adopted local stamps, as Baltimore, New Haven, Providence, and Saint Louis. The stamps of these cities were used before the government service began. They command large prices. The stamps of Millbury, Massachusetts, command a price of \$500 and upwards. The Baltimore stamp is listed at \$300 to \$400.

Many a bundle of letters which was carefully laid away thirty or forty years ago has, on being brought to light, brought to its owner a large sum of money. Today the traffic in old postage stamps is an important part of the world's industry, and the money invested in collections represents millions of dollars. A single stamp has brought as high as \$7,500. King Edward bought a one-penny 1847 Mauritius stamp, paying that sum for it. Another of these stamps sold to the German Postal Museum for \$5,000. There are, so far as known, only nine two-cent British Guiana stamps issued in 1850. One recently sold for \$1,710. Two of the nine are in the British Museum, two in a Paris collection, and two in the New York City collection. The two in the New York City collection were bought for about \$5,000, the proceeds of the sale of the two stamps being used for the erection of a church in Guiana.

Among the private stamp collectors of the world Americans stand out quite prominently. A Mr. Duveen, of Manhattan, has a collection valued at \$400,000. A Mr. Sussdorf's collection is worth \$200,000. Charles Gregory, a Brooklynite, is worth \$100,000 in stamps.

The finest collection of stamps in the world is owned by Count de Farrary, of Paris, and is valued at a million dollars. The Toppling collection, one of the finest in the world, now in the British Museum, is worth a million dollars. The Czar Nicholas of Russia, the Queen of Italy, and the King of Spain are all stamp students and collectors.



"UNBELIEF says 'How can such and such things be?' It is full of 'hows'; but faith has one great answer to the ten thousand 'hows,' and that answer is—God."



"WHEN you brand a vice as harmless you have augmented its power to hurt."

Between Whiles

He Got the "O. K." Signal.

Railway men—conductors, engineers, and brakemen—are so accustomed to communicate with each other by means of gestures that the habit of looking for such dumb signals becomes a kind of second nature, observes Harper's Weekly. In this connection a Western railway official tells of an amusing incident in that part of his State where it is so common for cattle to be run over that the manager of one "jerk-water" line required his engineers to report all such accidents, with full particulars as to place, time, and circumstance.

One day a complaint was received at headquarters that a valuable cow had been killed on a certain day and by a certain engine. The case was referred to the proper department, but reference to the files showed that the engineer had failed to report such an accident. Accordingly he was sent for and asked why he had omitted to report the matter.

"I didn't know I hurt the cow," he said.

"Then you remember hitting her?"

"Yes; and I slowed up as she rolled over on her back, but she waved her feet for me to go ahead, and so I concluded she was all right."



A traveler passing through the Broad Top Mountain district in northern Bedford County, Pennsylvania, last summer, came across a lad of sixteen cultivating a patch of miserable potatoes. He remarked upon their unpromising appearance and expressed pity for anyone that had to dig a living out of such soil.

"I don't need no pity," said the boy resentfully.

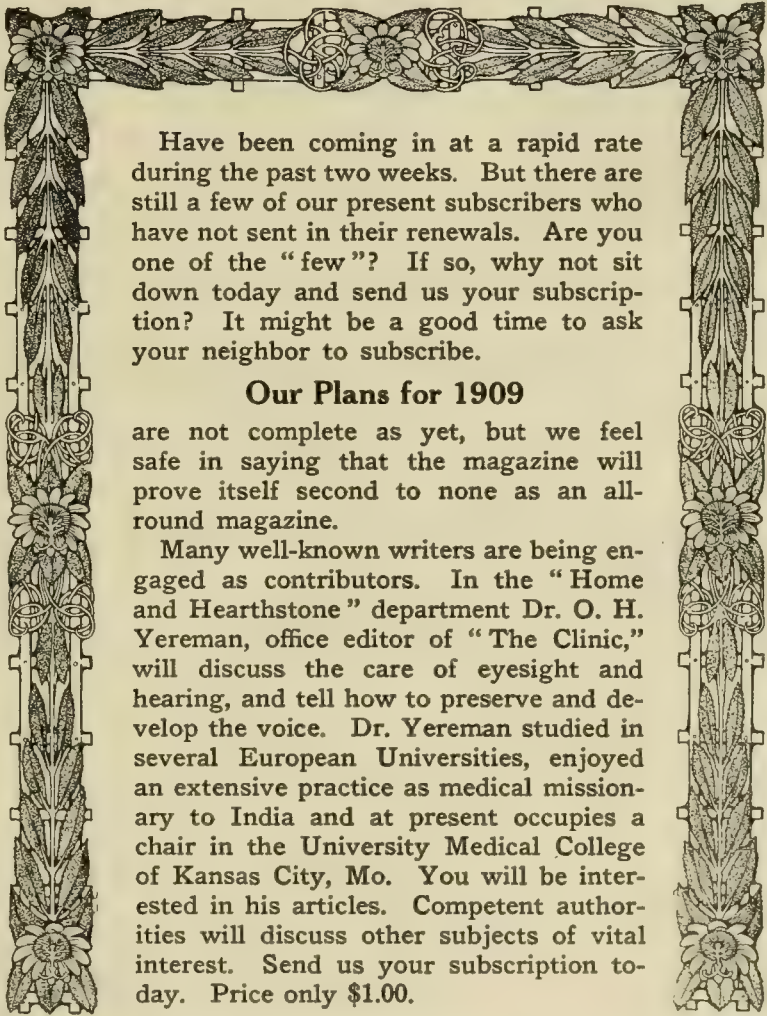
The traveler hastened to soothe his wounded pride. But in the offended tone of one who has been misjudged the boy added: "I ain't as poor as you think. I'm only workin' here. I don't own this place."



The Last Straw.—Arthur—"They say, dear, that people who live together get to look alike."

Kate—"Then you must consider my refusal as final."
—The Christian Register.

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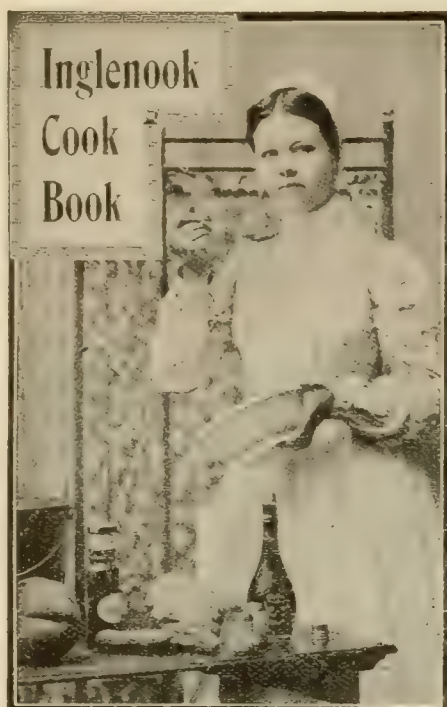
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Our Plans for 1909

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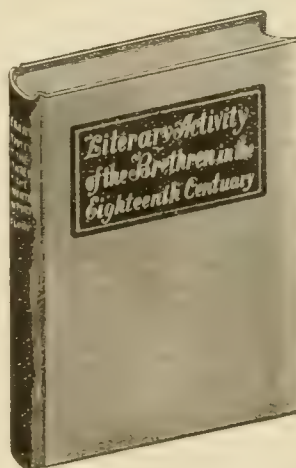
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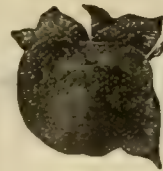
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Don't forget to write.

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Arranged by Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D.D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members, over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms, 84 marriages, 105 funerals, 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.

Ministers.

You will find this an excellent little volume to carry with you at all times.

It contains nearly 200 blank pages and is bound in black leather, size 3½ x 5½ inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket.

Price prepaid only 50 cents.

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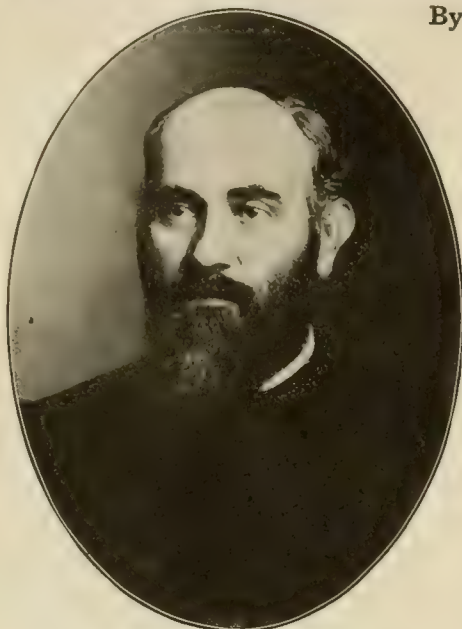
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No superintendent can afford to begin the new year's work without the assistance of our new system of records and recognitions. This plan, first used in one of our own Sunday schools, has grown in favor until it is now recommended by Sunday-school workers of all denominations. It has increased the enrollment and secures the attendance of each scholar enrolled. Encourages systematic giving and discourages tardiness. Brings the Bible to the school and relieves the teacher of keeping class records. New scholars are enrolled and all records are kept and reported by the secretary of the school. The teacher is permitted to devote her whole time to the teaching of the lesson. Our new descriptive Record System Catalogue gives full particulars.

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By Geo. B. Holsinger.



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A first-class instruction book for use of both teacher and pupils. Valuable as an aid to the individual student, as well as

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Besides numerous exercises in music reading, the book contains a goodly number of first-class songs and hymns. It contains 32 pages and is bound in heavy paper covers. We can furnish both round and shaped notes. Be sure and mention which notation you desire. Shaped note edition sent if notation is not named.

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Let us order your magazines.

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A Sample of the Oat Fields in the Nanton District.

Harvest Time

The prosperous settlers in Sunny Southern Alberta have just finished harvesting a bountiful crop. It is now **THRESHING TIME** and their yields are enormous.

Some fields are yielding as high as fifty bushels of wheat per acre. And oats are yielding as high as one hundred and thirty bushels per acre. The crop on one acre brings enough money to buy two acres! Could you want anything better?

We have just secured, and are now offering for sale, 50,000 acres in the Nanton District where already there is established a large and prosperous settlement of the Brethren.

Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

For particulars, address,

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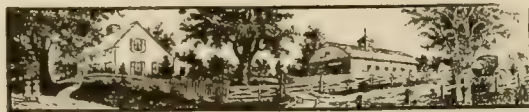
MINNEAPOLIS,

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MINNESOTA



CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION

The Co-operative Colonization Company, incorporated under the laws of Indiana, proposes to establish colonies, on their Co-operative plan, in the United States and other countries, in suitable localities, under the most favorable conditions.

The aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our people, with good church and school privileges from the beginning of a colony.

A committee appointed by the Directors of this company, made an extended tour of investigation through the West. After careful consideration of their report by the Directors, it was decided to locate their first colony in the San Joaquin Valley, California. This is one of the world's famous valleys, noted for its mild, congenial climate, rich soil and variety of products.

In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses; peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, figs, olives, oranges, lemons, melons, canteloupes, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, loganberries and grapes. Vegetables are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and other nuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully. The new colony town, is on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad, immediately on the tract selected for our first colony. It is in central California, within a few hours run of San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, among the best markets in the State.

The colony tract is well located, almost level, with a deep, fertile soil, mostly a sandy loam, well adapted to above-named crops. It is in the Modesto irrigation district, one of the best systems in the State, with plenty of water, and the land owns the irrigation plant. Two large ditches cross the colony tract, and the present owner will construct lateral ditches to each forty acres—an important item. The drainage is excellent, no alkali or hardpan to interfere with crops, no brush, stumps or stones to be removed, a good place for

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS

This tract is not large. It will soon be taken up. Each one can select his tract. Home-seekers and investors should investigate this proposition. A selection either in the town, or colony will make an ideal home. Water for domestic use is obtained from wells about 50 feet deep, and is of fine quality. A good public school house is in easy reach of the colony.

Several parties of colonists, from the East and Northwest, will reach the colony about Dec. 20. The town and colony lands are both platted and are ready for occupation and cultivation. Prospective colonists and California tourists are invited to join us. Write for rates and particulars.

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

NORTH MANCHESTER, INDIANA

OR S. F. SANGER, GENERAL ORGANIZER, SOUTH BEND, INDIANA

THE INGLENOOK

Henry M. Spickler Tells About

MESSINA

Scene of the Recent Earthquake

Serving

*The sweetest lives are those to duty wed,
Whose deeds, both great and small,
Are close-knit strands of unbroken thread,
Where love ennobles all.
The world may sound no trumpets, ring no bells;
The book of life the shining record tells.*

*Thy love shall chant its own beatitudes
After its own life working. A child's kiss
Set on thy sighing lips shall make thee glad.
A sick man helped by thee shall make thee strong,
Thou shalt be served thyself by every sense
Of service which thou renderest.*

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

January 12, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Exhibit at International Live Stock Exposition Chicago, 1908

California Excursion

Thursday, Jan. 14, 1909

Will leave all points in Oklahoma for Butte Valley, California. An excursion will leave Chicago the same day; leaving Omaha, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri on Friday, January 15, 1909. All excursions will be consolidated at Cheyenne, Wyoming Saturday morning, January 16. For rates, routes and other information write to

E. M. Cobb,
Elgin, Ill.

Isaiah Wheeler,
Oklahoma City, Okla., or
Cerro Gordo, Ill.

D. C. Campbell,
Colfax, Ind.

or

George L. McDonaugh,
Colonization Agent Union Pacific R. R.
Omaha, Neb.

BUTTE, VALLEY, CALIFORNIA.

Unusually healthful climate, rich soil, pure mountain water.

Timber, pine, cedar, fir—in quantity and quality.

Timothy—five tons to the acre have been raised.

Easy terms and moderate prices on this orchard land.

Vineyards, no doubt, will be planted by the scores.

Apple trees are being planted by the thousands.

Level as a floor, and rich as the Hawaiian Islands.

Lands worth \$1,000 per acre are being sold at \$45.00 now.

Elevation of the valley is 4,200 feet above sea level.

You have, no doubt, decided to buy, but you should do it **now**.

California is the magic word of the age. You know why.

Alfalfa is perfectly at home in Butte Valley.

Lands are selling rapidly. 2,000 acres on last excursion.

Invariably purchasers recommend the Valley to their friends.

For farming, grazing, fruit-raising, the Valley is unexcelled.

Orchard lands, planted, are the best sort of life insurance.

Rents in the East are high; why not own a home in Butte Valley,

Never buy elsewhere until you have investigated this proposition.

It will pay you to get in on the ground floor before it is too late.

After you have read this, write us that you will join our

Excursion, January 14, 1909

Leaving

Oklahoma, Jan. 14th. (Write Isaiah Wheeler, Oklahoma City, Okla.)

Chicago, C. & N. W. Train No. 3, 10:45 P. M.

Omaha, Union Pacific Train No. 3, 4:00 P. M.—January 15th.

Kansas City, Union Pacific Train No. 103, 10:00 A. M., Jan. 15th.

For further information, please address

GEO. L. McDONOUGH, OMAHA, NEBR.

ISAIAH WHEELER, CERRO GORDO, ILL.

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Macdoel, California

Training the Teacher

Brethren Edition

Twenty lessons on the Bible by Dr. Schauffer.

Ten lessons on the Pupil by Mrs. Lamoreaux.

Ten lessons on the Teacher by Dr. Brumbaugh.

Ten lessons on the School by Mr. Lawrence.

Special Chapters

"How the Bible came to us," by Dr. Price.

"Organizing and conducting a Teacher-Training class," by Rev. Oliver.

The Gist of the Books.

Teaching Hints.

Test Questions at the end of each lesson. Review test questions at the end of every fifth or sixth lesson. The official text book for Teacher-Training Classes of the Church of the Brethren. 272 pages. Paper bound, prepaid, 35 cents. Cloth bound, prepaid, 50 cents.

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The Saloon Under the Searchlight

By George R. Stuart

"A bright, breezy, thought-compelling little book with not a dull line in it. Full of suggestion and inspiration for one who would have a part in the fight against the saloon, a fight that grows in strength and popularity every day."

"Sledge hammer blows by Dr. Stuart on thirteen or more aspects of the saloon question. The arguments and illustrations are original, often unique, and always right to the point."

"I find the book one among the best I ever read on the subject. I can recommend it and wish it were possible to place a copy in every home in the land."—Eld. D. L. Miller.

"I have just finished reading that splendid little volume, 'The Saloon Under the Searchlight,' by Geo. R. Stuart. I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I would solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail but do good."—P. J. Blough. Bound in cloth and paper, 64 pages.

Price, paper,20 cents

Price, cloth,35 cents

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The Brethren Family Almanac for 1909

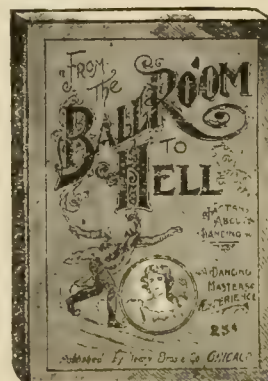
A FIRST class almanac for the home. The twelve calendar pages contain the date of over 300 important historical events. Every member of the church will be interested in the biographical sketches of such men and women as Elder R. H. Miller, Sister Sarah Major, Elder John H. Umstad, John H. Filmore, Elder Peter Nead and Elder Jacob Mack. Announcements concerning the Annual Conference for 1909, and a History of the Brethren Church in Franklin County, Virginia, are unusually interesting. The Ministerial List occupies nearly 19 pages and gives the name and address of the 2,938 ministers of the Church of the Brethren together with a list of the Gish Fund Books. Several pages are devoted to a list of the Home and Foreign Mission Boards of the church with name and address of the members of each board. Sunday-school workers will be interested in the list of State Sunday-school Secretaries. A cyclopedia of useful information. Sixty-four pages. Price, postpaid, 10 cents.

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From the Ball Room to Hell

Is there any harm in dancing? There can be but one answer to this question.

facts are facts. This little book, written by an ex-dancing master, will give you more facts about dancing than can be obtained elsewhere. It places a dark picture before the dancer, and one that is very convincing. It explains the natural and necessary effects of modern waltzing and why



thousands of girls are ruined every year through its influence.

Our price, cloth,35 cents

Our price, paper,18 cents

(Postage extra, 5 cents.)

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More About Miami Valley, New Mexico

Are you seeking health?

We have it as sure as this pure, rare mountain air brings it.



Are you wanting wealth?

We can furnish you the resources for it.



Do you desire happiness?

We have the conditions that bring it.



A co-operative thrifty community

of neighbors for you.



Excellent church privileges.



A good school for your children

now in session, conducted in a good house built with the latest ideas of lighting and equipage.

Beautiful scenery

with its ever-shifting shades and tints to feast the eye upon.



Fine weather? Good roads? Yes, none finer.



Almost perpetual sunshine.

Just think! Nearly every winter day Old Sol smiles out warm and bright. Contrast this with the days and weeks of cloudy weather, rain, snow, sleet, slush and mud back East and North.



Thanksgiving Day finds us with a goodly harvest and thankful hearts for this our first year of prosperity.

Sickness has not been in our midst, death has claimed none of us and prosperity is inevitable for the future.



"Westward Ho" tells of our claims and resources.

Send for a copy. Come and see us.



Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.



not go to college, do not think, for a moment, that you must be forever denied that culture which comes with a knowledge of the classics. A college course is composed of single hours of study and if you will properly employ yourselves during your spare moments and your long winter evenings, you can acquire a good substitute for a college course. Many of our greatest statesmen, ministers and business men never had as much schooling as you can get in the average district school, but they used their spare moments, their odds and ends of time that many boys throw away, for self-improvement. They were working while others were dreaming.

It is the boy who strives to make a good impression, not only when he is entertaining his friends but in every work of life, whether it be his lot to serve as a bank clerk or to hoe out the weeds in his mother's garden, that will succeed in his undertakings. Many boys neglect the little deeds of life while they are continually looking forward, hoping to do some great work. The giant oaks of our forest have sprung from a little acorn and the little raindrops, falling, one by one, water the earth and cause it to send forth its fields of golden grain.

The boy who thinks it isn't worth while to save the nickels and dimes will never have any dollars to save, and the boy who neglects the little deeds of today will not be able for a greater work of tomorrow. Do not become discouraged when others try to belittle you because you are striving to form habits of economy. A boy with a large, healthy mind, who is trying to make the best of his opportunities, to make his life count for good, will see your good qualities much sooner than your bad ones and it is only the narrow-minded that have an eye for faults. When you find the place in life that nature intended you for, stick to it, whether it be farming, business or whatever it may be.

Of course you will always meet with those who have nothing but unkind words for you, but you will, usually, find them to be men who have been a failure themselves, hence you need not become discouraged by their hopeless words. A prosperous man has no time to discourage others.

Again, you should exercise great care in selecting your companions, for if you wish to keep your life pure, if you wish to retain that which is more to be desired than great riches, "a good name," you must associate with those whose lives are in harmony with your ideals. But above all things do not fail to put your trust in him who sticketh closer than a brother, who has promised to be with you in your troubles and who will ever watch over you and keep you. Until you have done this, your life has not been truly successful.

Ashland, Ohio.

A PLEASANT HOLIDAY TRIP

C. L. ROWLAND.

ON the day following Christmas day I boarded a crowded train to leave the bustling, noisy city and spend a few days in quiet on an old Virginia plantation. The train seemed slow to start, but, after adding an extra coach to relieve the congested condition of those already in line behind the iron horse we slowly moved from the crowded platform at the depot on which were standing many friends of those departing.

Rice scattered on the steps and some of it remaining on the conventional black of some of the young men on board the train clearly showed that we were riding with those who had celebrated Christmas Day by paying homage to Dame Matrimony at the hymeneal altar. They were now on their honeymoon. Just across the aisle from one of these happy couples sat a lady whose wrinkles and general peculiarities betrayed her to be a "lost gem," as she would put it, but usually known as an "old maid." Her look of cynicism seemed to say: "Oh! how foolish they are, how silly they look at each other," when in reality if you noticed her as she turned her gaze to the beautiful scenery of the landscape, you could have read in her countenance and deep sigh: "How I wish some one had plucked me before I had withered to die alone."

The sharp call of the conductor announced that my destination was reached, so, leaving the happy couple to the mercy of the remaining passengers, I turned my eyes toward the bystanders at the little depot to single out the friend who was to convey me across the mountain to his home.

Soon we were mounted on steeds who well knew how to reach the summit without unnecessary fatigue. We were not long reaching the foot of the ascent which led through gullies, now and then crossing the mountain stream whose sparkling beauty and low murmur added to the attractions of the scene. On either side were snow-capped peaks with dwarfed pines clinging to their sides. Overhanging rocks echoed back the noise of hoofs as the horses picked their way up the stony incline. On reaching the summit we paused to view the scenery which, had either of us been a Whittier or a Bryant, would have inspired us to write a masterpiece of poetry.

The scenery on the descent was no less beautiful than what we had just viewed. Following the mountain road we reached an old homestead which my friend was proud to call his home and whither he had resorted during his holiday vacation from school.

I was made to feel a warm welcome by all, as I was led to the glowing hearth which is a thing of the past in our modern homes. Though we were not much chilled by the morning ride across the

mountains, I very much enjoyed sitting by the open hearth and chatting with my friend and the other members of the family whom I had not seen for a time.

As is usual in winter, outdoor entertainment is rare, so most of the time was spent conversing over past memories. While I sat thus engaged, with plenty of delicious apples and a goodly basket of chestnuts close by, Whittier's *Snow Bound* came very forcefully to my mind. I fancied myself transported to a happy fireside in New England where the poem was written. But the snow had to be imagined, for you will remember that this is an old Virginia homestead in the southern part of the State where there is little snow except on the mountains.

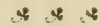
The hearth had peculiar attraction for me, hence much of my time was spent there. I remembered the Backlog Studies as I viewed the log in the back of the hearth. The thought came to me of how one of our ablest presidents when a boy read and studied by the light of the hearth fire, and ciphered on the back of the wooden fire shovel. Then it occurred to me: Why has Virginia been called the "Mother of Presidents"? I could give no other answer than because the simple, modest living found here was the kind to raise up children healthy of body and mind. Oh! that the American people would return to the simple life of our forefathers! We would have stronger-minded men from the farm to the president's chair.

One evening during my stay the young people of the home with myself visited a neighbor who, in turn, made us welcome at his fireside which was as cheerful as the one we had just left. Learning that I was a northerner spending the winter in the South,

they talked of the differences between the North and South, relative to the Civil War. War at its best is cruel and the people of Virginia surely were made to feel the hardships of it. May there never another such conflict make enemies of brothers as did this one.

Though my stay on the plantation was but three days, I enjoyed it to the full.

Roanoke, Va.



THE NEXT STEP.

"WE have just compiled lists in the following dry counties in Ohio for mail order advertising," announces a disreputable liquor publication, and follows the announcement with the names of thirty-seven counties and the advice to "order today for your holiday circulars." We have no doubt that similar lists are being compiled for use in Georgia and Oklahoma and all the States which have done the best within their power to free themselves from the liquor traffic. It makes no difference that the citizens of these States have signified, by the most effective means they possess, that they want no liquor within their boundaries; the brewers and distillers have determined that they shall have it anyway.

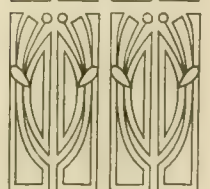
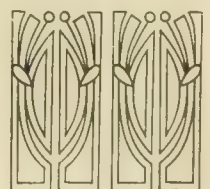
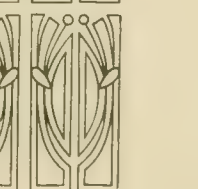
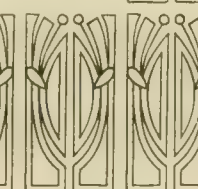
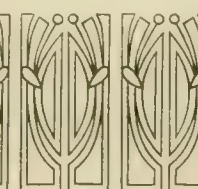
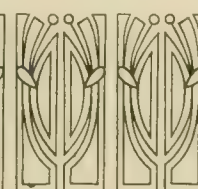
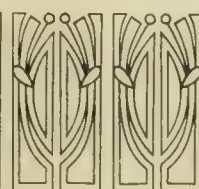
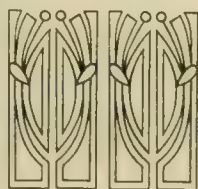
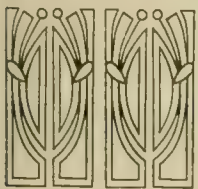
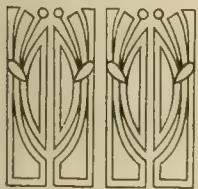
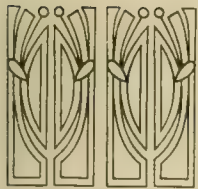
All this makes more clear the necessity for a law which will prohibit the shipment of liquor out of wet States into dry—such as was asked for in the bill which was introduced by Congressman Littlefield at the last session of Congress and put to death in some committee room. This is the thing which those who have won their local fights can concentrate upon now. It is the next great step in temperance reform.—*Home Herald*.

A LYRIC

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Oh, the pollywog fell in love with a whale,
And his heart was filled with burning;
With fiery words he unfolded his tale
Of fervor and pain and yearning,
But the whale never heard his passionate moan
For the pollywog had no megaphone!

Oh, the pollywog worshiped the floundering whale,
And his bosom was full of sighing,
And his body grew thin and his face grew pale
And he seemed quite likely of dying—
He saw at a glance that for him was no hope,
For the whale didn't have any microscope!



Around the World Without a Cent

Henry M. Spickler

Chapter XL. In Sicily.

LYING close to the once Dark Continent is Sicily, famed in fact and fiction. It is August 16 and I am leaving for Messina, for the boat, contrary to its orders to me, is sailing twelve hours earlier than the captain expected it would leave. It made me nervous to think how I might have gone to some other hotel or have been out in the hills, when the message came for me to return to the boat. My wheel was on the boat and it would have been almost as hard to have the boat sail with the wheel and without me as for a parent to thus lose his child, for without my wheel I could do little in seeing sights.

From the boat my eyes lingered long upon the bold mountains that rise back and to the side of Palermo. The *Letimbro* had anchored three-quarters of a mile out at sea but my Sicilian boatman arrived in good time for me to study the outlines of these hills.

Between them and the sea runs a level road from the city to the wharf. On this drive I saw the artistic Sicilian cart, the possession of which makes the owner feel like a rich American. On week days he hauls his vegetables and fruits to market. On Sundays he takes his own and his neighbor's family out for an airing, stacked in the small box like cordwood piled vertically.

Back of these pleasure-seekers rises Mount Pellegrino which so fascinated Goethe. Its form is sublime, but you must see it under the play of Sicilian sunshine and Sicilian atmosphere to marvel at its sublimity. Massive and imposing, its steep slopes are bare, but the hoary color of the rocks is a picture of art that wins the hypnotic gaze of even the prosaic tourist.

For this bold bluff, lying so peacefully under its dreamy mantle of Sicilian haze, the sailors of all the nations around the Mediterranean steered their prows. Here was the world's battleground, the battleground of contending parties and creeds. Every atom of Sicilian dust is enchanted. Here came the Phoenician trader from Tyre; the Carthaginians, who gave me so much trouble in Latin, came here and made me burn night oil to study out their reason for coming. Here fought and died the Roman, the Vandal, the Goth, the Saracen, the Norman, the Byzantine, the Greek. Homer and Thucydides wrote of Sicily. Virgil and Cicero speak of it. Pindar, Theocritus and Virgil sing of her climate, the softest and mellowest in all

the world. Over this rocky island are strewn the heroic myths of Ulysses and Vulcan. Everywhere the weight of the mighty past oppresses the student of this little land of nine thousand nine hundred and thirty-five square miles, or less than one-third of Ireland, but a little less than half as big as Switzerland, which is one-fifth the size of Kansas. In this unbearably bright sunshine, history was made by the French, the Spaniard, the Italian, the Roman and the Carthaginian.

As the boat steams away with me as the only deck passenger, I muse upon the sights and scenes of Palermo's noisy streets. Remarkable for its mixture, the faces of the people present a "circus" of physiognomies as different as those of different countries. Behind a pure Greek face came the oval face admired by Titian, with black, lustrous eyes and low forehead, full cheeks and pug nose and little mouth. Next came a Spaniard whom I recognized by the heel set down with haughty self-esteem. All around these were the negroes, or negro types, with black, curly hair and thick lips and tawny skin. Moving among these with swifter step, were the students from the university, where eleven hundred study to fit themselves for more important duties in their little island home.

From the pepper tree, growing with beautiful symmetry, along the streets, some of the students took leaves for botanical study. In the gardens and along the esplanades blazed the gorgeous Judas tree. Amid all of the bright display of vegetation and humanity arose the musical discord of jingling donkey bells, clanging goat bells and cries of the hawkers of everything imaginable, through the confusion of which wandered well-dressed tourists and scions of the nobility, none of whom showed half so much independence as the pert little "Arabs" who followed me from street to street and shop to shop, for fun and for pennies. I am now on the boat but I feel as if I have left behind me the rest of the world. While in Palermo I was magnetized by the queeriness of the sights and sounds and I quite forgot my identity. This little world, so insignificant in the eyes of Europe or America, moved and lived just as if it was the "Whole Thing."

But for one reason, Sicily might be a paradise in every point of excellence. This she can never be

unless she awakes to the fact of one fundamental cause of a country's greatness; and it will take fifty or seventy-five years for her to redeem herself after she once resolves upon the task. That same problem of national economic value is pressing for solution right now in the United States. Our president spoke of it in his last message. I expect to refer to it again in the following letter after seeing more of this same country. I am sure that my readers will agree with me that it is one of the vital questions that Americans have to solve or give up their right to the honor of being the most progressively progressive nation around the earth.

All night we sailed and early the next morning we passed through the narrow channel between Sicily

and out of the sea between Scylla and Charybdis, our boat dropped her heavy anchor in the quiet Bay of Messina. This is the city that gave the name to that fine variety of orange, the Messina. But it was misnamed. It is raised at Catania, south of Messina, which I reach in a day or two. It is shipped from Messina, or was, in the early days of exports, and so takes the name from its shipping point.

The vessel is to lie here till midnight and so I went down the flying steps of the ship's side, hired a boat and was rowed to land. With the biggest and best buildings first, the city is built right along the edge of the inward curving bay, and makes a fine appearance from the sea.

Hotel Trinacria fronts on the bay where I took luncheon and dinner, like any first-class tourist, saving the ship's cook that much, and glad for the change of diet. From the dining hall I could look out on the many ships lying in the harbor, ships for all ports of the Mediterranean. At my table a family of seven from Brooklyn and a man from Philadelphia took their meals, and I felt as though I was in good company in a strange part of the world.



On Sunday He Takes His Own and His Neighbor's Family Out for an Airing.

and Italy, where Scylla and Charybdis are said by mythology to sit enthroned in the sand. Scylla is now a modern town on the mainland of Italy, on our left as we pass through the strait, and Charybdis must be the ugly sand bank which thrusts its nose out into the sea on our right, which is from the northeast corner of triangular Sicily. I wonder now if the Romans did ever really believe in this fable and if sailors did lose their lives here while listening to their singing. I heard the same song, or imagined I heard it, as the little wavelets washed upon the bank, ran over the pebbly beach and back again into the sea. I can easily see how superstitious sailors, losing their ordinary skill in maneuvering their ships, and believing in fate anyway, could be dashed upon one or the other of these treacherous points in this narrow channel, at night or in a storm.

Just as the big round red globule of sun came up

But Sicily is off the beaten path of tourists. The jolly companies of English, German, and American travelers who are seen everywhere during the season in Switzerland or Italy, never get so far as the enchanted isle guarded by Charybdis and haunted by Polyphemus. The cruise along the Levant, to the far East, to Turkey and the Holy Land and Egypt, as also Greece, is too far for the two-month summer traveler.

At nine that night I returned to the seaside to go aboard my ship. It was not far out in the bay—I could have swum easily to the ship, but it would have been dangerous to do so. I might have been run down by a launch or become tangled in refuse dumped into the sea. The little boats that clamored to bring me in to the shore had all put in for the night. The *Letimbro* had completed her unloading and finished taking on her cargo. She was lying quietly there, but turned

end for end by the tide that had come in during the evening. Up and down the dark wharf, in and out of the shipping sheds, nearly stepping off into the sea at times, I ran the entire length of the bay, calling for a boatman. No one answered me. I swung myself down from the planking and examined each boat as it lay rocking, and as the ever-moving waves lapped them, now on one side, now on the other, but found them all securely chained and locked. What would have happened to the boat if I could have got one loosened, after it had taken me to the vessel, I need not conjecture. It might have been lost on the high sea, but it is not probable, for the tide here has but little power to steal away anything floating upon it in the secluded bay, and I think I could have fastened it to the floating freight boat by the side of the vessel. The boatman, knowing the cause, would not regret its use under such circumstances.

Then I went back into the town, calling out for a boatman, in English, in French, and in Italian, and before long a man came running at the top of his speed, saying, "Yes, I'll take you all out." He had heard my three different calls in three languages and thinking it was a party of three or more who wished to be carried out to the boat that he knew was to sail at midnight he was eager to get "us all" into his own boat before other of his competitors came down. He took me "all" out, but it was only one fare he received when he had deposited "us" on the *Letimbro*, that not long after raised her anchor, whistled her signal, and steamed away for the harbor of Catania and grapes, down along the coast near Syracuse.

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AN APPROPRIATE NAME

J. C. FLORA.

A SHORT time ago I was walking along the street of the little town in which I live, when I noticed a new sign on the window of a building in which a restaurant was formerly kept.

I had previously learned that the man who owned the building and had been running the restaurant expected to close his business and had rented the building to a saloon man. Hence I was not surprised to see the sign changed. But the thing that especially attracted my attention was the name that had been given to this new saloon. The name was this, "Hog Pen Bar."

After all, the name is very appropriate. When you turn a hog out of the pen, one of the first things that he will do is to wallow in some mire. So it is with those that visit the saloon often,—they come out and wallow in the mire.

In this respect, then, the saloon is like a hog pen, but in most respects it is much worse, for the hog that wallows in the mire can be washed clean as be-

fore, but not so with the poor victim of the saloon who is wallowing in the mire. You can't wash the stain from his character, you can't wash away the anguish from the soul of his broken-hearted wife; you can't wash away the cries of his poor little helpless children who are shivering with cold and perishing with hunger; no, you cannot wash the misery and wretchedness from the drunkard's home; nor the shame and disgrace from the character of the man who sold him the drink; nor the responsibility from those who voted to grant him the license to engage in destroying the characters of men, breaking the hearts of women and blighting the lives of children.

Oh, when will the people of our boasted Christian nation awake to the awfulness and blackness of this traffic!

Some say it cannot be stopped. It can be stopped and will be stopped just as soon as the Christian people of the world say, "It must be stopped."

"Then will virtue take the place of vice in every human heart. Then will every aspiration be for something higher and nobler."

Clovis, N. Mex.



MAKE-BELIEVE.

Let's dream, like the child in its playing;

Let's make us a sky and a sea;

Let's change the things 'round us by saying

They're things that we wish them to be;

And if there is sadness or sorrow,

Let's dream till we charm it away;

Let's learn from the children and borrow

A saying from childhood—"Let's play."

Let's play that the world's full of beauty;

Let's play there are roses in bloom;

Let's play there is pleasure in duty

And light where we thought there was gloom;

Let's play that this heart with its sorrow

Is bidden be joyous and glad;

Let's play that we'll find on tomorrow

The joys that we never have had.

Let's play that regret with its ruine

Is banished forever and aye;

Let's play there's delight but in doing;

Let's play there are flowers by the way,

However the pathway seem dreary,

Wherever the footsteps may lead;

Let's play there's a song for the weary

If only the heart will give heed.

Let's play we have done with repining;

Let's play that our longings are still;

Let's play that the sunlight is shining

To gild the green slope of the hill;

Let's play there are birds blithely flinging

Their songs of delight to the air;

Let's play that the world's full of singing.

Let's play there is love everywhere.

—J. W. Foley.



"WHILE we are deliberating on the time when we are to begin, the time for action is lost."

MYTHS AND THEIR ORIGIN

"THERE are stories," said Sir Philip Sidney, "which can draw old men from the chimney corner and children from their play." It is not the material things but the immaterial that move us most profoundly. It is truth, beauty and goodness that can drag men out of saloons, make them abandon gambling hells, compel them to drop nefarious schemes. Then tell us a beautiful story, sing us an enchanting song, paint us a lovely picture, show us a divine ideal and we will follow you to the ends of the earth; such things can be claimed for the myths.

Myths are the spontaneous and imaginative form in which human intelligence and human emotions conceive and represent themselves and things in general.

They are the psychical and physical mode in which man projects himself into all the phenomena which he is able to apprehend and perceive. Myths are the earliest form in which the mind of heathen people recognized the universe and things divine.

In the relics of antiquity we have abundant proof that the material things alone were not uppermost in their minds. "God did not leave them without a witness at any time, but caused the invisible things to be shown by those that do appear," and among the most savage races there was always this feeling of the "All Father" within their hearts, and this striving after the "Divine" was shown through stories and the mysterious worship of nature. Some one has defined myths as a far-away voice calling after God.

The origin of myths in their essential elements consists in the personification and animation of all natural phenomena, as well as all dreams, illusions, and hallucinations of the mind. Through this feeling of the mysterious in everything primitive man took the things of nature and made of them gods, making of all nature living beings powerful enough to bring harvest or famine, calm or storm, sickness or death, trouble or disaster.

Myths are powerful in directing the emotions, and in training in courage, real manliness, respect for the body, reverence for nature and a quick feeling for the beauty and wonder of the now dimly understood mysteries.

We must not, in teaching the myths, be didactic nor overload them with interpretations, for the story is naturally the chief interest to the child.

Teachers of young children know the value of myths in the schoolrooms, for they always have a deep and hidden truth which the children appropriate. They give the teacher an opportunity to emphasize the virtues, for as Froebel says, "Emphasize the virtues and the vices will flee away."

Oftentimes a story told of an honest boy or girl will bring forth the truth from your pupil.

Myths have survived their primitive meanings and

are the cradle songs of literature. Many of the Aryan myths are sun myths; they generally showed that "Day" triumphed over "Night" and "Good," which is Light, over "Bad," which is Darkness. This we find is the meaning of "Little Red Riding Hood." She was the twilight folded in a scarlet cloak and sent out by her mother Day into the woods; while there she was met by the Wolf, which means Night. She was eaten up by the wolf as day is swallowed up in darkness. Some of our best educators think that myths should not be given children under ten years old. Their opinion is that it trains the imagination too much, makes the children dreamers and idealists and has the tendency to make them untruthful. That may be so, but none of us have enough imagination nor enough ideals in our lives. Those people that have "done things in life for the betterment of humanity are those who have 'seen visions' and 'dreamed dreams.'"

Myths may be divided into: 1. Pure myths, of which Jack and Jill, "The Ugly Duckling," and Red Riding Hood are good examples. 2. Historical myths, such as The Iliad, The Odyssey, the Idylls of the King, Vision of Sir Launfal. 3. Nature myths, such as Clytie, How Daphne Became a Tree, The Discontented Pine Tree.

Only those pieces of literature live that have made a universal appeal to human nature, so that literature not only helps to mold civilization but each individual. As it is through literature that we receive our noblest and best thoughts, it is to that we turn to gain our best instruction for children. It is not enough to tell them of their duty and love to be shown toward their country, their love for parents and each other, the right ideas of truthfulness, kindness, and unselfishness, but these beautiful truths can best be carried home through the avenue of story and poem. This scattering of sublime thoughts of great-souled writers tends to make the world less selfish, for they help to make each one more sympathetic and lenient towards others and to give one a broader influence and outlook into life as it really is.

"Over and over again,
No matter which way I turn,
I always find in the Book of Life
Some lessons I have to learn:
I must take my turn at the mill;
I must grind out the yellow grain,
I must work at my task with a resolute will,
Over and over again."

—The Ohio Teacher.



DR. HENRY SMITH WILLIAMS ON THE EFFECTS OF ALCOHOL.

AN important thing for anti-saloon people to remember is that there is no point of view from which the drinking of intoxicating liquor as a beverage is defensible. There is no ground that the defender of the saloon can hold for one moment in the face of

the truth. If any saloon advocate has ever presented an argument which seemed to you sound or reasonable, it was because you did not know the truth. The one great thing, therefore, is to know the truth, "and the truth shall make you free"—free to assert without hesitation that the beverage use of liquor is an unmitigated evil, and free to answer every plea that the saloon advocate can advance.

Let us illustrate this. In the August number of *McClure's Magazine*, Professor Munsterberg, a member of the faculty of Yale University, the very ablest apologist that the liquor beverage users could find anywhere, made a plea for moderate drinking. Even he admitted that the American saloon was an accursed thing and ought to be abolished; so that even the greatest of all advocates of moderate drinking is an anti-saloon man. But this scholarly writer, without having taken the pains to inform himself on the actual scientific facts, held that in limited quantities intoxicating beverages produced a state of mind or excited emotions which had given to the world some of its choicest possessions in literature and art. He endeavored to show that a people who abstained entirely from the use of liquor as a beverage would not be so productive of the things which make life desirable as would a people who moderately indulge in such beverages.

Much that he said was stale and commonplace, and had been successfully contradicted over and over again. But he said it in a new way—in a very charming and attractive way, and it was caught up by the liquor people and by the average newspaper and printed and circulated throughout the country, and many a friend of the anti-saloon movement felt that the cause had received a severe jolt. *McClure's Magazine* was set down as an enemy and thousands of bitter letters were sent to its editor by temperance people.

But *McClure's* has redeemed itself. If it ever had any idea of aligning itself with the liquor forces it has seen a great light. But it probably was on the right track from the start. By opening its pages for the liquor people to make the very strongest presentation of their case that could possibly be made, it paved the way for the complete and overwhelming refutation of the only claim seriously made for the moderate use of intoxicating beverages by the greatest of its champions.

In the October number of *McClure's*, two months after the Munsterberg article appeared, Dr. Henry Smith Williams, a man whose scholarship is of the highest rank, in a masterly article sets forth a series of scientific experiments bearing directly on the effect on the human organism of so small a quantity as a single glass of beer or wine a day. Anyone who carefully reads the doctor's description of his patient and careful experiments and their results cannot get away

from his conclusions, which he sums up as follows. He says:

"I am bound to believe, on the evidence, that if you take alcohol habitually, in any quantity whatever, it is to some extent a menace to you. I am bound to believe, in the light of what science has revealed:

"1. That you are tangibly threatening the physical structures of your stomach, your liver, your kidneys, your heart, your blood vessels, your nerves, your brain.

"2. That you are unequivocally decreasing your capacity for work in any field, be it physical, intellectual, or artistic.

"3. That you are in some measure lowering the grade of your mind, dulling your higher æsthetic sense, and taking the finer edge off your morals.

"4. That you are distinctly lessening your chances of maintaining health and attaining longevity.

"5. That you may be entailing upon your descendants yet unborn a bond of incalculable misery."

In the December number of *McClure's*, Dr. Williams treats of "Alcohol and the Community" with the same careful regard for scientific accuracy. Step by step he establishes the truth which he summarizes in conclusion. Referring, at the close, to the statements he has drawn from official and scientific authorities in this country and in Europe, he says:

"They give secure warrant for the belief that at least one-third of all the recognized pauperism in the most highly civilized communities of Christendom results from bodily and mental inefficiency due to alcoholic indulgence.

"A similar correspondence of testimony shows, as we have seen, that the same cause is responsible for the mental overthrow of fully one-fourth of all the unfortunates who are sent to asylums for the insane; for the misfortunes of two-fifths of neglected or abandoned children; and for the moral delinquencies of at least half of the convicts in our prisons, and of not less than four-fifths of the inmates of our jails and workhouses.

"We have previously seen how alcohol adds to the death roll through alliance with all manner of physical maladies. Did space permit, it might be shown how largely the same common enemy is responsible for suicides and sudden deaths by accident in many lands, for the universal prevalence of unspeakable diseases with all that they may imply, and for a large proportion of such cases of marital infelicity as find record in the divorce courts.

"But these, after all, are only minor details within the larger scheme of human suffering already outlined. The insane, the criminals of various types, and the recipients of charity make up the great mass of abnormal members of the body-politic whose unfitness receives official recognition.

"Let it be particularly borne in mind that the conclusions just presented as to the causal relation of

alcohol to the production of each of these abnormal elements of society are as far removed as possible from mere sentimental estimate or pessimistic guesses. They are inductions based on careful surveys of evidence. Dealing with matters of great complexity, they are subjects to a good deal of latitude, for reasons that I have given; but they are sufficiently precise to serve the purpose of reasonably secure scientific hypotheses. Considered as gages of the misery caused by alcohol, our percentages are utterly inadequate, to be sure.

"There is a vast host of victims of alcohol that cannot thus be classified, as a moment's consideration will show.

"For every individual that dies prematurely of a disease directly due to alcohol, there are scores of individuals that suffer to a lesser degree from maladies which are wholly or in part of the same origin, but which are not directly fatal.

"For every patient that suffers complete mental collapse as the result of alcoholism, there are scores of patients that are victims of epilepsies, neurasthenias, neuralgias, choreas and palsies of alcoholic origin.

"For every criminal that alcohol sends to prison, there are scores of persons whose moral delinquencies, induced or emphasized by alcohol, are not of the indictable order, yet are a source of suffering to their friends, and a detriment to humanity.

"For every incapable who, weakened by alcohol, acknowledges defeat in the life battle and openly seeks alms, there are scores of individuals that feel the pressure of want in greater or less degree because the money that might have supplied necessities and luxuries has gone for drink, yet that strive to hide their indigence.

"But the members of all these vast companies of sufferers lie without the field of the statistician. They have no share in the estimates that have just been presented.

"As we view this joyless pageant, the vast majority of its members impelled by a power they loathe yet must obey, a realizing sense comes to us of the tyranny exercised over humanity, generation after generation, by this arch enemy of progress."

Anyone who wants to satisfy himself that these conclusions of Dr. Williams are based on sufficient evidence—evidence that will stand any test that can be suggested by the most intelligent friend that the liquor traffic can produce—should procure the October and December numbers of *McClure's Magazine* and read the articles for himself. They are the most powerful and telling blows that have been dealt to the delusion that moderate drinking is harmless.—*The Illinois Issue*.



OSIER CULTURE.

THE fact that a Chicago merchant recently advertised in German trade papers for a million willow

clothes-baskets, looks as if this country is neglecting a profitable industry. Why shouldn't we Americans grow enough willows for our own basket needs? The climatic conditions here are as favorable as in Germany, and many of us have places on our farms where willows would thrive if planted.

Willow (or osier) cultivation is not difficult, and profits are usually good. But up to the present time very few Americans have taken hold of the matter in earnest. The Germans handle the business well. They have industrial schools where basket weaving is taught. Many of these schools grow their own willow rods, cut them, and peel and prepare them for use. To the mutual advantage of both pupils and proprietors, arrangements are made to allow pupils to work part of the time in the "holts," as the willow fields are called, belonging to the schools, and in that way earn enough to pay their tuition and board.

There are a number of willow-ware manufacturers in the United States, but only about one-tenth of them grow their own stock, although they assert that the home-grown rods are equal to the imported.

Good holts pay a profit the first year, though the profits of later years are much greater. The average price of unpeeled rods last year was about one and a quarter cents a pound, and of peeled rods about seven cents. A well-managed willow holt should average 2,500 pounds of rods to the acre yearly, and the cost of growing and harvesting the crop is comparatively low.

Selection of soil: To make osier holts most profitable such soils should be selected as can not be otherwise used to advantage. Very poor soil, however, should be avoided. The best soil is a fresh, black sand, but even a heavy, compact loam, or rich but sour meadow land, which produces the poorest quality of grass, is acceptable. The situation ought to be low, level and naturally moist. The osier will prosper, however, in a somewhat dry soil, in which the shoots will not only be smaller, but harder, tougher and more compact and durable. The best situation, when the object is free and rapid growth, is along the banks of rivers and brooks. Drained marsh land is often used.

The proper planting distance is about 9 x 21 inches apart. Several varieties are grown. A holt, when once established, is good for about fifteen years, and should then be renewed.

Instructions for the growing of basket willows are sent out by the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., upon request. The service is devoting special attention to testing every known variety of basket willow in order to find the best varieties for home growers. In the early springtime cuttings from all approved basket willows are sent gratis to applicants who desire to establish willow holts.—*Farm Journal*.

Nature Studies



GLOBIGERINA OOZE

N. J. MILLER.

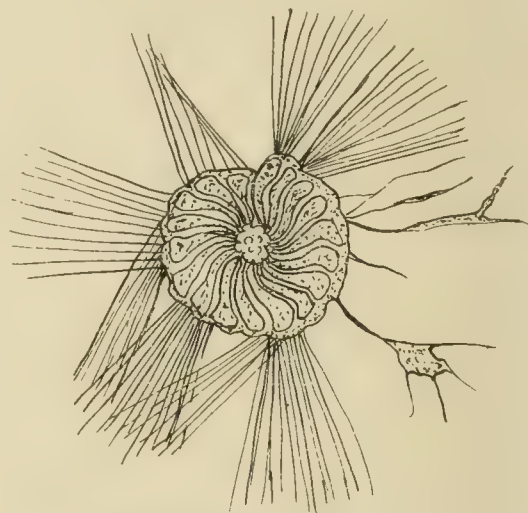
ABOUT Globigerina ooze is woven a bit of serious discussion. Huxley and Ernest Hæckel started the train of philosophical thought. Huxley, especially, argued that the stickiness of the ooze, a deep sea mud, was due to living masses of protoplasm, which was in the past, and would be in the future, the origin of life upon earth. He called it bathybius and believed it "a vast sheet of living matter enveloping the whole earth beneath the seas." He, as well as some small and large philosophers, was certain it was the bridge between the inorganic and organic world. Upon it was the hope of those believing in abiogenesis rather than biogenesis, in spontaneous generation rather than in the dictum, "All life from life." D. F. Strauss (1872), a powerful thinker, made bathybius the basis of his negation of the supernatural, a work entitled, "The Old Faith and the New." His entire anti-christian philosophy rested upon Huxley's Bathybius Hæckelii. About that time and after the English ship, "Challenger," made deep-sea dredgings of the ocean, carefully charting its contour, life and deposits. The microscopic examination of the sea mud, or ooze, proved Huxley's Bathybius Hæckelii to be simply a "Complex mass of slime with many foreign bodies and debris of living organisms which have passed away. Numerous minute living forms are, however, still found upon it." Since that time deep sea mud, Globigerina ooze, has been well understood and Bathybius Hæckelii has taken "its place with other ghosts of not blessed memory in the history of hasty speculation."

Globigerina or Foraminiferal ooze is simply a deep sea deposit consisting largely of nearly or altogether microscopic animals or their shells. The animals principally belong to the group known as Foraminifera, gelatinous forms having calcareous shells enclosing the central protoplasm, the outer mass forming intricate interlacing threads. The most common forms belong to the Globigerinæ having chambered shells. Other organic matter and pumice are found in the ooze though from 30 to 90 per cent Globigerinæ.

In the modern ocean the Foraminiferal life is very

great—countless millions are on the surface of the sea in calm weather. Here as elsewhere death stalks relentlessly. The dead forms gradually sink to the ocean floor, where to the observer, if his vision were perfect enough, they would seem like countless drops in a gust of rain. In this way the ooze, the life and death of minute animals, is slowly accumulating. How long the ooze has been forming no one knows, though the geologist uses ages for his measuring rod. At the present rate of deposition thousands of years would be required to form deposits much less than a foot thick.

The chalk cliffs and beds of Iowa, Kansas, Texas



Foraminifera (diagrammatic).

and Europe, in some places many feet thick, are simply beds of former Globigerina ooze. Grind to powder a piece of chalk and view it under a microscope, there will be seen shells of animals almost identical with those forming the ooze on the bottom of the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic. These tombs mutely prove that the countries where they exist were once the bottom of deep seas, great arms of the Atlantic on both coasts. The seas must have been more than one thousand fathoms since the mechanical drifts in more shallow depths are so overwhelmingly more than the Globigerina ooze that the latter is lost sight of. They were less than three thousand fathoms since at a depth of twenty-five hundred feet the car-

bon-dioxide, increasing with sea depth, is sufficient in quantity to dissolve the calcium carbonate shells. Its attack upon calcium carbonate would not permit the ooze to collect on ocean floors below that depth, just as is obtained today.

It is an interesting fact that the Globigerinæ of the chalk cliffs differ very little from those forming the slimy gray mud at the bottom of our modern ocean. Though there are more than twice as many fossil species than those living now the same type of structure persists. Since the sediments forming the chalk cliffs were palpitant with life great portions of the earth have been lifted out of the waters, mountains have been built, river systems formed, valleys drowned, streams beheaded, mountain passes cut down great canyons worn out of the face of nature, nations born and decayed yet the chambered and perforated shells of the Globigerinæ of today have the same variety of pattern, shape, symmetry and beauty as those of the ancient seas. Thus they were as far back as can be traced in the geological history of the earth and the time to come, though long it may be, will perhaps witness little change in the form of shell and the intricate interlacing threads of protoplasm.



HUMOR IN ANIMALS.

EVERY young person who owns a dog or cat will agree with a writer in the London *Daily News* who insists that animals not only think and reason, but also have a keen sense of humor. We knew a fine exponent of this theory, a beautiful collie named "Jack." Dear doggie, he died of a good old age, with the love of all who knew him. He would "play wolf" with every indication of savagery and fierceness, with gleaming teeth and snarling jaws, and eyes that glared like the wild animal he was imitating. The rough tumbling he always received and the attacks of his human comrades in the game never deceived him for a moment. He knew it was all fun and play, and threw himself into the sport with all his heart. He thoroughly enjoyed the humor of the situation and rushed upon his antagonists with a perfectly assumed savagery, but he never forgot to be gentle even in the most exciting moments. Jack's sharp teeth and powerful jaws were ever kept for defense against his enemies, and never used to injure his friends. He had a wonderful brain, and often thought matters out in a way that was truly astonishing. For many weeks, for instance, he trotted out daily to receive the mail from the postman. This was easily taught him, and he was proud of the honor thrust upon him. It so happened that there was mail every day for a long time, and he and the postman became "speaking acquaintances." But one morning the postman passed by the house with no documents to hand to Jack. He went out to meet him as usual, and followed him a few steps in expectation. The postman

was absorbed, however, and paid no attention to the dog. Jack stopped in concern, waited a moment in deep thought, and then flew at the postman's heels, to that individual's intense astonishment and concern. The dog's master, fortunately, was a witness to the scene, and, thoroughly understanding the situation, came to the rescue by calling, "Give him something; he wants the mail; he thinks you are robbing us." Quickly the postman handed Jack a newspaper, and he in his turn, with the air of a conquering hero, carried the paper to his master, entirely pacified and content, and evidently very proud of his success. Thereafter the postman had something at hand to give to the dog each time he passed by the house, and there was never any further trouble, and in due time they became good friends.

From the article previously mentioned come the following facts concerning a kitten and her love of fun and frolic:

"I was once the possessor of a beautiful little Persian cat, with whom we used to play at times with ball games. She entered into these with great gusto, and sometimes when there was nothing stirring she would appear carrying the ball in her mouth. Then she would lay it at the feet of one of us who seemed inclined for a game, and, looking up with an arch expression, she would stand ready to begin. The slapdash explanation of acts like these as 'instinct' is, of course, ridiculous, though even in those cases where it does apply it is at best but a cover for our ignorance of deeper explanations.

"Now, play itself involves a certain sense of humor, but certain other manifestations were more precise. Kitty used to play on the balcony—this was in Paris—and when she wanted to come in she would stand on her hind legs and scratch fiercely at the window with an assumed look of excitement and alarm that reminded one of a caricature of Louis Wain's. When she entered I would generally take her up on my shoulder to hear her purr.

"One sunny day as I was reading I heard the familiar scratching, and, looking round, found her standing in her attitude of great anxiety. I went to the window and opened it, and she made a step forward, but when I tried to pick her up she turned around and ran up the balcony, looking behind her shoulder and with a laugh all over her face. She enjoyed that joke immensely."—*Selected*.



"THAT the ruthless destruction of forests, the heedless neglect of waterways, the reckless disposition of the public lands and the wild waste of mineral resources ought to be discontinued is admitted by everyone who is not financially interested in their destruction, neglect and waste."

THE INGLENOOK

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THE DIVORCE EVIL.

SOMETIMES a great evil,—for a long time clearly recognized as such,—becomes so common that after awhile even the better class of people seem not only to countenance it, but even to approve of it. We have in mind now the divorce evil. When we think of its history we recall the familiar words of Pope on the insidiousness of vice:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As to be hated, needs but to be seen
But seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

It is to be feared that when we express ourselves on the subject that it is not always with the ring of utter disapproval which should characterize our speech as Christians and as those who have at heart the welfare of our country. And when we are silent,—and most of us are silent on the subject,—our attitude is taken to be that of tolerance at least or maybe even of approval.

A recent issue of the *Home Herald* publishes the following from the pen of Mrs. William H. Taft, wife of our President-elect:

"If it were in my power, divorce would be stopped entirely. Of course, there are cases where separation might be legally granted, but there should be no remarriage allowed. The laxity of our divorce law is a menace to the very moral fiber of our nation. It is an appalling evil, and it seems to be on the increase instead of diminishing. I remember the time when one read of persons one never knew who obtained divorces, but now every one comes in contact with divorced people—in every class of society—one's own personal friends on every hand. It is countenanced by the so-called highest social circles, and it is made light of, and a woman, in many instances, is received with as much favor after she is divorced as she was before. Such conditions are shocking and are most demoralizing. Wherever and whenever I could do anything to influence legislators to make more stringent divorce

laws, I would do it, and I believe that every woman in America should feel the same way."

We honor the woman who thus bravely stands out against a popular evil, and we trust that her example may be the means of giving to some of us the moral courage we need to stand by our convictions. The evil is so widespread that if those who know it as such keep silent, the world will sweep on in ignorance to the shameful end it will bring.



GOOD ADVICE TO JEWS.

DR. EMIL G. HIRSCH, the eminent Jewish rabbi of Chicago, gave his people some wholesome advice during a service in the Sinai Temple not long ago. His theme was the "adaptation of religion to modern needs."

He made a general plea for all the Jews of the earth to unite for international peace. "If all the Jews of all the nations should work together for international peace, how far away would it be?" he asked. "There is a great opportunity of modern times which the Jews should grasp."

"Another is a settlement of the questions between capital and labor. The Jew is the barometer of civilization. Show me how a Jew is treated in any community and I will tell you the state of civilization of that community. If it could be said there is no Jewish house of commerce where provisions are not made for the workers, in excess of the economic demands of the day, our influence would be materially felt in settling the controversy between labor and capital. Some few Jews already take this advanced ground, let others follow."

Before concluding his talk Dr. Hirsch made an appeal to the loyalty of his hearers in behalf of the new Sinai institutional synagogue which has been under consideration for a year and plans for which were to have been made public before this time. He urged the building of the synagogue on the grounds that they owed it to the community and that they could not do their share in meeting the needs of modern religion without it. Dr. Hirsch is growing old, but he is alive to the demands that may be made upon his people when he is gone and he is anxious that they shall bear a noble part in the work of the world.



FOR THE EARTHQUAKE SUFFERERS.

JAN. 4, by unanimous vote, Congress appropriated \$800,000 for the earthquake sufferers, President Roosevelt by special message having asked that amount. This is the largest amount ever given to the stricken people of a foreign land by the United States or any other government. In addition, the battle ship fleet and any other necessary ships of the navy were placed at the disposal of the President in carrying out the relief work authorized.

This \$800,000 does not include the private contri-

butions from all over the country which swell the fund to stupendous proportions. While all the money given cannot make up for all the loss and suffering, it will do much in that direction and is our best means of lending aid and expressing our sympathy.

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NOTES ON THE GREAT EARTHQUAKE.

I WAS in Palermo and a longer time in Catania and Messina. In Messina, the hotel at which I stopped has now been totally wrecked, killing all the American and other tourists—so I read. The U. S. consul, upon whom I called, is also dead.

The people in these places were VERY good to me. My heart is sad at their great loss. The single funeral procession I *saw* there is now duplicated by 50,000 processions of lone journeyings to the other shore.

Beggar and aristocrat sleep alike—both under the debris—victims of the world's greatest horror.

H. M. SPICKLER.

✻ ✻ ✻

WON'T STAY LICKED.

BONFORT'S, the big liquor magazine, in its Philadelphia section (December 10, page 141), discussing the Anti-Saloon League, says:

"The constant and abundant optimism of the opponents of the liquor industry is the hardest thing to defeat. It is certainly very discouraging to lick a man who won't stay licked, but that is just the condition we are up against in this State. There is really very little chance of a local option measure passing the Legislature this winter, but this does not win the fight by any means, as the enthusiastic followers of this chimera say they will come back at us stronger than ever two years hence. And so they will, too, if their ammunition (money) holds out."

Yes, that's the most discouraging thing about the Anti-Saloon League—discouraging to its enemies—it won't stay licked. It absolutely refuses to quit fighting. And there will be plenty of ammunition to fight this thing out to a finish. There's no hope for the enemy in that direction.

The Anti-Saloon League is the united Church. The Church, as Superintendent Baker says, sometimes loses a battle, but never a war. This is war.—*Exchange*.

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THE SHADOW ON THE WALL

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

The clock had struck the hour of nine,
When at the muse's mystic shrine,
Secluded and alone
I sat. The January rain
Fell coldly on the window-pane.
I saw my shadow thrown
Upon the wall, and smiled to see
How little it resembled me.
To my intense surprise,

Its outline grew more bold and clear—
A human form was standing there
Before my very eyes.

Upon that form I wond'ring gazed,
Perplexed, bewildered, and amazed,
But ne'er the silence broke.

I questioned if it were a sprite
From the Plutonian shores of night
When thus to me it spoke:

"Thou sordid son of greed and pelf,
I am thy other better self,
By thee too long suppressed.
No man for self alone can live,
For self no man his life can give,
Nature will never rest.

"Matter you never can destroy
Though changed, she will it still employ
In varied shapes and forms.
The mould'ring vine will feed its mate,
Or aid to other forms create.

And when the raging storms

"Shall whirl the chilling sleet and rain—
When sweeps the awful hurricane
And yawns the deep abyss,
Though earth's foundation reel and shake,
The firm land quiver like a lake,
Nothing can go amiss.

"The crinoid with his fellows died
And sank beneath the restless tide,
Ere man this planet trod.
The ferns their fronded branches cast
Within the reeking foul morass,
For 'twas the will of God

"For mortals such as thou to store
In cavern deep, on ocean floor,
The energy of years—
Yea, untold ages, and unfurled
His boundless love to make this world
The choicest of the spheres.

"The coal that warms thy form tonight,
The oil that fills the room with light,
The stones beneath the walls,
That keep the elements from thee,
Prove that thy Father's love is free,
Heed thou his earnest calls.

"The past is gone, forever gone,
The future is thy hope alone,
So bow to his decree.
Go face the world for truth and right,
Live thou as he shall give thee light,
And he will care for thee."

The calm voice hushed. The form was still.
And as I watched I felt a thrill
Of fear my being shake.
I reached the outstretched hand to clasp,
My book fell from my nerveless grasp,
And I was wide-awake.

You say 'twas but an idle dream.
Perhaps, but it will ever seem
Reality indeed.
But 'tis not vain, if, false or true,
It helps us to begin anew
A better life to lead.

Woburn, Ill.

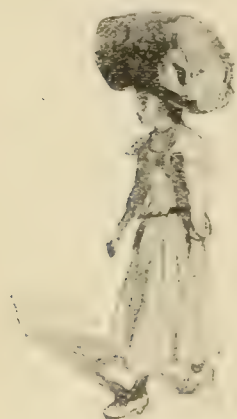


The Home World

TURNING CHILDREN INTO DOLLARS

LAST summer some Americans traveling in Italy stopping aghast at a sight that met them on the outskirts of Palestrina. A child of about six was plodding between a small quarry and an unfinished house, with each trip bearing on her head a large

stone for the builders. These stones averaged at least twenty-five pounds in weight, and the child could not lift them alone. One of the elders busy at the same task would poise the burden for her, and it would be taken off at the other end. The face under the stone was gravely uncomplaining; already the back showed a deep incurve. All the spring—the elasticity of growth—seemed crushed out of the little figure. The Americans were horrified. They put questions, protested, and did what they could to get the burden lifted.



Delivering Sweatshop
Work in New
York

Then they exclaimed to one another: "You don't see such things in America!" "Thank God, a child can't be treated like that at home!"

Not long ago a child of six walked down Avenue D, in New York City, carrying on her head a load of sweatshop "pants"—they are not trousers, at that price—weighing not less than twenty-five pounds. She had to walk several blocks with it and climb four flights of stairs, and when it was removed her work was only just beginning, for the endless buttons—twelve to a pair—were to be sewed on by the brown claws that gripped the bundle. She passed many Americans on her way, but no one noticed and no one was horrified. Several times a week she has trudged over the same route under the same weight, in this land where "a child can't be treated like that," without arousing any public indignation.

The New York law declares that no child under fourteen shall work for hire, and no child between fourteen and sixteen who cannot read and write simple sentences in the English language, and show that he has attended school one hundred and thirty days during the previous year: he must be of normal height and development, and his day is limited to nine hours. It is a just law—good for the present industrial conditions, however the future may improve on it. In the mills and factories it can be more or less rigorously enforced, but there is a vast field of child labor at home that this law does not and cannot touch.

To understand this, follow the six-years-old pants-bearer and her mother—whose load is thrice as big—up the four flights of their tenement, as I did, says Juliet Wilbor Tompkins in *Success Magazine*. An offer to help the little girl with her pack was introduction enough, and a few stray words of Italian established friendship on the long journey up. They are dark stairs, a skeleton of stone and iron, with walls of lurid pink and green, smeared and blotched and broken, and the stale air reeks of indecent poverty. Half naked babies crawl out into the hall to peer through the banisters at us; a careworn little girl of about seven is sitting on a step rocking a shrieking child, her little shoulders strained with its weight, but her face maternally patient. "Hello, teacher!" calls a child of school years—almost any woman visitor is addressed as "teacher" in the tenements. To the question, "Why aren't you at school?" she replies with a vague murmur about a sore finger, and a moment later she is vanishing with cautious speed down the stairs. At the same time a grimy little boy passes with a can that is obviously on



This Boy Longs for
a Chance to Go
to School.

its way to the saloon for beer—two broken laws exhibited in the space of sixty seconds.

The door of the apartment we are seeking stands open to the odors of the hall, and the owners, being Italians, smile shy welcome, setting out a chair, throne-like, in the middle of the main room, even while their hands are busy at the bundles; for they go to work at once, without so much as a preliminary stretch. Moments must be very precious in this household. The room is amazingly dirty. The light is dim, for the



An Average Messenger
Boy Who Works in a
Hotbed of Iniquity.

only window opens on an air shaft, if air it may be called that comes from that foul well. Adjoining is another room, a dark hole entirely filled with a bed—the inhabitants must get in over the foot. Lying on this, now, is a two-years-old, asleep, and a boy of about eleven with a flushed face and heavy eyes.

It looks suspiciously like measles, and the little girl, recognizing the word, nods

that that is probably the case; her miniature shrug adds that it cannot be helped—that life is all more or less measles and pants, and we must take what comes.

* * * * *

As things are, there is no help. So long as the law licenses the tenements for manufacture, and so allows the mother to bring the work home, the children will help her. Fifty thousand inspectors could not patrol the tenements sufficiently to prevent this: if it were tried, some small sentry would always sound the note of warning, and the official, on his arrival, would find only the mother working, while the little children would be playing innocently upon the floor.

Neither the mother nor little Giulia can speak English, so intercourse is limited until Maria comes home from school—a middle-aged little girl who falls to work with incredible swiftness, and who can “finish” as neatly and quickly as her mother. My presence is explained in a ripple of Italian, and from her I learn the short and simple family annals. The father is out of work—a faint shrug suggests that he is often out of work; the rent for the three rooms—for there is a still darker hole beyond occupied by two boarders—is nine dollars a month; her mother usually begins at five in the morning, little Giulia sews seven or eight hours a day, and she herself works from school until bedtime, an hour that varies from nine until half past twelve—good preparation for profiting by the day’s lessons! The family income averages between six and seven dollars a week. Pietro, now on the bed, works, too, when he is not sick.

Maria herself is thirteen, and can go to the factory next year,—she says it eagerly. She is undeveloped, heavy-eyed, nervously shrill at slight provocation, and her back has the tragic, elderly look of wizened youth. She has never had time to be a little girl. It is a discouraged, joyless household, and the baby tugging at her needle is as old as her mother. A little arithmetic shows that, after providing for the rent, from fifty to sixty-five cents a day remains for the living expenses of five people, irrespective of what the father and Pietro may occasionally contribute; and you will remember having read somewhere that the “economic efficiency” of five people cannot be maintained in New York at a cost much less than two dollars a day; that is, they cannot be nourished and housed for their proper welfare at a smaller expenditure. Looking at the tired faces and the undeveloped bodies of the children, you wish you had not done that sum; and how you wish that Pietro would remove his measled person from the pants!

When this latter wish is finally suggested to Maria, she confides to you that that is nothing—that, when Mrs. Rosini on the floor below had smallpox, she went on making flower and feather ornaments for the hair just the same for a week, till she got so bad they had to tell the doctor, when he took her away. I could go down and ask her about it myself if I doubted it; they were lovely ornaments—for ladies’ hair.

* * * * *

Worse than arrested development, out of the nervous strain of too much work in childhood come disorders, moral as well as physical. It has been said, with authority, “Idleness in young years is not so prolific of immoral and criminal leanings as is premature employment.” Premature! This baby of four smoothing violet petals is already earning, perhaps, fifty cents a week; and they tell of an infant of eighteen months being found assisting at passementerie-making by splashing its little hands in a bowl of glue and beads, the mother fishing out the latter as they became properly coated: and there was published, recently, the story of a woman and six children under eleven years of age who lived in a basement and for four dark and filthy years kept body and soul imperfectly connected by folding paper bags—from one hundred thousand to one hundred and fifty



Going Home from the Factory.

thousand a week, and the price going steadily down from seven cents a thousand to four cents.

According to Dr. A. S. Daniel, who has been for many years a worker among the East Side poor, the remedy for these conditions must be drastic— forbid the manufacturer to have any part of his work done in a tenement house. With all this manufacturing transferred to factories, which could be properly inspected, the child worker would necessarily be set free; school, day nursery, and public playground must attend to his case when the mother is obliged to go. And now comes the inevitable protest—the poor widow who cannot live without her children's earnings! She exists, without a doubt,—we have just seen her in the paper-bags family; but do you realize what also exists, a product of this child-labor system? It is the parasitic father.

Both of these homes visited, the miserable one on the fourth floor and the more cheerful one on the third, typify the evil done by child labor. Maria's

father was earning good pay and doing well by his own until he fell ill, six years ago. To tide over, his wife took in sweatshop work, and thereby Pietro, senior, learned the fatal lesson that it is easy for women and children to earn money, and that the streets offer more attractions than the soap factory, to a convivial spirit. At intervals he obtained jobs, but his skill in losing them was yearly increasing. His wife had given up remonstrating: it was more profitable to bend steadily over the work.

Mrs. Rosini's husband was made of better stuff and worked faithfully in a paper-box factory; but the evil of child labor was hampering him in another way—that of competition in his shop, for it is an economic fact that the cheap labor of children reduces the wages of men. The children of others were competing with Rosini, and so his children had to work. That sunny room, gay with artificial flowers, was as much part of an injurious system as the dark and dirty hole on the floor above.

THE LAST WORD

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

MABEL needn't think, because she lived in Martinsburg when she was a chit of a thing, that she knows more than I do about the folks that was born and raised there! For that matter, I can give her pointers on some of her own relations, and not so very far back, either!" The speaker's eyes flashed vindictively through angry tears. "I was bound to have the last word!"

Mrs. Morehouse ran her needle several stitches along the hem she was basting. Her brows puckered for an instant, but smoothed serenely before she lifted her eyes to her visitor's face.

"Things past and gone do get set clearer in the minds of us older ones, I think, myself," she answered, pleasantly. "Children seem to be more interested in up-to-date matters, nowadays. What was it you and Mabel disagreed so about, Miranda?"

The visitor bit her lips, a dull flush creeping into her cheek.

"I was telling Bertram that old Deacon Potts' first wife was a Mercer, and his second a Brown," she said. "That child caught me up in a minute, declaring that Mis' Potts who was a Mercer was a particular friend of her mother's, and she remembered settin' close between 'em with the mourners at the deacon's funeral. I wouldn't a-minded so much, if Bertram had took any interest in it. But he only said: 'Oh! bother! Why can't you let it go? Who cares who old Potts married, anyway!' But,"—tossing

her head—"I wouldn't run off the track that way. If I don't stand up for my rights, nobody will!"

"Why was it that you wanted to decide?" Mrs. Morehouse asked, bending to her hem to hide the twinkle in her eyes. "Was there any particular reason?"

The visitor plucked uncomfortably at her apron. She always squirmed, figuratively speaking, under her friend's direct way of getting to the bottom of things; yet as invariably returned to her for sympathy.

"I don't just remember what we were talking about, when the discussion started," she admitted. "But"—doggedly—"I don't see what that has to do with it. I guess I know. You're siding with Mabel, I s'pose,"—grimly.

"I'm 'siding' with you and Mabel both, for Love's peaceful sake," Mrs. Morehouse laughed, good-naturedly. "You don't want me saying unkind things about Bertram's wife, do you, Miranda?"

Half the cloud went off the other's forehead.

"I know Mabel is a good girl," she acknowledged; "but I do tell you, Sarah, it is awful exasperating to be contradicted when you're positive that you're right. You don't know how set Mabel is in her way!"

Mrs. Morehouse drew down the corners of her mouth in a brave attempt at seriousness.

"Miranda," she said, "you might tell her the story of the old woman and the scissors."

"What was that?" Miranda asked, curiously.

"Why," Mrs. Morehouse answered, "there was once an old man and his wife, both very firm in their opinions, who disagreed over the pruning of a certain currant-bush. The man insisted that a knife was the better implement to use, the woman, that a pair of scissors did the work more satisfactorily. After a heated quarrel, in which the arguments narrowed down to simply shouting: 'Knife!' 'Scissors!' at each other, the man in a rage threw his wife into the cistern. As the water closed over her head, smothering her cries, she stretched up her arm with two fingers of the hand rigidly extended, still signaling what she could no longer say: 'Scissors!'"

The visitor laughed, shamefacedly.

"Yes, but you see, Sarah, if she honestly knew she was in the right——"

The sewing slipped from Mrs. Morehouse's lap.

"That's just the point, Miranda," she interrupted, suddenly dropping her light tone for one of eagerness. "There's only one 'right' *worth* standing up for, and that's *the* right. It sorts out our 'rights' from our 'wrongs,' which is more than we generally do, with our little, narrow, near-sighted way of looking at things, and it always brings us up a-top of our troubles. And, as I tell Ezra, after you've once stated your opinion fairly, constant repeating weakens it, because that sounds as if you had to keep on arguing to make *yourself* believe it, after all."

Miranda rose, pulling her bonnet into place.

"I don't know but that's so," she said, doubtfully. "I'll think about it, I believe. If Mabel wasn't so positive, it would be a lot easier. And I'm just certain about the widow Potts being a Brown."

Half an hour later, soft footsteps pattered across the kitchen floor, and the elder Mrs. Morehouse, pink-face with her labor in the flower-garden, came into the sitting-room. She carried a towel in one hand, and a big bunch of roses in the other. Sarah looked up. "Grandma," she asked, suddenly, "do you remember what was Aunt Israel Potts' maiden name?"

"M—m—m—," replied Grandma, reflectively. "Mis' Israel Potts? You mean his second, I s'pose. Aren't these Crimson Ramblers perfectly beautiful, Sarah? I counted thirty buds on one cluster. Deacon Potts' second wife! Well, now, it has slipped my mind! If you really want to know, though, it's probably in your great-uncle's old family Bible up stairs. Why?"

"Oh! nothing," Sarah answered. She got the old Bible, though, and looked up the record. The first Mrs. Israel Potts, who died shortly after marriage, was in truth a "Mercer," her mother's own cousin,—a fact which had escaped the vaunted memory of Miranda Perkins. The second, surviving the deacon, was named *Mehitable Seraphina Jones*.

The Children's Corner

THE GIANTS OF EVERY DAY.

LOOKING up from the picture book he was eagerly reading, Teddie exclaimed: "I'd like to be 'Jack the Giant Killer' and frighten all the old giants away!"

The other children laughed heartily at Teddie's choice, and Bob remarked: "There never was such a man, Ted. It's only a foolish story, you know. There aren't any giants."

Teddie looked disappointed. This was taking away the charm from his book.

"There are giants, aren't there, Uncle John?" he asked, throwing down his book and coming over to his uncle's armchair.

"Giants, Teddie?" he repeated, gravely: "Yes, my boy, there are a great many giants all around us, and we have to learn to be good fighters if we do not wish to be overcome by them."

Teddie beamed triumphantly, but the other children opened their eyes in wonder, and Alice asked, "What do you mean, Uncle John?"

"My dear Alice," he answered, "there is one dreadful giant, named Intemperance, that is harder to conquer than any that the famous Jack ever vanquished; and there is another, called Selfishness, a terrible monster, with nine heads; and a third named Cruelty; and a fourth named Dishonesty. We might mention ever so many more."

"Oh, that kind!" said Bob. "I meant there were no real giants."

"Well, these are fairly real giants, Bob. Did you ever try hard to fight one?"

"I don't believe I've tried as hard as I might, sir," he confessed frankly. "I think my worst giant is Selfishness," he added, slowly.

"And mine is Idleness," whispered Alice.

"What is mine? It must be Quick Temper," admitted Nellie, blushing over memories of recent defeats.

Little Ted looked perplexed. They were talking in riddles.

"Has everybody got a giant?" he ventured.

The others laughed at this, but Uncle John answered, kindly: "I'm afraid so, Ted. Anything that keeps us from doing good is our giant that we have to fight. Have you one, my little man?"

The child's face flushed as he replied, after a moment's hesitation: "Yes, there are lots of them. There's my cross words to the nurse this morning, and I disobeyed mama, and I broke papa's penknife that he told me not to touch, and I, oh!"—there Ted stopped suddenly and hid his face on uncle's shoulder.

The children didn't laugh this time.—*Little Chronicle*.



The Quiet Hour

THINGS THAT SPEAK

D. D. THOMAS

IN the cemetery at Eagle Creek stands a gravestone that marks the resting place of a fond father and mother who died years ago. When approaching, one notices that it leans, owing to a faulty foundation, seemingly in an attitude of inquiry. The imagination need not launch out very far to hear it speak something like these words: "When are you coming this way? When will you lie down here to rest? See how silently these sleep. You say it is a dark and uncertain way. None return that go down its valley.

"It *was* dark but it has been lighted. That you must come is unchangeable, but that it is dark as your imaginations picture it, is not true since the day the angel sat on the stone at the risen Master's grave."

Well, at a grave is a good place to begin to meditate. From it arises hope, and at the giving up of life one remembers with gladness that death is conquered. It does not hold souls in prison any longer unless they forfeit that life. "The strength of sin is the law," but the victory is obtained through something stronger than the law.

In "As You Like It," one reads,

"And thus our life, exempt from public haunts,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

That our great English author should have placed the most sacred form of intercommunication in "Nature's teaching" "in stones" is not so strange when one comes to consider.

There are found the staying qualities. It is firm, unyielding, immovable. It is impenetrable to anything ordinary, and aggressively teaches the judgment of God, to which the Savior alludes, speaking of it as "grinding them to powder."

The abiding qualities are there, not to be obliterated by time. Then, too, it is made to appear more sacred by Christ being spoken of as the Rock which supplied the Hebrews in the wilderness. The church is the pillar and pedestal of the truth, that which makes us free. Yes, "sermons in stones" is just the way to put it.

In them is embedded the history of the past. Animate and inanimate growths, held in death, declaring as loudly as any articulate voice could tell, "So shall ye likewise perish." But, with the Christ-rock voice, not encysted and petrified through all the ages, but revitalized and glorified through all eternity. To him who has not heard, its speech is as that of a little stranger child, not understood. But when one learns to hear, it is that same child voice in its parent's ear,—plain and intelligible. Not having talked one does not understand. So it is in nature, one must converse that he may understand.

See the leaf expectantly spread itself before heaven, teaching prayerful service and patient hope. And the flower opening its chalice to be fed and watered, telling that life and fruitage come from God. God's blessing to "the lily" beautifully "arrayed" and perfectly adorned teaches one the power there is in simplicity. The plant expands and lengthens itself, showing a yearning toward the Father who strengthens and makes it storm-enduring. It teaches the brotherhood of all nature. Not simply living to enjoy and propagate itself, but it has a broad, unifying concern for all creatures. It yields life to all, as the Christ did in a much higher sense. The dying that others might live yes, the luscious fruit is beautified by entrancing colors, as if inviting to partake, seeming glad to die that it might become a part of us, a basis of our life.

If one draw toward it in care, how it expands and improves and enlarges its fruit. An inverted parallel is taught by one authorized to speak, "Casting all your care upon him for he careth for you." If the fruitage does not enlarge, one is to blame. The "husbandman" does his part.

That nature speaks is not farfetched or imaginary. The sacred writings abound with references to it. The Father seems to have so ordained it. The Master once declared that if the people cried not out in praise to him, the "very stones" would. Job speaks of the time when "the morning stars sang together," and David says, "The heavens declare the glory of God."

The blood of Abel cried unto God from the ground

for vengeance. The blood that speaketh better things than that of Abel crieth not out for vengeance. It was given an offering for sin. The sins of his enemies were reached by it and obliterated. The blood of Abel was spilled by force, he gave it unwillingly. But the other was the offering of a willing mind. It speaketh better things.

And so one might continue. The days and the nights, the ever-changing seasons, the dreams, waking or sleeping, the rivers and the seas, the mountains and the valleys, and the hills and the lakes are things that speak. And their voice sounds down through the ages and echoes loudly where the great white throne stands at the judgment day, the retributive angel crying, "I have spoken and ye have not heard, I have declared and ye have not rejoiced."



THE BIBLE

FIRST, the Bible is the Book of Righteousness. It is the one book in the world for the tried and suffering man who finds it infinitely difficult to maintain self-respect and integrity amidst the manifold seductions of our modern life. In the Bible he finds the inspiration to renewed effort after righteousness, examples, precepts, promises, prophecies, helping him in his struggle, nerving him to conflict and assuring him of victory.

Second, the Bible is the Book of Faith, speaking to us of the reality of things unseen but eternal, planting within us the desire to hold on to the Invisible, nurturing that desire, assuring us of the eternal triumph of goodness, telling us that goodness is alone immortal, bidding us, in spite of "reason" and in the face of "facts" cleave to goodness as the one strong thing here below, and, in trumpet tones that stir the spirit that is within us to a faith divine, proclaiming that wealth and honor, prospects, ambition and conquest, and the world itself, are well lost if by reason of the sacrifice we have saved our soul alive.

Third, the Bible is the Book of Christ. The dominant note of all theology and criticism today is its demand for Christ. "Back to Jesus" is the watchword upon every lip. Renan saw that the reform of Christianity consisted in suppressing the graces which our pagan ancestors have added to it, to return to Jesus as he was. And all our theology today which has in it the promise of immortality takes up the cry, "Back to Jesus as he was!" It is the Christ of Galilee and Capernaum, the Christ of Olivet and Bethany, the Christ who had not where to lay his head, who loved to call himself the Son of Man, who now fills the thought of his Church; and the Book which is the Book of Christ is as immortal as himself.—*Charles F. Aked, D. D.*



"SECOND thoughts may be best, but they are often too late to be of any use."

GRATITUDE.

SHOW us a man who responds to the Lord with the same readiness with which some people say, "Thank you," when a small favor is bestowed upon them, and I will show you a man who not only greatly enjoys his Christian life, but who is whole-hearted in the service. A heart filled with gratitude is a heart filled with goodwill, sympathy, love, sunshine and cheerfulness. A heart filled with gratitude means a soul filled with a desire to do everything possible to repay and advance the interests of the object of gratitude. We teach our children politeness, and at least a show of gratitude toward those who show them a kindness. But how many of us teach our children to be grateful toward him who gives us all we have? How many of our children have learned prayers which in substance mean something like this? "Lord, we thank thee for the air we breathe, for our daily food and clothing, for houses and homes and friends and health and freedom to worship thee as thou in thy Book hast commanded us." How many of us often pray such prayers ourselves? How many of us act as if such prayers actually came from the heart? There is no need of becoming alarmed for the fate of any one whose heart is filled to overflowing with gratitude and praise toward an all-wise and ever-loving heavenly Father for unmerited blessings bestowed.—*Gospel Herald.*



UNKNOWN ANGELS.

She walks unnoticed in the street;
The casual eye
Sees nothing in her fair or sweet;
The world goes by
Unconscious that an angel's feet
Are passing nigh.

She little has of beauty's wealth;
Truth will allow
Only her priceless youth and health,
Her broad, white brow;
Yet grows she on the heart by stealth,
I scarce know how.

She does a thousand kindly things
That no one knows;
A loving woman's heart she brings
To human woes;
And to her face the sunlight clings
Where'er she goes.

And so she walks her quiet ways,
With that content
That only comes to sinless days
And innocent:
A life devoid of fame or praise,
Yet nobly spent.

—*Pall Mall Gazette.*



THE art of saying appropriate words in a kindly way is one that never goes out of fashion, never ceases to please, and is within the reach of the humblest.—*F. W. Faber.*

Echoes from Everywhere



Michigan's new constitution, lately ratified by the voters, grants women who pay taxes the right to vote upon questions involving the expenditure of public money.

More than \$25,000,000 has been paid out of the relief funds of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company—\$15,050,644 to members disabled by illness or accident and \$10,276,227 to the families of members who have died.

Work is to begin soon on New York City's first monorail to be built between Bartow Station, on the New Haven line, and City Island, between which points a horsecar line has been in operation several years. Three months hence may see the line in operation. The system to be used is called the American.

At her last election, twenty-eight additional towns were added to New Hampshire's "no-license" column, while only ten which had been without saloons voted to let them in. It is confidently claimed that after May 1, 1909, there will be but twenty-five license towns in the State.

The Illinois Hotel Commercial Association has planned to try to have the legislature place a limit on the damages which may be collected by hotel patrons for lost or stolen articles. It also was agreed that buildings shall be equipped with either iron or rope fire escapes, as demanded by the Illinois Commercial Men's Association and the Travelers' Protective Association.

Dr. Wiley, chief chemist of the Agricultural Department, after a week's work with his famous poison squad, has reached the conclusion that formaldehyde as a preservative of food is injurious to health. Formaldehyde is most commonly used as a preservative of milk. While it prevents the souring of milk it does not retard the growth of disease germs, and herein lies the danger as consumers have no warning of the presence of the germs.

Secretary Straus of the department of commerce and labor reports that the total net addition to the population of the United States by alien immigration between Sept. 30, 1907, and Oct. 1, 1908, was only 6,298, and even this number, he says, should be reduced by deducting the number of naturalized Americans who took up residence abroad. The actual number of aliens who arrived within the period mentioned was 724,112, and the number departing during the same time was 717,814. Secretary Straus says that all official figures as to the emigration of aliens prior to Sept. 30, 1907, were the estimates of the steamship companies. Last year official figures were kept as to the departure of aliens. The secretary estimated that figures on immigration, which have been accepted heretofore, have been at least 48 per cent too high.

Illinois is upholding the new cocaine law, and in so doing has dealt a solar plexus blow at the patent medicines in this State containing the drug. A case which has been decided was that of two Chicago druggists who had been fined \$500 after being convicted of having sold a catarrh powder which contained cocaine. The druggists held that a clerk in the store had sold the medicine, but the Supreme Court of the State held the owners responsible, as the law provides that cocaine shall not be sold in any form except on a physician's prescription.

Foreign ministers at Peking fear that peace is endangered by the recent dismissal of Yuan Shi Kai, grand councilor and commander in chief of the forces, and the appointment of Na Tung as grand councilor. The representatives of Great Britain, the United States and Germany view the regent's action as tantamount to an affront to the powers on account of Yuan Shi Kai's position abroad, he being recognized as the medium of fair and equitable treatment toward the nations. Japan concurs in the opinion that the dismissal is certain to result in international injury.

Russia has a dirigible, and negotiations are being carried on with the Wright Brothers for the purchase of some of their aeroplanes. The price proposed is \$100,000, with royalties built on machines built in Russia. The government requires a three-hour flight, but Wilbur Wright thinks a one-hour flight a sufficient demonstration provided he can carry fuel enough to remain aloft three hours. The Russian War Department has recently granted \$25,000 for the construction of a flying machine invented by H. Tatarinoff, who claims to have an apparatus that operates on neither the balloon nor the aeroplane principle. A small cigar-shaped model weighing about 30 pounds is said to have made successful tests recently.

George Washington Hough, one of the foremost astronomers of the world, professor of astronomy at Northwestern University and director of the Dearborn Observatory, died at his home in Chicago, Jan. 1. No astronomer of these times was better known than Professor Hough. In fact, he was considered by scientists one of the most learned of his time on astronomical subjects. The crowning feature of his life of study and invention was his contribution to science concerning the planet Jupiter, the most complete that any astronomer ever has given. Professor Hough also discovered and measured more double stars than any astronomer living or extant. Besides, his astronomical inventions have been many and valuable. Altogether, his life has been one of contribution to astronomy, meteorology and physics.

London, Jan. 1.—Postmasters throughout the United Kingdom have begun the payment of old-age pensions, under the act of the last session of parliament, to persons over 70 years of age. Seven hundred thousand applications for pensions have been received, of which 200,000 were disallowed, chiefly because the applicants have been in receipt of poor relief. It is estimated that the old-age pensions will cost the country \$35,000,000 annually. The highest pension is 5 shillings weekly, which will be paid to applicants having an income below \$105 a year. If their income exceeds \$105 but is less than \$153, small amounts will be paid.

One of the greatest engineering feats ever attempted in the construction of oil pipe lines is involved in the work that has been started by a Mexican petroleum company for the purpose of connecting Mexico City with the oil wells in the low coast country near Tampico. This line will have to climb the mountains to an altitude of 10,000 feet within a distance of not more than fifty miles. After reaching this great height it will be laid up and down the mountains for another 100 miles before it reaches the great central plateau. It will then drop to the valley of Mexico, which is a little less than 8,000 feet above the sea level. The object of building such a line is to supply Mexico City with fuel oil. Coal and other fuel are very expensive there, and it is claimed that the demand for fuel oil fully justifies the great expense of such a line.

The official total membership of the high schools of Chicago on the last day of October last year was 14,960, of the primary schools, 86,372, of the grammar schools, 149,891, or a total membership of 251,223. Compared with the same day of 1907 the gain for the high schools is 1,430, for the primary schools, 2,441, for the grammar schools, 9,783, for all three branches an increase of 13,554. To these figures must be added 11,000 pupils who are attending the normal school, the school for the deaf and the other auxiliaries, bringing the total membership on the last day of last October up to 247,263. The total gain over 1907 is about 14,000. The number of pupils on half sessions was kept down to 7,243 in October, which is the smallest number for October in years. In fact, there has been a steady decrease in the number of children who could not be afforded full school privileges. The total school accommodations during October for the high and graded schools were 268,311 seats.

In response to the Italian Red Cross suggestion that a vessel might be loaded with provisions and sent to the scene of the earthquake disaster, thus giving quick relief to the destitute, the American National Red Cross cabled \$150,000 with the suggestion that it could be used by the Italian Red Cross Society for the purpose of fitting out a ship with provisions and medical supplies. This amount is in addition to the \$100,000 and the \$70,000 previously sent by the American Red Cross. By sending the money instead of undertaking to provide for the shipment of supplies the American Red Cross officials adopted what they regard as the best method of meeting the emergencies that face the Italian Red Cross. They believe that the Italian society would be able to make these arrangements more promptly than could be done by anyone else. This is in line with the policy of the American society from the beginning of its relief work in behalf of the earthquake sufferers.

The board of trade, which has had an expert working for some time past on the copper output of Arizona for 1908, announces that the total output for the year will not fall below 274,000,000 pounds of finished copper. This makes Arizona again the world's leader in copper production. Horace J. Stevens places Michigan's output at 220,000,000 pounds and Montana's output is estimated at 244,000,000 pounds.

The forging of scimitar blades in Japan was once a flourishing industry, and the workers formed a close and powerful corporation. But the industry has declined for years, and now only two makers are left. No young Japanese has come forward to offer himself as an apprentice, and the question was referred to the mikado with a view of perpetuating the industry. The mikado has come to the rescue, and has founded two scholarships of \$500 to induce two lads to offer themselves for initiation into the art and mystery of making scimitar blades.

Chicago's population which serves as a new basis of estimate for 1909 for the health department, is 2,224,490, as against 2,166,055 for the year which has just closed, and this new population total will be used in figuring the death rate. The increase is in accordance with the United States census bureau's percentages for mid-year populations. Figures which are now in show that there was a total of 30,395 deaths in the city during the year, which would give a rate of 14.03 for every 1,000 of population—the fourth lowest figure ever recorded for the city. The department will wait until all of the deaths which occurred during December are reported and then figure its percentage from that basis. It is expected that the total will be increased by 200 when all returns are in.

Plans looking to the publication of a book to contain the national songs of all nations with words, translations and music and to secure the publication by the United States bureau of education of a pamphlet giving comparative rates of tuition and cost of living at the leading American universities for distribution in foreign lands were adopted at the second annual convention of the Association of Cosmopolitan Clubs at Ann Arbor, Mich., Jan. 1. The association has chapters at seventeen universities with a membership of 1,500 students. It is also planned to state the special advantages at each university. The countries represented at the convention here are the United States, Germany, Greece, the Philippines, Spain, Mexico, Japan, Brazil, Russia, Hungary, England and Jamaica.

Ten thousand employees of the packing firm of Morris & Co. in Chicago and other cities where the company has interests began Jan. 1 to reap the benefits of a pension system established by the company. The company has decided to establish a coöperative sharing scheme for employees. The plan went into effect Jan. 1. The pension disbursements to be allowed by the company will aggregate about \$100,000 a year. Among the employees who will share in the mutual investment scheme are those who will contribute 3 per cent of their salaries until the fund reaches \$500,000. Employees who have completed twenty years of service with the company are to be the chief beneficiaries.

Among the Magazines



EXPENSIVE EDUCATION.

Some interesting lessons are deducible from the San Francisco disaster. Of the great buildings, which survived in some form or other, there were thirty with fireproofing of steel structure, one with metallic trim, one with wire-glass windows, and none with all these safeguards. Had there been such a one it might well have come through undamaged, save for a little blistering. The splendid Call Building, with concrete floors and hollow-tile protection for its steel, stood undamaged so far as its integral structure is concerned. And, by the way, that much maligned type, the skyscraper, proved its worth both at San Francisco and Baltimore. In the western city, small and inflammable buildings standing to the leeward of the tall piles were protected by a sort of vacuum, and were seriously damaged only in the stories above the fourth. At Baltimore the spread of destruction in several cases was limited by these great barriers, from behind which the firemen fought as best they could with their puny water-sprinkling devices and the more desperate remedy of dynamite. It is hardly too much to say that a block of reasonably protected skyscrapers would, in any city, prove an absolute and impregnable barrier to the progress of the fiercest conflagration.

Again, Baltimore proved beyond question the value of adequate casings for the structural steel. Without this the steel buckles, and lapses into dismal spirals. Within the fire zone, at Baltimore, half a dozen buildings so protected stood, and continued to stand. Nothing else did. The Continental Trust Building was "swept by a blast like that of a chemical furnace." As the windows were insufficiently protected, the flames entered and seized upon everything burnable. From the melted chandeliers and typewriters, fused to masses of formless metal, it is estimated that the heat reached an altitude of 2,000 degrees, and not improbably 3,000 degrees. Yet the fireproof floor arches and column coverings remained intact. The expert afterward employed to inspect certified that the steel structure was "intact and as good as the day it was put up," and that every floor in the building was plumb to the fraction of a decimal. In all the genuinely fireproof modern buildings there was but one mishap to structure. One steel column, insufficiently protected, in the Calvert Building, buckled; the other two hundred and fifty-five columns were unaffected. Yet the edifices of this type cost but ten per cent more than other buildings in which the iron and steel, being without protection, were bent and warped out of all possibility of further usefulness.

Fireproof buildings, then, are a reality, not an impracticable ideal. Yes, more; they are, in a general sense, economically feasible and attainable. And if fireproof buildings, then genuine "fireproof districts," and eventually fireproof cities.—Samuel Hopkins Adams, in the January Everybody's.

FOR YOUR COUNTRY—PLANT TREES.

There is a great movement under way throughout the United States today. It is the marshaling of public sentiment for the preservation of the forests. We used to think that the great American forests were inexhaustible. And they were, for the generation in which our grandfathers lived. People of that day had all the wood they wanted to burn. But since their time we have been doing so many things with wood, besides using it for fuel, that forests of trees have fallen before the woodman's ax where one tree fell before. There are a dozen commercial purposes for wood which have developed today. It is used in the making of pails and dishes. And absolutely acres of trees are fed each day into the printing-presses that turn out the great newspapers.

We are now using as much wood in a single year as grows in three, and there is only twenty years' supply of virgin growth in sight.

It is this situation that calls for the application of the science of forestry. The national Government through the Department of Agriculture at Washington, as well as eleven States each employing a trained forester, is actively engaged in it. The United States Government has, for the last ten years, been busy acquiring forest lands until now it holds 165,000,000 acres, which it is carefully guarding and cultivating. Nurseries have been established for the propagation of stock for free distribution, and the newest feature is the creation of a patrol of one hundred men to guard against forest fires along the Adirondack railroads.

These are some of the Government measures to meet a national crisis. But there is more for public-spirited citizens to do. Everybody who has waste land ought to be planting it to trees. It is such a simple thing to gather seed from the trees on your own place and drop them into the ground! But you who do this will also serve your country as truly as those who answer its bugle-call to battle.—The Delineator.



PULLING THE LOAN-SHARK'S TEETH.

The salary-loan business in the United States as manipulated by the so-called "loan-sharks" of the large cities seems at last doomed to regulation. The strong drag-net of publicity, which the newspapers and magazines are weaving for this particular purpose, will, it is promised, slowly but surely inclose the activities of this ferocious feeder on the poor man's weekly income. Dr. Clarence W. Wassam, who has recently published an extensive study of the salary-loan business in New York City, states that as many as thirty different loan concerns of this character are known to exist and flourish in this city. It is estimated that at least 30,000 employees on the average are in debt to these concerns on assignment of wages. The rate of interest charged by these usurers is estimated by L. E. Theiss, in The Independent, as ranging from 50 to 400 per cent per an-

num. Many cases of suffering and imposition are cited by the writers as typical of the merciless plunder of the salary-loan shark. These examples Mr. Theiss vouches for as being ordinary occurrences. We read:

"Pitiful is the case of a telegrapher, the father of twelve children. With an income of only \$18 a week, it was necessary, whenever there came a demand for unusual expenditure, for him to resort to the loan-sharks. He could save nothing from his salary to repay these loans. So he borrowed from Peter to pay Paul. But every new loan put him more hopelessly in debt. His furniture was mortgaged, his salary assigned, and a default in payment meant loss of both his chattels and his employment. Obviously it was necessary for him to do extra work. As his financial burdens increased, so did his hours of labor. For months now he has been working nearly eighteen hours a day. Yet his family profits little by his extra efforts. Almost half of his earnings goes to the loan-sharks—as interest. The principal of his indebtedness he can by no human probability ever repay. He is sold for life.

"Among the papers in the District Attorney's office are the records of two policemen. The first one paid \$7 interest every two months on a \$100 loan. At the end of five years the usurers pushed him so hard for the principal—wishing to put their money out at a higher rate of interest—that he sought relief through the public prosecutor. The second policeman paid \$12 interest a month for three years on a similar loan. Then he died. He had paid \$432 interest, but still owed the \$100. Immediately the usurer came to seize the widow's furniture; and her few possessions were saved to her only through payment by friends of her husband's of the usurer's demands. . . .

"Recently a woman came into a New York police court hysterical with fear. Her furniture was about to be seized. For six months she had toiled early and late to save it. Worn out at last, she had defaulted in the payment of her interest, and now her furniture was to go—because she owed the paltry sum of \$25, although she had paid back \$48 in interest."

The remedy for the loan-shark business is believed to be first of all publicity for its dealings, and secondly, an adequate and honest competition to underbid it. Mr. Theiss continues:

"Already many movements are on foot to accomplish this end. In New York we have the Provident Loan Society, started with a gift of \$100,000. It lends money at the rate of 1 per cent a month, and cuts that rate in half for prompt repayment. Last year it made 286,000 loans. The Hebrew Free Loan Association is a similar organization. It lends money to any Hebrew who can get good indorsement. Then there are the St. Bartholomew's Loan Bureau of New York, the Collateral Loan Company and the Workingman's Loan Association of Boston, and similar organizations in other cities. Their object is not only to help the poor over slippery places, but also teaches them thrift and economy.

"Better yet, as showing an active interest in one's employees, is the system of lending money that a New York department-store has instituted. Small sums are advanced to employees without interest, the money advanced being deducted from the borrowers' pay envelopes in ten weekly deductions. Slight as is this assistance it is just the help that is needed—and it is assist-

ance without price. Many employers now help their employees in this way.

"Best of all is the movement toward self-help in the form of mutual loan associations that is spreading everywhere among the poor."



WEALTH IN BARRELS.

When a person speaks of "barrels of money" it conveys to the mind an impression of great wealth. How many, hearing or using this common phrase, however, ever gave a thought to the money represented by empty barrels? If you never have you may be interested in some figures compiled by the United States Forest Service.

The forest service statisticians show that the farmer with his potatoes and apples, the miller with his flour and meal, the hardware man with his nails, the cement manufacturer and the many other users of barrels other than those intended to hold liquids, consumed forest products last year having a value of \$15,800,253. In pursuance of its work of educating the country to the need for conservation of resources the forest service from time to time gives striking and, it might be said, sensational illustrations of the wealth of timber that annually goes into some form of commodity. Even the insignificant little match consumes forest growths to an almost unbelievable extent.

In this matter of barrels alone the output of the cooperage mills last year showed an increase of \$1,569,688, or 11 per cent over the value of the product for the previous year. Twenty-one species of wood contributed to the production last year, but nearly two-thirds of the output was manufactured from red gum, pine, elm and beach.

It is pointed out by the forest experts that an interesting movement in the barrel industry is the substitution of less expensive woods for those which for many years were drawn upon most heavily for stave material. The same trend from expensive to inexpensive woods is shown in the case of many articles of common use, and the process of substitution, based on economic conditions and systematic study of forestry affairs by manufacturers as well as by technical experts, is destined to play a large part in the conservation movement.—Chicago Record-Herald.



WHY SHOULD THE STATE CONTROL WATER-POWER DEVELOPMENT?

The first and greatest reason for State action is that only in this manner can a full, comprehensive, co-ordinated, and therefore truly economic development of our hydraulic resources be secured. No one company or individual would be able, as a rule, to undertake the complete development of any given stream throughout the region of its effective flow. The undertaking would be too vast to be feasible, even if a market for all the power could be assured. It would involve a wide exercise of the power of eminent domain, which would have to be delegated to the company for the purpose. Furthermore, co-operation among mill owners and other interests for such a purpose is peculiarly difficult to arrange. The State, on the other hand, retaining the control of the whole stream, could develop such portions of its power as might be salable from time to time, yet always with the ultimate plan for a complete development in mind.

Another reason for State supervision, perhaps more

local to New York, though potentially of wide application, is directly concerned with one of the most emphatic protests that has been made in this State against the building of power reservoirs,—namely, what may be called the esthetic objection. It is only too true that much bad reservoir practice has furnished good cause for the widespread notion that power reservoirs destroy the beauties of the natural river and result in scenes of destruction and desolation. Experience and the best engineering authority have conclusively shown, however, that proper reservoir building is only a matter of adequate expenditure under proper plans and careful supervision. It is not consistent with experience to hope that private companies, bent on immediate gain, will ever go to the extra, and to their minds unessential, expense of properly clearing reservoir beds of standing trees and underbrush before turning in the water. Only when the State does this work as a part of its general program, and with constant realization that this is a highly important aspect of any construction worthy of the State, can attractive rather than repulsive reservoirs be generally secured.

The State's great financial strength provides a third reason why the public authority may advantageously construct the controlling works for power development. The State can borrow the money needed for such expensive structures as storage reservoirs at a lower rate of interest than any corporation. A part of this saving may well be spent by the State in securing the adequate treatment and proper supervision necessary to insure attractive and healthful artificial lakes, which may be depended on to increase the property value of the whole surrounding region as a health and pleasure resort. The State can afford to take the long view and wait twenty or thirty or fifty years for the return on its money, whereas such delay in profitable result is prohibitive to the plans of the prospective manufacturers. —From "State Control of Water-Power," by Curtis E. Lakeman, in the American Review of Reviews for January.

Between Whiles

A Statesman Defined.

Shortly after Mr. Gladstone's death, says the Christian Register, a local politician delivered an address upon the life of the statesman before a school. When he had finished, he said, "Now, can any of you tell me what a statesman is?" A little hand went up, and a little girl replied, "A statesman is a man who makes speeches." "Hardly that," answered the politician, who loved to tell this story. "For instance, I sometimes make speeches, and yet I am not a statesman." The little hand again went up. "I know," and the answer came triumphantly, "a statesman is a man who makes good speeches!"

Couldn't Make Emerson Worry

Ralph Waldo Emerson was so much of a philosopher that he tried never to allow himself to be disturbed by the fear of events which he had no control over. Some people called him a fatalist, but rather he had an abid-

ing faith in ultimate good and in the eternal nature of the soul. The story is told of him that one day a fussy young fellow came running into his study to ask him what he was going to do in view of the fact that some scientist had predicted that the world was soon to come to an end by colliding with a comet. "I'm not going to bother about things like that," said the imperturbable scholar, "I can get along very well without the world."

Ellen (the nurse, to little girl of six, who is supposed to have an afternoon sleep every day)—Nancy, you are a naughty little girl not to have gone to sleep this afternoon!

Nancy (reproachfully)—Ellen! Ellen! Don't you remember the three times you looked over the screen, and I was fast asleep?

The little girl was up very early in the morning for the first time. "Oh, mama!" she exclaimed, returning from the window, "the sun's comin' out all right, but the angels have forgotten to turn 'off the moon."

WINTER WISDOM.

Yas, de rain soun' col' en gloomsome,

Beatin' on de cabin wall,

En de hail it stomp de shingles,

En de sleet it boun' tuh fall;

Yit I somehow laks de racket

Of ol' Wintah's rattlin' shot,

When de hick'ry logs is burnin'

En de skillet's sizzlin' hot.

Whut's de use, I wants tuh ax you,

Fussin' 'cause de snowflakes come?

Hustle up en stir de fiah—

Mek de blazes dance en hum.

S'pose you got no ham er cheek'n—

Fry de good ol' bacon-meat;

Go en tap de 'lasses barrel—

Sorgum mighty fine en sweet.

'Taters roastin' in de ashes;

Beans a bilin' kinda slow;

Caroliny, fat en happy,

Stirrin' up de dodger-dough.

Watch de coffee-pot a-steammin'—

Ain't it got de riches' smell?

Eat yo' dinner when it raidy,

Den set down en smoke a spell.

Little chaps a-singin' 'roun' you;

Bingo sleepin' on de mat,

Now I wants tuh ax you, podner,

Whut you got tuh grumble at?

Me, I wouldn' was'e no worry

'Cause my jeans is gittin' ol'—

Little tykes en Caroliny

Mo' tuh me den piles o' gol'.

Let de rain en sleet come zippin';

I don't care a picayune;

Reach me down de bano, honey,

Tell I rattles out a chune.

Dough ol' Wintah shout en holler,

He jes' bluffin' 'cause he know

Soon he gotto go a-hikin',

Totin' off his ice en snow.

—Harriet Whitney Durbin.

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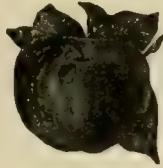
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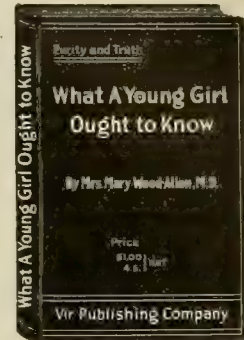
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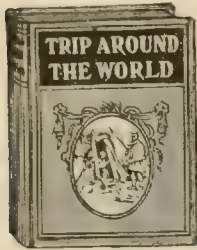
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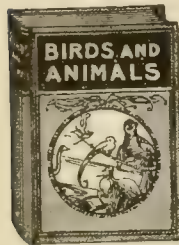
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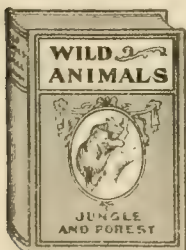


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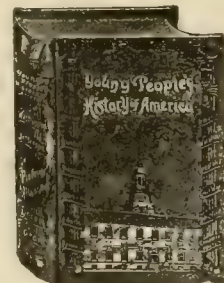
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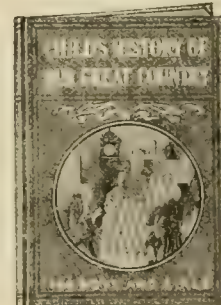
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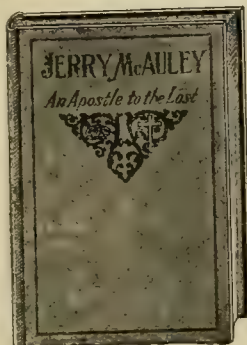
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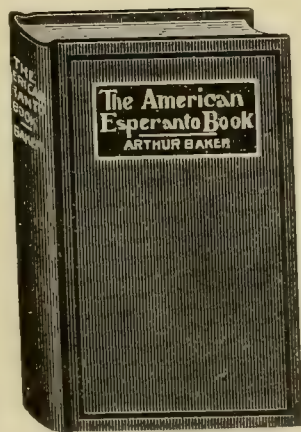
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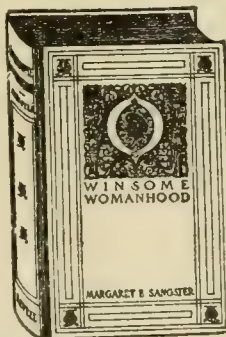
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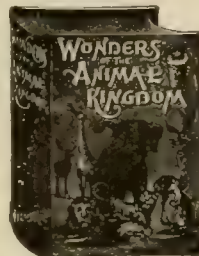
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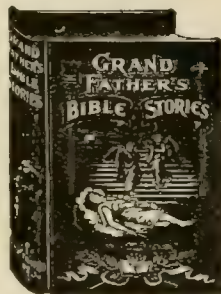


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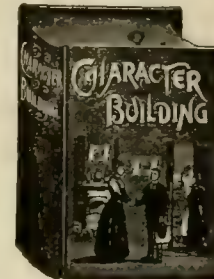
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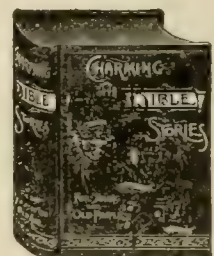


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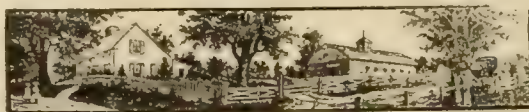
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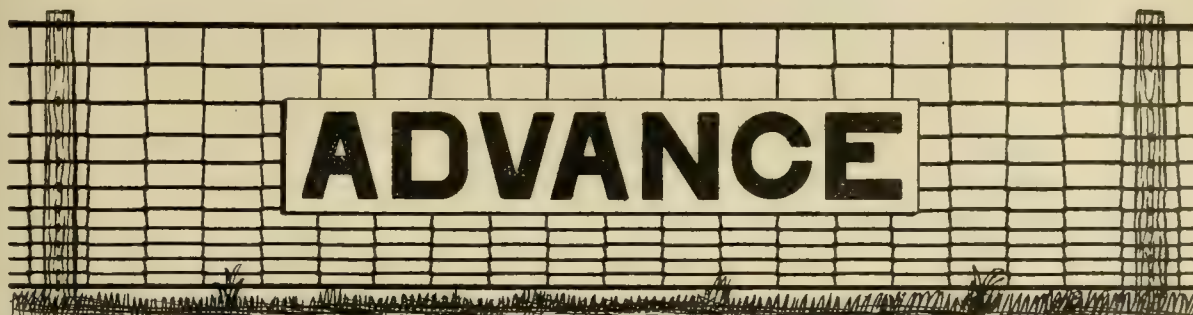
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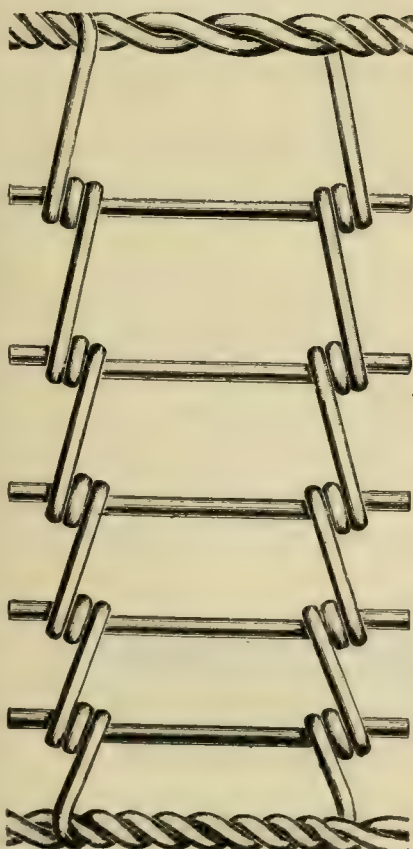
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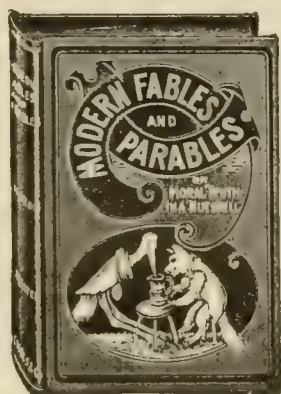
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Almost perpetual sunshine.

Just think! Nearly every winter day Old Sol smiles out warm and bright. Contrast this with the days and weeks of cloudy weather, rain, snow, sleet, slush and mud back East and North.



**Thanksgiving Day finds us with a
goodly harvest and thankful hearts
for this our first year of prosperity.**

Sickness has not been in our midst, death has claimed none of us and prosperity is inevitable for the future.



**"Westward Ho" tells of our claims
and resources.**

Send for a copy. Come and see us.



Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.





Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.							
Nampa District.							
Name	Acres	per A.	Tons	Name	Acres	per A.	Tons
Mark Austin, ...	35	18		A. C. Coonard, ...	6	18½	16
Company Farm, ...	90	16		Geo. Duval, ...	170	14	15
Allen Bissett, ...	2	18		Rogers' Farm, ...	20	24	16
Tolef Olsen, ...	4	17½		Gough & Merrill, ...	10	18	15
C. G. Nofziger, ...	5	19		A. V. Linder, ...	25	16	15
Geo. Duval, ...	6	26		David Betts, ...	14	15	23
				Payette District.			
				C. M. Williams, ...	5	19	22
				W. F. Ashinhurst, ...	3½	18	17
				E. E. Hunter, ...	27	16	22
				Wm. Hansen, ...	6	16	23
				Meicher & Boor, ...	37	15	
				A. E. Wood, ...	18	16	
				P. A. Gregar, ...	6	15	
				R. F. Slone, ...	5	15	
				Thos. Weir, ...	14	23	
				Wm. Melcher, ...	21	22	
				S. Niswander, ...	26	17	
				John Ward, ...	10	22	
				W. B. Ross, ...	5	23	
Nampa District.							
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.				Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
				Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
				Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
				Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
				John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
				Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9
Name	Kind of Grain	per A.	Bushels A.				
I. Hildreth,	Wheat		58	15			

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

Colonization Agent, Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G.P.A., O.S.L.R.R., Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 3.

AN UNCHALLENGED LIFE INSURANCE

J. F. STUDEBAKER, M. D.

To many persons blood is a mixture of uncertain proportions. On the other hand scientists know that it consists of definite quantities of fluid (plasma), small uniform bodies, iron, various chemical salts, and principles which protect the body against disease and accidents, as hemorrhages from cuts or wounds,—the latter through clotting of the blood.

The quantity of blood in animals is equal to one-twelfth to one-fourteenth of the body weight. In a man of average size there would be about twelve pounds of blood or nearly six quarts.

The fluid part is of a light straw color. The round bodies are called corpuscles. Of these there are two groups: (1) red or erythrocytes and (2) white blood cells or leucocytes. Of the former there are in the normal state of health 5,000,000 to every cubic millimetre of blood in the male human subject and 4,500,000 in the female. To these the blood owes its red color, the coloring agent being called hemoglobin



1. Rough outline of a cubic millimetre.

which contains an appreciable amount of iron. Of the white blood cells there are from 7,000 to 7,500 to every cubic millimetre of blood. See figure for size of a cubic millimetre. (Fig. 1)

The red blood cells or corpuscles (Fig. 2-a) are biconcave discs, *i. e.*, they are concave or saucer-shape on each side. This makes them appear under the microscope transparent in the center and opaque on the edge (Fig. 2-a). Their diameter is 1-3200 of an inch. 1-32, of an inch is equal to the diameter of a heavy dot(.). Now can you imagine small bodies one hundred times smaller than this to leave your heart, pass through the body and return within twenty-five seconds? These cells have a tendency to arrange themselves in rows like dollars called rouleaux (Fig. 2-c). If these were one inch in diameter instead of 1-3200 of an inch and placed edge to edge in a single

column, those of a man weighing one hundred and fifty pounds would belt the globe, which is 25,000 miles in circumference, more than ten times. Can you conceive of such myriads of minute bodies, each



2. (a) The red corpuscles on the flat. (b) Same seen on edge magnified 1,000 times. (c) Red corpuscles in rouleaux, magnified 500 times.

one having a distinct work to do and being in constant progress without disorder somewhere? Truly man is wonderfully made.

The duties of the white corpuscles (Fig. 3) make them of unusual interest. Although of less number than the red cells in the proportion of 1 to every 666 of the latter, yet they have a greater service, being the "national guard" of the body. They are spherical bodies with a diameter of 1-2500 inch and unlike the red corpuscles contain one to five central bodies called nuclei. Their average number of 7,500 per cubic millimetre is not always constant but varies according to the time of day, food taken, habits and disease present. They are more abundant after a bath, after meals and in such diseases as pneumonia and erysipelas and less numerous during fasting and in such diseases as typhoid fever and malaria.

They have been heroes since the time the first heart began to beat. Their courage is undaunted while they march in battalions against the invaders of



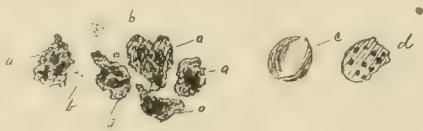
3. All of above are white blood cells or leucocytes, representing different varieties. (a) The soldiers, with two or more central or nuclear bodies. (b), (c) and (d) Other forms, (e) being the most active in tuberculosis. (e) The most active leucocyte in scarlet fever.

the body—diseases of varied forms. Each one is a general in the campaign against the foe. They build walls about the intruder in many cases and when

reinforcements or the vitality and resistance of the body are sufficient, a death blow is dealt to the enemy by cutting off supplies. This is well illustrated by the furuncle or so-called boil. Pus-producing germs are the offenders. They invade the soft and superficial tissue. This has occurred only a short time until nature has detailed a regiment of soldiers to the field of hostilities. She is active to keep the advancing and growing army of microbes from excessive plundering and from getting too far inland to endanger her central resources and supplies.

She has the same methods of warfare as of primitive times. No Gatling guns are rushed forward. No revolving turrets are mounted with twelve and thirteen-inch cannon. The refinements of modern militarism do not enter into her tactics for her discipline is better than the best in the world. She calls no international peace congresses in which to sit and listen to diplomats of diversified opinions while at home the navy yards are building more formidable gunboats.

Her soldiers never retrench but die in the struggle to be followed by others. While they are in the encounter with bacteria, which happen to be pus germs in the case of an ordinary boil with their site of engagement in the tissues, the minute cells of these tissues called round cells are sufficiently irritated and stimulated so that they rapidly multiply and form an



4. (a) Dead soldiers. (b) The bacteria (staphylococci) producing a boil. (c) and (d) Dead soldiers who suffered the brunt of the fight more than (a).

outer and additional barrier to the column of white blood cells surrounding the would-be conquerors. This outer barrier is the well-defined border of a boil. The center finally softens (dies) because food supplies have been cut off by the maneuvers of the soldiers and the great number of round cells, the blood channels being occluded.

The dead soldier's uniform is usually badly torn, even into shreds, and his body full of wounds. (Fig. 4). If anyone should have a Carnegie medal, these soldiers (white blood cells) surely deserve it, for they are daily exposing themselves to hazards to protect us from all danger. It is through them that millions of lives have been saved. If it were not for them, no one would reach old age. They are so vigilant that foreign foes are usually kept from getting a camping ground and this makes up our immunity against disease, the ability to resist such maladies as tuberculosis, diphtheria, scarlet fever, and others.

If the pus bacteria of a boil were not walled off, there would be widespread infection in the body with

the formation of many abscesses in vital organs and large joints of the body. Chills, sweats, rapid wasting, exhaustion and death would often follow. When nature is unable to wall off an appendicitis the issue is sometimes fatal. These vast armies of soldiers are replenished by a rapid multiplication of the white corpuscles as soon as there is a call to the front for concentration of forces.

Your most valuable asset is your standing army of white blood cells. It is worth more to you than the possession of a banking institution or the ownership of great tracts of rich black loam. It means your health. It is the best life insurance you can have and the policy cannot be challenged.



DISCOVERY OF GOLD IN CALIFORNIA.

T. H. FERNALD.

ON the 19th day of January, in the year 1848, a man by the name of John W. Marshall was building a mill in the Sacramento Valley to supply pine lumber for the ranches and settlements far and near. On this particular day, Mr. Marshall picked up from the bed rock of the mill race a small piece of yellow malleable metal, weighing about seventeen grains, heavier than silver, and in every way resembling gold. He showed it to the others who worked at the mill, and the result of the discussion which followed, was that the gold theory was rejected by all but Mr. Marshall, who, not being satisfied, afterward tested it with nitric acid and found it to be actual gold. He also later found pieces like it in all the surrounding gulches wherever he dug for it.

The news of the discovery soon spread and in April reports of the finding of gold were published, and prospectors went to work at once. This mill soon became the center of attraction, and was afterwards named Coloma or Colluma, from a tribe of Indians who lived in the neighborhood. The prospectors from there scattered in all directions, and by June the discoveries had extended to all the forks of the river, and the news had gone almost to the ends of the earth.

Then followed the great "California Gold Craze of '49." Emigration began from all parts of America and even from Europe and Asia. In eighteen months one hundred thousand had gone from the United States alone to this El Dorado, where a fortune was to be picked up in a few days. Thousands made their way across the country amid hardships, which strewn the route with skeletons, and thousands more by vessels. (See INGLENOOK of October 13, page 962.)

The Bay of San Francisco was soon surrounded by a city of shanties and booths. All ordinary employments were laid aside. Ships were deserted by their crews, who ran to the mines, sometimes headed by their officers. Soon streets were laid out, and from this Babel, as if by magic, rose a beautiful

city. For a time lawlessness reigned supreme. But, driven by the necessity of events, the most respectable citizens took the law into their own hands, organized vigilance committees, and administered a rude, but prompt justice which soon brought order.

Belfast, Maine.



CHRISTMAS TREE CUSTOM UPHELD.

THE country's forests again have been called upon to supply about four million Christmas trees, and again many persons have asked themselves and have queried the United States Forest Service, "Is the custom a menace to the movement for forest preservation?"

In the million of happy homes over the country where the younger generation has made the Christmas tree the center of play since early Friday morning, there are many mothers and fathers who have given the question more or less thought. From Sunday schools and other organizations also, which hold an annual celebration around a gayly-trimmed evergreen for the benefit of the little ones, has come the question whether it is consistent to urge conservation of forest resources and then to cut millions of young trees every year to afford a little joy in the passing holiday season.

"Yes, it is consistent and proper that the custom should be maintained," has been the answer of United States Forester Gifford Pinchot in every case. "Trees are for use, and there is no other use to which they could be put which would contribute so much to the joy of man as their use by the children on this one great holiday of the year.

"The number of trees cut for this use each year is utterly insignificant when compared to the consumption for other purposes for which timber is demanded. Not more than four million Christmas trees are used each year, one in every fourth family. If planted four feet apart they could be grown on less than 1,500 acres. This clearing of an area equal to a good-sized farm each Christmas should not be a subject of much worry, when it is remembered that for lumber alone it is necessary to take timber from an area of more than 100,000 acres every day of the year.

"It is true that there has been serious damage to forest growth in the cutting of Christmas trees in various sections of the country, particularly in the Adirondacks and parts of New England, but in these very sections the damage through the cutting of young evergreens for use at Christmas is infinitesimal when compared with the loss of forest resources through fires and careless methods of lumbering. The

proper remedy is not to stop using trees but to adopt wiser methods of use.

"It is generally realized that a certain proportion of land must always be used for forest growth, just as for other crops. Christmas trees are one form of this crop. There is no more reason for an outcry against using land to grow Christmas trees than to grow flowers."

The Forest Service upholds the Christmas tree custom, but recognizes, at the same time, that the indiscriminate cutting of evergreens to supply the holiday trade has produced a bad effect upon many stands of merchantable kinds of trees in different sections of the country. Waste and destruction usually result when woodlands are not under a proper system of forest management. Foresters say that it is not by denying ourselves the wholesome pleasure of having a bit of nature in the home at Christmas that the problem of conserving the forest will be solved, but by learning how to use the forests wisely and properly. The ravages through forest fires must be checked, the many avenues of waste of timber in its travel from the woods to the mill and thence to the market must be closed, and almost numberless important problems demand attention before the Christmas tree.

Germany is conceded to have the highest developed system of forest management of any country, yet its per capita use of Christmas trees is greatest. The cutting of small trees for Christmas is not there considered in the least as a menace to the forest, but, on the contrary, as a means of improving the forest by thinning and as a source of revenue. It is therefore constantly encouraged.

There is little doubt that the time will come when the Christmas tree business will become a recognized industry in this country, and that as much attention will be given to it as will be given to the growing of crops of timber for other uses. This time may not be far off, for it is already understood that only through the practice of forestry, which means both the conservation of the timber which remains and carefully planned systems of reforestation, will it be possible to supply the country with its forty billion feet of lumber needed each year, as well as the few million little trees used at Christmas time.—*United States Forest Service.*



"America is the land of opportunity," said the patriotic citizen. "Think of the men who have attained greatness from humble beginnings."

"Yes," answered the European, who had been reading investigation reports; "but think also of the men who have attained humility from great beginnings."—*Washington Star.*

Around the World Without a Cent

Henry M. Spickler

Chapter XLI.

As usual, I slept up on deck, where I made a bed of canvas from the ship's stores. The sea was a glassy calm and the night run had been sweet and joyous to my first senses on awaking.

The *Letimbro* was slowing up and daylight had lighted up the blue sea. As at Messina, so here, the great, round orb of day came right up from out of Neptune, just like the Romans and Greeks saw him rise in their day. The crimson warmth of color about the sun as it rises here in the Mediterranean Sea is much more marked than is the rising of the sun on the Atlantic. The atmosphere is oriental and there is more color. But the air is soft and balmy and the shores are filled with fruit-bearing trees and gorgeous flowers that mature in perfect development.

The *Letimbro* ran right up to a huge stone wall or breakwater built out to sea and it was the easiest thing to step off and walk into the city. The captain told me he would lie here until noon on the following day. My! how glad I was. For it is so much better to take one's blessings by degrees. It is better to eat three *good* meals in one day than to eat all three at once, which is a physical impossibility. I was hungry for more sea, and I was just as glad to walk around on the land. So here I had another two days in a fair spot that would have many new sights for me, and I could enjoy the ecstasy of knowing that my boat was at my service, and that after I had seen everything in Catania, and fed fat on her peculiar foods, I was to go aboard my old friend and greet her jolly crew again for a longer sail to the island of Crete. Say what you will, no Yankee ever found things more to his advantage, no tourist ever took a plunge swim into the world's Edens with as much fun as I was having on my tour "Around the World Without a Cent."

As to my money, I had wisely laid up enough for my passage and had much to spare for an emergency. Now and then I sold a photograph or received a small sum for an elocutionary stunt. I was a traveling bank with manna-like capital, that while not boasting of any surplus stock could "make money" whenever a "draw" on the bank was necessary.

I found that Catania was about halfway between Messina at the north and Syracuse at the south,—by looking at my map. I wonder how many are referring to the maps they may have in the house, in their old

geographies or in the atlas, or in the artistic and attractive advertising that is sent out by steamship and tourist agencies when they read in their evening papers about the trouble in Hayti or the work our country is doing at Manila. It would be wise to nail all such maps on the wall where they could be seen as easily as the flowers in the wall paper or the cracks of the plastering. Every glance at these would familiarize us with the whole earth, which is small enough to compass quite easily from nicely-colored maps. I beg now that the good reader who has been favoring me with his companionship on my long journey will at once dig out the maps, old or new, at whatever cost to indifference, and follow me from place to place, using a red pencil to work out the exact route I take as described in the letters. This method will increase your interest many fold and the value you get by this special care will be equal, in some weeks, to the whole price paid for the subscription. Ever after this, when reading of occurrences in the distant lands, you will know right where they are located and know something of their nature, people, products, climate, and many other things. And God wants you to know this more than any man does. "Go ye into all the world," he said. Go with the mind, go with the information, go with the imagination, go with true sympathy, go with the mission money, go with the ship, yourself, if possible. That's what he meant. Take your civilization with you, take your good manners with you, take your purity with you, take your happiness with you, take your medicines and your surgical instruments, take your business energy and ability, your inventions for labor-saving and for developing natural riches of all the lands around his footstool.

Now, I am going. I feel that God has sent me, even me, and I think he wants to show gloomy Christians that a man can be happy in most any place and in adverse conditions, that this earth is to be the home of the great millennium, but that long before it is adapted to such an ideal condition, it will have to be plowed and cultivated by the plows and harrows of toilsome energy turned loose to help others.

With your map now on the clock shelf or in the library, you must follow me on my boat across the Mediterranean, and acting just as if you are thus honestly following, I will take you along and up through narrow and dangerous passages.

If you try to go alone or without the map, be you young and gay or old and handsome, you are liable to be left on some rocky isle of the sea where vultures with beaks of iron, shriek shrill above you.

I am at Catania, between Messina and Syracuse, in Sicily, just about to go out into the streets to see what I can see. Mount Etna is back of the city, her slopes reaching almost to the city itself. I am registered at Hotel Bretagne, Bretagne meaning Britain or England. The room assigned me is on the first floor above a large square room with glass doors opening out into a fancy veranda where I may rock and look down at the queer sights below, for the streets are full of children running in all directions, and donkeys and horses and cows ridden or driven about by hucksters. Fine carriages drawn by sleek blacks and bays with gold and

pears and peaches. The peaches were all pink-cheeked, and in packing needed no deceptive pink cloth to sell them. For one cent I bought six fine, deliciously sweet pears that would cost in Elgin or Chicago fifty cents. But pears as good as these couldn't be bought in the United States at any price. You must come to Sicily if you want pears at their best. Sicilian air and Sicilian sunshine can't be imported.

Crowds of fun-making youngsters gathered around me when I began to barter for fruit or curios. They followed me up, curious to see the man who had started around the world without a cent. At one spot they were grouped so symmetrically I snapped them, as they unconsciously formed a human frame or background around one little, angel-faced baby boy still in his loose wrapper. He looked like a model of the child Jesus, for an Italian, and I couldn't help squeezing him a little and smiling into his intelligent, quizzing eyes.

On going out from the hotel I noticed a face in the crowd on the other corner, looking at me. It was a striking face, the face of a man sleuth, long, lean, with big, long nose and protruding cheek bones, deep set eyes and wide forehead. The skin was so white it was of a yellow cast. When my eyes were turned to this face a second time, it shrank from my piercing eye, as if its motive was of evil intention. He at once changed his position, started as if to hurry away, then stopped suddenly, turned around and took exactly the same attitude as before, looking through and over the hundreds of moving people, at *me*. It was not a spy's furtive face, nor the studied negligence of a detective, yet it was a face that I knew would follow me wherever I went. I had ample time



"I took the picture of this donkey and then bought a cent's worth of figs from the baskets that swung on the sides of the animal."

silver harness glide through the medley crowds, the drivers on the high seats calling in Italian to the mischievous urchins to clear the way for them.

I must go down and mingle in these crowds. Hawkers of transparent, seedless grapes half ran, half walked, with the big pans or baskets of fruit balanced on the head. Little donkeys so lean they staggered, brayed along, bearing big loads of ripe figs. I stopped several of them and bought six or a dozen of the juiciest figs, and I can tell now by the looks of a fig whether it is a good one. The men shouted for buyers like madmen, their little, round, black eyes darting here and there in the hope of finding a purchaser.

For one cent I can buy as much fruit, plums, prunes, pears, peaches, oranges, figs or grapes, as I care to eat at one time.

Wagons rattled about at every corner filled with

to study the public buildings and see the parks of which the city boasted one back from the wharf some miles. I had gone into one of the shops and was coming out of the side door, feeling sure that I had escaped my white-faced friend. No, I had not. There he was, peering around the corner like a ghost, with more animation than before, but still with undecided mien as before. I appeared not to notice the face, and walked leisurely away, going down a side street that ran by the sea. When I got out of his view I ran for several blocks, hoping to escape him, for by this time my mind was excited about him. Along the sea ran for about a block a succession of boat or freight houses. Still out of sight of any one pursuing, I ran until I was too warm to run farther, changed my course and sought a small, shady park aside from the business portion of the city

that I could see by the trees appearing over the houses. Street cars were running, electric I think, for I was too excited to notice and too dim is my memory of what I saw as I now write.

I reached the little park in due time, had taken a seat on a long rattan bench and was rejoicing that the queer man had been left behind.

There was a slight rustle in the lower foliage of a small but exuberant fig tree just in front of me. My flesh "crept" over me as I watched to see whether it was one of the pet dogs running about that belonged

to some picnic parties not far away. Soon I saw the clothing of a man. Then the face, a white face, the face of this same man, with long, black hair, the same face I had seen at my hotel door, came out of the leaves, and focused its big black, but deep set eyes on *me*.

I sprang from my seat and rushed from the grove, making my way as best I could towards the fine park that lay back in the direction of Mt. Etna.

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BORN IN EIGHTEEN HUNDRED NINE

JOHN W. WAYLAND

At the beginning of this new year, 1909, we are reminded that it marks the centenary of many famous men. The tercentenary of the great poet, John Milton, celebrated on the 9th of December, serves as a fitting prelude to that series of celebrations that extend throughout the succeeding twelve months.

The year 1809 is probably without a parallel in the history of the world in the number of famous men and women that were born in it; and now as we pause in this great centennial year it may be worth while to put down in a sort of catalogue the names of the more prominent of those who may be justly remembered, if not celebrated.

The list of literary figures is the most conspicuous and remarkable, and may first have our attention.

Famous Authors Born in 1809.

John Stuart Blackie (1809-1895).—A Scottish philologist. Born in Glasgow; educated at Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Göttingen, and Berlin. Translated Goethe's *Faust*, the dramas of Æschylus, and Homer's *Iliad*. Was a professor in the universities of Aberdeen and Edinburgh; was an educational reformer; and wrote numerous original works on language and literature.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1809-1861).—According to some authorities Mrs. Browning was born in 1806. Her birthplace was near the city of Durham, England. At the age of eleven she composed an epic poem, "The Battle of Marathon," an echo of Pope's *Iliad*. Her marriage with the poet Robert Browning took place in 1846. After 1849 their home was in Florence, Italy, where she died. By many persons Mrs. Browning is regarded as the greatest woman poet of England.

Mary Victoria Cowden Clarke (1809-1898).—An

English Shakespearean scholar and author. She was a pupil and an associate of Mary Lamb. Among her half-dozen or more books, her great work is her concordance to Shakespeare.

Edward Fitzgerald (1809-1883).—An English poet of Irish ancestry, born in Suffolk County. He was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge; and was an intimate friend of Spedding, Thackeray, Tennyson, and other distinguished men. His most famous works are translations from the Persian.

Giuseppe Giusti (1809-1850).—One of the most celebrated of the modern poets and satirists of Italy. Was educated at Pistoja, Lucca, and Pisa. After trying the law and serving at Florence as Minister of Justice, he entered the field of literature. His writings exercised a positive and telling influence in the struggle of his country for unity and freedom.

Nikolai Vassilyevitch Gogol (1809-1852).—One of the greatest of Russian writers. He was born in the Government of Poltava, of Cossack ancestry. From 1830 to 1832 he was a clerk in the Department of Appanages at St. Petersburg, and within the interval published a volume of home-life sketches. His works, which include *Mirgorod*, *Arabesques*, the comedy *Revizor*, and *Dead Souls*, deal in a masterful way with the social, political, and economic problems of Russia.

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) of Massachusetts, the author of "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table," "Elsie Venner," "Old Ironsides," and "The Chambered Nautilus," is too well known to need introduction.

Joseph Holt Ingraham (1809-1860).—An American novelist, borne in Maine, a graduate of Bowdoin College, and a teacher and preacher in Mississippi during the latter period of his life. He is probably

the author of more published works than any other American writer. His most famous books are "The Prince of the House of David," "The Pillar of Fire," and "The Throne of David."

Alexander William Kinglake (1809-1891).—An English historian, born at Taunton, Somersetshire. He was a friend and college mate of Thackeray and Tennyson. His chief work is a history of the Crimean War, in eight volumes. From 1857 to 1868 he was a member of Parliament, representing Bridgewater.

Robert Shelton Mackenzie (1809-1880).—An Irish-American journalist and writer of miscellaneous pieces.

Richard Monckton Milnes, Baron Houghton (1809-1885).—An English poet and politician, born in London. At Trinity College, Cambridge, he was a member of the famous "Apostles' Club," which included at the same time Tennyson and Arthur Henry Hallam. In Parliament he labored for public education, religious equality, copyright laws, and the establishment of reformatories for juvenile offenders. He traveled in the East, in Canada, and in the United States.

Frederik Paludan-Müller (1809-1876).—A Danish poet, educated for the law at Copenhagen. He wrote dramas and romances, and was skilled in both verse and prose; but his most important work is *Adam Homo*, a novel in verse.

Albert Pike (1809-1891).—An American author, editor, lawyer and soldier, born in Boston, but for the most part a resident of the South. He served in the Mexican War, and rose to the rank of brigadier-general in the Southern Confederacy. He wrote prose and poetry, his "Hymns to the Gods" being the best known of his work in the latter form.

Edgar Allen Poe (1809-1849).—An American poet, editor, literary critic, and writer of short stories; one of the leading figures in American literature. He was a student at the University of Virginia in 1826, during the second session of that institution, where he won honors in his classes, and whence he was not expelled, as some have supposed. At this time his home was with the Allan family in Richmond, Virginia, though Boston was his birthplace. "The Raven" is his most famous poem, though "Israfel" and others are probably better. Among his stories, "The Gold Bug" and "The Fall of the House of Usher" are familiar. He died in Baltimore.

Juliusz Slowacki (1809-1849).—An eminent Polish author, born at Kremenez. He wrote poems, dramas, etc.; and because of the morbid and misanthropic nature of his work he has been called the "Satan of Literature."

Alfred (Lord) Tennyson (1809-1892), born at Somersby, in Lincolnshire, August 6, 1809, died at Aldworth, in Surrey, on the 6th of October, 1892. He is one of the greatest and most popular of English

poets. His *In Memoriam*, by many regarded as his greatest poem, was written on the death of Arthur Henry Hallam. "Enoch Arden" and many of his shorter pieces are old familiar friends to every general reader.

A Famous Scientist.

Charles Robert Darwin (1809-1882).—Generally regarded as the greatest English naturalist of the nineteenth century. His name is linked with the modern theory of evolution, which has been much misunderstood and often misapplied. A wonderful and far-reaching system, it has been reduced by some to an absurdity, in the effort to apply it to everything, or to explain everything by it. Darwin was born at Shrewsbury, on the 12th of February, 1809; his death occurred on the 19th of April, 1882.

Four Famous Statesmen.

William Ewart Gladstone (1809-1898).—England's "Grand Old Man," perhaps the greatest statesman of modern times, was born in Liverpool and educated at Eton and Oxford. If he had not won distinction in Parliament, and as Prime Minister of the realm, he would still have had a title to fame by reason of his versatile scholarship and his prolific authorship. He stood for morality and liberality in life and in government. His bills in Parliament worked far-reaching and beneficial reforms.

Hannibal Hamlin (1809-1891).—An American political leader, and Vice-President of the United States from 1861 to 1865. He was a native of Maine; was a member of the State legislature, member of Congress, U. S. Senator, Governor of Maine, and Minister to Spain.

Robert Mercer Taliaferro Hunter (1809-1887).—A native of Essex County, Virginia, and a contemporary of Edgar Allan Poe at the University of Virginia. Having served in the State legislature, he was elected to Congress, and became Speaker of the House at the age of thirty. He was later Senator of the United States and of the Confederate States, and served awhile under the latter government as Secretary of State.

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865).—The sixteenth President of the United States; and the most famous public man of his generation. He was born in Hardin County, Kentucky, on Darwin's birthday, February 12, 1809, and died in Washington City, April 15, 1865. He was the first "martyr President."

Two Famous Musicians.

Frédéric François Chopin (1809-1849).—A native of Poland, born on the anniversary of Washington's birthday, the son of a French father and a Polish mother. He is regarded by many persons as the greatest modern master of pianoforte composition.

Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy (1809-1847).—A great German pianist and composer, born at Hamburg,

February 3. His compositions include overtures, symphonies, and oratorios. Among the last are *Saint Paul* and *Elijah*.

There are doubtless other noted personages whose centenaries fall within this year; but this is not intended to be exhaustive. Enough names have been given, however, to prove that 1809 was a remarkable birth-year, and to suggest an interesting study to students of history and literature.



ALPHABET OF AMERICAN AUTHORS.

G. FEGLEY.

XXIV. E. D. Yeomans.

EDWARD DORR YEOMANS was the son of Rev. John W. Yeomans, and was born in 1829 at North Adams, Mass., where his father was pastor of the Presbyterian church. He was educated mostly by his father, who was from 1841 to 1844 President of La Fayette College at Easton, Pa., where he graduated before he was fifteen years old.

He studied for the ministry, and preached from 1854 to 1858 in the Warrior Run church, Pa.; from 1858 to 1863 in the Fourth church at Trenton, N. J.; from 1863 to 1867 in St. Peter's church at Buffalo, N. Y.; and in Orange, N. J., from 1867 to his death in 1868.

He was an accomplished scholar and of more than ordinary proficiency in Latin, Hebrew, Greek and German, and was especially skillful in translations; his translations from the German having all the "earmarks" of the original. He translated Schaff's "History of the Apostolic Church," Schaff's "History of the Christian Church," Schaff's "Lectures on America," and at his death was working on Lange's bulky "Commentary of St. John." Princeton College gave him the honorary degrees of A. M. and D. D.

Worthy of mention: J. W. Yeomans, religious; Edward Young, poetry.

Bryan, Ohio.



ADVICE TO A YOUNG MAN.

REMEMBER, son, that the world is older than you are, by several years; that for thousands of years it has been so full of smarter and better young men than yourself that their feet stuck out of the dormer windows; that when they died the old globe went whirling on, and not one man in ten million went to the funeral, or even heard of the death.

Be as smart as you can, of course. Know as much as you can, without blowing the packing out of your cylinder-head; shed the light of your wisdom abroad in the world, but don't dazzle people with it, and don't imagine a thing is so simple because you say it is. Don't be too sorry for your father because he knows so much less than you do; remember the reply of Dr. Wayland to the student of Brown University who said it was an easy enough thing to make proverbs

such as Solomon wrote. "Make a few," tersely replied the old man. We never heard that the young man made any. Not more than two or three, anyhow. The world has great need of young men, but no greater need than the young men have of it. Your clothes fit you better than your father's fit him; they cost more money, they are more stylish, your mustache is neater, the cut of your hair better, and you are prettier, oh, far prettier than "pa." But, young man, the old gentleman gets the bigger salary, and his homely, scrambling signature on the business end of a check will bring more money out of the bank in five minutes than you could get out with a ream of paper and copper-plate signature in six months.

Young men are useful, and we all love them, and we couldn't engineer a picnic successfully without them. But they are not novelties, son. Oh, no, nothing of the kind. They have been here before. Do not be so modest as to shut yourself clear out; but don't be so fresh that you will have to be put away in the cool to keep from spoiling.

Don't be discouraged that your merits will not be discovered. People all over the world are hunting for you, and if you are worth finding, they will find you. A diamond isn't so easily found as a quartz pebble, but people search for it all the more intently.—*Exchange.*



SEASONING AND TREATING TELEPHONE POLE CROSS-ARMS.

THERE are used every year in the United States about 14,000,000 cross-arms for telephone and telegraph poles. Of these, perhaps one-fourth are now treated with preservatives to increase their durability, and there are at least five plants, at New York city, Norfolk, Va., New Orleans and Slidell, La., and West Pascagoula, Miss., at which cross-arms are treated. Because of their small size as compared with the strength required and the weakening effects of the holes for insulator pins, and their constant exposure to all kinds of weather, cross-arms should receive a thorough treatment. A good treatment with creosote will at least treble their durability.

A large portion of the supply of cross-arms comes from the South; they are sawed from the loblolly or old field pine, of which there is a large quantity throughout this region. This tree grows rapidly, but contains much sapwood, which is difficult to season. It has been said that "loblolly pine sapwood will rot before it will season in the warm, damp climate of the South." While this is probably overdrawn, it is necessary so to pile the cross-arms that the air may circulate freely about them, and to protect them from rain and snow by a roof of loose boards. By laying twenty cross-arms in a tier, two cross-arms at each side and two in the middle set on edge, and allowing a small space between each of the others, which are laid

flat, favorable conditions for seasoning are established and no rotting will occur.

Sapwood absorbs preservative so much more readily than heartwood that when both cross-arms in which sapwood abounds and those in which heartwood predominates are treated in the same run the former absorb an excessive amount before the latter have received what they require. This is not only a needless expense but a detriment, inasmuch as the excess of creosote in the sapwood later oozes out and drips on those who walk beneath. To solve this difficulty, the cross-arms should be sorted in three classes, as sapwood, intermediate, and hardwood, and treated in different runs.

Cross-arms are treated in large horizontal cylinders varying from 90 to 180 feet in length and from 6 to 7 feet in diameter. Into these the arms are run on skeleton trucks, and the doors are then bolted air-tight. Creosote is next run until the remaining space in the cylinder is filled. Pressure is sometimes then applied by pumps to force the preservative into the wood. In some instances before the preservative treatment the cross-arms are treated to a bath of living steam followed by the drawing of a vacuum, to remove moisture and secure rapid penetration of the wood by the preservative. It is the opinion of the Forest Service, however, that the bath in steam is not necessary or desirable if the arms are properly air seasoned. Other recommendations for seasoning and treating cross-arms, and a discussion of the methods now in use, are contained in Circular 151 of the Forest Service, which can be had upon application to The Forester at Washington.—*Scientific American Supplement*.

The Children's Corner

A CHILD'S HYMN.

Now the day of work is done,
Now the quiet night's begun,
And I lay my tired head
Safe within my little bed.

Savior, hear me;
Be thou near me;
Let me now thy mercy find.

I can see from where I lie,
Glitt'ring in the dark blue sky,
Here and there a little star
Shining out so clear and high.

Savior, hear me;
Be thou near me;
Keep me safe beneath thine eye.

If I've grieved thee through this day,
Let my sin be washed away;
Make me meek, and pure and kind,
Give me thy most holy mind.
Savior, hear me;

Be thou near me;
Let me now thy mercy find.

Thou art loving me above,
And I love thee for thy love;
Thou didst leave thy throne on high
And for me came down to die.

Thou wilt hear me,
And be near me,
I am safe while thou art nigh.

—Children's Companion.



CHARLIE'S PHOTOGRAPH.

"FATHER, Willie Morris had his photograph taken. I do want to have mine. Please let me. Wouldn't you and mother like to have one of me, father?"

"But I have a lot of photographs of you, Charlie—in fact I take one with me every day to town. I take a different one every day—sometimes they are very ugly; but they are always like my little boy."

"Oh, father! are you making fun? Why, I never had my photograph taken," said Charlie, his eyes staring wide with surprise.

"Ah, yes, you have; for I take one of you, though you don't know it, every morning when I go to town," said his father, as he hung his hat on the peg in the hall, and, sitting down in a chair, drew the perplexed little boy toward him. "This morning, when I started from home to go to my office, I took a photograph of you and put it in my pocket. I took it, not with a camera, but with my eyes, and the pocket I put it in was not in my coat, but I put it in the pocket called memory, which I carry in my head, and I have kept it there all day.

"Shall I tell you what the photograph I have carried about with me all day was like—the one I took this morning of my little boy?" asked his father, softly, as he drew him closer to his knee.

"Please, father," Charlie whispered low.

"It was a dark, ugly photograph. There was a frown on his brow, and an angry light in his eyes, and his mouth was shut up very tight indeed, so tight that he could not possibly open it to say 'Good-bye' to father; and all because he wasn't allowed to go out to the garden to play ball before breakfast because it was raining. So he let father go away to town with a very ugly photograph of Charlie to look at all day, instead of the bright, pleasant one he might have had."

Charlie's head hung so low it seemed as if he never would look up again.

"I don't know what kind of a photograph mother took of you when you were going to school. I hope it was nicer than mine; and I know she wants a nice one left with her every day while you are at school, just as badly as I want one to take to town. Will Charlie try not to give us ugly ones any more?"

Charlie looked up now and whispered, "I will try, father."—*Selected*.

Nature Studies



APPROPRIATION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

The sun shone bright o'er hill and vale,
O'er waving field and grassy lea;
A little flower looked up and said:
"It shines for me."

The rain fell soft o'er all the land,
And washed the leaves of wood and tree;
A little thirsty grass-root said:
"It falls for me."

The wind blew gently from the south
And fanned the face of earth and sea;
Said each green blade and tender ear:
"It blows for me."

The Sun of Righteousness Divine,
The showers of blessing rich and free,
The Holy Spirit's quickening breath
Are all for me.



WONDERS OF ANIMAL SIGHT.

A WRITER in the *Chicago News*, mentioning the marvels of sight in animals, says:

The grayhound runs by sight only. The carrier pigeon flies its hundreds of miles homeward by eyesight, noting from point to point objects that it has marked; or so, at least, it is thought. The dragon fly, with twelve thousand lenses in its eye, darts from angle to angle with the rapidity of a flashing sword, and as rapidly darts back, not turning in the air, but with a clash reversing the action of its four wings, and instantaneously calculating the distance of the objects, or it would dash itself to pieces. No one can tell in what conformation of the eye this power consists. A thousand mosquitoes dance up and down in the sun, with the minutest interval between them, yet no one knocks another headlong on the grass, or breaks a leg or a wing, long and delicate as they are.

This is supplemented by the *Chicago Tribune* with these interesting facts:

The sharp-eyed hawk can spy a lark on a piece of earth almost exactly the same color at twenty times the distance it is perceptible to man or dog. A kite soaring out of human sight can still distinguish and pounce upon lizards and field-mice on the ground, and the distance at which vultures can sight their prey is almost incredible.

Recent discoveries have inclined naturalists to the belief that birds of prey have not the acute sense of smell or of hearing that has hitherto been accredited to them. Their keen sight seems to account for their action, and they appear to be guided by sight alone, as they never sniff at anything, but dart straight at the object of their desire.

Their counterparts in the ocean doubtless smell and see, but are more guided by smell than sight. In both sharks and rays the eyes are good and have a distinct expression though since they scent their prey from a short distance and swim up to it with greatest rapidity, smell may be called their real eye.—*Selected.*



PECULIAR BIRDS.

BIRDS without wings are among the strange creatures that may be found in New Zealand, and they are very interesting specimens to scientists. They are fast becoming extinct, and it is believed that in no other part of the earth could they have existed so long as they have in these islands. The reason for this is that in New Zealand there are no destructive animals to attack them. The kakapo, as it is called by the Maori natives, is also named the ground- or night-parrot, as it lives on the ground and is nocturnal in its habits. These birds are about the size of a raven, and are green, marked with black and yellow. They make their nests in holes in the ground, and breed only once in two years. They have almost disappeared from North Island and are rare in Middle Island.

The weka is the Maori name for another New Zealand bird that cannot fly. It is a brown bird similar to some species of American rail. One species frequents the seashore and feeds on shellfish, while the other inhabits the interior of South Island. They mate for life, and male and female take turns in hatching the brood. They, too, are rapidly becoming extinct.

The poyhoney-eater, sometimes called the "parson-bird," because of its white throat-feathers, is another native of New Zealand. It is a good singer and mimic. It has an extensile tongue which is forked at the tip, and has fibers which form a kind of brush useful in gathering its food.

One of the curious birds of South America is the

hoazin, which, as a birdling, has claws almost like hands attached to its wings. As it grows older the claws disappear and it becomes like other birds.—*The Circle*.



SOME LONG NAPS.

ALL animals have their own particular time for sleeping, says a writer in an exchange.

Human beings sleep at night, so do most of the insects and birds. But there are some little creatures that take very long sleeps! When they are all through their summer work they crawl into winter quarters. There they stay until the cold weather is over. Large

away in the winter that are not wholly asleep all the time. The blood moves a little, and once in a while they take a breath. If the weather is at all mild they wake up enough to eat.

Now, isn't it curious that they know all this beforehand? Such animals always lay up something to eat, just by their side, when they go into their winter sleeping places. But those that do not wake up never lay up any food, for it would not be used if they did.

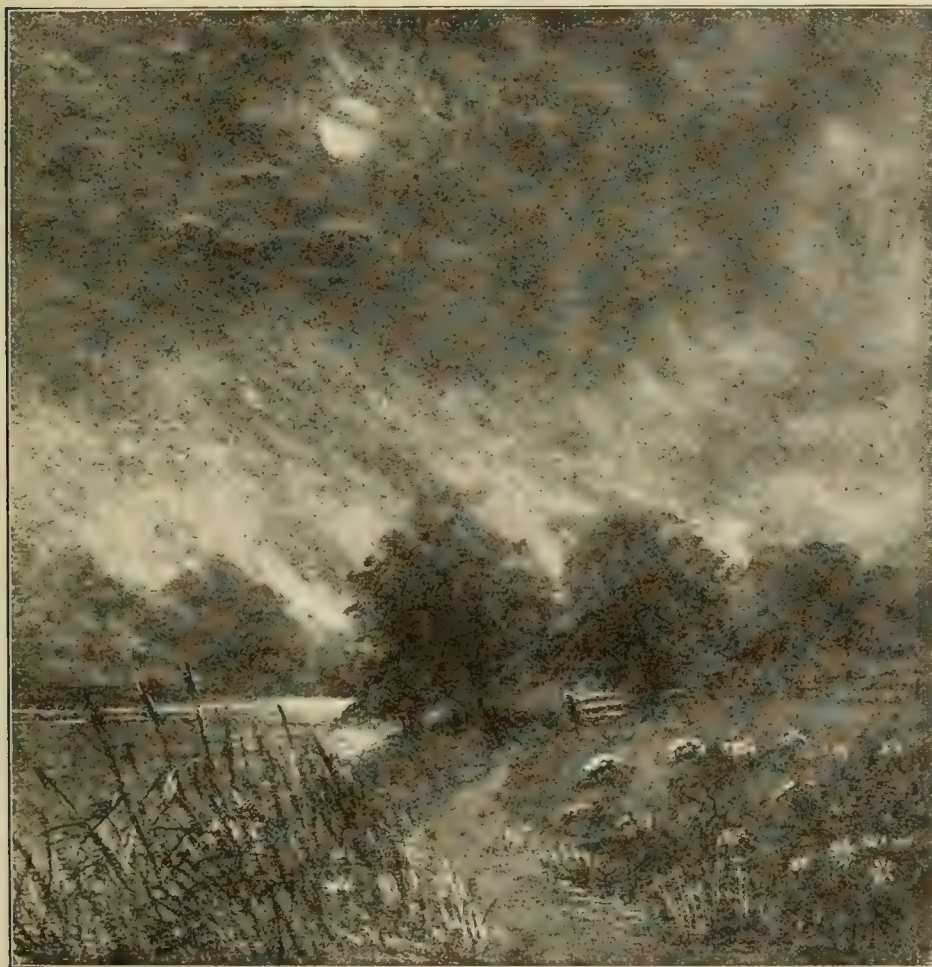
The little field mouse lays up nuts and grain. It eats some when it is partly awake on a warm day.

The bat does not need to do this, for the same warmth that wakes him wakes the insects on which he feeds. He catches some and then eats.

The woodchuck, a kind of marmot, does not wake, yet he lays up dried grass near his hole. What is it for, do you think? On purpose to have it ready the first moment he wakes in the spring. Then he can eat and be strong before he comes out of his hole.

I have told you that his sleep lasts all winter. But with some animals it often lasts much longer than that. Frogs have been known to sleep several years. When they were brought into the warm air they came to life and hopped about in as lively a way as ever.

How many things are sleeping in the winter! Plants, too, as well as animals. What a busy time they do have in waking up, and how little we think about it all!



Mist on the Meadows.

numbers of frogs, butterflies, and spiders do this. If they were only to sleep for the night the blood would keep moving in their veins and they would breathe. But in this winter sleep they do not appear to breathe, or the blood to move. Yet they are alive, only in such a "dead sleep."

But wait until the springtime. The warm sun will wake them up again. They will come out, one by one, from their hiding places.

However, there are some kinds of animals that hide

A SPECIES of sheep common in Syria is so encumbered by the weight of its tail that the shepherds fix a piece of thin board to the under part, where it is not covered with thick wool, to prevent it from being torn by the bushes. Some have small wheels affixed to facilitate the dragging of these boards after them. The tail of a common sheep of this sort usually weighs fifteen pounds or upward, while that of a large species, after being well fattened, will weigh fifty pounds.—*The Boys' World*.

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CARE OF DEPENDENT CHILDREN.

If our active President does not get around to look up every good cause and give it a helping hand, there will, in many cases, be those who will look them up for him and call his attention to them. In fact, it is no doubt through this method that he has come to give attention to so many things that have heretofore not been looked upon as belonging to the President's duties. However, his attitude first opened the way and made it easy for the advocates of a worthy cause to approach him.

One of the latest of these worthy causes to be brought to the attention of the President is that of the various charity associations interested in the welfare of dependent children. The President has taken hold of the subject with his characteristic energy and has sent a letter to about one hundred prominent men, inviting them to a conference in Washington to formulate a plan for his consideration, with a view to recommend congressional legislation.

Here is the President's letter:

"I am confident that you will be impressed with the very great importance of the subject touched in this letter and the desirability that there should be the fullest discussion of the propositions, a memorandum of which I inclose. Surely nothing ought to interest our people more than the care of the children who are destitute and neglected, but not delinquent. Personally, I very earnestly believe that the best way in which to care for dependent children is in the family home. In Massachusetts many orphan asylums have been discontinued, and thousands of the children who formerly have gone to the orphan asylums are now kept in private homes, either on board with payment from public or private treasuries or in adopted homes provided by the generosity of foster parents. Many religious bodies have within the past ten years organized effective child-placing agencies. I am accordingly inviting a number of men and women to a

conference to be held in Washington Jan. 25 and 26. The conference will open by my receiving the members at the White House Jan. 25 at 2:30 P. M. Can you attend? Will you please communicate with James E. West, 1343 Clifton street. N. W., Washington, D. C.?"

Of equal interest to our readers, we are sure, will be the letter of the charity workers which stirred the President to action. The letter ran as follows:

"The State has dealt generously with her troublesome children; but what is she doing for those who make no trouble, but are simply unfortunate?"

"Destitute children certainly deserve as much consideration and help as those who, by reason of some alleged delinquency, enforce the attention of the State and become objects of its care; but only a few States have defined responsibility for this class of children. Their care and protection is left in many localities to the fidelity of voluntary agencies without requiring proper standards of method or efficiency and without definite responsibility to the State or the community. According to a special bulletin of the United States census there were in orphan asylums and kindred institutions on Dec. 31, 1904, not less than 99,901 children. In addition to these there were probably some 50,000 dependent children in family homes, under supervision.

"In many States, however, little or no child-saving work is done, and in many States the organizations are greatly handicapped by the lack of appreciation and of adequate financial support.

"It is of the highest importance to the welfare of this vast number of future citizens that all child-saving work shall be conducted on a high plane of efficiency; that in the placing of children in families the utmost care shall be taken to exclude all undesirable applicants, that every precaution shall be taken in the subsequent supervision of the children to prevent neglect, overwork, insufficient education or inadequate moral and religious training, and that institutions shall be so carried on as to secure the best physical, mental, moral and religious training of each individual child, and to fit it for active and creditable citizenship."

Judge Lindsey, of the Denver, Colo., Juvenile Court; Jacob Riis, of New York City, Booker T. Washington, of Tuskegee Institute, and United States Commissioner of Education Brown are among those invited to the conference.

It will be clear to all noble-hearted, thinking people that the President is right when he says "The best way to care for dependent children is in the family home." But the granting of this statement as the truth does not insure the solution of the problem. There is still much left for this conference to do. And after the conference and Congress have done all in their power there will still be something left for those to do who

have established the family home with all its blessed influences.

May much good come from the noble work so well begun, and may all who should be concerned in the work discharge their duty as willingly and as well as those who have begun it.



WITH OUR READERS.

IN our efforts to secure writers for our magazine for this year we consider ourselves especially fortunate. Not only have we a list of names that promises much interesting and valuable reading matter, but the willingness with which these writers have agreed to do the work is bound to give an added value to their articles in particular and to the whole magazine in general. These writers belong to our family and they therefore write from a broader motive than that of the average magazine writer.

In the home department during the year there will be at least one medical talk each month. In the past a good many of us have had a wrong idea of the physician's work. His chief aim is not to *make* people well, but to *keep* them well, and in these medical talks we believe the people will see that this is true. Dr. J. F. Studebaker, of Fort Dodge, Iowa, will write on the following subjects: "Where Do You Live?" "When the Shadows Are Long," "My Nerves," and "American Dyspepsia." Dr. O. G. Brubaker, of Mt. Morris, Ill., will discuss The Great White Plague or Tuberculosis (two articles), Rebellion of Cells and Tissues in the Body or Cancer, and The Use and Abuse of Patent Medicines. Dr. O. H. Yereman, associate editor of *The Clinic* (Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat), and occupying a chair of clinical teaching in the University Medical College of Kansas City, Mo., will write on the diseases and care of the eye-sight, hearing and voice. Other topics, coming within the range of this department will be discussed by writers who are well known among us.

In the miscellaneous department there will be a wide range of subjects treated. Special articles have been promised along the line of biography and history. John W. Wayland, professor of history in the University of Virginia, will, at an early date, furnish us with a write-up of Poe, specializing his life at that university. Then there will be three or four articles on prison life, a series on various phases of seacoast life and conditions, and now and then a story and an article from foreign lands, besides those that will appear every week in the series, "Around the World Without a Cent." "Among the Sierras" and "The Big Trees" will give us an idea of some of the things that nature has done for California.

Three able writers will furnish articles regularly for the nature department. We hope to make arrangements with others. Every reader who is a lover of

nature is urged to send us accounts of the unusual or remarkable occurrences that have come under his observation in the plant, animal, or insect world.

A number of ministers of the Church of the Brethren have promised to write for the Quiet Hour department and a contributed article will appear in those pages every week.

Dear reader, is this not a foretaste of a veritable feast of good things? In giving a hint of what this year's INGLENOOK is to contain, the editor has not indulged in any dreams. We have the word of the contributor for every article mentioned. And this is not all. We are sure that some of the things that are yet in the dream state will become realities, for some of our arrangements are not completed yet, owing to the late date at which we began them. But we are persuaded that the above outline will appeal strongly to our readers,—so strongly, we hope, that they will convince others that they should have a share in the good things.



THE PARCELS POST.

AT present we seem to be about as far from realizing the benefit of a parcels post as at any time since the subject has been before the people. It was once said in Congress that there are six great reasons why the parcels post should not be established by the government, namely the Adams Express Company, the American, Pacific, Southern, United States, and Wells-Fargo. Evidently the reasons are powerful ones—insurmountable, it would seem, from the fact that the will of the people has not been able to remove them. Just what this power consists in only these giant companies and perhaps a few law-makers know.

Last year the express companies registered total receipts of \$128,117,176. Every postmaster-general, from the time of John Wanamaker, has tried to get Congress to accept the unanswerable argument in favor of the parcels post. The foreign service, which is now an established fact, is giving perfect satisfaction. "There can be no possible defense of a policy under which a package can be sent from Philadelphia to London cheaper than from Philadelphia to New York."

It is clear that the people of the United States have not yet taken hold of this subject by the right handle. We need a man with the conviction and the perseverance of a Charles E. Hughes to see that our welfare is considered and our wishes carried out.



"ONLY melted gold is minted; only moistened clay is molded; only softened wax receives the die; only broken and contrite hearts can take and keep the impress of heaven. If that is thy condition, wait beneath the pressure of the Holy Spirit. He shall leave the image of Jesus upon thee."



The Home World

FOODS FOR THE SICK

LENNA F. COOPER

THAT the diet of an invalid is oftentimes of more importance than medicine or treatment, is recognized by all physicians and nurses. Many a typhoid patient has lost his life not because of the neglect of the physician or the nurse, but through the carelessness of the cook.

A family in which typhoid fever was running once came under the writer's notice. Two stalwart young men were literally killed by their mother, one having been given fresh apples and the other cornmeal gruel from which the cornmeal had not been strained. As the result both young men were dead in three or four hours after having partaken of these viands. This illustrates the importance of careful preparation of foods for the sick.

Sickness usually resolves itself into one of two forms, acute or chronic. Acute illnesses are of comparatively short duration, and are characterized by a rise of temperature usually known as fever. This condition is brought about by poisons in the body of which nature is trying to rid itself by burning them up, thus producing the increased bodily temperature. At such a time the digestive organs, as well as the other functions of the body are somewhat disturbed, hence it is apparent that the digestive organs should not be given any more work to do than absolutely necessary; also that the food should be given in very small quantities since it is from our food that heat is derived.

The one thing needful is water in copious amounts. Water acts as a solvent and therefore helps to dissolve and to wash away some of the poisons that have accumulated in the body. Hence water and beverages should be given freely, indeed, only liquid foods should be given. The liquid foods are in a fine state of division, and thus are more easily digested. Fruit juices, preferably unsweetened, are one of the best things to give a person suffering from high temperature, since almost the only food principle found in the fruit juices is sugar, and that in a form all ready for as-

similation, hence the fruit juices require no digestion and are especially appetizing, which is a very important feature in the invalid's diet.

It is now a well-known fact that the appetite calls forth the digestive fluids which are necessary for the digestion of foods. Foods taken into the stomach when there is no desire for food remains in the stomach a much longer time than when there is an appetite for the article. The appetite may be appealed to through the three senses of sight, smell, and taste, hence it is important that all foods served to an invalid should be especially attractive in appearance, toothsome to the taste, and, if possible, give off a pleasant aroma. For this reason all hot food should be served very hot, since soups, broths, etc., give off an aroma when hot, thus appealing to the appetite through the sense of smell.

Food should never be served in large amounts to sick people. Small quantities may be served much more daintily, and in this way they appeal to the appetite through the sense of sight. No pains should be spared to make the tray and the foods of the sick one dainty. The best linen and china the house affords are none too good for the invalid.

Aside from being palatable and appetizing, the foods must be thoroughly cooked. It is especially important that all starchy foods should be well cooked. Gruels should be made from cereals which have been cooked several hours if made from the whole grain, rice being an exception. Rice cooks much more quickly than most cereals. All gruels should be strained before serving, allowing no coarse particles to be served. Thirty minutes is usually sufficient for cooking rice for gruel. What is still better than gruels made from cereals, as ordinarily cooked, is a gruel made from the so-called dextrinized cereals which have been thoroughly cooked in the manufacturing process, such as "Toasted Corn Flakes" and other cooked flake products on the market; since the cook-

ing of the starch is a step in the digestion of the article, it is important that the cooking should be very thorough. There are five steps in the digestion of the starch, and it is possible to accomplish three of these by cooking, providing the cooking is done at a very high temperature. This is accomplished in the baking of starchy foods which have lost most of their moisture. Bread may be dextrinized by placing slices of stale bread in a moderate oven, first drying it out by slow cooking and then increasing the temperature until the bread becomes a golden yellow throughout. Toast thus prepared is more easily digested than fresh toast which is only slightly toasted on the outside.

While it is very important that only appetizing foods should be given the patient, it is also important that their food should not contain substances which would only add fuel to the fire. Many are in the habit of feeding the invalid meat, broth, beef tea, etc. While these may be somewhat of an appetizer to some people, they also contain waste products of the animal organism from which the broth was made which are identical with those which the body is trying to burn up. Hence if these things are given at all, they should only be given occasionally as a mere appetizer, but should not be counted upon as a food. They contain practically no food value. Very delicious broths may be made from the various vegetables and legumes.

When the patient begins to convalesce the diet should be as carefully guarded as during the acute illness. There is more danger from over eating during this period than during the previous stage. The body is in a greatly reduced state due to the self-consummation during the fever. The loss of bodily tissue must be supplied through the foods, but it must also be supplied in very small quantities for the organs of digestion and assimilation are in a very weakened condition. Hence the body can only take care of very small quantities at a time. Such patients are usually fed every three hours—not oftener than two and a half hours. Egg-nogs, soft-cooked eggs, thoroughly-toasted bread, boiled rice, and other similar foods may be added to the dietary of the convalescent as the case may indicate.

The chronic illnesses are usually designated as some special disease; such as, diabetes, Bright's disease, tuberculosis, etc. The attending physician should carefully outline the diet for such cases.

Orange Juice.

Extract the juice of an orange the same way as that of a lemon, preferably using the lemon drill. Strain before serving.

Rice Water.

3 tbsp. rice. 1 qt. boiling water.
½ tsp. salt.

Wash the grain by holding under a hot water faucet for a moment or so, then rinse in several cold waters, boil thirty minutes and then strain.

Barley water may be made in the same way except that two tbsp. of barley are used and the cooking must be much longer.

Corn Flake Gruel.

1 cup toasted corn flakes. 2 cups water.
¼ tsp. salt.

Heat the water to boiling, add the salt and corn flakes to the water. Cook until smooth and strain.

Corn Meal Gruel.

2 tbsp. corn meal. ¼ cup boiling water.
½ cup cold water. ½ tsp. salt.

Moisten the corn meal and salt with the cold water and add to the boiling water, stirring meanwhile. Cook until well thickened over the flame, stirring to keep it perfectly smooth, then set in a double boiler and cook for 4 hours. Strain before serving.

Baked Potato Soup.

1 medium-sized baked potato. ½ cup hot water.
½ cup cream. ¼ tsp. salt.

Put the baked potato through the colander and add the hot water slowly. Next add the cream and salt, and heat. Serve. This soup may be made without cream by substituting water and adding 1-½ tsp. butter, also a little celery salt for seasoning.

Bran Broth.

1 cup white beans. 1 qt. cold water.

Put the beans to cook in the cold water and let simmer until but one cup of the liquid remains. Drain this from the beans, season with salt, celery salt, and butter, or if desired with cream.

Foamy Egg-nog.

1 egg. 2 tsp. sugar.
1 tbsp. lemon juice. 2 tbsp. cream.

Beat the egg yolk until light, add ½ of the sugar and lemon juice, also the cream. Beat the egg white until stiff and add the remaining half of the sugar. Fold the white into the egg yolk mixture leaving a small portion for the top.

Soft Cooked or Jellied Egg.

1 egg. 1½ pts. boiling water.

Have a porcelain pitcher hot, place the egg therein, and pour over it the boiling water. Cover and let stand on the back of range 5 to 10 minutes. Serve in a hot egg cup.



MAKING RUGS IN WINTER.

ONE woman last winter made the beautiful rugs that adorned her porch in the summer. They were all made of woolen goods cut from old dresses and since the goods was all light, with delicate shades mingled throughout the material, the rugs were unusually attractive. Burlap was tightly stretched in a wooden frame and the material, which was cut in convenient strips, was drawn through the burlap with an iron crochet hook made by the blacksmith. In having the needle made for this purpose, explain to the blacksmith that it should be short and half-covered with a

wooden handle. This is more convenient than the ordinary all-iron hook. To get the general scheme of a rug, one can put the burlap upon the floor and mark off the design with colored spermaceti crayons (ten cents a box). This gives the outline and one can provide a pretty border for each rug. Woolen rugs are prettiest, especially when clipped. Very light material can be used, however. One will be delighted with an all-brown rug, with a slightly mottled border of dark red. These are colors often found among old garments and a rug of the two colors can be made almost as beautiful as some of the purchased ones. There are rugs made entirely of fringed burlap. The burlap is first dyed and cut into convenient strips, usually about four inches wide. Each side is fringed and the strip is sewn through the center to a second piece of burlap, thus furnishing the rug foundation. The next strip is placed close to it. If dyed a deep green it makes a mossy-looking rug which is very ornamental. Despite the fringe effect over the entire surface, such rugs are durable and can be beaten and cleaned the same as any rug.—*The Woman's National Daily*.



THE BATTLEFIELD.

A mother's heart is a battlefield,
 A mother's heart is a nest
 Where love leans down with snowy shield
 And lips that sing to rest.
 A mother's heart is the plain where meet
 Through all her days of life
 The legions of the childhood feet,
 The glittering ghosts of strife.
 A mother's heart is a field of war
 Where none may know, may see,
 The wounds that bleed, the guns that roar,
 The anguished hours that be.
 A mother's heart is battle's home,
 But, oh, so few have knelt
 With her where shadows fill the gloam,
 Have felt what she has felt!
 A mother's heart is warfare's realm,
 In it, unseen of time,
 Rage the grim wars that overwhelm
 But for her faith sublime.
 A mother's heart is where she hides
 So much she never tells.
 So much that in her soul abides
 And conquering lovehood quells.
 A mother's heart—oh, sacred place,
 Oh, templed fane, how fair
 To kneel beside its shrine of grace,
 To kneel and worship there.
 A mother's heart is calm retreat,
 Is rest and love and song,
 And round it, oh, how tender-sweet
 The shades of memory throng!
 A mother's heart has seen so much,
 Has felt and borne and known
 The rugged blow, the tender touch,
 Within its wandering zone;

Has borne so much for those that lean
 Upon its help and trust,
 Has done so much to keep them clean,
 To lift them from the dust!

A mother's heart is a battlefield
 Where sacred strife has been,
 Where spear on spear and shield on shield
 Hath raged the battle's din!
 O holy shrine, inviolate spot,
 Where love and memory come
 When all the rest of life's forgot,
 When all the rest is dumb!

—Baltimore Sun.



HOW HE TABULATED HER RELIGION.

A NOTED evangelist was holding a series of meetings with the Grand Avenue church, and one evening when the topic had been the new birth, Mrs. Fessenden said to her husband as they walked briskly down the lighted street in the bracing air of the frosty night: "I wish you had decided for Christ to-night, dear; I thought you would, the speaker made it so plain and so many responded to the invitation."

"Would my rising to my feet there have made any difference with me in any way?"

"It would have put you and your influence decidedly on the side of right."

"But is not my influence already on the right side?" he interrupted. "What do I do that you do not do? You are a professing Christian and I am not."

"You remember the illustration that he gave," she interrupted now. "The moralist and the Christian are on the same street, but one is headed toward the kingdom of God and the other in an opposite direction."

"Yes, but I am not able to see why you and I are not headed the same way. I will try to state the matter more clearly to you later. Here we are now at home."

Presently, as they sat before the library grate with a bit of hot supper on the round table between them, he recurred to the matter as she poured the chocolate and laughed a little as she began reading the somewhat lengthy statement that he submitted for her inspection.

"How fearfully business-like it looks," she said.

"I do not use tobacco in any way. You do not.

"I do not use profane language. Neither do you.

"I am a teetotaler. So are you.

"I go to the theater. You go to the theater.

"I play cards. You play cards.

"I attend church irregularly. You do the same.

"I pay something for religious purposes. So do you.

"I dance. You dance.

"I associate with unbelievers. You do the same.

"I read trashy novels. You read trashy novels.

"I do not attend devotional meetings. You do not.

"I do not read the Bible. Do you read the Bible?"

"I do not pray. Do you pray?"

"Now what does your church membership add to your manner of living? Why are our ways different?"

The young woman began reading the list with a laugh, but ended in tears.

"O my dear!" he cried. "I had no intention of paining you! I am sorry."

"I am not sorry. I thank you. You make me see how far wrong I have gone in my endeavor to show you that religion need not make one stupid and poky. It is not strange that you hesitate to take your stand as a Christian, when you see how inconsistent I am to my profession of having been born to newness of life."

Again their lives flowed onward side by side. She was not less bright, sweet or companionable, but when the card clubs and the dancing clubs organized she did not join. She did join the mission workers' band, and was faithful in attendance. She no longer went to the theater, and every time she declined her husband put the expense for both, saved, into her mission box. She no longer read her Bible in secret. She took up work in the Sunday school. Her time was not more taken than before, but she was differently employed.

Soon the gay, thoughtless people with whom she had associated were no longer in sympathy. "What has become of Mrs. Fessenden?" was asked, and the reply came scornfully, "Oh, she's running her church now! Can't imagine what has come over her. She has always been a church member, but she was real decent about it. Did everything the rest of us did, and she didn't preach. She is really a bright, sweet woman, but now she has always some church engagement to attend to when we need her to make up our parties, and she does not hesitate to say, 'I have too long been regardless of the admonition, "Seek first the kingdom of God."'"

"And her husband?"

"Oh, he is loyal to her! He is a real lover. He goes wherever she goes; but the poor man must be having a dull time of it."

Mr. Fessenden meantime did not consider himself an object for commiseration. If his wife's new departure was an experiment he found it an interesting one. He found his new environment more refined, more intellectual, more congenial than the old, for earnestness took the place of frivolity, and he found himself awakening to a knowledge of a spiritual life.

When at length he made his decision he said: "I have at last through the influence of my wife found that the true meaning and purpose of life is to follow Christ and to do the work in the world that he left for his followers." And the happy wife often says:

"How near I came to making a fatal mistake. I tell my experiences that it may be a warning and a lesson for others. Do not sink to the level of the world. Bring the world up to a knowledge of Christ."

—*Oklahoma Baptist Journal*.



FUNGUS PINCUSHIONS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

THE crescent-shaped fungi that grow around the base of the elm trees near the roots, have for some time been used ornamentally as groundwork for landscape and other paintings. They may also be used in a practical way as pincushions. When thoroughly dry they are excellent for this purpose, being soft enough to stick pin or needles into easily, yet firm enough to hold them securely. The fungus does not break away with use, but the holes close up after the pins are withdrawn. Needles do not rust in a fungus cushion, nor can they work inside and become lost as in the common kind. Hung on a wall by a bright-colored ribbon, these cushions are both useful and ornamental.



FILLERS FOR THE LUNCH BASKET.

It is hard to keep up a constant supply of cookies for the children's lunch boxes and yet have a variety. The following are good and perhaps new to many of our cooky makers:

Chocolate Wafers.—Grate a cup of chocolate and set the cup into hot, not boiling, water to melt. Mix together one cup of brown sugar, one cup of white sugar (granulated or powdered) and one cup of butter. When creamy, add one beaten egg and then the melted chocolate, stirring briskly. Finally add two cups of flour and one teaspoon of vanilla, mix lightly, roll thin and bake in a quick oven.

Fruit Cookies.—Seed and chop finely one cup of raisins. Flour these and set them aside. Beat together one and one-half cups of brown sugar and one cup of shortening, butter and lard mixed. When creamy, add one beaten egg, four tablespoons of sweet milk, one teaspoon of baking soda and enough flour to make a stiff batter. Add here your floured raisins with nutmeg (grated), cinnamon and ground cloves to taste. Add enough more flour to make a stiff dough, roll rather thin and bake in a quick oven.

Lemon Cookies.—Cream thoroughly half a pound of butter and half a pound of granulated sugar. Add two eggs beaten light, three-fourths of a pound of flour, the grated rind of one small lemon and the juice of two. Roll out thin and cut into disks or circles, sprinkle thickly with coarse powdered sugar, and bake in a quick oven. These should be pale-yellow, not brown.—*Selected*.



The Quiet Hour

THE BIBLE CLASS IN HEAVEN

IRA P. DEAN.

I took my blessed Bible, for I love to sit and read
And hunt the sacred Scriptures, which every day I need.
I opened to a passage, which I couldn't understand,
So I sought and prayed for guidance from my heavenly
Father's hand.

I sat and deeply studied; I read it o'er and o'er,
Till it seemed that I was standing at heaven's very door.
Again I prayed to Father that the help I need be given,
And the answer came that instant, from the Bible Class
in Heaven.

I know my blessed Father has somewhere in his Book
Recorded some sweet promise, for which he knew I'd
look.

Then when my heart is heavy with the dust of daily care,
I open up my Bible and find the blessing there.
And when I sit and ponder and study o'er it all,
The blessings seem reserved for me, I get them when
I call.

And when my life grows darkened and my soul seems
thunder-riven

There comes another promise from the Bible Class in
Heaven.

The Devil often tempts me; he's my soul's eternal foe;
But my blessed Savior holds me and he'll never let me go.
One time I disbelieved the things I couldn't understand,
But now I get my knowledge from the Wondrous Glory
Land.

And so I am so happy that all day long I sing,
And when I read the Blessed Book I never doubt a thing.
I've learned to keep my little heart unmixed with worldly
leaven,

And I get my daily lessons from the Bible Class in
Heaven.



WHAT IS CHRIST TO ME?

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Not long ago we joined in the celebration of the birth of Jesus, and very properly it was an occasion of great rejoicing. We were reminded of the fact that, among other names, he was recognized under the title of Immanuel, God with us. There are few who realize the significance of these few and simple words.

Let us repeat in our own hearts a sentence like this: "He who died for me and thus bore the judg-

ment and punishment of my sins was truly the Master of Life—God." His existence did not commence at Bethlehem. In the most simple and beautiful language he declared that he was with the Father from the foundation of the world. Though he took upon himself a lowly form, he was worthy to receive the worship of the angels (Luke 2: 13, 14; Heb. 1: 6). Yet he was also truly Man, and this point of my argument I am about to prove. He, like us, grew up from infancy to manhood, passing through every pang and bitter experience, but without sin. Weigh this carefully; for such facts as are here presented do not take hold of us, unless we give them thought.

We can then comprehend how this meets our need. If he were God alone you might hesitate to trust him. It was man who had sinned, therefore it was by man the punishment of sin must be borne. For this reason God became man in order to save us. It is a beautiful story. Stranger than fiction, but it is the "terrible truth," that bears witness of its terrible meaning and strength and purpose of existence; its moral and awful dread with which we must hold it. Truly, "Truth is stranger than fiction." The dream of Jacob and his ladder which he beheld therein is another example of the wonders of God. Jesus is the antitype of that wondrous ladder—the foot of it rests on earth, comes down to your level, and the top of it reaches into heaven. God and man are connected in Jesus. He is the Daysman whom Job desired, and who can lay his hand upon God and man (Job 9: 35).

Concerning the incarnation of Jesus, let us remember three important things, namely:

First: It does not alone save us. The incarnation, without the death and the resurrection, would leave us still dead in sin. The New Testament never speaks of men saved because God became man, but always because he who was God and man died for our sins and rose again (John 12: 24; 1 Cor. 15: 3, 4). The body that was prepared for him was in order to his one perfect offering (Heb. 10: 5, 10), by which judgment passed upon sin.

Secondly: Remember that Jesus is a manifestation of God. He reveals God not only in a few but in all

phases of his life. Not only when he performed wondrous miracles, but also when he suffered; he sighed and wept and groaned and the pangs of his crucifixion poured forth the bloody sweat. Jesus reveals not only God's power, but his tenderness, his sympathy, his love. How different God is from what we have imagined! Satan slandered God at first by representing him as hard (Gen. 3: 3) and he still is laboring in a, let us hope, vain endeavor, to make us think unkindly of him, as is in evidence when we realize the iniquities of the world. To be acquainted with God truly, study the life of Jesus,—engage in prayer and read your Bible, for through the first you speak to God, through the latter God speaks to you. God also speaks to us in human tones and expresses himself in human feelings and emotions in his Son. Does not such a revelation deepen our adoration of him, and quicken our affection for him? Worship and love him who is "God manifest in the flesh."

Thirdly: Remember also that Jesus is still a man. Though he is on the throne, he retains his manhood. It is an important fact to observe that a man is now in heaven as our High Priest. When he hears of your temptations, he knows what they mean, for he "was in all points tempted like as we are yet without sin." (Heb. 5: 15). You can never be in circumstances of difficulty which he cannot understand. Make full use of him. Count as confidently upon his sympathy as a child counts upon the sympathy of its maternal relation.

Remember that in him human tenderness is combined with divine power.



OBEDIENCE THE SECRET OF HIGHER KNOWLEDGE.

THE apostle John says, "Hereby we do know that we know him, if we keep his commandments. He that saith he abideth in him ought himself also so to walk even as he walked" (1 John 2: 3, 6). There is no real knowledge of God, no communion with him, without a straightforward, unconditional obedience to his will. John is here condemning that Gnostic teaching which made godliness to consist in mere intellectual enlightenment, culture and refinement. This false idea has prevailed through the entire Christian age. Separated from the true holiness of a regenerated life, John says, no enlightenment counts with God. In his teaching the apostle insists, no less than Aristotle, that in morals, knowledge without practice is absolutely worthless. Mere knowledge will not do; nor will knowledge touched by sentiment do. It is possible to know and admire, and in a sort of way love, and yet act as if we had not known. But John gives no encouragement to devotion without the Christ life. "If we say that we have fellowship with him, and walk in darkness, we lie and do not the truth"

(1 John 1: 6). There is only one way of proving to ourselves and others that we know God, and that is by loving obedience to his will.

Nothing can be more important to the understanding of the truth as contained in the Word of God than to practice it. "If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine" (John 7: 17). Obedience to the will of God is the great origin of true knowledge. Doing the will of God is the one condition of light. Disobedience not only brings darkness, but is darkness. We must practice what we preach, otherwise our vision must be dimmed, and, if the blind lead the blind (and every one is a leader to some one), only the ditch is before both. To be doers of the will of God as well as learners is the great secret of teaching God's truth to others. Then it is that we "shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper."

The higher the products of unregenerate man's mind are exalted, and the more they are held in veneration, the more effectually do they serve to oppose the knowledge of God. Therefore, the most important phase of our Christian warfare is spoken of as "casting down imaginations, and every high thing that exalteth itself against the knowledge of God, and bringing into captivity every thought to the obedience of Christ" (2 Cor. 10: 5).—*Christian Monitor*.



THE DIVINE PARTNER.

THE late John McDonald, the merchant prince of Toronto, gave large sums of money to the Lord's cause. On one occasion a firm in England with which he had large dealings sent experts to Toronto to examine his books to see how he stood financially. On opening those books they saw his business accounts on one side and the Lord's accounts on the other, and they closed the books without further examination, feeling satisfied that a man who would deal honestly with his Creator would deal honestly with his fellow-man. One year Mr. McDonald saw a decrease in his business and said to one of his friends, possibly the reason was because he was not giving enough to God's cause. He said: "I will give an extra ten thousand dollars this year." This was the red letter year in his business history!—*Exchange*.



THE cross is the great center of God's moral universe! To this center God ever pointed, and the eye of faith ever looked forward, until the Savior came. And now we must ever turn to that cross as the center of all our blessing, and the basis of all our worship, both on earth and in heaven—in time and throughout all eternity.—*D. L. Moody*.

Echoes from Everywhere



The Government is in need of more American teachers in the Philippines and is asking the colleges and universities to send them.

In Chicago, where an uphill fight to uncover primary election frauds is being waged, there is no name of a brewer, distiller or saloonkeeper found on the list of those trying to protect the sacredness of the ballot.

The Chicago board of education will soon begin on a new special mental and physical training institution to be built upon a 240-acre tract in Riverside. It is intended to segregate children weak in body and mind. Gymnasium features will be the most prominent.

According to the Topeka "Capital" of October 2, the deposits of the State banks of Prohibition Kansas, after ten months of an unusual panic year, were eighty-three million dollars greater than ever before in the State's history and increasing at the rate of one hundred thousand dollars per day.

Chicago public school officials are rejoicing over the blow aimed at fraternities by State Senator Herman H. Breidt. The bill introduced by him at Springfield, which makes it unlawful for a public school pupil to join a secret organization, they say serves to strengthen their position against secret organizations.

Mrs. Russell Sage, of New York, has given \$25,000 toward the establishment of a college for colored youths in Kentucky, to be a branch of Berea College. This brings the fund up to \$450,000 from outside sources, leaving \$50,000 to be raised in Kentucky. The college will be modeled after the Tuskegee Institute.

A recent edict by the late emperor of China, in which Christians and non-Christians are placed on nearly the same footing, indicates a great change in the attitude of the Chinese government towards Christianity. Partiality on the part of officials in carrying out the laws is to be put down, and representatives from all Western nations are to be justly treated.

High school students in Iowa must decide between their "frats" and their studies if a bill proposed by the State educational commission is passed by the legislature. The commission plans to deal a death blow to all high school secret organizations by closing the schools to students who belong to secret societies. "Rushing" for frats will be an even more serious offense than belonging to them under the proposed law. The bill provides that any person who enters any high school building or grounds for the purpose of soliciting members for any secret society connected with the school shall be guilty of misdemeanor.

Estimates of the total loss of life from the recent earthquake in Italy place the number at 164,850. This estimation is necessarily incomplete in view of the wide region affected and the severity of the disaster. It does not include the deaths in hospitals. Four of the United States battle ships arrived at Naples Jan. 10 and will aid in the rescue and relief work.

The wanton slaughter of robins has aroused South Carolina to such an extent that the State is to have a new game law. A few years ago a modernized game law was passed in Missouri, but the pot hunters and illicit dealers raised such a roar that the game warden was deprived, by a new law, of the power to do anything. —Globe-Democrat.

A long step toward bringing the United States and Germany into closer relations was taken Jan. 1, when the two-cent postage rate between the United States and Germany became operative. The new rate of two cents an ounce applies to correspondence sent direct by sea, between the two countries, and not to that which is sent through an intermediary.

The expulsion of the Jews from Finland continues to go forward, the decrees of expulsion being directed against the poorer class of Hebrews. Scores of families in the last few weeks have been compelled to abandon their homes and flee from the country amid the arctic cold. Only a few days' preparations are allowed. No reason for the anti-Jewish crusade has been assigned except a blind hostility to Jews as such.

Abyssinia, upon the boundary of which Swedish missionaries have been camped for many years, has at last opened the door of entrance to Protestant mission work. The present king, who has read the printed Gospels distributed by the missionaries and declared them "good," is in favor of his people reading them, too. He has also issued an order that all children above seven years old shall go to school, promising to pay the salaries of any competent teachers the missionaries supply.

The principle of the spinning top has long been talked of as an effective means of preventing ships from rolling, the idea being to place in the vessel's hold a great, rapidly revolving flywheel, the tendency of which to keep its equilibrium would prevent the waves from pitching the ship. Recently a gyroscope of this description was fitted in a German vessel, and was tried on one of its regular ocean trips. While the steamer was rolling 16½ degrees on each side through a total angle of 33 degrees, the gyroscope was placed in operation, and the total angle of roll was decreased at once to 3 degrees. As the apparatus is driven by electricity, it requires little attention.

The first aeroplane port, which will be for airships what Cherbourg and Liverpool are for ocean liners, was opened at Juvisy-sur-Orge, not far from Paris, on Jan. 10. This landing place, which has been constructed by the Society for the Encouragement of Aerial Navigation only with the greatest difficulty, is about one mile square. It was necessary to clear the place of all trees and rocks before building the special tribunes for the judges. Guillaume Tronchet, the government architect, has been engaged to make the transformation. He has arranged the port in the form of a circle, and there is plenty of room for aviators to fly about without danger of being unable to alight. Already owners of aeroplanes are transporting their machines to the port.

It is reported that there will be an immediate new trial of the case against the Standard Oil Company of Indiana, in which the United States Supreme Court effectually knocked out the record-breaking \$29,240,000 fine imposed by Judge Landis. The case will be redocketed before Judge Landis, but probably will be turned over, according to a custom among federal judges, to some other judge within the same district. Judge A. B. Anderson, of Indianapolis, has been asked to hear the case, but has not yet replied to the request. While District Attorney Sims maintains that there still is opportunity of conviction and the assessment of a fine as high as \$10,000,000, under the ruling of the Circuit Court of Appeals, other federal officials and attorneys take a different view and declare that the only remedy is the enactment of a new law by Congress, under which the questions at issue can be definitely settled.

Yuan Shi Kai, the recently deposed Chinese statesman, it will be recalled, rendered very great services to every Christian nation during the Boxer uprising when, by secret means, he brought about communication between foreign governments and their representatives who were besieged in the compound at Peking. It was information that came from him which encouraged the European powers to join themselves with America and make that remarkable march of allied powers upon the Chinese capital which resulted in the liberation of the foreign legations. This man has been called the strongest man in China and he had far more influence than the famous Li Hung Chang. Thoroughly practical in all that he did, he adopted as his motto "China is capable of accomplishing just as much as Japan," and he worked his countrymen up to such a point of national patriotism that today his influence is doing much to efface the Middle Age superstition and rebuild the empire. Yuan Shi Kai organized a Chinese army which excited the wonder of the military men of the world who knew the conditions under which he worked; he obliterated all caste objections to military service, so that today sons of the nobility take a pride in wearing the army uniform. Under his regime modern textbooks have taken the place in the schools of the ancient classics; he brought about the abolition of torture, turned Peking from one of the filthiest places in the world into a well-paved, cleanly metropolis. Altogether he is the most progressive man in the empire, and the Manchus have acted hastily in trumping up an excuse for dismissing him.

An amendment to the legislative, executive and judicial appropriation bill increasing the salary of the President to \$100,000 and the salaries of the Vice President and speaker of the House of Representatives to \$20,000 was reported favorably to the Senate by Mr. Clark of Wyoming from the committee on the judiciary. The amendment was then referred to the committee on appropriations.

The board of education of St. Louis, Missouri, has decided to pay the car fares of children who live more than one mile from a public school. It is estimated that the cost of such transportation will amount to from \$2,300 to \$3,000 per year, but will result in a considerable saving through the discontinuance of small schools by consolidation with larger and better graded schools. Three buildings have been closed already at a gross saving of over \$3,000 annually. The fares of the children so transferred will amount to \$1,700, furnishing a net saving of \$1,300.

The Knights of Zion, now recognized as an independent western federation in the Zionist movement, closed a two days' convention in Chicago last week. The convention determined to send four delegates to the international congress of Zionists to be held in Hamburg next August, the delegates to be chosen later. Resolutions were adopted, in view of the programme of the Zionist movement, to encourage the acquirement of land in Palestine by Jews, urging the organization of groups who will seek to purchase Palestine property. Several associations of this kind already have been formed, one in Des Moines, Iowa, which is already negotiating for the purchase of 600 acres in the Holy Land.

Andrew Carnegie, in an interview given to the International Trade Bulletin, declares the time is coming when the greater part of the raw materials now forming the bulk of the exports of this country will instead be used here and their place in export trade be taken by manufactured articles. He adds that American manufacturers have been so busy supplying domestic needs that they have not been able to give the proper attention to export trade. That they can reach the markets of the world and compete in them with all other great industrial and commercial nations is his firm conviction, and he advises them to look seriously in the direction of foreign business.

In his biennial report to the governor of Kansas, Attorney General Fred S. Jackson recommends three important changes in the laws governing trusts in that State. One change provides a penalty be fixed for each day a concern continues to do business in the State after it is proved to be a trust. A second provision is that the corporations with headquarters in other States, but doing business in Kansas, must produce their officers on demand of the attorney general. The third is that the courts be given authority to determine whether a corporation has a monopoly on a certain line of products, and when it is so determined a public utilities commission be empowered to fix prices for the output in that State.

Among the Magazines



THE POSTAL DEFICIT.

Although Postmaster-General Meyer's report for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1908, records the heaviest deficit in the history of the Postoffice Department, the press show a tendency to dwell upon the department's increased efficiency rather than upon the growing gap between its income and its expenditure. Last year the deficit was \$7,000,000. This year it is \$16,873,222. "Eventually," says the Baltimore American, "there is reason to hope that the postal business may be brought to a self-sustaining basis." In spite of the deficit the Boston Herald finds the showing of the department encouraging. The Chicago Daily Socialist, surmising that the deficit "will form a text on which to preach sermons on the 'failure of Socialism,'" devotes space to an interesting discussion of the situation. No modern government, it says, looks upon the postoffice as a source of revenue, or a purely business affair. In Great Britain the postal deficit is usually in the neighborhood of \$75,000,000. To quote further:

"The postoffice, like most other governmental departments today, is conducted with other than business objects. No one expects a profit from the Army or Navy, or from the agricultural or census departments, yet who shall say that the service performed by the postoffice is less essential than that performed by the departments mentioned?

"The more this deficit is examined, however, the more it seems to be due, not to governmental mismanagement, but to interference for profit by private interests.

"The railroads all look upon the postoffice as a fat cow to be milked, and it has many times been pointed out that the railroads are paid the full cost of every mail-car used each year in its service, and that if the Government were given the same sort of a contract as the express companies enjoy, the entire 'deficit' would disappear. . . .

"The existence of the express companies debars the postoffice from that portion of the carrying trade which is found most profitable in other countries—the parcels post. It is today much cheaper to send a package from Germany to San Francisco than from Chicago to Evanston, because this country has a treaty with Germany which compels it to perform services for the citizens of Berlin which express companies will not permit it to perform for residents beneath the Stars and Stripes. . . .

"In short, wherever private industry touches the postoffice you will find a leak from which there flows a golden stream into private coffers. Close up those leaks and the 'deficit' will change into a surplus that would make possible a far greater extension of the services of the postal department."—Literary Digest.



REVISING THE TARIFF.

Every woman who has bought a new stovetop in the last twelve years, every farmer who has bought a plow, every boy who has bought a pocket-knife, has made an

unnecessary and forced contribution, by order of Congress, to the Steel Trust, and likewise to every other industrial trust in the United States, for I use steel only by way of illustration and because some of its best men agree with me.

The total wage cost to the Steel Corporation for mining, transportation, and conversion into rolling-mill products is 25 per cent of the selling price; the tariff is from 17 to 65 and 80 per cent of total costs. We may in a large measure attribute the foundation of a locomotive trust to the Dingley law, which gave locomotive builders 45 per cent tariff, although locomotives are shipped abroad freely and none can be imported. There are few builders, and they could not be expected to continue as independent and competing manufacturers with the invitation of Congress to combine and add what they wished of 45 per cent duty to their selling prices. Likewise the Linseed Oil Trust, formerly competitive, with only 3 per cent total wages in cost of refining and a 50 per cent tariff. The importations being practically prohibited, they graciously accepted the invitation of Congress and added 30 to 50 per cent to their selling prices.

Glucose, made of corn, and of course more cheaply here than elsewhere, bears a tariff of 55 per cent, the total wage 7 per cent, domestic production to the value of \$24,566,932, and the ability to do without protection manifested by exportations to the extent of \$3,000,000 per year.

It is clear beyond question that every big trust gets about one-fourth of its selling price by grace of Congress at the expense of the consumer, and that Congress must change its ways, or independent endeavor must entirely cease in the more important forms of production, as it is rapidly ceasing.

This does not mean that protection shall be withdrawn from trusts, for they and their workmen are as much entitled to protection as are others. It does mean, however, that one law, the Sherman act, shall not declare trusts and combinations in restraint of trade criminal, and another law, being the tariff, offer an extreme inducement for the formation of trusts in violation of the other law. When Congress stands upon its dignity in this matter and insists that it will do what its own members elect, it is time that the people speak with a voice that can be heard not only in Washington but perchance around the world. The question is largely whether Congress shall hear the voice of the people or shall listen to the insistent, and heretofore compelling, voice of great private interests. What has been every one's business has been no one's business. We must have a commission to control the tariff, or we must do away with protection, an impossible alternative. Tariff-making in its formative steps must be taken out of the realm of politics, away from selfish interests and secret influence, and placed in the hands of men selected for the work, high-minded, semi-judicial, non-partisan, acting with that judgment and integrity for which our courts are distinguished,

and, what is very important, with ample time to do the work well.—From "The Tariff, Its Revisers, and the Trusts," by Herbert E. Miles, in the American Review of Reviews for January.



EFFECT OF ELECTRICITY ON THE BLOOD.

Some light is thrown on the cause of death by lightning strokes and by contact with electrical circuits of high voltage by the result of experiments showing the peculiar changes in the blood which are produced by electric discharges.

Freshly drawn, uncongealed blood is so opaque that writing cannot be read through a thin film of it inclosed between two plates of glass. If a series of discharges from a Leyden jar is passed through the film of blood by means of tinfoil electrodes, the blood gradually becomes so transparent that the writing beneath it can be read with ease. What is the explanation of this change?

Blood consists of a nearly colorless liquid, the blood plasma or serum, mixed with solid bodies of organized structure, of which the most important are the red corpuscles which contain the red coloring matter of the blood. This pigment, hæmoglobin, is the principal agent of the so-called internal respiration of the body, which it effects by carrying oxygen from the lungs to the various organs and tissues. Under the action of electric discharges the hæmoglobin becomes detached from the blood corpuscles and passes into the serum, which it colors pale red, while the corpuscle, assuming the same pale tint, becomes invisible and transparent. The process is gradual and a certain number of discharges is required for its completion.

Before the blood corpuscle parts with its pigment it undergoes a series of characteristic changes of form. The normal human blood corpuscle is a disk with a thickened rim. The first discharge causes division of the rim into lobes so that the corpuscle presents a stellate appearance. Under the influence of the second and succeeding sparks the corpuscle expands, becomes globular and assumes successively the mulberry form with blunt prominences, and the thorn-apple form with sharp spines. Finally it becomes a smooth sphere, and with this change the loss of pigment and opacity begins.

I have discovered that the number of sparks required to produce these changes depends on the relative directions of the electric current and the axis of the corpuscle, and is smallest when they are parallel, probably because the corpuscle in that position offers minimum resistance to the current.

By a modification of the process I produced the bell form which was not present in the preparation before the discharges. This form is occasionally found in blood and Weidenreich and others have recently expressed the opinion that it is the normal form of the blood corpuscle and that the common disk-shaped corpuscles have already undergone modification due to cooling on removal from the body. From this point of view it appears very remarkable that electric discharges, which ultimately destroy the corpuscles completely, should begin by restoring them to their original form.

All these experiments led to the same final result, transparency of the blood caused by the diffusion of the pigment of the corpuscles through the surrounding plasma. That blood undergoes similar changes inside the human body is proved by the peculiar markings found on the bodies of persons killed by lightning. These branching and tree-like figures are due to discoloration of the skin

by pigment released from the blood corpuscles by the electric discharge.—Translated for the Scientific American from Umschau.



THE HIGHWAY OF THE AIR.

The average person regards air much as he regards water—as much lighter, of course, but like it otherwise. Calm air is precisely to him as calm water in a pool. If there is wind, he pictures the air as a flowing river. And just so long as all men looked at it so, just so long the birds kept their monopoly. For the only state in which water approaches the condition of air is when water forms a maelstrom. Even then, water in its mildest turbulence falls far short of the unstable, incessant agitation of the atmosphere. Air is never still. It is filled with warm waves ascending, cold waves descending, and through it race cross shoots and diagonal shoots, with corkscrew whirlwinds wandering hither and yon, as they list. The warm air off a cornfield creates one kind of a disturbance; off ploughed land it creates another. A layer of cold air may hold down a layer of warmer air. Consider what may happen when the warm air breaks through its envelope as a millpond bursts its dam. A flowing stream churned to and fro and round and round and up and down would give a feeble idea of the air's inconstancy.

Now a bird, circling with fixed wings, floats on a rising column of air. It maintains its altitude as to the earth, but it is constantly coasting down through the air's ascending volume. Once the bird loses the air column, it has to flap its wings, and it flaps till it finds another column, when it goes on wheeling again with fixed wings. Moreover, when it flies, the wind comes toward it in waves, rising and falling like the billows of the sea. It meets them, and then it does precisely what a boat does: goes over them, or goes through them. The Wrights learned this, and when they'd learned, they were about as near to flying as you and I would be to writing Chinese philosophy when we'd just learned the English alphabet. Furthermore, there were no teachers, living or dead, that could help them more than a few steps along the way.

The Wright machine must have gleaned something of its simplicity from its two creators. Orville Wright is a modest and unassuming person, as I am told his brother Wilbur is, as well. You would think him a plain business man, in his modest business clothes. Outside, two thousand onlookers gaped curiously, and he acted precisely as if he'd like to run around the corner of the shed and hide. And when the time came to fly—

"Haul her out," said he, casually, with a wave of his hand, as you and I might ask some one to bring out our bicycles. My Philadelphia friend raised his eyebrows. "Doesn't put on much lugs, does he?" he commented. "Now over in France —"

To be sure. They order this thing better in France.

"I saw it done over there," said Quaker City. "Some one blew a bugle, and a man in leather suit, racing goggles, leather skullcap, puttees, and rubber gloves came out and was photographed. Then he got into a kind of machine shop with wings and had his picture taken again. Afterward he made a short address to the crowd, looked up at the sky, shook hands all around, and then they let her go."

"What happened?" I asked, hanging on his words.

"Nothing. The machine did a hop, skip, and a jump across the field, and then stood on its head. The last I saw, they were taking it to the scrap heap, and the aviator was holding a reception in the grand stand."—Maximilian Foster, in the January Everybody's.

PLODDING.

"GENIUS is two per cent inspiration and ninety-eight per cent perspiration." This is the statement of an authority no less than Thomas A. Edison.

Native ability, training, environment, influence and unexpected opportunities may have much to do with the success attained in life; yet the necessity of earnest, persistent, careful work always remains. For

"Little by little all longing souls
Struggle up nearer the shining goals."

It is not difficult to deceive ourselves into thinking that men who have achieved great distinction have reached a state of freedom from the need of incessant effort. But the height which great men have "reached and kept" have been attained and held by toiling upward while those who railed at fortune were enjoying ease and slumber.

The author of a short story in the *British Weekly* entitled "Blackwater's Mother," writes of two young men in college. The one who was the brighter student, with the more attractive personality, and with, apparently, advantages greatly in his favor when compared with his companion, decided to leave college. This caused his parents much sorrow; which was the more acute because of other unwise actions by him at the same time. It became the duty of the student who had tried to hold his friend, and failed, to state the outcome to the authorities of the college. We here quote the words of the writer:

"Thank you my boy, for all you have done for your unfortunate friend," said the principal warmly. "I am sorry to see you look so dejected. At least, you will never occasion those belonging to you any anxiety in that direction. It has been a great pleasure to me, and also to my wife, to watch your life here, Dunstan, and you will never know what an inspiration it may have been to many."

"My life, sir! Why, I haven't done anything," cried Dunstan in surprise, "only plodded on."

The principal smiled.

"Only plodded on," he repeated. "Nobody will ever know what the world and what the kingdom of Christ owes to those who have only plodded on. God bless you, my boy, and make you a blessing. I am sure you will be one wherever you go."

Such was the tribute paid to the plodder. Scarcely necessary is it to say that Dunstan's life was the useful, helpful one which the principal believed it would be.

Many voices unite in saying, "Blessed is the plodder."—*Epworth Herald*.



AN Indian philosopher, being asked what were, according to his opinion, the two most beautiful things in the universe, answered: "The starry heavens above our heads, and the feeling of duty in our hearts."—*Bossuet*.

OLD-TIME HALF CENTS.

THE treasurer of the United States on May 6, 1903, redeemed two half-cent pieces. This is the first time in the history of the country that any such coins have been presented for redemption. It is more than a century since the first half-cent piece was coined, and it is hardly fifty years since the government discontinued minting them.

Possibly not one person in a thousand now living in the United States ever saw a half-cent piece.

The last annual report of the Director of the Mint, page 82, shows that 7,896,222 of these coins, representing \$39,481.11, were issued. For almost half a century each annual report of the Treasury Department has included them among the "outstanding" obligations of the government.

The half-cent piece was the coin of the smallest denomination ever made by this country. It enjoys the distinction also of being the first coin issued, and also the first whose denomination was discontinued. The United States Mint was established in 1792, and copper half cents and cents were issued in 1793. Half the total number of half cents issued were coined previous to 1810, after which year their coinage, with few exceptions, was limited. None were coined for circulation from 1812 to 1824, nor from 1836 to 1848. Finally in 1857 their coinage, with that of the big copper cent, was discontinued. On account of their limited issue in the last years of their coinage they practically had disappeared from the channels of trade.

The needs of adopting the half cent as the lowest value-computing factor for a coin existed in the early days of the republic. Colonial half cents and British farthings of the same commercial value were then in circulation, and many articles were priced and sold in half cents. With the progress of the nation value arose, and the needs for a half cent disappeared, and their use following the first decade of the century was almost entirely confined to multiples.

While all other discontinued types and denominations of United States coin have found oblivion, the half cent is the only one of which the Treasury reports do not record some portion of the issue redeemed. This singular and unexplained fact has been one of frequent comment and inquiry from Mint and Treasury officials.

Large quantities of the half cents are to be found in the stocks of coin dealers. The most common dates are sold at a good premium, and the extremely rare ones are worth their weight in gold.

Ferran Zarbe, of Saint Louis, was the man who sent the two half-cent pieces to Washington for redemption. He now prizes highly the little voucher calling for "one cent," which was sent to him with that amount of current coin in exchange for the two half-cent pieces he had forwarded.—*Gateway Magazine*.



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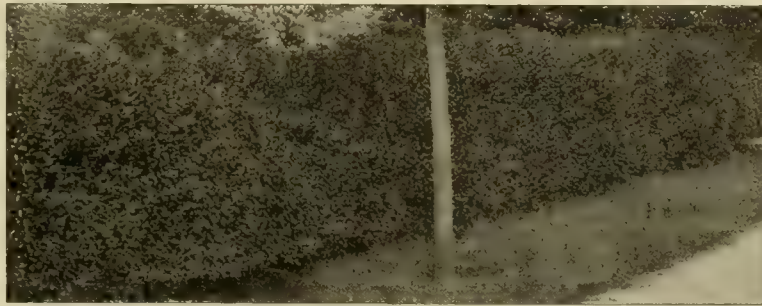
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NEFF'S CORNER

Thinking the Inglenook was to die soon, I had lost interest in it and so have not been saying much of late, but now I hope to be telling you all sorts of interesting things for some time to come. Fact is, I have a good many good things to tell. Everything is lively at Clovis now. All houses rented and town overflowing with people, and more and more coming. Many 'Nook readers have made investments here and are pleased. You see a property that rents for \$3.00 per month costs you but \$350, and one that rents for \$10 costs you but \$450, and tenants are falling over each other to get them even at these rental prices. Our investment association paid dividends of 21 per cent July 1 and 13 per cent Jan. 1, over and above all taxes and other expenses, or an average for the year of 17 per cent. My little folder, "New Mexico Investments," tells all about these matters, and is free for the asking.

F. H. Bradley, of Surrey, N. D., a man of much travel and experience, says our country offers the finest opportunities of any he has ever seen. He has bought a half section of land here and will locate. W. W. Horning, of Frederick, S. Dak., after looking over our town remarked that in my announcements and correspondence I had not told the half. He aims to arrange to build a number of houses here.

Others are moving in and our church is prospering (revival services now in progress), but we lack means for our church work and to this end am soliciting subscriptions to the Woman's National Daily, a clean, reliable, well-edited daily newspaper published in St. Louis. I will have it sent to you every day (except Sundays) for a whole year for only \$1, and besides, I will put one hundred cents of the dollar into our mission fund and pay for your subscription out of my own pocket. Will send you a sample copy first if you ask for it, but I assure you you will run no risk in sending the dollar now. Address

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In remembrance of her home in Kansas, the Sunflower State, she has called the collection "Sunflower Stories and Lullabies."



The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Low Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful reading. The book is printed from large clear type, on a good quality of paper.

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The aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our people, with good church and school privileges from the beginning of a colony.

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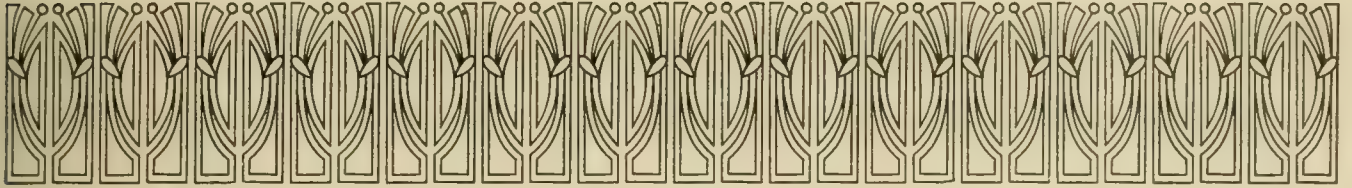
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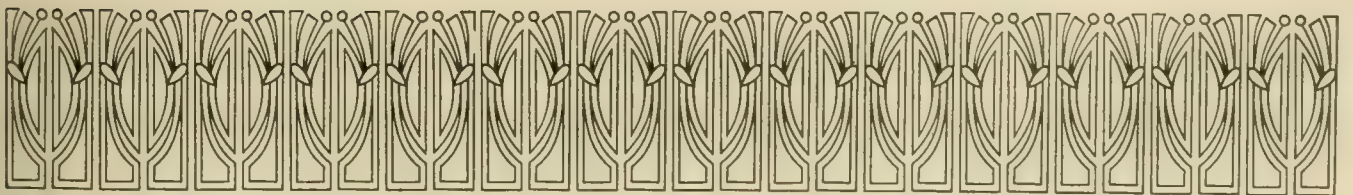


A Philosopher

Richard Braunstein

*In winter time he's happy
When he's pelted by the snows;
In summer time he's singing
If he gathers one sweet rose;
And the world seems ever better
For the happy way he goes.*

*If dark the tempest's frowning
And no stars are in the night,
He thanks God for a shelter
And sleeps and dreams of light;
And somehow earth is brighter,
For he ever makes it bright.*



Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

California Excursion

Thursday, Feb. 11, 1909

Will leave all points in Oklahoma for Butte Valley, California. An excursion will leave Chicago the same day, leaving Omaha, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri on Friday, February 12, 1909. All excursions will be consolidated at Cheyenne, Wyoming Saturday morning February 13. For rates, routes and other information write to

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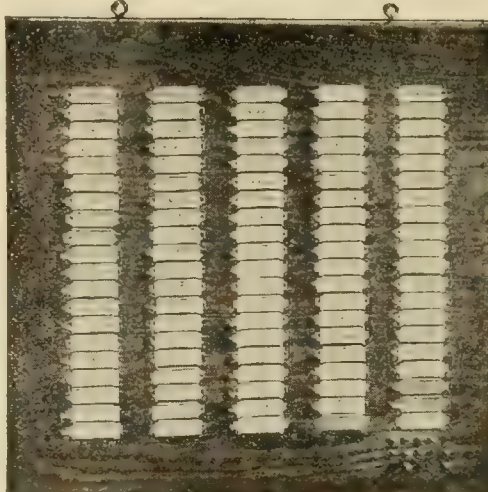
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Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.





Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.			A. C. Coonard, . . . 6 18½			Wm. Hansen, . . . 6 16		
Nampa District.			Geo. Duval, . . . 170 14			Melcher & Boor, . . . 37 15		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.	Rogers' Farm, . . . 20 24			A. E. Wood, . . . 18 16		
Mark Austin, . . .	35	18	Gough & Merrill, . . . 10 18 <td colspan="3">P. A. Gregar, . . . 6 15</td>			P. A. Gregar, . . . 6 15		
Company Farm, . . .	90	16	A. V. Linder, . . . 25 16 <td colspan="3">R. F. Slone, . . . 5 15</td>			R. F. Slone, . . . 5 15		
Allen Bissett, . . .	2	18	David Betts, . . . 14 15 <td colspan="3">Thos. Weir, . . . 14 23</td>			Thos. Weir, . . . 14 23		
Tolef Olsen, . . .	4	17½	Payette District.			Wm. Melcher, . . . 21 22		
C. G. Nofziger, . . .	5	19	C. M. Williams, . . . 5 19 <td colspan="3">S. Niswander, . . . 26 17</td>			S. Niswander, . . . 26 17		
Geo. Duval, . . .	6	26	W. F. Ashinhurst, 3½ 18 <td colspan="3">John Ward, . . . 10 22</td>			John Ward, . . . 10 22		
			E. E. Hunter, . . . 27 16			W. B. Ross, . . . 5 23		
Nampa District.			Gough & Merrill,			Oats 100 17		
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.			Joe Dickens,			Wheat 56 20		
			Sugar Company,			Barley 60 40		
			Geo. Duval,			Barley 75 35		
			John Holtom,			Wheat 52 20		
			Albert Mickels,			Oats 90 8		
Kind of Grain		Bushels per A.	A.					
I. Hildreth,	Wheat	58	15					

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

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Colonization Agent, Dayton, Ohio

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

January 26, 1909.

No. 4.

THE SUPERFLUOUS BOY

ELIZABETH M. ROYER

Chapter I.

"FRANCIS, Francis, Francis Homer Peasley, get right up this minute if you want a mouthful of breakfast. I have called you five times already. Do you hear, Francis? Get out of there right away, or I will come up and then you will move. Are you coming?" Mrs. Peasley shrieked up the stairs to her nine-year-old son.

A noise between a yawn and a groan, muffled by the bedclothes, came sleepily and faintly down to her.

"Let me hear you put your feet on the floor. Now, jump up and run around so I know you are up. Are you up, Francis? Get right out. Don't you dare go back to sleep."

"I'm coming," floated drowsily down, but Francis only buried his nose more deeply in his pillow and nestled more comfortably under the soft, warm blankets.

"I can get him out. Just give me that glass of water," cried Sarah, who, having almost finished her first year in high school, was equal to the most critical need, even to that of arousing Francis, when, evidently, he was determined to sleep, at least, until noon, for with a bound, she was up the stairs. Three steps brought her to his bed where she held the glass brimming full of clear, icy water high above his head, waiting a moment in order to give him one last chance to escape retribution. Closely following in her wake, came ten-year old Tam, eager for an opportunity to crow over her brother, and standing in the doorway, with her black, mischievous eyes shining and sparkling full of suppressed merriment, she sung, beginning softly under her breath but steadily increasing the volume,

"Don't worry, keep smiling.

O Fanny, don't worry, keep smiling.

Don't worry, keep smiling."

"Get up, you lazy boy, or I will throw this water on

you. Hurry now. One, two, thr-ee, are you going to come? All right, then, here goes." The water began to drop on Francis' head. Like a turtle in time of danger, he drew it under cover. With a pull and a jerk Sarah had the bedclothes on the floor, exposing unprotected Francis to her merciless torture. Splash came the water on his head and he began to scream lustily.

"Don't worry, keep smiling.

Don't worry, keep smiling,"

sung out tormenting Tam from the door.

"Now are you going to get up, you lazy bones?" demanded Sarah, as she splashed the last water on Francis' neck. "You won't get any breakfast if you don't move faster."

"I won't get up. You can't make me. I won't get up until Tam stops singing that stuff."

"You will, too, young man." Sarah grasped his arm firmly, endeavoring to pull him out forcibly, but Francis was nine and beginning already to learn football. Swiftly out came his foot, finding a point of contact just below her belt. It took her breath but, staggering backwards, she hastily recovered, and went toward him with a look that meant war.

"Say, Sarah, don't worry, keep smiling. You are doing fine. Don't worry, keep smiling." Tam dived back in time to save her head from a pillow that came sailing at her. The stair door opened with a bang.

"What does all this noise mean up there?" came in the stern tones of Mr. Peasley.

"We are trying to get Francis out of bed," answered Tam in saintly accents, then in a triumphant whisper to Francis, she said, "Now, Mr. Fanny, you better hustle, papa is coming."

"Francis, get up at once. Sarah and Tam, come down to breakfast."

Sarah and Tam went down. Francis with one bound landed on the floor and began to dive into

his clothes. Before the door had entirely closed upon the girls, he heard coming up the stairway, gently, softly, hardly audible for justice was near,

"Don't worry, keep smiling,"

in the tantalizing tones of Tam.

When Francis came into the dining room where the rest of the family were finishing their breakfast, he fell into his seat by his mother, defiantly scowling across the table at Tam. Solemnly, Tam stared back, not moving a muscle, trying to decide by what act she could torment him to the greatest degree, and yet save herself. Drawing her attention by kicking her twin sister, Marie, under the table, she whispered something to her. They both suddenly exploded into a series of snorts and giggles, then just as suddenly regained countenance, long and solemn, and stared steadily back at Francis. It had the desired effect, for he slid farther down into his chair scowling blacker and more threateningly with every passing moment. This called Sarah's attention to the fact that Francis was up.

"Mama," exclaimed she, "look at Francis. He hasn't washed yet. If you would only make him do without breakfast once he would quit coming down late. We have to get up and I can't see why he can't."

"Now, Sarah, I guess I can run things here yet a while," returned Mrs. Peasley with dignity. "I have been doing it for something like seventeen years."

"Mama, look at Francis' hands. It makes me sick," and Marie buried her nose in her napkin.

To poor Francis, the round soberness thinly veiling the teasing, glittering exultation of Tam's eyes that unwaveringly regarded him, now from over the top of her glass of milk, now from above her plate as she continued her breakfast, combined with the added insult of Marie, laid the last straw on the load that broke the camel's back, for with an explosion of tears, mingled with disgust, anger, and self-righteous indignation, he blurted out,

"O-o-oh, I won't eat with those girls. They never have to wash. I won't eat if they are going to eat too. Make them quit laughing." He stumbled up from the table as he spoke and flung himself out into the kitchen where he fell sprawling into a chair.

Silently Mr. Peasley had been sitting at the head of the table during this commotion, but now he took matters into his own hands. "Francis," he commanded sternly, "go and wash at once. Then come and eat your breakfast. Girls, attend to your own breakfast and let Francis alone."

"Papa, we weren't doing a thing," whined Tam in injured tones, "we were laughing at a secret. Can't even laugh when he's around."

"Quit your laughing at anything, then. Try and

keep quiet a few minutes. You make more fuss than a whole boarding-school of girls."

In three gulps Tam finished her breakfast, and hurriedly excusing herself, she left the dining room. In a few moments she cried out, "Say, Francis never washed his face at all. He just rubbed his dry hands over it like I used to. Make him wash. I will never eat with him if you don't."

Francis was the baby of the family and Mrs. Peasley had kept him the baby as long as possible. Now she came to his rescue.

"Tam, go and make your beds and don't let me hear another word from you until school time. Here, Francis, let me wash you. Gracious, boy, how can you get so dirty over night? Didn't I tell you to wash before you went to bed?"

"Pooh, mama, you don't suppose he washed clean, do you? Anyway Scrub slept with him last night," came Tam's last killing shot before she ran upstairs.

"Did you leave that dirty dog sleep with you last night," demanded Mrs. Peasley in horror.

"I-I couldn't help it," whimpered Francis, "h-he whined to g-get into b-bed with me, and I had to l-let him. Ouch, you're getting soap in my eyes."

"Well, I will get more in if you don't stop this nonsense. Did't I tell you not to leave that dog sleep with you? On my clean sheet, too! For this you can have only one dish of breakfast food and then you will have to carry in kindling until school time."

"O mama, we are going to play football this morning, and I am captain. Can't I go just this once? They can't play without me," he begged.

"Yes, they can. They had better get a captain that isn't a baby. No, crying won't do you one bit of good. Hurry now and eat and get that kindling in. Be sure to come in and get washed before school time. Do you hear?"

Disconsolately Francis sat down, still angry, to his solitary dish of breakfast food. He finished it silently, tearfully, and departed to carry in the kindling, which was, to his mind, the most severe means of punishment that loving parents could inflict upon obedient children. With a hopeless, plodding diligence, he stumbled back and forth, back and forth, with armful after armful of splinter-clothed sticks, to and from the pile in the back yard and the neat rows in the basement. Scrub, his stub-tailed yellow dog, of many breeds, his chief joy next to football, his sympathetic friend and trusted confidant in every trouble, emotion, and joy of his short life, blessed with sweet sisters and loving parents, Scrub, his *own* dog, unshared by any treacherous partner, came bounding swiftly, like some toy run by uncertain machinery, from around the corner of the house from wallowing in the mud of the street and threw himself joyfully at Francis' face.

"Dear old Scrubbie," he cried, as he and the dog tumbled together in affectionate embrace over the tips of the new grass just peeping above the brown and withered skeletons of last year that had kept them alive through the cold winter. "Dear old Scrubbie, you can go where you want to, and I have to stay here with this old kindling and all because of those girls. Girls are awful things, Scrub. I don't believe they want me around. I believe they would have been glad if I hadn't been born. Mebbe mama and papa would too. They say that when I stay at grandma's there never is any trouble, so I must cause all the trouble then. Scrub, I wish I hadn't been born. I got to stay here and carry in this old kindling and those girls can do just as they please and I didn't have enough breakfast, either. If they hadn't been so mean, I would never got cross this morning and then I could have been playing with the boys. I think it's mean, so I do, Scrub."

Big tears came and rolled over the brim of his eyes, making little white rivers down his grimy cheeks. Scrub affectionately and sympathetically licked them away.

For some time, perched on the back fence had been a grinning urchin eagerly taking in the scene before him. He was not one of Francis' friends but belonged to "the bunch" who were opposed to Francis' being captain of the football team. In silent enjoyment he had been watching Francis and listening to him repeating his troubles to Scrub, and now, too full to longer hold in, he bubbled forth,

"Oh, yes, dear old Scrubbie has a cry-baby for a master. You bet, I knew you was a baby and I told the fellows so, and they are going to appoint me captain of the team, and you can't play any more. We won't have no babies on our team. Don't you wish you wasn't a baby? Don't you wish you wasn't a baby?"

Francis had arisen when he began to speak and stood listening with the tears still upon his face. Shamed at being caught crying to a dog drove his anger to a white heat, made him speechless with rage before his tormenting enemy who knew how to aim his poisoned arrows so they would hit the tenderest spots. When Tom Green paused for breath, Francis retorted with defiance shooting from his eyes,

"I tell you, Tom Green, I don't care what you do with your old team. I wouldn't be in it if you were anyway, and I can get up one that can beat yours until there won't be enough left to see, if I want to. If you don't believe it just come in here and I will prove it to you." He waited for Tom to accept his challenge. "Yes, I knew you was afraid. I knew you wouldn't fight me. You know very well I can knock you out and I will, too, if you come near."

"Huh," bantered Tom from his safe distance at the fence. "I wouldn't fight with a baby, a cry-baby,

that cries for its mama and girl-sisters. Suppose I would dirty my hands fighting with a little baby? I would be afraid I would hurt it."

"You would, would you? Well, let's see," and Francis started for Tom. But Tom dropped safely behind the fence, derisively shouting as he ran across the field,

"See the captain of the imaginary foot-ball team. Don't I wish I was on that team? Well, I guess not."

Down on the ground beside Scrub dropped Francis, sobbing into his willing neck.

"Scrub, nobody loves me. I haven't a single friend. Even the fellows are down on me. I wish I was dead. 'Tain't no fun living this way. I never have a minute's peace but what some of those girls or somebody is bothering me. They don't want me here. The fellows are going after that Tom Green. I wish we could get out of this, and then everyone would be satisfied."

(To Be Continued.)



THOUGHTS ON THE OLD YEAR.

J. C. FLORA.

THE deeds done during the year 1908 are now a part of history. The opportunities which it brought to each of us are past, and those which were unimproved are forever lost. The unkind and harsh words spoken are gone and can never be recalled. However much we may wish to recall them we cannot, but they will go on accomplishing their harmful work and all we can do is to counteract their influence by kind words in the future. The mistakes made during the year cannot be undone now; alas, they are done and we cannot change the record of the past. Our deeds, whatever they may be, good or bad, are written in the great book of time and its lids are forever sealed. We cannot erase one line from its pages.

Then the question for you and me to consider is, "Is my record what it should be?" If not let us strive to make the record for 1909 a better one. Let us not stop and worry over the past, but let's determine to improve every opportunity for doing good during the year that is before us.

While there has been much good done in the past there is much yet to be done. There is much distress among humanity to be relieved. There are many who are suffering for kind words. There are many who are in need of food and clothing. There are yet many places of vice that ought to be destroyed. There are many unhappy homes that could be made happy. There are many of our fellow beings who are in the depths of ignorance and superstition and do not know of the God whom we worship. Truly, there is yet much to be done. Then, forgetting the things that are behind, let us press forward.

Quinter, Kans.

Around the World Without a Cent

Henry M. Spickler

Chapter XLII.

It was a long distance to the big park which I found worthy of my efforts to reach. Great rounding hills or mounds were laid out in symmetrical designs with plants, both new and old to my botanical eye. Flowers, filling big spaces with their rich colors, bloomed without stint under the kind sky that bowed its arch a little lower to kiss them softly as they reddened or purpled or blued each day more deeply, as the hot sun,

of the few remaining volcanoes of the earth. From its summit, or near it, came smoke and fire. During the night, coming into Palermo and again when leaving it, the fire from the summit of Etna could be seen. I had time to make the ascent, but my experience with Vesuvius, under so dangerous and toilsome conditions, had taken away any further desire to get closer to a crater. On my asking some Italians about the volcano, I understood them to say that the fire I had seen had

come from some kind of furnace built in the higher slopes of the mountain. This did not dissuade me, however, from my opinion that the fire I saw was that which old Etna was vomiting up from its thickly-swollen neck.

Overlooking the city and bay, the big park afforded me a choice spot for meditation. There were few visitors in the part where I chose to rest, so I lay back in the swelling arms of the easy bench and threw my arms loosely over the ends, my head resting against a thick-twigged tree as against a pillow. Probably I dozed. How long I did not know, but the movements of some one behind me and the tree awoke me with a start. I knew

instinctively all was not right. And I knew that some one else was the cause of my wrong feeling.

"The face!" I said, hysterically. "It's the face."

But how that freak followed me here and found me I cannot tell. All the way over I looked back and across to see if he followed from the small grove. There was almost no one else on the streets I used in coming here, for I was in the residence portion of the town, and these dwellers stay in usually through the heat of the day. This is the latter part of August.

I was afraid to look around. I was afraid to get up. So I closed my eyes again and tried to make myself



"The hearse was covered with massive wreaths of flowers."

tempered by the mountain breeze, nursed them rapidly from small to larger size. I will give no names. A girl could do that, but this boy, never. I saw a big bed of light blue blossoms on stems or bushes about six inches high. It was one great mass of faded blue, the odor from the flowers as rare as the variety. My! how I breathed in that fragrance, there all alone at that bluish bed of unknown flowers. Large-leaved shrubs and strange palm trees, more shrub than tree, grew as if by accident in just the right place to add beauty and fitness to the park.

On a higher hill I could see the towering Etna, one

believe I had heard nothing. Then the tree itself began to quiver. Or was it my body that was shaking. No, it was the tree, which now began to shake with decided movement. With positive assurance I now knew that the strange face with the weird expression of sinister motive was behind that tree and was right now, bending his body and craning his neck so as to catch sight of me.

At once I arose, turned around and looked straight for the "face." Imagine the intensity of my pleased surprise to see standing there, with little arm raised about to throw a big red rose at me, a pretty little girl with a silk parasol that lay gracefully on her left shoulder in the other hand.

But I was not mistaken, I knew the face was back there, too. So I started down the little circling pebble path, and came up to the little one.

Behind the tree, on the other side, now, stood the self-same man with long lank face and coarse features and yellowish white skin, his black eyes rolling about beneath that peculiarly wide brow, his hat too small for so big a head, propped on one side by tangled masses of black hair.

I was too nervous to enjoy patting the soft, chubby hands of the dear child whom I would like to meet some day when her cultured mother is about ready to give her away.

I left the park without speaking to the man and wondered why I had done so.

At twelve, noon, the boat was to sail on the following day. Perhaps by that time I would have a better chance to meet the "face" face to face.

The next morning a funeral procession passed the hotel on its way to the cemetery. It was the most attractive and yet sensible I have seen in the distant lands. The black horses, drawing the hearse that resembled one of our own, were decorated with gay harness and the hearse was covered with massive wreaths of flowers, chiefly roses. Behind the hearse walked the friends or members of the order or church to which the deceased belonged.

I promised to tell the cause of the one trouble that Sicily suffers and keeps her from being an Eden. It is in Italian,—*diboscamento*, which means, deforesting, or wanton destruction of the forests and trees on a large scale. This is the great fault to be found with Sicily. She has allowed her timber to be cut down without having trees planted in its stead. It is one great bleak, bare landscape one sees at the points at which I touched. I have read that the interior is as

bad. With soil adapted to the growing of trees, with an eternal climate where the tree never halts its growth for six or seven months, as with us, with rainfall that would water them often if they were growing, the island could have been one splendid park that would attract thousands of tourists, leave money with her people and make for them a much more delightful life. The trees all taken away, the rain, too, passes by Sicily. For there are no condensers and rain producers like trees. These, retaining moisture, invite the summer showers.

But Sicily cared only for the present wealth. She allowed her few capitalists to rob her of her greatest natural asset. Now all the people—the masses especially—must suffer for an age or for ages, the wanton greed of a few. The rich man of Sicily can build a



"I stopped two boys with big baskets of the juiciest and most delicious of ripe figs."

palace and transplant trees and keep running the fountains to water his artificial grounds.

But he who holds the clouds in his hands would give the poorest owner of a parcel of land a fountain every week from the clouds above. Breaking his laws in haste to get riches, our own America, just like Sicily, is threatened with absolute deforesting. Not only are the half-grown trees cut down, but the billions and billions of feet of slab timber refused by the trust, lie and rot or furnish fuel for the great forest fires that each autumn destroy whole counties and drive hundreds of families into the cold or take the lives of helpless people.

Like the tobacco in the South, which is burned in order to increase the price, lumber kings care not how little they leave standing to grow up after them for the enrichment of other investors or for the comfort

of the humble people who need it, if only they themselves may filch from the land the cream of her output and retire with wealth untold. To burn *some* of the tobacco is good. To burn all of it, would be better. But to burn the green lumber, and to wantonly give it away to these unrighteous grafters and then be compelled to buy it back again at a fabulous price to replace the homes they are the cause of burning, is too much like turning the command of our Savior, "Be wise as serpents and harmless as doves," about, and have it read, "Be wise as doves and as harmless as serpents."

Diboscamento is the crime of the Sicilian. *Diboscamento*,—deforesting, is the present crime, or one of them, of the United States. *Diboscamento!* No rainfall. *Diboscamento!* No crops. *Diboscamento!* No lakes or brooks or ponds, no flowers, no fruit. Cold winters and hot summers. Poor people and rich lords. A great big country and nothing in it.

There should be planted along every roadway, on both sides of roads running north and south, and on the south side of those running east and west, fruit and ornamental trees. I would suggest that every other tree be a fruit tree, apple, plum or cherry. Fruit is essential to the highest health. It should be as plentiful as grain. The average family only tastes fruit as a delicacy. The best-ruled homes have it on the table in some form for every meal, breakfast, dinner and supper. The juices of fruit, either green or canned, kill the disease microbe of most diseases. The greatest amount of sickness and the biggest number of fatalities are in the late spring months, the months when little or no green fruit and but little canned fruit is used by many people.

I hope that some Lincoln will arise to give freedom, not to blacks, but to trees, and to cause to be planted along our public roads all kinds of ornamental and fruit-bearing trees. The fruit could be eaten by passers-by and gathered for shipment to the city. Against the argument that it would not pay to ship fruit if it were so plentiful and if its growth were costing the grower so little, I have estimated that contrary to this supposition of no good market, there would be so much more general demand and constant use for fruit as to keep the price, while low, at such a figure as to make shipments more profitable than today with high prices. Men would make a business of gathering, storing, preserving and shipping this public-road fruit. Special cars would haul it to market, special tradesmen would handle it. They would handle great quantities of it, so great that a profit of one cent a bushel would mean a good living for them. As it is now, the dealer must realize ten to fifty cents a bushel or one to five cents a quart box.

The ornamental trees could be of elm, oak, chestnut, walnut, hickory nut, hard and soft maple, catalpa,

poplar and others, so that thousands of acres of the richest land of the country might be bearing a crop of rain makers for the farmer's crops, and at the same time, producing riches in fruits, nuts and shade, as well as adding untold beauty to the landscape, and offering genial shade in summer for tired horses and warm drivers, and in winter breaking the wind and modifying the cold. The little care they would take after setting out is not sufficient to be offered as an argument against the scheme. The government herself should undertake to have this done.

The boat was to leave at noon. I took my lunch a little early and while eating at the hotel I glanced out toward the back yard. There was the same white-yellowish face. "Who is that?" I asked the waiter as I left the dining hall.

"Oh!" said he, laughing, "that fellow is a half-witted beggar that 'spots' tourists for some money. He follows them everywhere and is quite harmless." And he laughed.

I was glad to know he was only a half-witted beggar, for I neither believe in spooks nor am influenced, one way or another, by queer coincidences or antics of strangers.

Hurrying towards the boat I stopped two boys with big baskets of the juiciest and most delicious of ripe figs that had just been pulled from the trees that grew out of the lava slopes of proud Mt. Etna.

The price was low and I bought a big sackful for a few cents so as to have them while sailing. All I had to do was to carry them on to the boat as I walked out on the giant wall of stone and up the broad gang-plank, where I deposited them by my wheel and baggage on deck.

Ten minutes later our boat, the dear old *Letimbro*, was doing her best knots toward Crete. I laughed many times at the "face" and felt so sorry for his awful existence.

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SONNET TO JANUARY.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Cold January! bleak month of the year!
The month which two-faced Janus claimed his own,
To backward look o'er passing year, just flown,
And forward gaze into the one now here.
For thee, unknown, new year, we hope and fear,
We know not yet for what thy course is sown,
Not whether good or evil fruit, be grown.
And in thy winds, we know not what we hear,
Yet, hear and feel thy piercing, north winds blow.
The children all are filled with wild delight,
When thy lips kiss and turn the rain to snow,
And they arise to find earth dressed in white.
To don thy bridal robe the wind did blow
The fleecy snowflakes down to earth all night.
Moorestown, N. J.

PASSING OF A UNIQUE CRAFT

JOHN S. FERNALD

IN no line of human industry is the march of modern progress more noticeable than in the business of those who "go down to the sea in ships." Within the memory of the present generation many models, rigs, methods and appliances of the seafaring life have passed into oblivion, and many others are rapidly passing. While the general change from sail to steam as a motive power is read and known of all men, there are many specific changes that are not generally known, but which possess more than ordinary interest.

The sailing vessel, while being crowded out of

the pinky. On account of her peculiar build the pinky was always in a class by herself, and now as her numbers become few she attracts attention even among seafaring men wherever she appears. The pinky, instead of having a stern square or nearly so is even sharper aft than forward. She has no "transoms," the timbers on which the square or curved stern of others vessels is built, but the out-board planking is fastened directly to the sternpost from keel to deck. This makes the stern pointed, and the appearance is accentuated by the rail, which is extended aft and turned sharply upward beyond



Pinky Maine.

many lines by steam-propelled craft, is still largely in evidence, and will continue to be so for many years to come. She can no more be wholly superseded by her powerful rival than the horse can be exterminated by the trolley car and the automobile. The sailing vessel and the horse have uses for which they will be in demand as long as man shall have dominion over the earth. But in the construction and handling of vessels improvement is the order of the day; or rather improvement along some lines, but at the expense of some good, reliable, old-fashioned qualities.

Prominent among the types of vessels once numerous on the Atlantic Ocean, but now rapidly approaching extinction, is the little fishing vessel known as

the sternpost, leaving a double triangular opening through which the rudder head comes above the deck. This permits of the rudder being hung wholly outside the hull, and does away with much calking needed where the rudder passes through the hull. The apex of the extended rail, or "pink," as it is called, is finished with a rest in which the main boom rests when the sail is furled. The bows are full and the stern pointed, the widest part of the vessel being abreast the foremast, which stands somewhat nearer the bow than in ordinary schooners. The pinky is narrower and deeper in proportion to her length than ordinary vessels, as will be seen by a comparison of the principal dimensions in feet and tenths, of two Maine vessels, each a fair type of her class:

Vessel.	Length.	Breadth.	Depth.
Pinky Maine,	46.4	13.6	6.6
Schooner Mary Eliza,	46.0	17.5	4.6

These dimensions are from the U. S. Government's list of merchant vessels, and the measurements are taken inside the hold. The Maine, with a registered depth of 6.6 feet, "draws" 9 feet of water, requiring the same depth of channel in which to float as the 2,000-ton passenger steamers plying along the New England coast.

But in her day and generation the pinky was deservedly popular with fishermen, being staunch and serviceable, and a great carrier in proportion to her tonnage. What she lacked in speed she made up in seagoing qualities, and often made quicker trips

than her more pretentious rivals on account of her ability to face weather conditions that others dare not.



MINNESOTA'S SOLUTION OF CONGESTION IN CITIES.

FOR a large city, St. Paul, Minn., is singularly free from congested districts of poor people. With the exception of the requirements for the satisfaction of that never-ending string of cases of temporary poverty, there is no large need in this city for the comprehensive organization found necessary in other cities. The secret of this beneficent state of affairs is found, probably, in the prosperous condition of the farming regions and the coöperation in a financial and social way of the people of the small towns. Thus, without knowing it, Minnesota has solved the problem of dependence in large cities and has attained that for which New York has been seeking in a blind way for half a century.

At the twenty-fifth anniversary of the founding of the Charity Organization Society of New York, the best organized charitable institution in the country, Mrs. Florence Kelly, a veteran in settlement and charity work, ruthlessly broke away from the verbal condiments in which other speakers indulged, and told the society that it had been spending its energy attempting to stem the tide with a broom. She declared that there is relatively more poverty, more dependence, and more crowding in New York now than a quarter of a century ago. The congested districts are not only larger but more densely populated. She said that the effort of the society should be directed primarily at the country, and while the city relief should be continued, the attention of the workers should be devoted to making life in the country more enjoyable in order that those now there should remain and others be attracted away from the city.

Expanding this idea in the *New York Independent*, N. O. Nelson of St. Louis suggests that charity workers take up their residence in the country and help organize social activities to make life so attractive as to overcome the appeal of the cash wages in the city. This has been accomplished in large part in Minnesota by the natural incentive of the residents of the farming districts. The development of the dairying industry and the erection of coöperative creameries has been a large factor in this sociological movement. The dairying business has raised farmers from the rank of mortgagors to that of bank depositors. Diversity of employment has been introduced by the creameries and has had not a little to do with compelling an inhibition of the tendency to seek vague fortunes in a different environment. Another force for good in holding young people to the farm, where, in general, their greatest happiness lies, is the union of school districts, and the formation of a social and

intellectual center about the village school. Lewiston, Winona County, has progressed farther in this line than any other town. Four school districts were amalgamated and the pupils are transported from their homes to the school, where a larger building and better instruction are possible. The development of a library, musical and intellectual entertainments follow in time, and there is something besides the monotonous drudgery of farm work for the young people.

Minnesota people are thus teaching themselves what Mr. Nelson would have the trained workers of the Charity Organization Society teach the people of the Eastern States. The enlarged financial advantages derived from improved methods of agriculture, with the concomitant of better means of communication and the development of that stimulus of the mind which springs from mutual pleasures, promise to prove sufficient to keep the young people of Minnesota at their homes on farms and in villages, until the city calls directly for their services.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press*.



JAPAN'S GREAT SEA WEALTH.

OWING to its geographical position, the direction of the ocean currents in its vicinity, and the numerous and well-protected harbors along the various coasts of Japan, it is not surprising that a large number of the population, almost 10 per cent, say 5,000,000, are actively engaged in or depending on the ocean for a livelihood, and that the value of the fish and other aquatic animals and marine products annually taken from the sea amounts to over \$50,000,000.

E. J. King, United States consular agent at Hakodate, writes that after the introduction of steam vessels and the consequent improvements in communication and a constantly growing demand from abroad for Japanese fishery products, it was but natural that the industry should rapidly increase; in fact, the value of the fishery products during the past ten years has nearly doubled. The government realizes the importance of the industry and is doing everything possible to improve the condition of the people engaged therein.

The bulk of the industry, however, is carried on in native-built boats, and the number of these is enormous. According to the latest statistics available, those for 1906, there were actively employed during that year 295,004 boats under eighteen feet in length, 106,803 boats from eighteen to thirty feet in length, and 24,622 boats over thirty feet in length. During the same year there were employed seventy-four steamers, ten of which were newly constructed, and 559 foreign style sailing vessels, of which eighty-three were newly constructed.

The statistics give the number of vessels lost,

wrecked and missing during the year at 949, and the number of lives lost at 1,230. These latter figures may cause surprise, but to anyone living in Japan and knowing the frail nature of many of the fishing boats, and also taking into consideration the number of people engaged in the industry, together with the frequent reports of where fleets have been overtaken by sudden storms, it is astonishing that the loss of life should be as small as given in the government statistics.—*New York Post*.



CURIOSITIES IN SHOES.

THERE is no article of dress in which more striking changes have been made in various ages than the covering of the feet. For a long time boots and shoes seemed to be the special field in which the whims of fashion manifested themselves. Coverings for feet must have been among the earliest articles of dress.

The primitive form of foot covering was the sandal, which was simply a flat sole under the foot and secured to it by a thong. These were made of a great variety of materials. The Egyptians used palm leaves and leather, while the Hebrews preferred linen or even wood. Some didn't make any objection to brass and iron, and a few who could afford it took gold and employed it in making sandals.

Like the sandal, the shoe grew out of physical conditions, the fundamental purpose of it being protection for the whole foot. Among the early Greeks and Romans shoes were not common, but the wearing of them once established an endless variety arose—law and fashion dictating special styles and finish for the several social ranks and classes.

A single hide, slit and looped into a purse-like pouch by a thong run through it, seems to have been the primitive form of the shoe in Great Britain.

Boots and shoes became common in Europe between the ninth and sixteenth centuries, and the fantastic forms which they assumed and the laws in restraint of them, show the prominent place they had come to occupy in the wardrobe and fashions of the day.

Among the shoes that were worn in the past an interesting specimen is the knightly footgear. This helped men fight when fighting was uppermost in the men's minds. It reached its most frightful form in the middle half of the fourteenth century, and the long horn on the shoes served men as spurs served fighting cocks. They were given a keen point, and if it came into contact with the body of an antagonist it had the same effect as a spear.

These battlepieces did as much to frighten away the enemy as they did to destroy him and, since in war as in peace prevention is better than cure, the shoe of the fourteenth century played an important part in history and warfare.

The shoes worn by the original inhabitants of the British Isles are said to have been made of raw cowhide, having the hair turned outward and coming up as high as the ankles.

The Germans wore a shoe made like that of the Saxons, open over the instep to the toe, and both these people as well as the French ornamented their shoes with studs.

From these old styles, long since neglected, in many instances long since forgotten, have modern shoemakers drawn their models.

With us, of the civilized world, shoes have taken on a mighty progress in the way of making them, but in their shapes, for the shapes ever touch on some original style, and the original style was introduced in the days when ancient history was being made.

In many parts of the world no progress has been made. Today men and women are wearing shoes as the ancients wore them, and doing no more to become progressive in the art.

In India the lower classes are wearing probably the oddest shoe in the world, being a flat block with a large knob, which slips between the first and second toes. They are so skilled in wearing these that they are able to keep them on and walk or run with great speed.

Although the poorer classes in Japan and China still wear the sandal and clog, among the wealthier and aristocratic people of the two countries shoes are preferred. These are being imported mostly from the United States.

In many parts of France wooden shoes are still worn. In France may be seen many outdoor shoe factories. These Breton peasants work all day in the forests on heavy wooden sabots, the men doing the heavier part of the work while the finishing touches are placed on by the women.

There are many relics to tell the history of the shoe and boot. Many men and women have collections, some of them worth fortunes, showing what kind of footwear our ancestors were supplied with. And all through these specimens is evident the one fact that the people of modern times have done little, if anything to speak of, in the way of introducing new fads in the shoe market.

The clogs that the Indians wear today were worn centuries ago. The Chinese and Japanese have worn sandals for hundreds of years; ladies wore what are now known as French heel slippers, a few centuries back; gentleman of the old world wore pumps in 1800, and long before Mary, Queen of Scots, wore a slipper that corresponds exactly to the house slipper worn by women today, and sold in any shoe house today; the sandals worn by children are patterned exactly after those worn by Greek and Roman and Gaul away back when they were shedding blood and making history at a terrific rate.—*Exchange*.

Nature Studies



THE WORLD OF NATURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Do the Bible and Science Agree?

How often do we hear the infidel base his argument against the verity of the Bible on the apparent discord between it and the revealed truths of science.

Like their great teacher, Tom Paine, they want to find a reason for all things and when they cannot reason it out discard it as untrue.

To all such say, "If you are an earnest seeker after truth, read the book of nature." God's laws never change, and nature is only the visible operation of those laws.

A fact is incontrovertible. It does not admit of argument. Our knowledge does not change the relation of the fact to us, only our relation to it. For illustration, it is a fact that fire will burn even though the child is not aware of the truth.

The relation of the fire has not been changed, but the child learns to avoid the fire because of the change of his relation to it.

However much we may believe or disbelieve a fact, our opinion does not change the truth.

Galileo was compelled to brand as heresy his belief that the world revolves around the sun. At the same moment the cardinals were demanding his recantation they were whirling through space in obedience to nature's laws.

"And Nature, the old nurse, took
The child upon her knee,
And said 'Here is a story book
Thy Father hath written for thee.'"

The book of nature points to, but does not go back to, the beginning. Just as the human race had a history before the invention of writing, so also nature was at work before any records in her book were made.

When man attempts to track nature to her lair he is met by the question, "Where wast thou when I laid the foundation of the earth?" (Job. 38: 4.) "Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born? or because the number of thy days is great?" (Job. 38: 21.)

As God said to the sea in the æons long past, thus says he today to man, "Hitherto shalt thou come but no further." (Job 38: 11.)

But back in the dim ages of the past there was a

man, not a philosopher, not a poet, not a dreamer, but a meek shepherd who had a power of vision beyond the ken of common mortals that he was able to look into the future and tell what is to be; and to read the story of the past and tell what has been.

"In the beginning God created heaven and earth." In the description following this statement he relates facts that men have recently proven from the great book of nature.

The claim is often made that the Bible is untrue because the time assigned to the creation is too small. Let us see. First, the Bible is not intended to be a textbook on science, and the account of the creation is only introductory history.

"In the beginning the earth was without form and void." This condition coincides with the azoic period during which geology teaches the earth to have been destitute of organic life.

During this period light appeared. What light? We do not know, but it certainly was not the sun for it was not created till later. What furnished the light of those sunless days?

The old philosophers sought an answer to the question of the origin of the earth. Aristotle said it was eternal; Plato said it had a mother; Moses simply says it was the production of one God and that he did it in six days.

What does this mean? The word in the original which was translated "day" means a distinct period of time, but not necessarily what we call a day.

God is unchangeable and so are his laws. The very laws that are in operation in the natural world today have been in force from the beginning. Today they are *changing* the earth; then they were *forming* it. Slowly, yea, exceeding slowly, these forces have been and are yet at work.

Water has been one of the chief agents of nature. Bare, grim, and uninviting the first rocks rose above the primeval sea to be slowly ground down and spread over the ocean's bed. Settling in layers it entombed all life that chanced to be borne to it and preserved it not only for *us* but perhaps many ages hence.

That huge monster picture in the INGLENOOK some time ago was taken from the stratum formed by the age in which he lived.

Along with him were buried other forms both animal and vegetable and from their preserved forms we may learn the story of his time.

And what a tale he tells! He tells of animals so monstrous that our largest living species are small and insignificant in comparison. He tells of continents and seas, of rivers and lakes, of plants and animals as they appeared upon that ancient earth.

Here may be read the history of life as it was in the ages long gone. If we read it not, the fault is in the *reader* and not in the *record*.

Today nature is at work just the same as in the past, and the forms she is now interring may be exhumed in some future age to convince some doubter of that day.

We need not tax credulity. We need not think of a Creator who fashioned a work and then abandoned it forever. Let us judge what was done in the past by what is being done today.

Moses merely gives us an account of the laying of the cornerstone of this mighty geological structure, and of some of the succeeding stories. Today we are erecting the top story on which, perhaps, other ages will build, adding not to the glory of the creator, but to the glory of his work.

When you read this do not say, "That cannot be, for my Bible says the world was created in six days of twenty-four hours each." "Let God be true, though every man a liar."

Friend, the trouble is not in the record. "Thou hast not read thy Bible aright."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



PETTING A HORSE.

"NOT many people know how to pet a horse, from the horse's standpoint, at any rate," said a trainer. "Every nice-looking horse comes in for a good deal of petting. Hitch a fine horse close to the curb and you'll find that half the men, women and children who go by will stop for a minute, say 'Nice horsy,' and give him an affectionate pat or two.

"The trouble is they don't pat him in the right place. If you want to make a horse think he is going straight to heaven hitched to a New York cab or delivery wagon, rub over his eyes. Next to that form of endearment a horse likes to be rubbed right up between the ears. In petting horses most people slight those nerve centers. They stroke the horse's nose. While a well behaved horse will accept the nasal caress complacently, he would much prefer that nice, soothing touch applied to the eyelids. Once in a while a person comes along who really does know how to pet a horse. Nine times out of ten that man was brought up in the country among horses and learned when a boy their peculiar ways."—*New York Globe*.

HIRAM POWERS, THE GREAT AMERICAN SCULPTOR.

"I HAD [at Florence] one memorable conversation with the distinguished American sculptor, Hiram Powers, in which he expressed his firm conviction that *the great need of our country was more education of the heart*.

"*'Educate the hearts of the people,'* said he.

"*'Give in your schools rewards to the good boys, not to the smart ones.*

"*'God gives the intellect—the boy should not be rewarded for that.*

"*'The great danger of our country is from its smart men. Educate the heart. Educate the heart. Let us have good men.'*

"These were the words of that old man eloquent, with an eye like an eagle's and a face full of sunshine." —*Our Dumb Animals*.



BIRDS AND THEIR FOOD.

CHIPPING and song sparrow: Injurious insects in summer; seeds of noxious weeds in spring and fall.

Rose-crested grosbeak: Colorado potato beetle and other injurious insects.

House wren: Beetles, grasshoppers, bugs, caterpillars and spiders form its entire food.

Chickadee: Minute insects (bark lice) and insect eggs.

Robin: Beetles, grasshoppers, caterpillars, and wild fruit.

Bluebird: About twenty-five per cent grasshoppers, with many caterpillars and spiders. —*Exchange*.



"ABOUT 2,500 acres have been planted to forest crops in the six New England States this year by *private citizens*. This has been done on abandoned farms, which still comprise 10 per cent of the total area of Massachusetts, while even little Rhode Island has 228 abandoned farms. One owner in Massachusetts, who started a white pine plantation of 65 acres this year, expects to plant 50 acres annually for the next ten years. White pine is, of course, the species most generally planted, but other species which are being used more and more are Norway spruce, for timber and pulpwood; chestnut, for telegraph poles, posts, ties, and lumber; red oak, for piles and ties; black locust, for fence posts; and sugar maple for a variety of products."



IF I had my way I would build at least one warship less a year and with the five million dollars saved I would establish one thousand schools of agriculture.—*James J. Hill*.

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THE GREAT LEVELER.

WITH all our endeavors, through government action and society's efforts, to bring people on a common level, recognizing no distinction but that of goodness, we have accomplished little. Evidently we have not gone about the task in the right way,—have not used the right means or argument,—for it has been proven again and again that people *can* be brought together on the same plane. As proof that cannot be controverted we point to the scenes that are now being enacted in Southern Italy in the relief work for the earthquake victims.

From the first the King and Queen of Italy have taken an active part in the rescue work. "The Queen attended to hundreds of wounded on one of the battle ships and assisted one of the royal doctors in performing a number of operations. Her majesty was assisted in her labors by women and girls of the people who had escaped." Many women of the aristocracy, following the Queen's example, have become nurses. Fifteen hundred wounded from Messina and Reggio, upon their arrival in Rome, were taken to the hospital belonging to the Vatican. The Pope, in his desire to bring consolation to these sufferers, entered the hospital which stands on Italian ground, beyond the area which, under the law, is considered papal territory.

And so the great leveler, distress, has gone on, breaking down walls before which governments have stood powerless. The cry of suffering has found its way into hearts that were adamant to the appeals of reason. Lily-handed aristocrat and horny-handed toiler work side by side to relieve the distress of their brother, and the flimsy, unreasonable distinctions of class are reckoned at their true value, which is zero, while the lives of all are broadened and deepened as they grasp, with some degree of understanding, the idea of the universal brotherhood of man.

But cannot these noble heights be gained except at this awful cost? We do not know. We know that their attainment is of the greatest importance to us, and we know that anything of great worth is secured only at great cost. The kingdom of God must be established. And if the principles of this kingdom do not find their way into the hearts and lives of the people as quickly as they should through the peaceable and quiet agents set to work by the Son, then it may be necessary to let the forces of nature help.

And, too, our puny minds cannot reckon the real effect of a disaster such as the recent earthquake. Perhaps the good will largely predominate. Perhaps it will have no appreciable influence one way or another. We know that to the compassionate One who looks out upon this little sphere from the throne of eternity it can hardly be a matter of the greatest importance if our little houses crumble down and our existence here is cut short by a few moments of time. Perhaps the most important thing to him in the disaster, and surely the most important to us, is how we are taking it to heart, to what extent it has awakened the fraternal feeling and how far it will go toward helping us to "watch"!



SOLVING THE INDUSTRIAL PROBLEM.

LONG years ago, before the time of inventions and modern improvements, the capitalist was the laborer and the laborer the capitalist. But with the coming of inventions and close competition a new order arose. The laborer was not always able to own his tools and material and so the man with money supplied them and bought the laborer's time. And so came about our present system,—the source of the discontent and complaints in the working world today.

While there are very few laborers that would want to go back to the "good old times," they are clearly justified in believing that there is a better way than the present one. The better way, however, must be just and fair to both sides—a point the labor organizations, following the capitalists' example, have been slow to concede. But the way is sure to be found, since it is being sought so earnestly by many fair-minded men of both classes.

Reason, backed by a few successful experiments, argues that the profit-sharing idea must enter largely into the plan that is to bring peace between labor and capitalist and prosperity to both alike. Andrew Carnegie, the great capitalist, believes that the labor problem is to be solved in this way. He writes on the subject in the January number of *World's Work*, and what he says is of such unusual and general interest that we quote several paragraphs from the article.

"In the future labor is to rise still higher. The joint stock form opens the door to the participation of labor as shareholder in every branch of business.

In this, the writer believes, lies the final and enduring solution of the labor question. Nothing can stand against the direct management of owners. We are only pioneers whose duty is to start the movement, leaving to our successors its full and free development as human society advances.

"Just as the mechanical world has changed and improved, so the world of labor has advanced from the slavery of the laborer to the day of his absolute independence and now to this day, when he begins to take his proper place as the capitalist-partner of his employer. We may look forward with hope to the day when it shall be the rule for the workman to be partner with capital, the man of affairs giving his business experience, the workingman in the mill his mechanical skill, to the company, both owners of the shares and so far equally interested in the success of their joint efforts, each indispensable, so that without their coöperation success would be impossible.

"The huge combination, and even the moderate corporation, has no chance in competition with the partnership which embraces the principal officials and has adopted the system of payment by bonus or reward throughout its work. The latter may be relied upon, as a rule, to earn handsome dividends in times of depression, during which the former, conducted upon the old plan, will incur actual loss and perhaps land in financial embarrassment."

In proof of this statement he points to the Filene stores of Boston which, he says, "has gone farthest of all in the direction of making its employes shareholders. The establishment employs seven to nine hundred men, the capital stock is held only by employes, and is returned to the corporation at its value should the employe leave the service. Every share of stock belongs to some one working in the stores. The most important advance, is that all questions are submitted to arbitration, not only complaints or disputes, but wages, scope of work and tenure of employment. More than four hundred cases of arbitration have arisen, and the result is that both managers and employes have been satisfied that this is the true plan. When an employe is discharged he has the right to appeal to an arbitration board composed of fellow employes of different grades."

Concluding, Mr. Carnegie says: "Whether the communist's ideal is to be finally reached upon earth, after man is so changed that self-interest, which is now the mainspring of human action, will give place to heavenly neighbor interest, cannot be known. The future has not been revealed. He who says yes, and he who says no, are equally foolhardy. Neither knows, therefore neither should presume to consider, much less to legislate in their day, for a future they can know nothing of. The writer, however, believes one point to be clear—namely, that the next step toward improved labor conditions is through the stage

of shareholding in the industrial world, the workman becoming joint owner in the profits of the labor. Payment to slaves and serfs by providing shelter and food and clothing for them, then by orders on the stores for articles up to payment by cash to independent workmen today, each a great step forward, have all been tried, and now the coming day dawns when payment is to be made wholly or in part by profit-sharing, the workman having the status of the share-owning official and a voice in management as joint owner. He will be guaranteed a minimum wage, when finally paid by profits entirely, to keep his mind easy and free for his work, the proper support of himself and his family being thus insured."

There will no doubt be many difficulties to overcome and many blunders made in trying to find the best plan by which this principle may be carried out, but we believe that it points to a fair settlement of the question. However there can be no satisfactory solution of this or any other problem in the social or business world until men have a greater experimental knowledge of the golden rule than they appear to have now. Justice in full measure will bring us no real enjoyment until we know that it is accorded to our fellowman in the same degree.



JUST FOR A LITTLE WHILE.

I'd like to be a boy again,
Just for a day or two.
I'd like to roam through the old home ways,
Just as I used to do.
Over the hills and far away,
Wandering mile on mile,
'Neath a sky as blue as it use to be—
Just for a little while.

I'd like to mingle with chums of old,
Just for a day or two.
Whistling the hours of day away,
Just as I used to do.
Over the fields and through the lane,
Down to the old, worn stile,
Hearing the "Whip-poor-Will's" shrill cry,
Just for a little while.

I'd like to fish in the clear, cold creek,
Just for a day or two.
Watching the cork as it sinks from sight,
Just as I used to do.
Over the bridge and through the woods,
Marching in single file,
Searching with chums for big nut trees,
Just for a little while.

I'd like to rest 'neath the old home roof,
Just for a day or two.
Dreaming dreams of the days to come,
Just as I used to do.
Over the ashes of yesterdays,
Sitting I dream and smile;
Wishing that time would take me back,
Just for a little while.

—The Commoner.



The Home World

THE BOY PROBLEM

CLARA NORTH RULEY

EVERY mother who has brought children into the world is confronted with two problems that will take a lifetime to solve. The "boy" problem and the "girl" problem. They cannot be evaded. We are responsible for their existence and therefore the world looks to us for their solution.

The boy if taken rightly is a most amenable being. He reasons instinctively. It is a part of his faculties, this reasoning power, and in that power we mothers have a strong ally. Besides that, if he is at all the right sort of a boy he possesses chivalry. In its crudest form no doubt and not always in evidence, but it is there nevertheless, and can be found and developed if looked for.

From their earliest years boys should be taught to be thoughtful of their mothers and sisters. It is indeed an unfortunate boy who has no sister. He should wait on them in ways that only boys know and should protect them because they belong to the weaker sex. The boy who sees the woodbox is always full, who dusts the rugs, moves the furniture on sweeping days and does all this with a cheerful willingness has already spelled the word "success." For such boys are in demand the world over. They are the ones in after life who always can find a "job."

Teach a boy to be "square." The golden rule invariably appeals to his sense of justice. "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you," makes for them a condition of things in which no one loses out. A boy I once knew had shirked his work in the garden and his mother wished him to do it over. The youngster dominated for the moment by an evil spirit, objected to what, down in his heart, he knew to be just, but the mother conquered him after this manner: "My boy, last week when I made your shirt waist I made the sleeves wrong. I did my best, but I didn't know how boys had their cuffs made nowadays and they did not suit you. So I changed them. It took the better part of an afternoon but I counted

it a little thing to do for you. It was my duty to please you in the matter of shirt sleeves as it is your duty to please me in the matter of hoeing the garden."

After a moment's struggle the boy's face cleared and he made for the garden with such industry that when night came there was not a weed in evidence worth speaking of.

Mothers should never demand impossibilities but then they should insist on the fulfillment of what they do demand. That makes one's word good at all times. Not long since I heard a loving mother tell her small son, who was a degree too insistent about a matter, and so had gotten on his mother's nerves, that she would throw him down the stairs if he didn't keep still. He knew she would not keep her word and she knew it perhaps better than he did. As his demands kept up, she finally told him that when he awakened in the morning he wouldn't have any mama, she was going away and never come back. He replied carelessly, "Oh, you'll come back all right." It is perhaps unnecessary to add that he got what he wanted, which was not at all good for him.

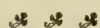
As we care for our sons in their infancy, we look into the dim future and we always see them as good men. But, alas, some mothers' sons fail to come up to the standard. Witness our crowded jails and almshouses. Something brought those poor unfortunates to such a state, and sorrowful indeed is the mother who must admit in her heart that her selfish, injudicious affection has been the means of making a failure for the one for whom she most coveted success.

When a boy begins to earn anything he should be made to have certain responsibilities in the spending of it. If he is earning a regular amount each week of any reasonable size he should pay board. Not so much, perhaps, for what the money will actually buy but so he will know that it takes something to live. That boy makes the poorest sort of a husband who has boarded at home and has never realized that

food costs money. It is his type who develops into the carping, fault-finding man who can't understand "how it takes so much for two to live when I always was able to have plenty of spending money before I married." Of course he did because his poor old father fed him and his mother washed and mended for him, so he was utterly without responsibility.

Nearly all boys have a period of deep religious feeling in their early youth and after that in a majority of cases comes a reaction. It is then our son needs all the reason, all the chivalry his early years of training have given him if he becomes a man in the truest sense of the word, for it is there his greatest danger lies. He is getting out from under our care as he must of necessity some day. In other words, he is learning to stand alone in this big universe and we cannot help him except as we have prepared him in earlier years. Then later, religion comes to mean much to him, a veritable wall to protect him from the assaults of the enemy.

There comes a time all mothers dread. The time when our boys are attracted by the opposite sex. Well it is for them, then, if they have lived lives of reason and sanity, for their future as well as others', may be made or marred by their course. The golden rule, changed to fit the case, is perhaps the best guide at this crucial time, "Treat all girls as you would have the other fellows treat your sister." This is truly an infallible test, and the boy who conscientiously follows this rule has become a man indeed.



YOUR MOTHER.

THE average boy is devoted to his mother, but at the same time careless with respect to her wish. He does not realize just how much she means to him because she is always on hand to help in every duty and difficulty. Now and then he wakes up to see just how much she means to him. Sometimes this awakening is too late—when she is gone out of his presence into the night of death. How much she meant to him is well brought out in the following poem, copied from the *Toronto Globe*. It is called "Left Alone":

It's the loneliest house you ever saw,
This big gray house where I stay—
I don't call it livin', at all, at all,
Since my mother went away.

Four long weeks ago, an' it seems a year;
"Gone home," so the preacher said—
An' I ache in my breast with wantin' her,
An' my eyes are always red.

I stay out of doors till I'm almost froze,
'Cause every corner an' room
Seems empty enough to frighten a boy,
An' filled to the doors with gloom.

I hate them to call me in to my meals;
Sometimes I think I can't bear
To swallow a mouthful of anythin'
And her not sitting up there

A-pourin' the tea, an' passin' the things,
An' laughin' to see me take
Two big lumps of sugar instead of one,
An' more than my share of cake.

There's no one to go to when things go wrong;
She was always safe and sure.
Why, not a trouble could tackle a boy
That she couldn't up an' cure.

I'm too big to be kissed, I used to say,
But somehow I don't feel right,
Crawlin' into bed as still as a mouse—
Nobody sayin' good night,

An' tuckin' the clothes up under my chin,
An' pushin' my hair back so—
Things a boy makes fun of before his chums,
But things that he likes, you know.

I can't make it out for the life of me
Why she should have to go,
An' her boy left here in this gray old house,
A-needin' an' wantin' her so.

There are lots of women, it seem to me,
That wouldn't be missed so much—
Women whose boys are about grown up,
An' old maid aunties an' such.

I tell you, the very loneliest thing
In this great big world today
Is a boy of ten whose heart is broke
'Cause his mother is gone away.

—The Mennonite.



AN INHERITANCE.

"I JUST can't help it," said Alice, impatiently. "I get my high temper straight from grandfather, and my blues from mother's side of the house. When a thing's born in you in that way, what are you going to do?"

"Well," said Mrs. Wharton, thoughtfully, "I should say that you could do one of two things. The first is to carry out your inherited tendencies, one by one, to their logical conclusions—to be just as angry and just as cross and depressed as you feel like being, because your grandfather and your mother's side of the house have had those faults before you."

"Oh, I don't exactly mean that!" cried Alice, rather startled.

"Still, that is really what you might logically do; especially if, as you said, you couldn't help doing it. The other way, though, I must confess, always seems to me the more reasonable one for a sane and responsible human being. That is, having ascertained your ancestral traits—the good as well as the bad—to go to work to shape out of them the character that you want. Of course, there will be some places rather hard to work into shape, but, knowing your material, after all, gives you a great advantage."

"Grandfather's temper an advantage!" cried Alice. "I never looked at it in that light, Mrs. Wharton."

"Your grandfather was a man of strong will and great energy, I have always heard," said Mrs.

Wharton. "Those qualities often go with a high temper. Suppose you fix your mind upon shaping a strong character out of your inherited temper. It will take thought and time and prayer, but it can be done, as dozens of people will tell you who have accomplished it. Take your Cousin Will—with the same ancestral temper."

"Oh, but I never saw Cousin Will angry in my life," said Alice. "When he doesn't like a thing, he just shuts his lips together and keeps quiet. I've often noticed it."

"Yet your Cousin Will told me once," said Mrs. Wharton, "that when he was a boy his temper was most ungovernable. 'But,' he said, 'I knew I had it, and that it was an inheritance, and I determined to watch it. 'Forewarned is forearmed,' you know, and I found it so. When I felt myself getting angry I went off somewhere alone and fought it out—and every time told. And when I got it once under control I was surprised to find how much power I had gained. I have often been thankful to my grandfather since for the moral gunpowder, so to speak, that he left to me—now that it doesn't explode any more, but drills holes in the rock for me instead.' You can appreciate that, Alice, for you know how many rocks of hindrance your cousin has met and overcome."

"It's a new idea," said Alice, slowly; "but I think it's a good one. Thank you Mrs. Wharton. I'll let the first way go and try the second, from this day forward."—*Selected.*



DIPHTHERIA AND ITS TREATMENT.

ONE of the numerous readers of *Health* wishes some one to write on the drugless method of treating that much-dreaded and fatal scourge diphtheria, and as I have had a large experience in the past fifty years, I will give a few facts, the result of my large experience in treating this as well as other diseases. I have treated hundreds of cases and have never lost a patient, nor have I ever used any form of drug, not even as a gargle. My method consisted of different kinds of baths, as the case indicated, to reduce the fever and promote purification, with cold water appliances to the throat—hot to the extremities and ice held in the mouth as far back as possible, if the patient was capable of so doing. I always insisted on no food being taken as long as there was any febrile condition, as I did in all forms of disease—and that the internal bath be given thoroughly. The air always to be kept sweet and fresh. I have by these simple rational methods rescued many from the jaws of death after their attending physicians had pronounced them incurable, and have never had any diseased sequel follow as is often the case with drug treatment.

Feeding to keep up their strength is the fatal mis-

take made by most medical practitioners, and it only adds fuel to the flame.

I have known a number of deaths caused directly by serum treatment, as I have many by drugs without it. It is a simple and easily cured disease where natural rational methods are employed, and I do not consider it contagious, as claimed.

Of course any one is more liable to have any disease if much with it if the health is not good, but one of the greatest causes of contracting any disease is fear, which makes one negative, hence acted upon instead of being able to resist any foreign enemy. The result of the drug method of treatment has made diphtheria one of the most dreaded of diseases. The medical fraternity with this as with most of its theories has put the cart before the horse, claiming bacteria to be the *cause* of, when, in fact, it is the *result* of the disease the same as all filth when moist and warm will develop vegetable and animal life. All the sickness and suffering in the world is the result of ignorance. *Knowledge and wisdom are the saviors.*—*Juliet H. Severance, M. D.*



"THE best way to keep a good balance on ourselves is to decide about how other Christians ought to live, and then meekly and humbly live up to the standard ourselves."



TO THE HOUSEKEEPER.

To keep windows free from frost rub the glass with a sponge dipped in alcohol.



A little flour sprinkled in the pan when eggs are frying will prevent the sputtering hot fat that is so disagreeable.



Mud stains may be removed from tan leather shoes by rubbing them with slices of raw potato. When dry polish in usual way.



Finger marks on paint can be easily removed by rubbing with a clean white cloth dipped in kerosene. The wood should afterward be wiped with a dry cloth.



Match marks on the kitchen walls, which have been caused by carelessly striking matches on them will disappear if rubbed first with the cut surface of a lemon, then with a clean cloth dipped in whiting.



To prevent eyeglasses from steaming in cold weather rub the glasses thoroughly on both sides with a little vaseline or cold cream, then rub with tissue paper or cloth to clear the glasses. Glasses treated this way will not cloud or steam in the coldest weather for twenty-four hours. This treatment of the glasses should be made once a day for outdoor use.—*Collected.*

"NEW" POTATOES AT CHRISTMAS.

THE acme of quality in potatoes, from the English point of view, is represented by the little round tubers, about an inch in diameter, which are sent in *early spring* from the Jersey and Guernsey Islands. An English gardening periodical tells of an ingenious scheme by which anyone can have quite as good potatoes at Christmas time.

First of all dig a hole three feet in depth, and procure some biscuit tins about nine inches long and four inches wide, having close-fitting lids. Tubers should be selected for storing. Snowdrop is a suitable variety.

As each root of potato is dug pick up the tubers and put them in a basket, which should be immediately covered with haulm or something to prevent the tubers from drying. When sufficient have been dug, take them to a shed and pack them quickly into the biscuit tins. No soil or any material is put with them. The tins should then be buried in the hole for them, and a stick put in the ground to denote their whereabouts.

It is best to select medium-sized tubers, just such tubers as are generally described as "new" potatoes. Remember that it is necessary to dig and store the tubers away in the tins before the skins are set, or they won't keep well, nor afterward scrape like "new" potatoes. A little green or dried mint should be boiled with the tubers.—*The Garden Magazine*.



"PEOPLE who depend on hot-air furnaces to heat their houses often find it difficult to get sufficient heat when the wind is in a certain direction, no matter how much coal they burn. The reason is that the supply of cold air to the furnace is not adequate. A scheme is now being introduced whereby an electric fan is placed in the cold-air duct, so that when required an extra quantity of air can be forced through the furnace. By wiring the fan so that the current can be turned on and off at will from the living rooms, the forced draft is within ready control. There is no patent on this idea, and any one who has the ingenuity can try it."

The Children's Corner

AT SCHOOL AND AT HOME.

My teacher doesn't think I read
So very special well.
She's always saying, "What was that
Last word?" and makes me spell
And then pronounce it after her,
As slow as slow can be,
"You'd better take a little care"—
That's what she says to me—
"Or else I'm really 'fraid you'll find,
Some one o' these bright days,
You're way behind the Primer Class,"
That's what my teacher says.

But when I'm at my grandpa's house,

He hands me out a book,

And lets me choose a place to read;

And then he'll sit and look

At me, and listen, just as pleased!

I know it from his face,

And when I read a great, long word,

He'll say, "Why, little Grace,

You'll have to teach our déstrict school

Some one of these bright days!

Mother, you come and hear this child."

That's what my grandpa says.

—Universalist Leader.

**"JUST BREAD."**

"JUST bread and butter and honey and milk for supper," said Doris. "Guess we're most to the starv'ing place."

"I am sorry," mother began, but grandfather interrupted: "I have seen the time when that plate of bread would have looked better to me than all the turkey in the world."

"Funny eyes you had," laughed Doris. "I'll always take the turkey, please."

"Yes," said grandfather, "a big dish of nice slices of turkey breast wouldn't have tempted me from one little piece of that bread one time. It was when this country was all new," grandfather went on, for Doris was listening for the story. "It was very different from now. We bought the land at a dollar an acre. Now it is worth more than a hundred times as much, but we worked hard and had none of the conveniences that are thought to be necessities now."

"The corn and wheat were ground at water mills run by the streams through the country. Well, one unusually cold winter all the streams froze, and for weeks no flour or meal could be ground. The nearest market was a hundred miles away, and could be reached only in wagons, and as nobody wanted to risk the trip in such weather, we did without bread for six long weeks. My! but the first hoecake tasted good after that. I never have felt like saying 'just bread' since. And what do you suppose we ate instead of bread? Why, turkey breast. There were plenty of wild turkeys, which are really the best kind. Mother put slices of the breast on a plate as she would bread, and we ate them with gravy, or molasses, or anything we had. It was good at first, and we children who had come from the East where turkey was not so plentiful thought we were living like kings. But soon we began to get fearfully tired of it. In fact, if you try to eat any one thing every day for six weeks you get tired, but when you stop to think, you always want bread. Just imagine not having even a cracker or a batter cake for six weeks, and see how good this bread and butter will taste."

"It's good without imagining such bad luck," Doris said, "and I'll not say 'just bread' again, either."—*Exchange*.



The Quiet Hour

I WILL GIVE YOU REST.

PAUL MOHLER.

THE Lord had done his best to reach the masses of the people with his teaching. They had come for the physical healing, and had marveled at his wonderful works; but they had not repented. They were satisfied with themselves, and he could not stir them. We can understand their attitude by our own. There is not one of us who responds today as fully as he should to the Master's word. How seldom we turn to the Lord for anything until we need it sorely, and see no hope of getting it elsewhere. It was to the needy ones that the Lord turned at last; and what a responsive chord he struck. Rest for the weary! What other need is so universal?

There is not a man on the face of the earth who does not have some burden, if it be nothing but the great burden of making the time pass away pleasantly. The most of us are spending our energies in a weary round of daily tasks that have to be done over and over and over again till our hearts are weary with the drudgery of it all.

How it takes the heart out of a man to know that the work he is doing will not stay done; that the next day, and the next month and the next year will bring again the same endless succession of dull, hard tasks with no apparent profit.

But the Lord says, "I will give you rest." What more could we ask? Rest from so many of the petty tyrannies that we have laid upon ourselves; the many extra steps we take because we think we have to; rest from the great burden of providing so many unnecessaries that the world has taught us to love; rest from so many things that the customs of the neighborhood have demanded; rest from the fancied necessity of living up to the limit of our resources of money and strength; rest from a thousand things that seem to control our lives and keep us from those things that we really desire.

Jesus offers to free us from these things; and how wonderfully he fulfils his promise. If a man comes to Christ, he is free from the necessity of doing anything but the will of the Father; and there is no

drudgery in that. It is a life of loving service; and love knows no weariness. Even the hardest tasks become easy when they are done in love; and under Christ's, all our deeds are born of love. "Owe no man anything but to love one another."

It is a great rest to be free from responsibility. I'd rather do two hours of work than bear one hour's responsibility for the success of any great undertaking.

Without Christ, each of us bears his own responsibility. He must plan his life and depend upon himself to make his life a success. Who can foresee the future event; who then can plan for the future? One man's strength is but little against a thousand; who then can bring to pass the things he has planned? How then can a man have any rest when he knows that he must both plan and bring to pass the successes of his life? Oh, the hours and days of anxiety, and care, worry and striving which tax our endurance to the utmost! What a rest and relief to be freed from such a burden! Christ alone can make us free, for he alone can plan our lives and bring us to perfection.

And has he not borne the burden for us? Has he not planned our lives, and is he not with us daily to guide us? His Gospel is nothing if it is not a plan of life; his Spirit is nothing if not a guide, and the very power by which we live the life. The man who gives his whole life over to the Lord that it may be used in the Lord's own way for the Lord's own purposes, can rest assured that he will not fail to accept it and use it. He may want me to work very hard: to farm or dig ditches or build houses or teach school or practice medicine, or to do any other of the hard things in life; or he may want me to do the still harder work of preaching the Gospel, caring for some church, teaching Bible classes, or face to face personal work in soul-saving. No matter what the work is, or how hard it is, I do not need to bear the burden of it. It is my privilege each day to give myself for that day, with all that I have and all that I am into his hands, that he may direct and use me for the day, as seemeth best to him. Then the responsibility for

that day's successes rests with him and not with me. That takes all the worry away; it is worry, not work, that wearies us. Neither should we worry about the future, for he, himself, has said: "Be not anxious for the morrow, for the morrow will be anxious of itself. Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." What a rest to be free from anxious care and gloomy forebodings; what a rest to have our tasks set for us and to know that we are to succeed. Bless the Lord for his goodness and his tender mercies to the children of men. Praise the Lord, O my soul!

Chicago, Ill.



WHOSOEVER WILL.

RICHARD SEIDEL.

Born unto Christ's pure kingdom
Through rending of the veil
Of darkness and tradition,
Pure light and life prevail.
And he who will may enter,
'Twas our meek Savior's word,
Thus leaving man the power
Of choice to serve the Lord.



THE POWER OF A TEMPERATE LIFE.

It is one of God's kind laws that obedience in a lower sphere always brings rewards in a higher sphere as well. To obey God in the body finds recompense in the body, to be sure, but also in the soul. No one can be temperate without getting a clearer eye for it, a finer skin, stronger muscles, and a steadier pulse.

But then, too, it is impossible to be temperate and not see more of God, enjoy finer impulses, a quicker energy, a steadier will. God always pays at compound interest, a splendid return for a trifling service.

But is temperance a trifle, an easy matter, a slight task? Does it not rather imply great self-control, strenuous self-denial? One would think so to hear some men talk, but they are the intemperate men. To one that has never used tobacco it is no hardship not to use it; he loathes it. A man who has never used alcoholic liquors can pass the door of a thousand saloons with not the least desire to enter the vile dens. Daniel and his friends ate their simple fare with a greater relish than the other youths had for their richer viands, and so they grew fairer to the eye. No truly temperate man feels it a self-denial to be temperate; it is his choice and his pleasure.

But suppose that, as is the case with all of us some time at some points, we have already begun to be intemperate. How can we make our way into the power of a temperate life?

First, want to. No one can be cured of drunkenness—of any kind—until he really wants to be cured.

His body may be pumped full of gold-cure and other nostrums, but he will remain a drunkard at heart until he takes the will-cure, and ceases to look longingly after his sin and see how close he can get to it without falling into it again.

Second, keep away from temptation. If your sin came through the dance, do not even look at a dance again. If from gambling, do not touch a pack of cards even when no stake is played for. If from strong drink, do not even read the papers that advertise liquors.

Third, cram your life with healthy interests. Hard work is one of the best specifics against intemperance, a veritable gold-cure.

Fourth, and finally, though first of all in importance, do not trust in your own strength. Appetite is a fearful thing. God who made it, is the only one that can master it, as any one can prove. No drunkard has fallen farther into beastliness than many of those who have "stretched lame hands of faith" out of their pits, and have met the answering hands of God. There is no depth of sensuality, or passion, of folly and despair that his mercy cannot sound. No drunkard can enter the Kingdom of Heaven, but the Kingdom of Heaven can enter any drunkard, if he will.—*Selected.*



COURAGE.

Because I hold it sinful to despond,
And will not let the bitterness of life
Blind me with bitter tears, but look beyond
Its tumult and its strife;

Because I lift my head above the mist,
Where the sun shines and the broad breezes blow,
By every ray and every raindrop kissed
That God's love doth bestow;

Think you I find no bitterness at all?
No burden to be borne, like Christian's pack?
Think you there are no ready tears to fall
Because I keep them back?

Why should I hug life's ills with cold reserve,
To curse myself and all who love me? Nay!
A thousand times more good than I deserve
God gives me every day.

And in each one of the rebellious tears
Kept bravely back, he makes a rainbow shine;
Grateful I take his slightest gift—no fears,
Nor any doubts are mine.

Dark skies must clear, and when the clouds are past,
One golden day redeems a year;
Patient I listen, sure that sweet, at last,
Will sound his voice of cheer.

Then vex me not with chiding. Let me be;
I must be glad and grateful to the end;
I grudge you not your cold and darkness—me
The powers of light befriend.

—Celia Thaxter.



FAMILY DEVOTIONS.

"ALL the duties of religion," says Dr. Dwight, "are eminently solemn and venerable in the eyes of children. But none will so strongly prove the sincerity of the parents; none so powerfully awaken the reverence of the child; none so happily recommend the instruction he receives, as family devotions, particularly those in which petitions for the children occupy a distinguished place."

Echoes from Everywhere



Twelve thousand new suits have been filed in the federal court at Muskogee, Okla., against that many defendants to recover Indian lands in the Choctaw, Chickasaw, and Creek nations. Many of the defendants are prominent. Fraud is charged as the basis of each suit.

Twenty per cent of all the insane in the United States, or 30,000, owe their condition to alcohol. Their direct cost to the nation for support is \$18,000,000 annually, and, on the low estimate that the productive worth of each person is \$400 a year, there is the additional loss of \$12,000,000 more.

Figures made public at the Department of Commerce and Labor relating to Japanese immigration indicate that during the twelve months ended Nov. 1 last the total number of Japanese admitted was 6,017 and the total number which left was 5,832, an increase in the Japanese population of 185.

Miss Rose Fritz, the American champion typewriter, who accepted the challenge to write 100 words in a minute, came through the ordeal triumphantly in the test arranged a few days ago, accomplishing the remarkable record of writing 262 words in 2 minutes and 26 seconds, or at the rate of 107.6 words a minute.

Over a hundred farmers living along the Illinois-Mississippi Canal in Whiteside and Bureau counties have made demands for \$375,000 from the government, claiming that seepage from the canal has damaged their lands to that extent. If the money is not forthcoming they say they will file suit in the United States Court of Claims.

The Great Western Railway, England, is famous for its express trains. During the season of American travel, there are three expresses which run daily from London to Exeter, a distance of 173½ miles, without a stop, in three hours, at an average speed of just 58 miles an hour. A fourth express makes the same run at an average speed of 56½ miles an hour. It is not unusual for the total load back of the tender and expresses to reach 400 tons.

One hundred and fifty persons died of pneumonia in Chicago during the week ending Jan. 16—the largest number recorded for a similar period since May of last year. The result was that the total mortality was boosted to 726, as against 581 for the preceding week, and the death rate went to 17.05 per thousand, which is an increase of nearly 4 per cent. Impure air, the health department declares in its weekly bulletin, is responsible for this condition. "Evidently," it says, "there are many who are violating the simplest rules of health. Altogether too many are unmindful of the most important factor in health—pure air."

In the fourth news item on page 68 in Inglenook of Jan. 19 a mistake is made in giving the deposits in the State banks of Kansas. Sept. 1, 1908, the total deposits were more than \$83,000,000. This sum is greater than was ever before reached by the total deposits, but not "eighty-three million dollars greater" as stated in that item. The remainder of the item, telling of the gain per day is correct.

The Newark (N. J.) Board of Trade has offered three prizes of \$25, \$15, and \$10 for the three best essays on international arbitration by pupils of the High School. The president of the Board, Peter Campbell, ex-President George W. Tompkins, and Richard C. Jenkinson, a former presiding officer, have furnished the money for these prizes. The contest will close the last of April next, and the prizes will be awarded on the 18th of May.

A total of 33,000 shares of stock has been allotted by the United States Steel Corporation to its employees this year under its profit-sharing plan, according to announcement lately made. This is the first year that the privilege of buying the common has been extended to the employees. They may take 15,000 shares of this at 50 and 18,000 of the preferred at 110. Applications already received, it is stated, make it probable that the entire allotment will be oversubscribed.

Vice Admiral Rojestvensky, who died at St. Petersburg Jan. 14, was given a funeral with full military honors. The body was interred in the Alexander-Nevski Monastery, where rest many of the famous soldiers, authors and musicians of the empire. The obituary notices attribute the blame for the loss of the battle of the Sea of Japan to the ships and not to the commander, and they praise the admiral's conduct during his trial by court-martial in that he desired to assume entire responsibility for the catastrophe.

With a view to increasing the safety and efficiency of work in its mines, the Lehigh Valley Coal Co. has instituted an experimental night school at one of its anthracite mines in Pennsylvania. Should the experiment give the results expected, the idea will be extended throughout the company's coal-mining system. The school is unlike any other ever attempted in this country, and is for the men who actually do the work, for the foreman, the miner, the laborer, the driver, the door boy, and every other toiler helping in the production of anthracite. It is believed that one of the best results of the new school will be a decrease in the accident roll, while it is confidently expected that a smaller percentage of waste in the mining operations will also be noticed. The future foremen, superintendents and other officials will be taken from among those who attend the mining school.

Banks and other big houses of Chicago have been advised by local postoffice officials to affix the regular foreign postage, 2 cents for the first ounce and 3 cents for each additional ounce, to insure quick delivery of mail to Germany. Under the new tariff arrangement the mail carried to Germany at the domestic rate must be carried by steamers plying between New York and German ports. This causes delays at times of several days. Mail on which the old rate of 5 cents is paid takes the quickest route, often going by French and English mail boats.

Jan. 9 the liquor forces began an attack on the constitutionality of the Alabama State prohibitory law in the United States Court by seeking to have Judge Thomas G. Jones issue an injunction estopping all enforcement of the act pending a decision of the validity of its passage. The case is brought by the Cook Brewing Company of Evansville, Ind., which alleges that it has spent \$100,000 in building up a business in the State which is now taken away by the law. The State is taking the position that in the exercise of police duties it has a right to control traffic and that it is a State question purely.

"Opium causes half a million suicides a year," the Rev. A. S. Greeg of the International Reform Bureau declared recently with reference to the opium conference called by President Roosevelt, which begins its session at Shanghai Feb. 1. The statement is based on letters and reports from Dr. E. W. Thwing, special secretary of the reform bureau, who has been sent to China to attend the opium conference. Dr. Thwing states that he has obtained statistics from the provinces of Kueichau, Yunnan, Sz Chaun, and Anhwei, with a total population of 580,000, in which he says the proportion of the population using opium is from 20 to 80 per cent and the amount of money spent for the drug is \$200,000,000 a year.

Peanuts, or ground nuts, as they are locally called, form one of the largest crops over a large part of the northern provinces of China, and are one of the articles of native export entering rather heavily into both the China coast and foreign trade. Shipment is made in sacks, the nuts usually being in their native state, except when shelled, the trade in these hulled nuts predominating in some ports. Another large item, dependent directly on the peanut crop, is the export of ground-nut oil. Customs statistics unite ground-nut oil with tea and wood oils, the latter two naturally playing no part in the trade of the northern ports. In value the oil business is much more important than the nut trade, the total exports in 1907 being valued at no less than \$3,340,000.

Drink and poverty are given as the chief causes of crime in the annual report of the Central Howard Association, just issued. The association helps persons after their release from prison. According to the statistics given by the men themselves 321 persons ascribed their downfall to intoxicants. Two hundred and nineteen said that they were led to commit crime because they were poor and out of work. The association aided 1,275 men in 1908. Of these 983 were new cases. Seventy prisoners were paroled to the association by the prison authorities. Of these it is reported that 80 per cent are now good citizens. Twenty per cent were either sent back to prison or escaped. The association reports that besides these aided directly letters were sent and personal advice given to 50,000 others in various parts of the country.

John Bull is our best foreign customer. We are by no means his most aggressive provider, however. During the past ten years Great Britain's increase in imports has been 20 per cent per capita. But our own sales to John Bull in that time have slightly decreased per capita. An English statistician puts it thus: Every person in the United Kingdom consumed \$54.08 worth of imported commodities in 1897, of which \$11.35 worth came from the United States. But in 1906 each Briton—man, woman, and child—consumed \$62.74 worth of imports, of which only \$11.92 came from the United States. In other words, while John Bull's scale of living has risen nearly ten dollars in ten years on imported articles, we have succeeded in selling him an increase of only fifty-seven cents' worth.

To be a citizen of France is ordinarily to have a bank account. Nearly 2,000,000 persons in the republic have \$2,000 each, and 4,000,000 have \$1,000 each. The total wealth of France is divided among the inhabitants in a manner more nearly equal than is the wealth of any other nation. French thrift, with its wholesome effects, is fostered by the French institutions for saving. When the government postal banks were established in France in 1881, the private savings banks in that country had been in a flourishing condition for many years. Their existence and success did not deter the French government from adopting the postal savings bank system. Its beneficial effect on the habits of the people has brought new depositors to the private savings banks and new investors seeking safe investments into the money market.

The demand for cigarettes in China today is only exceeded by that for kerosene. Nor is this habit confined alone to the male portion of the population; the females of all classes and ages, from 10 years up, indulge as freely and openly in cigarettes as do their brothers. The introduction of this habit among the Chinese dates back but a few years, and its universal spread throughout the empire has been astonishingly rapid. The manufacturers say that their production is up to the standard and entirely free from opium. The small cost of cigarettes, which can be bought from one to a thousand at as low as one-fourth of an American cent each, may have something to do with their universal use. The spread of this insidious habit is so alarming that the authorities at Canton have just issued a decree forbidding students to smoke.

Perhaps there is in the course of construction no other enterprise, excepting the Panama canal, which will mean more to the commerce of the United States than the railroad from the Florida mainland to Key West. The work on this road is now nearing completion, but 32 miles of construction remaining to be done, and it is expected that within the present year cars will be running over the tracks above the water into Key West. If these expectations are realized, then it will be possible for passengers to take a Pullman car in New York and stay until they reach Havana, for after reaching Key West the cars will be loaded upon huge barges and towed right on to the Cuban capital, 90 miles away. The great advantage of such a road will be in the facility which it will give to freight transportation between Cuba and the United States, for when it is in operation the Cuban can load his fruits, sugar, and other products on cars in various parts of the island, and they need not be unloaded until they reach their destination in various parts of this country.

Among the Magazines



MR. TAFT'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTIONS.

"If I am elected," Mr. Taft has said, "I propose to devote all the ability that is in me to the constructive work of suggesting to Congress the means by which the Roosevelt policies shall be clinched." And in that work he adds, "My conscience shall be my final political counselor."

I will conserve the interests of invested capital for the welfare of the country and of the workingman.

Men who, to get rich, violate the law, moral or statutory, must be restrained. The statutory law should be amended where necessary so as to comprise the moral law.

I shall not interfere with legal combinations of capital that are beneficial and properly controlled; but I shall interfere with those made merely to control markets, fix prices, restrict output, kill competition.

I am against limiting the proportion of their output corporations may own, and fixing prices by government.

I shall take no steps to destroy great organizations that have a large wage fund when prosperous, and that add greatly to the prosperity of the country; but I shall do my utmost to keep them within the law.

I am interested in legislation against the railroads, that it shall be just and only properly restrictive. The whole country depends upon the prosperity of the railroads.

The principle of competition between naturally competing lines must not be violated. And I should approve an amendment to the law permitting useful traffic agreements when approved by the interstate commerce commission.

It will be one of my most pleasant duties to construct legislation that shall give labor a square deal and not more than a square deal.

I shall uphold the right of labor to organize for the purpose of making itself properly a power in the community, to maintain its level in the struggle of life, and for dealing with capital.

I shall oppose labor when, exercising its right to strike, it injures the property of its employer, and when it attempts by "secondary boycott" to compel a third and unwilling person to join the controversy.

Non-union labor shall be secured absolutely the same rights as union labor.

I shall endeavor to bring capital and labor into closer relations of confidence and interdependence, and shall seek peace between capital and labor by their mutual recognition of their respective unions and acceptance of the principle of mediation and arbitration.—From the January Circle Magazine.



THE MORAL OF HARD TIMES.

The morbid congestion of population in our great cities and industrial districts is now bearing fruits which are pitiful and at the same time logical. The story is as old as the history of civilization. In times of prosperity

people grow extravagant, thinking the good times will last forever. Wages are boosted and boosted, the cost of production is increased and increased, until there comes a time when the consumer balks and refuses to buy. Then consumption shrinks, factories close down, and thousands are thrown out of work or have to take reduced wages.

This is the condition now. Every one is suffering from the slump more or less, but the brunt of punishment falls on those who have not been forehanded, those who have cast to the winds the teachings of the ages. We hear of men all over the country who were receiving big pay during the prosperity period but who are now penniless, with their families in dire want. Remedies are proposed and tried, but they cannot reach the root of the trouble, for they are too superficial, and they come too late. When hundreds of thousands of unemployed and beggared people are massed together the task of relieving them becomes overwhelming.

Good advice does not take the place of a loaf of bread, but nevertheless the lesson of hard times is so old a one that it is hard to excuse those who refuse to learn it. In good times we must prepare for bad. The wise man does not build his house on the sands, where the storms that are sure to come will wreck it. The grasshopper that despises the ant for working so diligently during the season of plenty must pay the penalty. The prodigal after spending his substance in riotous living would indeed fain have "filled his belly with the husks the swine did eat," yet "no man gave unto him," and he had to realize how he had sinned against the laws of life before he could be relieved.

Throughout the reign of prosperity this paper uniformly counseled economy and saving thrift; we gave warning that the hard times would come, and urged those who did not want to suffer to lay up something for the rainy day. At that time we were denounced by some of the big newspapers for "knocking"; prosperity this time had come to stay, we were told. We claim no superior intelligence for being able to see through a millstone with a hole in it, to predict a sequence of natural events as well established as the rising and setting of the sun. But the fact remains that this paper foresaw the present conditions long before the crash.

As a people we must get closer to the land, avoid congesting in the cities, learn to acquire the habit of saving, curb our extravagance—and withal bow to the eternal laws of our being. Poverty and misery can never be wholly eradicated, but they can be vastly reduced by a proper reverence for the teachings of the past.—The Pathfinder.



"POLICY" AND POSTAL BANKS.

The Senate has taken up the postal saving banks bill, and several amendments—some of a rather important character—have been proposed. To honest efforts to render the bill less objectionable to the bankers opposing

it, or to prevent misuse of its provisions, there will be no disposition to take exception. But unfortunately correspondents have been intimating pretty plainly that some of the "discussion" is merely obstructive, that the ruling clique has no intention of permitting the bill to pass or even to reach a final vote.

Some senators, including Mr. Aldrich, contend that the question of postal banks cannot "scientifically" be settled save as part of the larger question of currency and banking reform. Others pretend that the idea has not received sufficient attention anyway, and that legislation at this time would be rash and dangerous. Still others affect to believe that there is little popular demand for such a measure. Finally, the open secret, referred to by Mr. Wellman in his letter on the President's message urging desirable amendments to the commerce act, that "Roosevelt policies" are to be coldly ignored between now and March 4, and even modest, constructive and necessary changes postponed out of spite and bitterness of a personal nature, is likewise to be taken into account in estimating the chances of the postal banks bill.

There is not a single good reason for "chloroforming" the bill. It has been very carefully considered, and the report of the Senate committee on it was emphatically favorable. There is no real connection between it and the problems under consideration by the currency commission—problems affecting circulation, bonds as a basis for it, elasticity, the future of the greenbacks, etc. The strength of the popular demand for additional and safe facilities for savings may be inferred from the indorsement of the idea of postal banks by the Republican platform and the positive promises of the speeches of Republican orators, from Taft down, during the late campaign.

Even with Congress in its present mood and temper the fact that Mr. Roosevelt has recommended postal banks surely ought not to be a fatal argument against sensible and proper action, against keeping faith with the people. It is too late to raise objections to the scheme itself; details can be attended to at this session.—Chicago Record-Herald.



NATIONALISM AND SECTIONALISM.

No one can have traveled much over the country without noticing a marked contrast between the Northern and the Southern States in their attitude toward sectionalism. There is vastly less expression of sectional feeling in the North than in the South. The Southern journals and the Southern people have much to say about the South and its special interests and feelings. In the Northern States such a sentiment about the North as distinct from the South is almost never to be observed. We do not talk about the South, we do not think about it as a section having separate interests from the North, unless in a political campaign we wish that there were great doubtful States in the Solid South, as there are in the North. Ohio and Indiana and Minnesota elect Democratic governors; that is almost unthinkable in Georgia or Texas, which have the intense Southern feeling, with a bit of rankling jealousy or even hostility toward the North. No similar feeling exists in the North.

The reason for the difference—or the apology—is easy to tell. It all hangs on the Civil War. We have not yet quite got over the friction of that conflict. The South was fighting for a section and a sectional institution. The North was not fighting at all for its section or for any of its institutions, but for national unity; fighting to preserve the whole country as one nation, and not

for a portion of the country to be set off by itself. It followed, necessarily, that in the South sectionalism should be the dominant thought, and that its influence would remain largely dominant after the close of the war. It followed with equal necessity that in the rest of the country the spirit of nationalism should rule. It follows that the Northern States do not think of themselves as separated in any sense from those States which fought against union, but have now heartily accepted its blessings.

Patriotism fights sectionalism. We need to develop more and more the love of the entire country, and to minimize any loyalty to a section which can possibly take the place of patriotism. This does not mean that one should not have a special love for his native town or his native State. That is regarded as one of the parts that make up the total country. There is in it no rivalry of loyalty or affection. But it is an error and wrong if schoolbooks on history or geography set section against section or are guilty of perpetuating the memory of the hostilities of the days of the elder generation. We cannot complain that the soldiers, the few that remain, delight to meet in annual reunions or in local posts and recall and maintain the old fellowships; that is beautiful. But let it be left to them. There is no good and much evil in the maintenance of Sons or Daughters of the Union Veterans—if there are any such, we do not know of any—or of Sons or Daughters of the Confederacy. All that we want forgotten, or left to the historians and the genealogists. We will not cease to be proud of our pedigrees, of the bravery of our ancestors, but we will not teach our children to retain and cultivate the sectionalisms of their grandparents. What do they know about the war? What have they known of slavery? Let the dead bury their dead, and do we follow the country's banner.—The Independent.



SCANT SLEEP FOR GROWING CHILDREN.

"Stealing candy from a baby" is popularly cited as typically the meanest, as well as the easiest, of crimes. It is hardly more despicable, it would seem, than robbing children of the sleep that they need to make them normal, healthy men and women. The baby may get more candy; but sleep once regularly lost for any length of time can not be made up. Says The Hospital (London, November 21), discussing some recent revelations in its own city:

"Difficult and obscure as are many of the problems connected with that suspension of consciousness, complete or nearly complete, which we call sleep, there are certain points of personal experience on which most people are agreed. One is that the quantity of daily sleep necessary lessens with advancing age; another is that the brain requires longer rest to recover full vigor than does the mere physical mechanism of the body. Both these points have a strong bearing on the hygiene of the school child, some very important facts concerning whose sleep time were revealed to the Child-Study Society last week by Miss Alice Ravenhill. She finds, by returns as to the hours of sleep obtained by over six thousand children in public elementary schools, that on an average they miss some three hours a day of the sleep suitable and necessary for their ages. Such a state of things is bad enough, but the lecturer further pointed out that even the quality of that which is obtained is very often defective. Overcrowding, with its usual accessory, bad ventilation, is one of the factors which is in special need of remedy; another is

noise, though it is probable that most town-bred children are too accustomed to this to allow it to affect their sleep. Defective home discipline is also blamed for part of the evil, probably quite correctly. Premature employment, both before and after school-hours, is another all too common form of parental selfishness, which is having an important effect in the deterioration of the race. Only a few weeks ago some shocking cases of this were exposed in one of the western suburbs of London; children were compelled to start milk-distributing at 5:30 A. M., and even to go on duty again after the completion of their day's school-work."—Literary Digest.



WORLD'S APPLE KING.

THE statement that one man owns over 1,600 acres devoted to apple trees sounds amazing; that more than 500,000 bushels of apples were sold by him from trees of his own planting for an aggregate above \$205,000 is likewise amazing; these figures convey but a slight idea of the operations of Judge Fred Wellhouse of Topeka, Kans., known to those familiar with horticultural matters as "the Apple King."

When, in the late '70s, he was planting 437 acres to apple trees in Leavenworth County, Kans., many of his neighbors looked upon him as well-nigh demented. Over 400 acres in orchard! It was astonishing! It was destined to be a flat failure! So said the croakers, but Wellhouse, undaunted and undiscouraged, worked on unmindful of the bantering and rallying, and the outcome justified his faith in Kansas and himself and forever silenced those who doubted.

Perhaps in no way can be conveyed a clearer conception of the immensity of these apple-growing operations than by citing the figures from the records. In all, the maker of this record has grown and sold twenty-six crops, amounting to considerably more than a half million bushels. The crop of 1890, approximately 80,000 bushels, was the largest, and it sold for more than \$50,000. This was perhaps the most valuable crop of apples ever grown by any one man in the middle West, and the total paid for it aggregated more than the earnings of the average citizen during his entire lifetime. The combined yield of the two largest crops, those of 1890 and 1891, was 142,868 bushels. The smallest yield was 488 bushels in 1899.

All these apples, if packed in barrels and loaded on the ordinary railroad freight car, averaging 20,000 pounds to the load, would fill about 1,250 cars, or make more than sixty-two trainloads of twenty cars to the train.

In picking, the men averaged forty bushels each per day—and packers and pickers were paid for 20,833 days' work, at the rate of \$1.50 per day of ten hours. The pickers worked in gangs of from ten to fifteen men.

For harvesting, \$31,250 was paid to pickers and packers; \$6,425 for hauling from the fields to the packing-house, and \$11,565 for hauling to the rail-

road and loading on cars. The barrels cost \$17,100 and about \$1,500 was spent for miscellaneous items, such as boxes, extra hoops, etc. The total outlay for gathering the crops and placing them on the market was \$67,480. You see, capital is required for a job like this one.

The gross sales amounted to \$205,903; this less the \$67,840 expenses, leaves a net return of \$138,063. But this amount doesn't represent all the profit; it doesn't include the value of the corn, which was grown between the tree rows from the time of setting out the orchards until they began to bear. The corn was grown by tenants, and the landlord received one-third of it for rent. Of the 161,000 bushels of corn grown he received 53,600 bushels, which sold for an average of 30 cents per bushel, netting about \$14,750, and paying all expenses of planting and growing the orchards to the time of their bearing. Added to that from the apples, this income from the corn brings the total net profit up to \$152,812. And then, too, its planter still owns this largest orchard and has every reason to hope for many more bumper crops.—*Interurban Life*.

Between Whiles

"I just love cake," said Johnnie feelingly. "It's awful nice."

"You should not say 'love' cake," corrected his mother. "You should say 'like.' And do not say 'awful'—say 'very.' And say 'good' instead of 'nice.' Now see if you can repeat the sentence correctly."

"I like cake," repeated Johnnie. "It's very good."

"That's better."

"I know, ma," complained Johnnie, "but it sounds just as if I was talkin' 'bout bread."—Everybody's Magazine.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—Furnished home; 7-room house, stable, etc.; 100 feet front; cement walk; fruit and shade trees; one-half block from Campus, McPherson College. J. W. Webster, McPherson, Kans.

WANTED—For Wisconsin farm, a married man, 28 to 40 years old, as manager of dairy and stock farm. Must be a good manager and careful feeder of hogs, cattle and horses; also a good tiller of the soil and come well recommended. A good place is offered to the right man. Address INGLENOOK.



Map of the Southern Pacific Lines in Mexico.
Other principal Mexican railways are shown by the lighter, cross-hatched lines.

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC LINES IN MEXICO

"Railroad Age Gazette."

The construction by the Southern Pacific Company of a main trunk line and various branches on the west coast of Mexico under concessions granted by the Mexican Government is one of the most important railway developments in America today. Six hundred miles of these lines are already completed and in operation; 170 additional miles will be finished and ready for operation by January, 1909, and the entire network of lines will be pushed to completion as rapidly as the best, most approved and most economic methods of building will permit. The enterprise is a gigantic one involving the expenditure of many millions of dollars. Perhaps the best evidence of its importance is the fact that the work has progressed continuously throughout the financial depression.

Besides opening up a new territory rich in natural resources, the completion of the main trunk line will establish a direct and continuous route connecting the City of Mexico, Guadalajara and other points in Mexico with Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland and the ports

of Puget Sound. This will make possible a continuous train service of about 3,500 miles, the longest north-and-south line in America, and the longest in the world, until the Cape-to-Cairo line is built (if it ever is!) by the British Government. In order to understand clearly the significance of the various lines embraced in the enterprise the main line will be considered first, and then the branches separately.

Main Trunk Line.

This line enters the Republic of Mexico at Nogales, the twin American-Mexican city on each side of the international boundary between Arizona and the State of Sonora. From this point the line of the Sonora Railway extends through Magdalena and Hermosillo to the port of Guaymas, on the Gulf of California, a distance of 263 miles. This line, which has been in operation for many years, is now owned and controlled by the the Southern Pacific Company, and over its tracks the through trains will be run. The Government has recently granted a

THE INGLENOOK

concession for the reconstruction of this entire line and the Southern Pacific has already concluded arrangements for raising the track, putting in new ties, reballasting, replacing the old bridges with new ones, and substituting heavy rails for those now used, so that the road-bed of this part of the line will be raised to the high standard of construction which prevails on the new part south of Guaymas. By the terms of the concession this reconstruction must be completed within two years from the date of the concession.

From Guaymas south to Guadalajara the entire line, 860 miles in length, will be one of original construction.



Natives Clearing the Right of Way.

Leaving Guaymas, the road has a general southeasterly course passing through Corral, the point of crossing the Yaqui river, and Navojoa, the crossing of the Mayo river, entering the State of Sinaloa about half way between Navojoa and San Blas, at which latter place the Fuerte river and the tracks of the Kansas City, Mexico & Orient are crossed; thence to Culiacan, the capital of Sinaloa, crossing the beautiful Culiacan valley and river just before entering the city. From Culiacan the line proceeds to Mazatlan, situated on the Pacific Ocean at the mouth of the Gulf of California. This is the chief seaport city of the west coast of Mexico, and the only one which will have both a north and south rail outlet when the line is completed. Here the route gradually leaves the coast, passing through the territory and city of Tepic, thence to Guadalajara, the capital of the State of Jalisco and the second city of the Republic. The line between Guaymas and Culiacan, a distance of 340 miles, has been completed and is in operation; since the first of August a through daily passenger and Pullman service has been maintained between Culiacan and Tucson, Ariz., a distance of 750 miles.

The length of the line between Culiacan and Mazatlan is about 150 miles. The construction of this section is being pushed rapidly with large forces from each end and the section will be completed and placed in operation early in January, 1909, when a through daily passenger and Pullman service will be inaugurated from Tucson to Mazatlan, a distance of 900 miles. From Mazatlan to Guadalajara the length of the line will be about 360 miles. The construction of this section is now in progress from Mazatlan south and also from Guadalajara north and the work at each end is being pushed with all the despatch consistent with economic construction. By the terms of the concession the entire line must be completed by November, 6, 1912.

Branch Lines.

The concession to the Southern Pacific authorizes the construction of as many branches on either side of the trunk line from Navojoa to Guadalajara (each branch not to exceed 150 kilometers in length) as may be desired. The branches desired may be designated at any time prior to the sixth day of November, 1915. No concession for the construction of parallel lines within a zone of 30 kilometers on each side of the line can be granted to any other company prior to November 6, 1920.

This road will penetrate the heart of the region characterized by Baron Humboldt as "the mineral storehouse of the world." Heretofore the development of this section has been retarded on account of the lack of transportation facilities and the presence therein of bands of Yaqui Indians. The new railway will furnish the needed transportation facilities; and experience teaches that Indians are never a menace after the coming of the railway. This branch is destined to become one of the largest carriers of ore metal and mining machinery and supplies on the continent. It is completed to a point 20 miles north of Cumuripa, and 51 miles north of the junction with the main line at Corral. Construction is being pushed with a large force north of this point. Under the concession this line must be completed to the international boundary by May 11, 1924. Its length from Corral to the boundary is 388 miles. From Tonichi a short branch of 4½ miles will be built to the coal fields of Baranca.

Traffic Features.

Mention has been made of the mineral resources of the territory traversed by these lines. A large tonnage of ocean freight will be handled from Guaymas, the port



Tracklaying Gang at Work.

furthest north on the mainland of the Gulf of California, and from Mazatlan, which is at the confluence of the gulf with the Pacific Ocean. The latter, by reason of its geographic position, is the most convenient port on the west coast of America for the immense cargoes carried by the "trade wind" vessels plying between America and India, China, the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands. All of this ocean freight is now carried 2,000 miles north to San Francisco. Upon the completion of the line to Mazatlan this will become the port of discharge and their cargoes will be carried by the railroad to Guadal-

THE INGLENOOK

ajara, Mexico City and other points in Mexico, and by the fast freight north to the United States and Canada. The traffic from Mazatlan to Guadalajara and the City of Mexico is sure to be very large because this route affords the best approach to these two great cities from any point on the Pacific.

It goes without saying that the through freight and pas-



Robert's Tracklaying Machine at Work.

senger traffic upon a direct line connecting two such cities as Guadalajara and Mexico City with Los Angeles, San Francisco and the Pacific coast of the United States will be heavy. Mexico City, like the tomb of Mohammed to the Mussulman, is the Mecca of all Mexicans, and the map shows an immense territory in Sonora and Northern Sinaloa, whose inhabitants can now reach the capital only by the circuitous route to Benson, Ariz., thence to El Paso, and from there over the Mexican Central to the City of Mexico. All this traffic will be diverted to the new line and its volume will be multiplied many times with the shortening of the distance and the increased facilities which will be afforded. The freight traffic which the country will furnish will be large in volume and will consist of live stock of all kinds, and a great variety of agricultural products, fruits, vegetables and timber. Among the agricultural products may be enumerated corn, beans, garbanzos (peas), sugar (crude and refined), alfalfa, sorghum cane (used as a forage for live stock), and agave, from which a fiber that is the highest-priced in the market is extracted. The fruits are of the finest quality and consist of the orange, banana, lemon, mango, chirimoya (known as vegetable ice cream), cocoanut, date aguate, papaya (an appetizing breakfast fruit similar to the cantaloupe and from which is extracted the purest form of pepsin known), zepete, plum, strawberry, black-

berry, melon, and in the mountainous sections the apple, peach and pear. The fruits which have been the source of such wealth to California are indigenous to the soil of the west coast of Mexico and are ready for market months in advance of the California product. The oranges grown in Sonora are the sweetest and have the most delicious flavor of any grown in America, with the possible exception of those of the Salt river in Arizona. The State of Sinaloa presents exceptional opportunities to the truck-gardener for raising winter fruits and vegetables. These can be produced there for the markets of the United States at a season when they cannot be supplied from any other section. Most fruits and vegetables may be grown there every month of the year.

The forests along the coast contain fine specimens of mahogany, ebony, maple, rosewood, *lignum vitae*, mora, willow and many other varieties of beautiful and valuable trees. In the hills and mountains are found the sycamore, cypress, spruce, pine, madroña, elm, walnut, cedar and oak, all similar to these species found in the United States, and in addition about 175 varieties of trees never seen in the forests north of this section.

The lands along the coast are for the most part covered with a dense growth of trees and underbrush and some grass, though the latter is not abundant. It is claimed that the forage from this underbrush will support more live stock to the same area than the famous bunch grass of the Northwest region. In the foot hills of the Sierra Madre range are magnificent grazing lands where conditions for stock breeding are ideal and the



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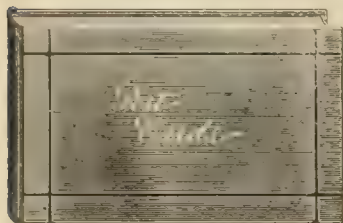
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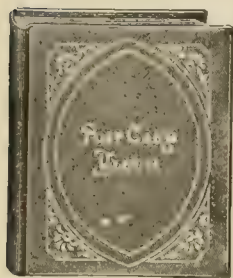
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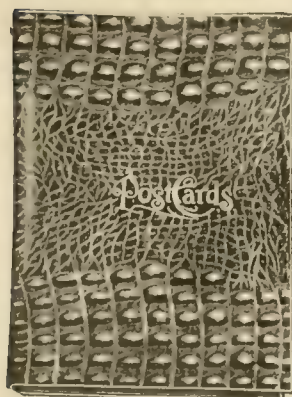
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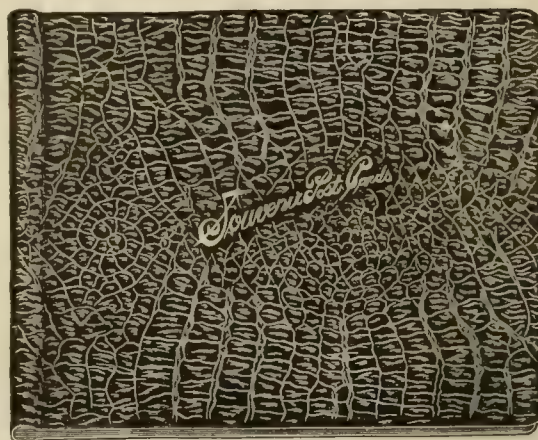
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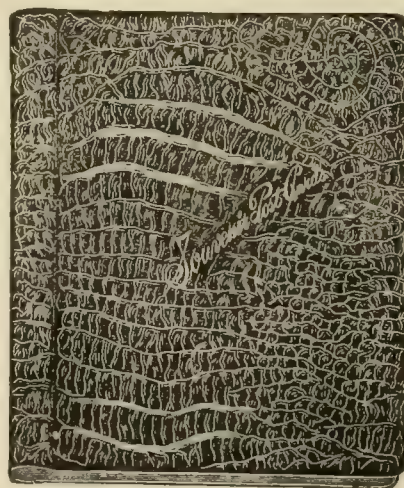


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No. 7004.—Royal Black "Viennese" Post Card Album. Bound in imitation leather—Sea Lion Grain—with Gilt title on side. Size, 10¼x15½. Holds 500 cards with 4 to a page. "Viennese" looks like Genuine Leather and wears better.

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The aim is to establish self-supporting congregations of our people, with good church and school privileges from the beginning of a colony.

A committee appointed by the Directors of this company, made an extended tour of investigation through the West. After careful consideration of their report by the Directors, it was decided to locate their first colony in the San Joaquin Valley, California. This is one of the world's famous valleys, noted for its mild, congenial climate, rich soil and variety of products.

In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses; peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, figs, olives, oranges, lemons, melons, canteloupes, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, loganberries and grapes. Vegetables are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and other nuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully. The new colony town, is on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad, immediately on the tract selected for our first colony. It is in central California, within a few hours run of San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, among the best markets in the State.

The colony tract is well located, almost level, with a deep, fertile soil, mostly a sandy loam, well adapted to above-named crops. It is in the Modesto irrigation district, one of the best systems in the State, with plenty of water, and the land owns the irrigation plant. Two large ditches cross the colony tract, and the present owner will construct lateral ditches to each forty acres—an important item. The drainage is excellent, no alkali or hardpan to interfere with crops, no brush, stumps or stones to be removed, a good place for

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The next party of colonists will leave Chicago about February 9. The town and colony lands are both platted and are ready for occupation and cultivation. Prospective colonists and California tourists are invited to join us. Write for rates and particulars.

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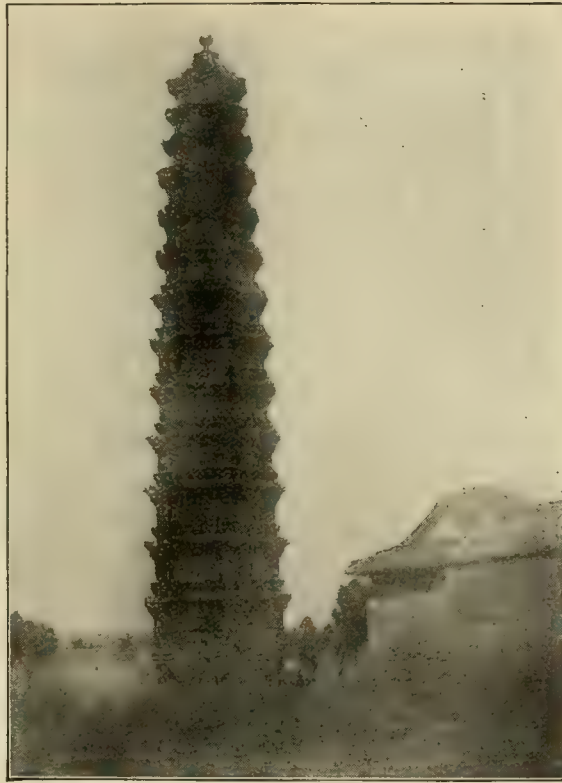
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Thursday, Feb. 11, 1909

Will leave all points in Oklahoma for Butte Valley, California. An excursion will leave Chicago the same day, leaving Omaha, Nebraska and Kansas City, Missouri on Friday, February 12, 1909. All excursions will be consolidated at Cheyenne, Wyoming Saturday morning February 13. For rates, routes and other information write to

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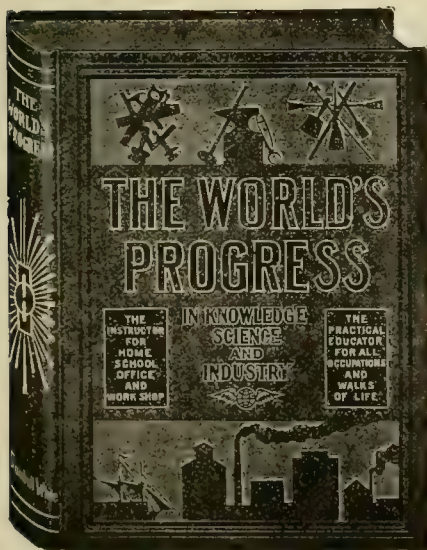
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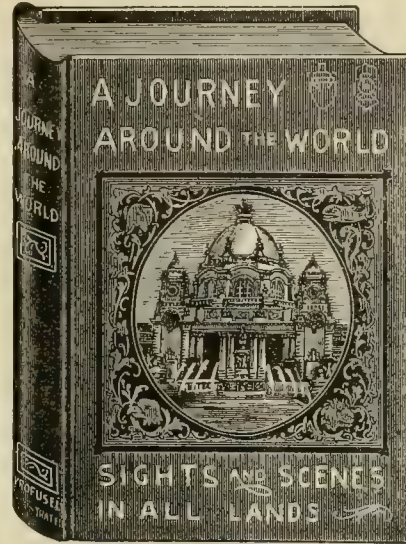
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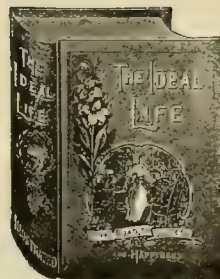
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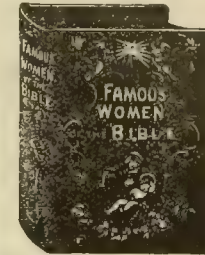
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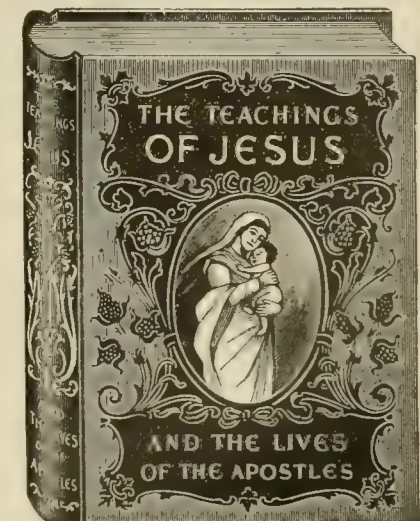
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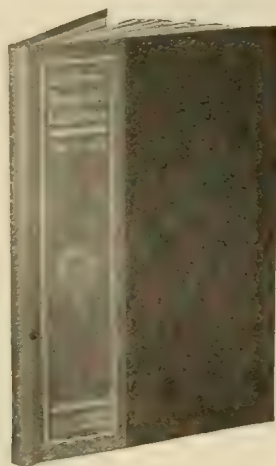
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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.									
Nampa District.									
Name	Acres	Tons	per A.						
Mark Austin, . . .	35	18		A. C. Coonard, . . .	6	18½	Wm. Hansen, . . .	6	16
Company Farm, . .	90	16		Geo. Duval, . . .	170	14	Melcher & Boor, .	37	15
Allen Bissett, . .	2	18		Rogers' Farm, . . .	20	24	A. E. Wood, . . .	18	16
Tolef Olsen, . . .	4	17½		Gough & Merrill, .	10	18	P. A. Gregar, . . .	5	15
C. G. Nofziger, . .	5	19		A. V. Linder, . . .	25	16	R. F. Slone, . . .	5	15
Geo. Duval, . . .	6	26		David Betts, . . .	14	15	Thos. Weir, . . .	14	23
				Payette District.					
				C. M. Williams, . .	5	19	Wm. Melcher, . . .	21	22
				W. F. Ashinhurst, .	3½	18	S. Niswander, . . .	26	17
				E. E. Hunter, . . .	27	16	John Ward, . . .	10	22
							W. B. Ross, . . .	5	23
Nampa District.									
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.				Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100		17	
				Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56		20	
				Sugar Company,	Barley	60		40	
				Geo. Duval,	Barley	75		35	
				John Holtom,	Wheat	52		20	
				Albert Mickels,	Oats	90		9	
	Kind of Grain	Bushels per A.	A.						
I. Hildreth.	Wheat	58	15						

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

Colonization Agent, Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G.P.A., O.S.L.R.R., Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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KAI FENG FU, CHINA

C. F. APPLETON

THE city of Kai Feng Fu is situated about one thousand miles northwest of Shanghai and about four hundred miles south of Peking, and six miles south of the Yellow River. It is the capital and principal city of the Province of Honan. Although the Yellow River is one of the principal waterways of China, it is comparatively useless for navigation on account of its lack of depth and treacherous shoals.

Kai Feng Fu is reached from Shanghai, the leading port for the Celestial Empire, by a trip of four days on a river steamer up the mighty Yangtse River a distance of six hundred miles to Hankow, the Chicago of China. From Hankow the balance of the journey may now be made in two days—a trip which formerly required several weeks. The railway recently constructed by French and Belgian capitalists from Hankow to Peking—about seven hundred miles—now has daily trains in operation and is a great help in the development of the country, although it is a sore spot to the Chinese government, as it is still in the hands of foreign capitalists.

The city of Kai Feng Fu is enclosed by a wall about forty feet high, thirty feet wide at the top and sixty feet wide at the base. A layer of extra large well-burnt brick, laid in lime, forms the outside, but the inside is earth with a coat of cement on the top, thus keeping a roadway on top of the wall in good condition and preserving the wall from decay. The outer brick work rises some eight feet above this cement wall and every few feet has alternate loopholes and rectangular indentations. The city has five gates which are carefully closed every night at dusk. On the wall above the gateways large two-story buildings or towers are built for protection and for the artistic effect. The main wall is said to be fourteen miles long and encloses an area of twelve square miles, two-thirds or more being covered by the brick buildings, streets, etc. The streets, which are wider than those of most Chi-

nese cities, will compare favorably with the narrow streets of some American cities.

Instead of the street car, however, the traveler need walk but few steps before he will find a rickshaw ready to carry him much faster than he can walk. The rickshaw, which was introduced into this city about two years ago, much resembles a small covered buggy except that it is drawn by a man. The fare is usually about two cents a mile. If the passenger is nervous or afraid of an upset, the far-famed wheelbarrow or the native cart is still at his disposal. The latter is a two-wheeled springless vehicle with a cloth cover over a wooden frame. There is usually a small window on each side. It is drawn by a horse, a donkey, or a mule. It is not an uncommon sight to see a horse, a donkey, a mule and a bullock all hitched up together to an uncovered country cart. For special occasions, such as marriages and funerals, the sedan chair is used. It is also proper for officials to use these chairs when traveling in the city. This is a covered frame work, about three feet square and five feet high, to which two long poles are fastened for being carried on the shoulders of two, four, six or more men, according to the rank of the person and the significance of the occasion. The chair is usually decorated with cloth or silk of various colors and other ornaments. The chairs of officials are preceded by a bodyguard of soldiers. In case of marriage, in conducting the bride from her father's to her husband's home, the chairs occupied by the bride and groom are usually preceded by a company of boys or men, some wearing gay, odd-shaped hats and carrying signs, flags, musical instruments, etc. Many other strange sights meet the eye of the foreigner who has spent any length of time in a heathen city.

Some of the most notable places of this provincial capital are the following that are worthy of mention:

The "Long Ting," or old palace, formerly occupied by the Emperor when this city was the capital of the

Middle Kingdom. The buildings are now being used as a Buddhist temple. Travelers may still see the massive stone on which the Emperor's throne was formerly located. It is a solid rock cube of about six feet on each edge and has dragon figures carved on four sides. In many places it is now as smooth as glass on account of having been rubbed by the hands of so many sight-seers for several centuries.

During the reign of "Kong Uh" in the fourteenth century, his majesty built a magnificent pagoda in the northern part of this city which still stands as a memorial of his reign, and is one of the wonders of the city. It is built of brick, the outside being of colored pressed material which has resisted the storms of many ages and is now in excellent condition. The pagoda has thirteen stories; is about two hundred feet high; is octagonal in shape with a diameter of perhaps fifty feet. By winding stairs on the inside the traveler may ascend to the pinnacle of this guardian angel of the city and secure a good view of the surrounding country. At the top of each flight of steps is an idol, the one at the summit being of iron and bearing the name of the Emperor at whose expense the pagoda was built. In a separate building in front of the tower is a large brass image of Buddha about twenty feet in height and five feet in diameter.

Another interesting sight is a stone monument in one of the Buddhist temples, or court connected therewith, which commemorates the three great floods which have swept over the city, carrying death and destruction in their track. The city is scarcely more than six miles from the Yellow River which in times of unusually heavy rains overflows its banks and covers the whole valley which is a low-lying, sandy territory. It was after one of these floods that the imperial family left the city and sought a safer place of residence. The population is not more than half of what it formerly was in times of greatest prosperity.

Another interesting monument is a stone tablet erected by the Jews many centuries ago. It is the last trace of their old synagogue which once was in a very flourishing condition. The site is now a dumping ground for rubbish and filth of the vicinity, but is still made certain by this memorial stone. Chinese characters are engraved on it and the writing gives some idea of their doctrines and of the establishment

of their religion in the heart of this vast empire. Eight families of Jews still remain to remind the world of the certainty of the fulfilment of the prophecies of God's Word relating to his ancient people, predicting their dispersion among the nations.

The Mohammedan temples in the city are also worthy of mention. Of these the principal one is located near the east gate where a large per cent of the people are followers of the false prophet. They claim that three thousand families come under the sway of this one temple. They have a very strong hold upon the people and seem to be adding to their numbers in this section of the country.

The city was opened to foreign residents after the Boxer troubles of the memorable year of 1900 in which so many martyrs loved not their lives unto the death but sealed their testimony with their blood. At present there are three Protestant missions working in the city; also a Roman Catholic and a Greek Catholic mission. Some from the multitudes have accepted the Christian faith and the gospel influence, bringing light to those who sit in heathen darkness.



THE race of mankind would perish did they cease to aid each other. From the time that the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from

the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid have a right to ask it from their fellow mortals; no one who holds the power of granting can refuse without guilt.—*Sir Walter Scott.*



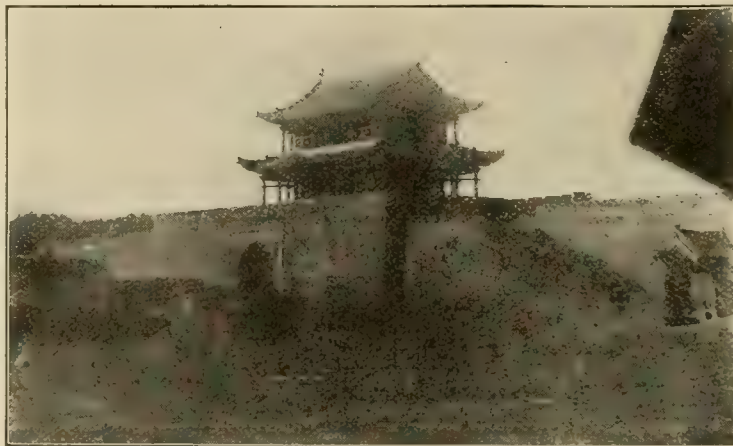
STEAM OCEAN TRAVEL.

T. H. FERNALD.

IN steam ocean travel there has been as great advancement as in other industries. To prove this statement, let me mention two ocean steamers which show great advancement along this line.

The *London Times* (England) of May 18, 1819, contained the following item in regard to an expected event, which actually occurred:

"*Great Experiment.*—A new steam vessel of 300 tons has been built at New York, for the express purpose of carrying passengers across the Atlantic. She is to come direct to Liverpool."



The North Gate of Kai Feng Fu and Tower. Entrance Is Through the Dark, Semi-Circular Opening in the Front. The Small, Side Gate Leads Up on the Wall. Closed Every Night.

This steamer, named the *Savannah*, was the first to cross the Atlantic. She was built at New York by Francis Ficket, and her engines built by Stephen Vail, and she was launched August 22, 1818. She carried only seventy-five tons of coal and twenty-five cords of wood.

Under the command of Capt. Moses Rogers, of New London, Conn., the *Savannah* sailed from the port of Savannah, Ga., May 25, 1819, bound for St. Petersburg, via Liverpool, reaching the latter port on June 20, having used steam 18 days out of the twenty-six. She was also bark-rigged, and used sails most of the time.

We will next refer to the *Etruria*, of the Cunard line, which made the fastest time of any ocean steamer up to her time (1885). She was 520 feet long, 57 feet beam, and 41 feet deep to upper deck—49 feet to promenade deck—of 8,000 tons, and 14,500 horsepower, built of steel throughout, and was "not classed in any of the books, as her construction exceeded by far the requirements of any of the book surveyors."

She was divided into ten water-tight compartments; most of the bulkheads were carried to the upper deck. She had three steel masts, bark-rigged, and could spread a very large area of canvas when required. The *Etruria* carried 3,000 tons of coal, and burned, on an average, 320 tons every twenty-four hours.

She left Queenstown, Sunday, August 16, 1885, arriving in New York, Saturday, August 22, at 3:35 P. M., making the passage in six days, five hours, and forty-four minutes. The first day's run, counting from 2:26 P. M. Sunday, to the following noon, was 424 knots, followed by 464, 450, 465, 464, 464, and 70 knots from noon to 3:35 P. M. the last day.

The distance the *Etruria* traveled—2,801 knots, or 3,250 statute miles—shows that she maintained the unusual speed of twenty-one and one-half miles per hour continuous steaming the entire voyage. The best single day's run was made on the second westward voyage when she steamed 481 nautical—557 statute—miles, at a speed of more than 25 miles per hour.

The cost of running these great ocean liners is something enormous. We are told that "many on the Atlantic Ocean cost from \$600,000 to \$800,000 per voyage, while some of the Pacific mail steamships have an expense of from \$800,000 to \$1,200,000 per voyage." This expense, of course, includes, provisions, fuel, help, etc.

Belfast, Me.



A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE DEVIL.

IRA P. DEAN.

If there is any part of Harrisburg that has had a hard fight with "Demon Alcohol," it is the east end, "Allison Hill." Nearly every year there is a hot fight over the saloon question.

But the best part of it all is, the devil will have to put up a better fight than he did a few years ago or he will never win out. Allison Hill has over five thousand homes, a population of over twenty thousand and not one saloon. Some years ago the devil took advantage of the small number of people on Allison Hill and succeeded in placing two saloons just at the foot of the hill at Tenth and Market Streets, but he has never got up the hill yet.

About two years ago a representative of the devil put in his application for a license for a saloon to be located in the heart of the Allison Hill district near Reservoir Park in a beautiful residential district near one of the finest parks in Pennsylvania. He argued that in order to make the park more up-to-date there should be a hotel near it, and since the farmers attending the Hill market were obliged to find their accommodations at restaurants and livery stables, a hotel was absolutely necessary. A hotel was necessary to accommodate visitors who desired to stay near the park and many other reasons he put forth.

Now Allison Hill had fifteen churches and they were awake too; they had committees at work with remonstrances, who succeeded in getting the farmers to sign them, stating they were willing to abide by the present order of inconveniences rather than patronize a hotel or see one on the Hill. One Sunday afternoon a great mass meeting was held in one of the big churches. The building was crowded, everything went against the saloon. The saloon representative had over four hundred on his petition for a license and on the following day the license would be granted. Over 2,100 names were filed against the saloon, but the judge need pay no attention to that if he chose to grant the license.

When the meeting was about closing an old gentleman got up and said, "This saloon fight has become an annual occurrence and it is time for the church people of this section of the city to rise against it as final and let the devil know that he cannot put his shop on the Hill under any circumstances. I would therefore suggest that all who have signed that remonstrance and any one else who opposes the saloon, who can, assemble at this church tomorrow morning at eight o'clock and march in a body to the courthouse and personally protest against the granting of the license for this saloon."

The entire audience was in favor of it and plans were at once made to carry out the suggestion. When Monday morning came the applicant for the license got the news of the forming of an army to march against him and before the army had a chance to start for the courthouse, the devil's representative hurried to the courthouse and withdrew his application. The news of his withdrawing his application and the action and victory of the church was heralded

(Continued on Page 105.)

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLIII.

A BLACK hearse, drawn by black horses and followed by a long line of mourners, or by a few, is one of the most universal sights common to us all, yet it is the one that always causes us to look twice and think thrice.

Some one in Catania had lost a dear friend. Some one was sadder for the loss. Though I am voyaging around the world I, too, must pay the price of living—death. It is the one common fate of us all. Sicily is fading from view as the sea comes between us and I will not forget the passing of the solemn cortege with brilliant garlands flying heavily to hide the marks of death. I am full of happy, expectant life. Back there in Catania, where ripen sweet oranges and hang bursting figs of seedy sugar, a family is in sorrow. The good father, brave for life's battles and eager to care for his children, the true husband, closely twined in human affection to the

maker of his home, has gone into the silent world of spirits. I must take back my statement that Sicily might be an Eden if her forests had been spared. That is not her worst enemy, for she still has sin and death, the first, last and worst enemies of the race. Though the dead man rode in a hearse covered with flowers, and appeared thus to be riding to his coronation and not to endless night, he was still the victim of the dread plague that shall smite the strongest of us down.

* * * * *

The more I sea of the sailors the better I like them.

They are more religious and sincere in their work than sailors often are on the northern routes. The days pass all too swiftly, for my eyes never tire of the blue Mediterranean. The delight of sailing on a small ship where the sea is usually calm is also a point in my favor. I feel more at home here. I can get over the boat more quickly. It is closer to the water. It rocks more gently. There is less tremor in the machinery. The few passengers aboard make the ones who are here more interesting to the crew and officers. They are more solicitous for our welfare, and we can

have what we like, when we like it, and in as great quantity.

In fact, my passage does not include food, as I think I stated, but I am getting it just the same. I am paying about a dollar a day for the ride, and while the company could not guarantee my meals in the dining-room, I did have a hint that the sailors would not let me starve.

These sailors usually take their meals up on deck, eating from one big dish. When they gather about the foredeck thus, they whistle for me, and I go up and join them. The boy who brings up the food gives me a dishful also, counting me as one of the *crew*. And I am. For don't I pull at the ropes and work the machine and get the loading devices out of fix? But I talk to them and sing for them and walk on my hands and do various things to amuse them. These sailors live well on board. They are served plenty of the best fruit, with all the macaroni they like and well-cooked beef. The dessert is always a bottle of wine of better quality,



"For don't I pull at the ropes and work the machine and get the loading devices out of fix?"

they tell me, than that usually given at meals. So I am living *with* these sailors and am learning their life. Their kindness to me is so great I wonder sometimes why they are so thoughtful. But I like them, and am not afraid of them, even if they are made up of Italians, Greeks and Turks. Only one of them speaks English, for he was in America for some time and now has returned to his native land. But his heart longed for America and he was always speaking in praise of her wonderful institutions. "Yes, sir," he would say to his sailor fellows, "I've been in that man's country." Then he would draw in a full breath and say, "That's the place to be—Chicago. My, ain't that town great?"

Every sailor not on duty (and usually at evening most of our crew not working at the furnaces or engines) was free to sit on deck and engage in the various games usual to sailing. As the sea was perfectly smooth and the wind a calm, the least order from any part of the boat could be heard distinctly; the sailors had much more leisure than could be granted them on a big liner. Then, too, they had their "shifts" on and "shifts" off, when a set of them could sleep or read, and a set went about their duties.

With all of this ideal leisure to myself, I was not idle. I was busy reading from the Bible, a good book on travel or other subjects, and the magazines carried by every ship. Especially was I studying what maps of the Mediterranean and the world I could find, looking intently at that spot over which I knew I was sailing, for long moments.

When this picture appeared in a former letter I was wrong in saying that the dark fellow with cap on, near the center, had been to America. It was the bare-headed, coatless one leaning against him. You will see that he has caught part of the Yankee expression of face, for there is more power, more independence and more hope in his face than in the faces of those around him. The sailor at the extreme right is a fine fellow, a gentleman, but he is still a son of the Levant. No Yankee would thus hold his cap and manifest the easy surrender of bearing which this sailor shows. The little boy with pretty, round face and full cheeks, wearing a broad sailor hat and holding a slender pole, is the crew's mascot. He was our angel and the idol

of all. This uneducated boy had the most wonderful voice of any child I ever heard. He sang from the great masters like a student. Operatic selections requiring trained vocalists of mature development he handled with greatest ease. I believe his voice was a real *virtuoso*. Long through the moonlight evenings he sang for us on deck. No matter who had been singing, or what story was being told, or game played, everything stopped the second his voice rang clear in song. He had that catching something that only occasional singers have, a charm that cast a soothing spell of romance over your whole being.

The sailors are now gathered on the "poop," just "fore" of the foremast near the "hatch" hole, under the big loading derrick.

At night there was a dance on board with good music from Italian instruments. The men danced alone, or with men, but never with women. The sailors were captivated with this form of recreation and they swung around the curving deck and embraced each other with the ardor and with as much fondness as do men dancing with women. It was the music of motion and the poetry of motion that brought their tired bodies relief in the daily dance. When it was all over they returned to their important posts of duty, as one man, filled with glad cheer and glad they were



"The boy who brings up the food for the sailors brings me a dishful also."

serving as sailors on a Mediterranean vessel. There was almost no roughness. There was no fighting, no drunkenness and no stabbing. I would not call them "dagoes," and it always pains me to hear these countrymen of ours spoken of in that way. "Dago" is the "nigger" of the colored race, and good-hearted, thoughtful people never say "nigger." "Nigger" pushes down. "Colored man" helps him up. "Italian," pronounced with musical tone due the vowels used, and in syllables,—I-tal-i-an,—sounds well, is well.

No one aboard speaks English but myself. The American sailor uses a few words as also does the captain, in necessity.

While the captain and mate were "looking out" on the bridge I went up and with his permission took their picture. There was no foolishness in this man as in most sea captains. He was a noble man, attentive to his duties and paying strict attention to business.

His daughter and the daughter of the mate, both from college in Geneva, are aboard with their fathers on a health excursion. I tried to talk to them, but they knew only a little French and much less English. They were both eating nearly all the time. I don't see any sickness about them, and they seem full of spirits. We are passing some beautiful little islands that rise out of the sea high into the blue above them. These isles are vestiges of volcanoes that once spouted fire, mud and lava. On the ship's chart these little islets are marked and named. But you never see them in your geography. A captain must know a thousand times more than any geography teaches. It is amazing to see how his skill at navigation enables him to shun these rocky dangers and pass, now on one side, now on the other of them, or between them, or on one side only, as he desires. For the sea is known pretty well, and the location of every projecting rock or island in the well-traveled waters is known exactly.

When the fog comes down or cloudy storms beat the sea into fury, the captain steers by distance already come and by the last known points. Some of this is guesswork and then the vessel sometimes strikes a rock or runs aground, with loss to the ship and sometimes to all on board. If but the faintest glimpse of the sun can be seen, or if its exact location in the heavens is known, the captain can tell just where his boat is on the sea. We have just passed between two islands that did not seem to be more than a half mile apart. In the darkness I can't see how he could just miss, and not hit, one or the other of these islands. I see no lighthouses.

We are running into Crete. Acts 27 tells of Paul's shipwreck here, how the sailors ran close to the shore of Crete for fear of the high seas and storm, and were driven to a small island, called Canda, and were washed up in the sands. I suppose I saw this island, but I am not sure which one was Canda.

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PROVERBS AND QUOTATIONS.

WHEN you have done a really good thing, do not stop to talk about it, but do another.

Doing the little things has caused many a man to get big.

Sometimes a minute of thinking is better than a hustle. Who so cuts a straight path to his own living by the help of God, in the sun and rain and sprouting grain, is a universal working man. He solves that problem of life, not for one but for all men of sound body.

Take things easy if you want to have a hard time. Even the man who is truthful in the daytime may lie awake at night.

Cool judgment doesn't come from a hot head.

Be accurate in all you undertake, remembering that slipshod feet will surely produce blistered heels.

Always buy thermometers in cold weather, while they are down.

A just man can run up his own business without running his neighbor's business down.

He who broods over troubles is sure to hatch many new ones.

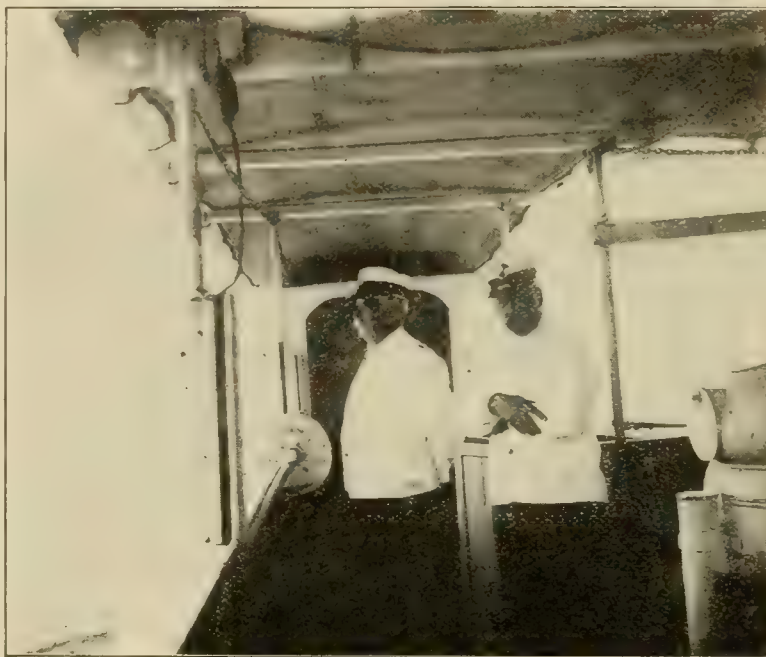
"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right." This immortal quotation was made by

Abraham Lincoln in his second inaugural address. This is a very befitting motto for every Christian as a guidance for the new year and henceforth.

"God bless my mother! All I am or hope to be I owe to her," is another quotation of this noble son.

There is an eye that never sleeps,
Beneath the wing of night;
There is an ear that never shuts,
When sink the beams of light;
There is an arm that never tires,
When human strength gives way;
There is a love that never fails
When earthly loves decay.

Heaven is above all! There sits a Judge that no king can corrupt!



The Captain and Mate.

THE SUPERFLUOUS BOY

ELIZABETH M. ROYER

Chapter II.

FROM the distance the summoning schoolbell came toning forth. Francis got up and started out of the back gate across lots to school. He did not go far before fate met him in the shape of Tam.

"Francis Homer Peasley," she exclaimed in horror, "don't you know better than to go to school looking like that? Just look at the dirt on your face. You haven't any tie, and your waist is something awful. And your shoestrings——!" She paused for lack of adequate words to express herself,—“And your shoestrings are something *monstrous*. You have not tied them up at all. They are just around your ankle. Do you suppose I am going to have a brother in school looking like that? Come right back home and get cleaned up.”

"We will be late," weakly interposed Francis. A guilty conscience needs no accuser, and he felt doubly guilty at the truthful onslaught from Tam. He followed her back, meekly submitting to her scoldings and pulls at his clothing all the way. It was fate; what was the use of doing otherwise, since he couldn't be happy anyway?

"Mama," exclaimed Tam, "just look at this boy. Did you ever see anything like it? He was on his way to school, too. Do you think we are going to have our reputation spoiled by our brother looking like this? I don't see why he couldn't have been a girl anyway. Just look at him now. What do you suppose the teacher would say if she saw him?"

Francis stood in guilty silence, defenceless.

"For pity's sake, child, you don't mean to say you were going to school looking like this? Haven't you any respect for your parents and sisters? What do you think the teacher would think of us if we let you go like that? Didn't I tell you to come in and get washed? Answer me. Didn't I?"

"I forgot," was the faltering reply.

"Forgot, well, you won't forget again in a hurry. Go on to school, Tam, I will see to Francis. Here, hurry up and get clean. Tonight when you come home you are to go straight to bed and not have any supper for this. Do you understand?"

Francis nodded in tearful silence.

"Well, go on now. Likely you will be late. Tell the teacher the truth. Don't say I kept you. It's your own fault."

As she had been scolding, Mrs. Peasley had also been vigorously applying soap and water to his stained face and begrimed hands. She hurriedly sent him away to school, after she had hustled him into clean

clothes, with the command "to be a nice good boy and a credit to his parents and dear sisters."

That evening, as Francis returned home, the pleasures of the young spring never, it seemed to him, had appealed to his senses so strongly. To pass a group of boys shooting away at marbles on a damp mound of bare earth, to go around others spinning tops on the hard walks, to feel his sling-shot pressing against him in his hip pocket uncomfortably, yet having no thought of the discomfort, as he saw the first robins flitting about the trees, and to have to go straight home without once stopping at the football ground made his lagging footsteps lag more slowly and his heavy heart weigh more heavily as he climbed the stairs to his room and sat down on a chair by the window which overlooked the kindling pile. His head dropped on the window-sill as he stared out, unseeing, through tears that rolled, one by one, unheeded, down his cheeks. After a while he dozed off to sleep.

He was awakened by Scrub, barking coaxingly under the window. As he raised it and looked down, he could see by the light of the stars that had pierced the blue darkness the indistinct form of his pet, making little dashes from the window to the gate that led into the meadow. There smoke was curling up and lines of fire pictured forth grotesque figures flashing to and fro. Could it be that the sun had dried the spongy ground enough during the day that they could have prairie fires? He heard the faint, distant shout of the boys. There at the head of the "gang" was his place. He must fill that place. The voices of the family floated murmuringly up from the parlor. The stair-door had been left open so that they could easily detect any sound he might make, for once he had emptied the bureau drawers on a like occasion. On going into the hall and listening he heard Tam and Marie laughingly telling some girl friend of his enforced imprisonment. And the girl was Annette, his "lady of love and beauty." After hearing this, she would turn up her independent, little stub nose at him and give her smiles to Tom Green, who also greatly desired to find favor in her eyes by laying his conquered heart at her feet. The only way for him, now that this last vanquishing blow had come, was to gain all possible fun from the prairie fire before his disgrace would become public.

Stealthily he crept across his room and slid over the window-sill on the roof of the kitchen. Then with careful steps, he climbed down the trellis of the grape arbor that had been built against the kitchen.

Scrub came bouncing up, and together they slipped through the back gate and ran away to the fire.

When the last grass had been burnt, when they all had been thoroughly perfumed with the smoke, sweet to their nostrils but repulsive to the more fastidious, when the last borrowed broom had been blackened to the handle, and when the last boy had gone home, Francis sat down on a stone to think. Troubles had been forgotten during the excitement of seeing who could come nearest without harm; girls and sisters were far from his thoughts when he was gallantly protecting the fence from the crackling, devouring flames; a supperless stomach had little sympathy in the intoxicating pleasure of starting new trails of fire; but now he must face life in earnest. Times come to all when none can decide for them, when only they, themselves, are capable of seeing clearly both sides of the questions that, when settled, lead to the crises of life. So it was with Francis as he sat considering the easiest way out. The stolen pleasure had given him encouragement, had driven from his mind much of the melancholy that had made him hopeless so few hours before.

If he went back, they would smell the smoke on his clothes in the morning, at least Tam would, and punish him. Now he had no desire for punishment, and he sat with his chin buried in his singed hand, looking carefully at all sides of his trouble in his efforts to plan a way out. If, in some way, he could arouse sympathy for himself, they would forget his sins and he would stand the petted and indulged favorite. Once when he had almost died with the measles, he remembered that even Tam had set aside her much-loved dolls to entertain him. He didn't see how he could get the measles or any other disease over night, and to break a leg or arm was out of the question. But, here was an idea. Why not go to his grandmother who had many times befriended him, and, he knew, secretly sympathized with him and staunchly stood up for him before the family? Should he not appear at breakfast in the morning, they would probably think he had been kidnaped. That was the thing to do, go to his grandmother and throw himself on her mercy. Without more ado, he called Scrub to heel and started a mile or more across the town to where his spry, jolly grandmother lived alone.

(To Be Continued.)

BUSINESS PHILOSOPHY.

PLAY is work that you don't have to do.

Never hire a traveling man whose waistcoat is more insistent than his personality.

Don't rise so high in your calling that you see only one side of your fellows.

It's true that a marble statue has no faults,—but then it has no friends, either.

There are plenty of doors labeled "Pull," but the majority, after all, bear the legend "Push."

There are self-made men in this world who ought to be suffering from remorse.—*Lippincott's*.

IT TAKES COURAGE.

To live according to your convictions.

Not to bend the knee to popular prejudice.

To say "No," squarely when those around you say "Yes."

To be what you are, and not pretend to be what you are not.

To refuse to knuckle and bend the knee to the wealthy, even though poor.

To remain in honest poverty while others grow rich by questionable methods.

To speak the truth when, by a little prevarication, you can get some good advantage.

To live honestly within your means, and not dishonestly upon the means of others.

To stand firmly erect while others are bowing and fawning for praise and power.

To refuse to do a thing which you think is wrong, because it is customary and done in trade.

When mortified and embarrassed by humiliating disaster, to seek in the wreck or ruin the elements of future conquest.

To face slander and lies, and to carry yourself with cheerfulness, grace and dignity for years before the lie can be corrected.

To do your duty in silence, obscurity, and poverty, while others about you prosper through neglecting or violating sacred obligations.

To be talked about, and yet remain silent when a word would justify you in the eyes of others, but which you cannot speak without injury to another.

To throw up a position with a good salary when it is the only business you know, and you have a family depending upon you, because it does not have your unqualified approval.—*Success Magazine*.

THERE WILL BE NO CHANCES THIS YEAR FOR—

The idler.

The leaner.

The coward.

The wobbler.

The smatterer.

The indifferent.

The educated fool.

The impractical theorist.

Those who watch the clock.

The slipshod and the careless.

The young man who lacks backbone.

The person who is afraid of obstacles.

The boy who shirks at school.—*Exchange*.

CHINA BATTLING TO BE FREE.

WE of the United States, who are making some slight progress in our fight against the liquor traffic, need not suppose that we have a monopoly on virtue or that no other nation is waging a battle for righteousness. China is fighting also, a much harder battle against a more terrible foe. On the outcome of her contest depends the freedom of one hundred million people who are now held in bondage to the opium traffic. It is easy to start a reform in China, far easier than here, for it is necessary only to convince the rulers of its righteousness to have it ordered at once.

The measures which the government has adopted are systematic. In the first place, all dens have been ordered closed. They are not all closed, for a prohibition is usually ineffective except as backed up by public opinion. And public sentiment is no easier to mold in China than anywhere else. A missionary, the Rev. Charles L. Storrs, Jr., describes a ceremony to which the missionaries of Shao-wu were invited, to celebrate the opening of an opium refuge. They were there by special invitation and were requested to bear some part in the ceremony. They wasted an hour and a half waiting for "his placid slowness," the prefect, to arrive, but when it came to a part of the program in which they were most interested, the local dignitaries would stand only ten minutes of it. "We saw some official fidgeting while we sang a Christian patriotic hymn," he writes, "although we had been invited to do this very thing; and, then, after a few remarks by the foreigner, while our cultured teacher was making some very good and appropriate points, the whole group up and waddled out without so much as a courtesy." As a matter of fact, the whole performance was undoubtedly ordered by some of the officials higher up and the little local dignitaries, anxious to have something to report, asked the missionaries and all the foreigners to join in the dedication exercises. But the hearts of the natives were not in the reform and it will proceed but slowly there and in many other places.

In addition to this order closing the opium dens, China has commanded the poppy farmers to reduce their crop 10 per cent per year. It is from poppies that the drug is made and China means to do all in her power to blot out its manufacture as well as its sale. Agricultural experts are being sent to those farmers whose land has been used for the growth of poppies in the past to show them what other crops can be profitably raised, so that no one will be deprived of his living by the reform, if the government can prevent. And with the agriculturists go also missionaries, showing lantern slides and holding mass-meetings with the purpose of educating the people and explaining the baneful influences of the drug. Surely it would seem as though this were enough to

make it clear that the government is in earnest. What more can China do?

She can do this much more: she can absolutely forbid the use of the drug by any of the multitude of government officers. And she has done it. When the edict went forth closing the dens, every government employe was allowed six months to free himself from the habit. Those who were known to be still addicted to the drug at the close of that period were immediately discharged. There was no fake about this reform. Those affected by the edict came from every rank of life, up to and including some of the very highest officials in the kingdom. These can never again enter the government employ. Their names are prominently posted in company with those of all men who are known to use the drug. China has no jobs for them.

It must not be supposed from the single instance of failure quoted above that the people of China are not tremendously in earnest for the reform and for the introduction of Western learning and light. To the shame of the Anglo-Saxon, it must be said that China would have taken up the struggle long ago, had she not been thwarted rather than helped by England in her efforts. Three-fourths of the world's poppy crop are raised in India, where it is a government monopoly. For the sake of the twenty millions' revenue which its production has brought her in the past, England has refused to stop the manufacture of opium, carried on though it is in her own mills. Since the days of the slave trade history has not presented a sadder spectacle than this of a Christian government drugging a race. It was with the purpose of putting an end to this nefarious business that the international congress met in Shanghai in the early days of the present year. Secretary Root deserves the largest credit for organizing that convention and the United States took the lead in advocating the good measures which were proposed there. It was a tardy assembling on the part of the nations, but it came better late than never. It served, at least, to assure China that she has the support of her sister people in the mighty struggle for freedom which she is waging.—*Home Herald*.

**A DISAPPOINTMENT FOR THE DEVIL.**

(Continued from Page 99.)

all over the city. "Upon this rock I will build my church; and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it," Matt. 16: 18. This is the way the church should do business. Resist the devil, and he will flee from you. Jas. 4: 7. There is not a saloon on Allison Hill yet and not another attempt has been made to put one there since. Is it because Christianity is better on the Hill than in other parts of Harrisburg? No; but the Christians are braver. How about saloons around your place? Do you need them? He that is not for me is against me.

Nature Studies



NATURE IN WINTER.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

"WHEN the bride of the Canticles sleeps her 'heart waketh' and she listens, through her dreams, for the voice of the beloved, and for his knock upon the door."

Somewhat akin to her light slumber is the winter sleep of nature—the woods and fields, as they wait for the sun to return from the South. In their silence there seems a feeling of expectancy, as if the trees listened and the earth waited for spring. Nature is not torpid. It is only asleep and its slumber is but a light one.

In the woods under the shelter of many boughs, the snow lies deep even when winds and sunshine have well-nigh laid the pastures bare.

Over the snow go the tracks of the little shy creatures, showing how much active, hungry life is abroad although danger faces every foot of the way.

Here are seen the delicate tracks made by the birds' light feet. Here, perhaps, is the track of a fox much like that of a dog, but with sweep of brush among the tracks. Scattered fan-shaped prints show which way the rabbit wandered for his food. The little shrew and field mice, creeping over the surface, leave their dainty marks which look like a double row of stitching on a piece of white linen. The little pairs of footprints show which way the squirrels ran.

If one does not care to go abroad to find all these things, much may be done by studying the trees near the home, and if all the peculiar characteristics of one or two species are mastered, a tramp of some distance to find one different will not seem so great a task. When you contrast the light, delicate twigs of the beech with the sturdy ones of the hickory, the long, pointed buds of the former, with the short, sharp pointed ones of the latter which are covered with two outer dark brown scales beautifully colored inside, nothing but lack of time will keep those who love trees from further pursuing the study of them, not stopping with their winter characteristics.

January is a good time to study the roots of plants. When a seed germinates it sends forth a sprout, placed perpendicularly. This is the stem which will produce leaves, flowers and fruit. This stem also produces roots for the purpose of supporting the plant,

also furnishing moisture and food. All the surface of the root absorbs moisture, and this moisture holds in solution mineral foods, which are converted into vegetable substances by the plant. Every plant is a wonderful laboratory.

At the tip of each root is a hardened scale-protected point to enable it to work its way into the ground, just as the toes of moles do, and like those of digging animals are protected by nails. The root-tip has also a sucker for drawing up moisture. This is the chief mouth of the root. Although the pores of the entire root surface absorb freely, the ends of the rootlets are the chief feeders.

When we walk abroad in January and see the earth frozen, or covered with snow, we need not fancy all is still and dead under ground. There are millions of mouths below the surface taking their rest and feeding but little; there are other millions of plant store-houses, full of food for the coming summer. In this cold month the plant world does not refuse to unveil to us some of the romance, and some of the mystery and economy of its life.

Pull up from some unfrozen plot of ground a few living roots of grass or weeds and hold them against the light, after giving them a slight shake. Tiny particles of earth are now seen about the lower part of the roots, not adhering to the epidermis, but held, perhaps, a line away. Examine closely with a microscope and you will find each atom of earth is held by a minute hair.

These hairs are of great importance in the economy of the root. They adhere so very closely to the soil that they absorb from it the slightest trace of moisture. In times of great drought these very fine hairs enable the plant to gather moisture enough to survive, and when the drooping plant is watered the hairs most speedily gather up and distribute the precious drops.

Hairs are not found merely on roots. They occur on every part of the plant. Wandering a little farther afield in search of vegetable hairs, we may find a tall, rough, dead rod, set with seed vessels at the top—the dried stalk of a mullein. At its base we find a rosette of greenish gray, thick leaves; some dry and dead, after a summer's growth; some young and still suc-

culent, having unfolded late in the season. All these leaves are covered so thickly with hairs that they resemble leaves cut out of coarse flannel or felt.

Exactly why a plant of so little value and attractiveness as the mullein should be so carefully defended, we cannot understand. Many seeds are hair-clad, fur-wrapped, thus protecting them from the wet and cold. So, whether vegetable hairs grow beneath or above the ground they have a mission to fulfill, and it takes centuries for the finite mind to understand some of the minor problems.

Spiceland, Ind. * * *

SINGING AND SPEAKING STONES.

MAN's love of the marvelous and mysterious has been gratified by the discovery, at various places and epochs, of stones and sand from which issued sounds, apparently of supernatural origin. The phenomena exhibit so great a variety that the vocal stones may be separated into a number of distinct classes.

One of the most remarkable of these groups is exemplified by a sand bank about 60 feet high, on the southwest coast of the island of Hawaii. According to W. R. Trink a tone like that of a melodeon is produced by moving the hand in a circle through the loose sand. If the observer kneels, with both hands in the sand, and slides down the bank the sound becomes louder and louder until it resembles distant thunder and alarms horses tethered nearby. The loudest sound was produced when a native lay prone on the sand and another native dragged him by the heels down the bank, carrying a large quantity of sand down with him.

Dr. James Blake discovered by examining with a microscope thin sections of the grains of sand, which are of volcanic origin, that each grain was perforated by a narrow canal which, as a rule, was closed at one end. These peculiarly formed grains of sand appear to act as resonators, the air inclosed in them being set into vibration by the mutual friction of the grains. When the sand is damp the sound is not produced, because the friction is diminished and many of the tubular cavities are filled with water.

The singing sands of Mt. Sinai probably admit of a similar explanation. Wellsted describes the sand as yielding beneath the feet of a Bedouin climbing up the slope, not flowing down in a continuous stream, but breaking away in large masses. At first the sound resembled the faint tones of an Æolian harp stirred by a gentle breeze, but as the motion became more rapid the sound was like that produced by a wet finger rubbed on the brim of a wine glass, and when the sand arrived at the foot of the mountain it made a noise like thunder, which shook the rock on which the traveler sat and so terrified the camels that it was difficult to hold them. This description is so similar to that of the singing sands of Hawaii that the presence of hollow grains of sand would account

for the phenomenon of Sinai as well as for the other. But Schubert writes: "The Djebel Nakus or Bell Mountain, 400 feet high, is composed of sandstone boulders loosely thrown together and covered with loose sand. When disturbed by the foot this sand falls into the interstices between the rocks, producing a sound that resembles a distant chime of bells and terminates in a roar." From this it appears that the falling of the sand between the boulders is at least a contributory cause of the sound, and it may account for the whole phenomenon.

Sounds of a very different character and origin are emitted by certain cliffs in the Harz Mountains and in the Pyrenees. Two precipitous cliffs in the Harz, near Schierke, are called "The Snorers," from the peculiar sounds which the southwest wind draws from them. The faces of these cliffs are marked by deep gullies, which roughly resemble organ pipes open in front, and occasionally the front is practically closed by a stratum of air held motionless between the cliff and the trees which graze it, while the wind blows freely through the gullies, or organ pipes, behind. Similar phenomena, due probably to a similar cause, are observed on Mt. Maladetta, in the Pyrenees, where at sunrise certain cliffs emit plaintive sounds, which resemble those of a harp, and are known locally as "the matins of the damned."

Singing stones of a third category are found in various parts of the world. Fraas, journeying from the Red Sea to the Nile, saw a round, thin fragment an inch in diameter, resembling a shell, split off, with a peculiar sound, from a flint which lay baking in the hot sun at his feet. This observation is very remarkable and perhaps unique, for flints split gradually as a rule, but the violent and noisy rupture of the last bond under the influence of the sun's rays and in the presence of an observer does not seem impossible. Broken flint are common in the desert. Many persons have heard the noise caused by similar fractures of hard rock and have seen the fragments roll down mountain slopes. Behm writes of the basalt columns of the Bamangwato hills, in South Africa: "In the evening, after a hot day, it was not unusual to hear the basalt crack and fall with a peculiar ringing sound, from which the natives inferred that the rock contained much iron." Here we undoubtedly find the most frequent cause of the singing of stones and the explanation of many of the observed cases. The phenomena are most conspicuous in hard rocks, which ring under the hammer, and especially in basalt and granite. They have been observed mostly in Egypt. Jollois, Devilliers, and the younger Champollion often heard ringing, cracking sounds issuing from the huge granite blocks of the great temple at Karnak. Similar sounds have been heard in the temple at Philæ and in the granite quarries at Assuan.—*Scientific American Supplement*.

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THOSE RESOLUTIONS.

WHAT of those New Year's resolutions, are they forgotten, or broken and discarded? We trust not. There was a sense of their need or they would not have been adopted, and until that need is satisfied the resolutions should be kept in force.

Passing over a resolution through forgetfulness or breaking it through weakness does not hopelessly "spoil the game" and compel one to wait for another New Year to get on the right track again. If there is first a determinate will, a forgetful memory can be wonderfully refreshed and a broken resolution can be patched up so as to do duty for a whole year.

One thing we need to do is to keep bright in our imagination the vision of what these resolutions will do for us. This will often help us over the hard places. Again, we make a mistake when we think we can make resolutions on New Year's day and they will stay "made" for the whole year. While we need to see to their enforcement for only one day at a time, we need to renew them or remake them for that day in order that we may be sure they are strong enough to carry us over that period.

Living by the day is the surest way of keeping up our courage and making growth in the desired direction.

THE CHURCHES AND CHARITY WORK.

RECENTLY a report was submitted to the Carpenters' District Council of Chicago as the result of a special investigation into the causes and extent of poverty in the city. The report makes some serious charges against the churches of today, to the effect that they are not fulfilling their mission as charitable organizations.

The Scriptures make it plain that one of the chief duties of the church is to care for the poor and those who need a helping hand. A glance at the conditions of today when organizations outside of the church

carry on most of the charitable work done will show whether there is any ground for the charge. The report says in part:

"Churches are neglecting the industrial masses. The clergy are in society, politics and reform, while organized charity is compelled to do the work the churches are neglecting. Charity organizations are assuming to themselves work that the law provides should be done by the proper public officials, and are paying in salaries and office expenses as much as thirty-five cents on every dollar collected to feed and clothe the poor.

"If the public would do its full duty there would be no need for a great many so-called charitable organizations. Improving bad social, sanitary and civic conditions and trying to build up character is very praiseworthy, but the first should not be done with the money which has been given for the purpose of feeding and clothing the poor and the second should be done by our schools and churches. The industrial masses have not left the churches. The churches have neglected them."

These statements should be studied and the conditions looked into. We cannot blame the outside organizations for taking up the work that belongs to the churches. Evidently the work was not being done or they would not have entered the field. Neither can we shift the responsibility by urging that the charitable organizations are especially equipped for the work. The churches can afford any equipment that will fit them to discharge their duty. The work itself will develop skill and experience. "Ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good."



TEMPERANCE AS A LIVE ISSUE.

As yet there has been no reaction in the temperance movement and we trust there will be none until its principles are so thoroughly established in the life of the community and the state that there can be no going back. While we have gained many victories we cannot afford to rest on the strength of these while greater obstacles remain to be overcome.

A strong indication of the permanence of the temperance movement is seen in the way it is forcing the question upon the attention of every one. People are compelled to consider the question and consequently to take a stand. And as in all questions where right is so largely involved, the more thought given to the subject the greater will be the gains for the right.

A man in public office ought to stand by his convictions the same as in private life, but many of them owe their position so largely to special interests that they dare not be themselves. When, therefore, a man is brave enough to take his political life in his hands and do and say what he believes to be right, we give

him great praise. And the number who thus declare themselves and repudiate all claims but those of the people as a whole is growing all the time. In this way the temperance cause has made wide gains.

To prove that the temperance movement is a live issue and to show how public men are compelled to line up on the question, we give extracts from the recent messages of two State governors. The first is from the message of Governor J. Frank Hanly to the legislature of Indiana:

"I am aware there are some who have already celebrated the county option law's repeal, but I beg to remind all those who contemplate its repeal that it is the livest wire in the political machinery of this commonwealth and is charged with enough electricity to electrocute the party that repeals it."

With this strong declaration with its challenging note, the Governor closed his appeal in behalf of temperance. Some of his statements leading up to the above were as follows:

"Alcohol must be held responsible for about four-fifths of the anti-social propensities that make necessary the huge paraphernalia of police systems, criminal courts, jails, prisons and reformatories.

"The general relation between alcohol and pauperism is everywhere recognized.

"The same cause is responsible for the mental overthrow of fully one-fourth of all the unfortunates who are sent to the asylums for the insane; for the misfortune of two-fifths of the abandoned children, and for the moral delinquency of at least one-half of the convicts in our prisons, and not less than four-fifths of the inmates of our jails and almshouses."

In marked contrast to this we have the action of the Governor of Tennessee. Early in January a sensation was created in legislative circles by the introduction of a resolution in the house asking an investigation of the "whiskey lobby" and alleged attempts to defeat temperance measures. Following this on the same day came two prohibition bills, "one signed by fifty-seven and the other by fifty-five members," which would insure their passage through the lower house and a sufficient number of votes to pass either one over the Governor's veto should he decide to disapprove of them. But the Senate and House had both received word from the Governor asking that no action be taken on temperance till he could prepare and send them a special message on the subject.

Three days later the legislative bodies were in possession of the special message. In substance it was as follows:

State-wide prohibition is wrong as a governmental policy, and does not accomplish the result hoped for. (In that dress you would hardly recognize the worn-out statement, "Prohibition doesn't prohibit." One would think it would be beneath the dignity of a

governor to take notice of such a harmless thing.) The use or nonuse of liquor should be left to the individual. (The wife and children are to take the biggest share of the results and say nothing.) States cannot prevent the manufacture of liquor in other States and the shipment from other States. (One of Speaker Cannon's lessons well learned.) Until the United States forbids the manufacture and sale of liquor it is not possible to have a prohibition law.

It is to be doubted whether such a message, coming from a man who has bound himself to guard the welfare of the people, can do any great damage to the temperance cause. It is said that hindrances may be made stepping-stones to success, and it is our opinion that this opposition of the Governor of Tennessee will work out as a long stride toward that goal for the temperance workers.



REST.

Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry?—wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger tips and smile
It farewell a little while.
Weary of the weary way
We have come from yesterday.
Let us fret us not, instead,
Of the weary way ahead.
Let us pause and catch our breath
On the hither side of death,
While we see the tender shoots
Of the grasses—not the roots.
While we yet look down—not up—
To seek out the buttercup
And the daisy, where they wave
O'er the green home of the grave.
Let us launch us smoothly on
Listless billows of the lawn,
And drift out across the main
Of our childish dreams again.
Voyage off, beneath the trees,
O'er the field's enchanted seas,
Where the lilies are our sails
And our seagulls, nightingales.
Where no wilder storms shall beat
Than the wind that waves the wheat,
And no tempests burst above
The old laughs we used to love.
Lose all troubles—gain release,
Languor and exceeding peace,
Cruising idly o'er the vast
Calm mid-ocean of the past.
Let us rest ourselves a bit.
Worry?—wave your hand to it—
Kiss your finger tips and smile
It farewell a little while.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



"'Tis a very bad habit to get to thinking with the mouth and, likewise, a perversion of nature's plans. The mouth has other and better uses and, besides, such thinking is apt to be rather cloudy and illogical."



The Home World

WHERE DO YOU LIVE?

J. F. STUDEBAKER, M. D.

It shall not be the object of this talk to hold up one State above another, to say that Iowa or Illinois, with their great fields of corn, is superior to Colorado or Washington with their productive, irrigated lands; or to assert that one country excels another, that the United States, with its varied and enchanting scenery, growing commerce, and matchless liberties, triumphs over Siberia with its cold, bleak, barren plains imprisoned in ghastly lonesomeness, or Germany with its frowning bluffs and castled Rhine, or Switzerland with its defiant snow-capped mountains overshadowing its quiet homes in the valleys, or Italy with its dreamy slopes and plains basking in the sun.

My question is not directed to what commonwealth you belong, but where do you live in your own town, on your own eighty, quarter section, or section, in your own township, in your own county, in your own State? I live on the crossroads near a beautiful, sparkling spring on a southern slope to break the northern winds in winter and beneath dense shade trees to break the southern sun in summer. A home site of this kind is most usually chosen when a country is first settled for the convenience of protection against the boisterous side of nature and for the certainty of a water supply.

For example, take Kansas. The pioneers of this State selected locations for their homes in the most rolling and rough country, or among wooded hills along the streams of the eastern portion, counting the gracefully undulating upland as worthless except for light grazing. Their poorly-built huts were put up under overhanging timber. The plains were not productive on account of the lack of moisture but in late years the rain belt has extended west and what was once a dry and quite desirable place among the trees near a brook is now really an unfit place to live because of the great amount of dampness.

This matter of selecting a sheltered site close by water without digging for it has led in many instances

to the founding of a home on the unhealthiest spot on the farm. If a spring or stream is not within a stone's throw, a well of water is easily obtained at a few feet in depth in the hollow or lowland. The site is unsanitary for obvious reasons. The water teams with bacteria on account of surface drainage into the well. This is particularly true where the rainfall is abundant or after the thawing of heavy snows, the latter being a great factor in making Chicago's water occasionally impure which is pumped into the mains from a distance of four miles out in Lake Michigan. Bacteria certainly do not contribute anything good to drinking water. If those representing some of the serious diseases are present like typhoid, they menace the entire household. A deep well on the upland, securely banked with ground, with drainage away from it on all sides, is a valuable resource to a home anywhere.

There is no known reason whatever for having the house and well at the bottom of a hill and the barn and other outbuildings on its summit. We all would shrink from the application of water from a well so situated to our bodies,—much less than to take it internally, providing we are aware of its impurity.

While speaking of water, I wish to state that there is a delusion about cistern water. It may pass through the best of filters but it is not wholesome even then, particularly after standing a few days unless kept ice cold. Only the grosser obnoxious elements are kept back. All the germs floating in the air, as tubercular germs and others finding lodgment upon a roof, find their way through filters and you are sure to digest countless numbers of bacteria (if they don't digest you) before the cistern becomes dry towards the end of a rainless season. Any questionable water may be freed of microbic life by boiling it fifteen or twenty minutes. Water regains its taste by exposing it to the air two or three hours. A cistern

under the house is almost equal to a cellar full of water.

The foliage of trees in some yards is so compact that the ground is continually moist and so shut off from light that no spear of grass is seen and weeds become sick and fail to mature. Then, too, the proper circulation of air about and through the buildings is obstructed. Probably the worst practice is the planting of trees on the south side of the dwelling house to intercept the rays of the sun. The boarded walks rot, the well-curb decays, the house feels cool from the dampness of its saturated timbers, the cellar draws moisture, and for the "housewife" the day is shorn of the awakening of a brilliant dawn, of the splendor of a noonday and the golden tints of a setting sun. Those handsome cottonwood trees make what should be the most beautiful the most dark, dismal and isolated place on the premises.

In town or in the city the same condition is found in the crowded districts where houses are either built against each other or too close for a decent alley. Diseases of the air passages and rheumatism are fond visitors to such places just as animals and insects who prefer darkness and dampness resort to such a rendezvous. The farmer would not think of planting his corn under a clump of trees. The human body in such confined quarters will not do any better. Many diseases thrive best in the absence of dryness, light and fresh air. This is particularly true of tuberculosis which still may be considered the white plague.

All large trees near the house should be cut down. It is important that all underbrush and low-hanging limbs of the orchards should be removed to insure the passage of rarefied air about the buildings. A complete circuit of air (doors wide open) through the living rooms should be established twice daily. Then fungi, as molds, will perish.

The living near ponds and swamps is to be condemned especially in malarial (ague) and in southern districts, since malarial and yellow fever owe their dissemination largely to that small tormenting agent, the mosquito, which spends its time about watering places of its own peculiar choice.

We refuse to live with dogs, cats, chickens, swine (Ireland), flies, mosquitoes, and most bacteria after learning their habits. Not all can be fenced out; but all can be kept out of the home. In a large measure, this thought is superfluous to NOOK readers, particularly in regard to our visible visitors. The writer knows a family of father, mother and nine children only a few miles from his town (considered civilized), residing in a small house but none too small for them and their domestic fowl, the latter roosting on the roostable part of the beds of their superiors. They are all happy, practically of common stock. The only difference is that the one claims the right to kill and eat the other.

This illustration, though crude, shows how one, if not familiar with a few principles of sanitation, can overlook the intimate association with folks who should live outside of the house occupied by human folks. Myriads of disease-producing bacteria are permitted to live in our midst; yes, with us behind bolted doors because of a lack of knowledge in regard to their development, multiplication and habits.

No matter whether the home is on the farm or in the city, everything should be favorable for unobstructed sunlight, invigorating fresh air, moderate dryness, pure water and the proper inhibition of germ growth.



THE CAUSE OF THE INSUBORDINATION.

I WONDER how many mothers and fathers realize that it is their part to coöperate with the school teacher? Some reason that schooling, of course, is necessary for boys and girls, and, moreover, it is a relief—to the mother particularly—to get the children out of the way for the greater part of the day. For this they feel indebted to the county for building schoolhouses and paying teachers and making it compulsory by law that all children between six and fourteen shall attend. At the same time they seem to assume or allow their children to assume that the teacher is the natural enemy of the child, and such are not sparing in their admonitions to their offspring to stand up for their rights. And it is this very coaching that is responsible for most of the insurrection that is all too common in all, but the more so in city schools.

One wee girl, of six, with a most angelic expression, disobeyed her teacher, saying she didn't have to mind—"Because you didn't borned me and haven't any right to boss me. Only my mother has." Back of that reasoning the mother's teaching was plainly visible. Another attractive looking little girl—she was a midget of eight—once informed me, "I've got it over all the teachers on the top floor. They are all afraid of me, they are. I never let a teacher think she's it." Which of course, was not true, but it showed the attitude in which the child had been trained to stand in regard to those who should have had her respect.

If this was the bearing of the small fry of the gentler sex, what would I hear from the boys, I wondered, and I was not very long in learning. In a certain room where years ago I had commenced my school career, the naughtiest boy in the grade, we thought, was one who would rush up and kiss the teacher right in school hours; when he was very, very horrid he would take a turn at kissing the little girls, which led to much mortification and many tears on their part. Today, in that same room, I discovered that the youngster who is "baddest" is the one who throws books at the teacher whenever she corrects him and he has even said he'd "smash he good" if she tried any of her

hand-spatting on him. And his "father'd back him up" if she made any "spiel" to the board. And he was less than seven!

Not long after that my investigations led me down to the quarters of the school board, and while awaiting my turn to speak to the superintendent, I heard a father, who led by the hand a dull-eyed, thick-lipped boy, asking for the transfer of his son to another school. "His teacher over there at Number Ten has got it in for him, and I won't stand for that," was his excuse. The transfer was refused, for it was written all too plainly on the father's and the boy's faces that insubordination in that family was called "standing up for your rights," and the boy would not have gotten along with any teacher except one who had the traits commonly attributed to jailers. The next person in line was a mother who also asked for a transfer, and in spite of the fact that her manners were gentle and her boy a fine, manly-looking little fellow, the look of weariness that had settled on the superintendent's face did not leave it as he asked the reason for the request. It was hastily dispelled, however, by the answer, "Because my boy's teacher was transferred to the new school at the beginning of the year—the teacher he has had for two terms. He is very devoted to her and I feel that I owe her a large debt for her solicitude for my son's progress in his studies and the fine influence she has had on him in many other ways. Not that he does not like his present teacher, but he really grieves deeply for the loss of the other." That transfer was readily granted, and the superintendent, I am sure, breathed a prayer for the coming of the time when all mothers would be just to the teacher and give her her dues.—*Investigatrix, in Exchange.*



GIFTS TO OUR CHILDREN.

THE conventional season for giving gifts to our children has come and gone again. We have hung the tree and filled the stockings; we have joined with keen delight in the joy of giving and receiving. And though the candy is soon eaten and the toys are soon broken or outgrown, we would not forego the wholesome pleasure of the Christmas time. But we will not allow the feverish delights of this passing occasion to blind our eyes to the more abiding and real gifts which it is our pleasure and duty to give to our children. Can all the toys of Christmas compare in value with the gifts of a healthy body? Can all the gustatory joys of candy and sweetmeats outweigh the permanent satisfaction of a sound stomach and a robust digestion?

Our first great gift to our children, then, should be a strong and healthy body, with eye to see and ear to hear, with red blood and responsive nerves, with muscles quick and supple in work and play, tiring in a wholesome, natural fashion and rebounding with rest and sleep. Great souls have existed and

struggled and triumphed in frail bodies, but it is not the rule. Physical health underlies and supports mind, strength and soul power. Therefore, blessed is the child whose parents have hung his tree of life with the great gift of a strong and healthy body.

It is ours also in no small measure to give to our children a wholesome view of life. Neither health nor wealth nor the place and power they bring can match this priceless gift of a wholesome mind. For right emotions, right feelings, right attitudes, right ideals *within* mean the right sort of a world *outside*. In order to see straight, to think straight, to act straight, we must be straight. It is a blessing to have the gift of the natural eye, but it is incomparably better to have the gift of right mental vision, of the wholesome point of view. For we see with all that we are and with all that we aspire to be. The mind reaches its spiritual hands out through the physical eye and lays hold of the things of beauty or the things of ugliness as it chooses; it reaches its vibrant hands out through the ear and catches the harmonies and the discords of life, of the things of good or bad report as it wills. If our child is to see and hear "tongues in trees, books in running brooks, sermons in stones, and good in everything" it will be because he has the gift of tongues and books and sermons and good in his mind's eye. Therefore, blessed, twice blessed is that child of man whose future is hung with that bow of promise, a sound body and a wholesome mind.

To name a good home, a good church, a good school as gifts within our power to confer upon our children may be speaking too large, yet within certain limitations these are precisely the things which we may give or deny to our children. Rugs on the floor and tap-stries on the wall are not essential to a good home. Massive piles of stone and mortar do not constitute the goodness of a church. The spirit of a good school lies quite apart from styles of architecture and swollen financial budgets.

A fairly decent father and mother make a good home; the devotion and sweet reasonableness of pastor or priest do most to create the atmosphere of a good church; and a good teacher is the very heart and life of a good school. Is it, then, speaking too large to say that the essentials of a good home, a good church, a good school lie within our power to give or to deny to our children? The gifts of toys, of clothing and food, of houses and lands, of social standing, or a great name are not to be compared with these. Well may our sons and daughters rise up to bless our memories if they shall find that with all our givings we gave them the gifts that are worth while; a healthy body, a wholesome mind, a good home, a good church, and a good school.—*F. G. Blair, Illinois State Supt. of Schools.*



"He gets the kingly character who works for the kingdom."

SELECTED HELPS.

To boil spots of mildew in water made very tart with cream of tartar and lay while damp in the sun will entirely remove the sprinkling of dark spots.

Sprinkle on the spot of iron rust some powdered alum and arrange the spot exactly over the spout of a boiling tea kettle. Wash the alum out of the cloth at once, else the alum will eat a hole in the fabric.

Wind a soft stout string around the neck of the bottle twice, and while someone holds it draw the string back and forth at great speed. This friction heats and expands the neck, so that the stopper is easily removed.

A satisfactory substitute for a brass rod is a piece of narrow band elastic drawn through and securely sewed at each end and catching in a loop of narrow tape. The length of the elastic should be about two inches less than the width of the window and the loops caught over a hook, nail or screw at each side of the casement. This will keep the top edge of the curtain in a straight line.

To make good home-made syrup: To one cupful of sugar, granulated or brown, but preferably the latter, take a half cupful of cold water. Put into a glass jar a day or so before the syrup is needed for use, and stir it occasionally with a spoon. If the cover is tight, it may be shaken instead. A little vanilla may be added if it is liked for a change. This is much less work than the old cooking process, tastes just as well, and does not "go back to sugar."

The Children's Corner

GLADYS BROOKS' PARTIES.

YOU have heard about parties without "fuss and feathers," have you not? Well, I want to tell you about a dear little girl who gave parties without any "fuss," but with a good many "feathers." It came about in this way: Gladys Brooks noticed the little sparrows hopping about on the cold snow crust and on the frozen ground, vainly seeking for a bit of grain.

"Mama," she said, "I think the birdies are hungry. See them hunting and hunting for something to eat, and all they can find is snow. Poor little creatures! What can I feed them, mama?"

"Ask Dinah for a piece of stale bread," was the answer, and "you can crumb it up for the sparrows."

That was Gladys' first party. She put on her coat and went outside where several English sparrows seemed to be searching vainly for a meal. When she crumbed some bread and scattered it on the snow crust they flew away as though fearful that an enemy was at hand. Gladys went inside to "watch and wait." Presently the birds reappeared, one, two, three, four,

five, six of them. Gladys laughed aloud to see how happy her "guests" were, hopping around and picking up the crumbs from the unexpected feast. Soon more company came—three native sparrows. They found plenty to eat. The following day was cold and blustering, but Gladys gave another party. To this one there were still more guests, mostly English and native sparrows, but there came also a beautiful bird in a blue jacket, which Mrs. Brooks told Gladys was a bluebird. The bluebird apparently enjoyed the party as much as the sparrows did. For refreshments the guests had in addition to the bread crumbs a big piece of stale cake broken into bits.

The next day it stormed so hard that there was no party; there were no birds to be seen. Gladys told her mother that she was afraid the birds would starve, but Mrs. Brooks said:

"No, my dear, they will not starve; they had plenty to eat yesterday." The storm lasted two days, and during that time not a bird was to be seen. The third day dawned clear and bright, but very cold. There was a glistening coat of ice on the snow. The birds came early to the party; in fact they were on hand before the feast was spread and as "hungry as hunters," Gladys said, laughingly. They ran about over the shining snow crust expectantly, picking here and there as if to find a crumb.

"I guess they will not be afraid of me any more," said Gladys. "I guess they know I will give them something to eat."

Gladys looked like a "red bird" herself, at least so her mother said, as she ran out in the yard in her Red Riding-hood cloak and her basket of good things in her hands. Gladys was right. The birds were not afraid of her. To be sure, they scattered about when she began to distribute the refreshments, but they did not go away.

This was an unusual feast "after the storm," for when Gladys told Dinah that the birds must be quite hungry after their long fast, the cook had answered, "You might give them all those green tops of the celery—birds just love celery." And so, in addition to the usual crumbs of bread, crackers and cake, there were tiny bits of green at the party. How the birds enjoyed it!

There were some new guests at the party that day. Beside the English and native sparrows and two bluebirds, there came a jay and several little snow birds, and lastly, a cardinal bird with its warm glow.

Just one thing more I want to tell you about Gladys Brooks. She did not get tired of giving these parties. All winter long there was not a hungry bird in the vicinity of her home. Not until the snow and ice had gone and the green things had begun to grow did she give up her parties for the birdies.—*Christian Intelligencer*.



The Quiet Hour

TWO WAYS.

AGNES NEFF.

Two ways there are, and these two ways
Lie very far apart;
The one gleams bright with heavenly light;
The other way is dark.

One way there is that leadeth up,
'Tis narrow and 'tis straight;
It leads its pilgrims safely on,
To heaven's pearly gate.

The other way is broad, 'tis wide,
We know its end full well;
A serpent's coiled beneath the path,
It leadeth down to hell.



THE WAVES OF GALILEE.

D. D. THOMAS.

BENEATH the level of the Great Sea, on the uncertain waters of Galilee, some of the very important and far-reaching acts of the Master occurred. It is somewhat cause for wonder why he should have come down here, away from the Holy City, to perform some of his greatest miracles. Seemingly it teaches us that in a great city is not a good place to do mission work in a short time. For he had only a short time to stay.

These days when our young people are rushing to the city, we might well pause and note the wisdom of Jesus; for the grace and truth of the Master changed the history of the world by being implanted in the simple hearts of the fishermen of Galilee. And though the transformation of their lives was miraculous yet it can not be denied that Jesus made the best choice of vessels for his use. The temptations of the city strengthen prejudice and weaken every moral virtue. Tenacity of principle and constancy of purpose are lost, and lives are wafted hither and thither by every wind that blows. Confessions cannot be regarded as lasting. Constant support must be given that they may stand, or taken from the beginning of life with the children that they may be fortified against these surroundings.

So Jesus went down to Galilee. It can be seen that he helps only when we need him, and feel that we

need. He could sleep in the stern of the little boat placidly until they could no longer manage the boat. Yet he was not deaf to their cry when it came. One of those quick storms had swept down upon the little craft. To know his power is to cry unto him in distress, and they knew his power. The swell of the waves was lifting the boat, and almost dashing it to destruction. It was grand enough to awaken the faculty for the appreciation of the sublime, but there was death in it. "Lord, save us or we perish," cried they. And he arose and spoke the word. The storm lifted, the hollow of the waves was filled. The crests subsided. The swells ceased to strike the shore, the pebbles to roll with the swish of the waves, "and there was a great calm."

Who could not draw from this a precious lesson; one that comes very near?

It is evening. There was much anxiety all day. The little one breathed out her life moment by moment. The watchers grew weary. The hand of help was stayed. The tear of distress rolled down the cheek and dropped on the form of the little sufferer. Rushing to the secret chamber, falling upon weary knees, pouring forth the cry, "Lord, save or I perish,"—ah, how near the breakers are! It is a struggle for life. All night long you hear the ceaseless tick of the clock, the hours marked by the stroke. Will it never come?

The morning breaks. The sun pours forth his glorious light. A knock at the door. A messenger comes. "She sleeps." There is a great calm.

There is a sort of spirit of affiliation between animate and inanimate things even, that sometimes seems wonderful. The waters of Galilee are sweet, clear and cool. The surrounding hills are bare and bleak. So he the pure-hearted, pure-lived among a generation of impure men, sought the purest natural location to breathe forth his lessons of life.

The waters were clear. His life seemed only to the cloudy-minded not so. Prejudice like mud makes every good thing obscure. But to the fishermen it was evident he was none other than "the Son of the living God." How much of a pleasure it must have

been to the Immaculate One to walk on the waves upon which the curse of God rested not. For God cursed the ground, not the water. It is that which cleanses the filth away. So the miracle of walking upon the water showed the same affinity of the pure for the pure. Though darkened and storm-tossed, the Master sought it in this hour of vigil.

The disciples on the tumultuous waves saw and feared it was not he. Their terror became so great that they cried out. But from the gloom he called to them in the same words of power as he used in speaking to the sea, "Fear not, it is I. Be not afraid." And as to the waters so to their hearts there came a great calm. Such as was not given to man since "the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the great deep."

Lafayette, Ohio.



TELLING TESTIMONY.

AN unknown writer tells this story. On one occasion, R. Ingersoll was announced to deliver a lecture in the city of Pittsburg on the subject, "The foundations of the Christian faith." There happened to be living in the city of Pittsburg, at that time, a lawyer who had been a schoolmate and friend of R. Ingersoll. When he had graduated he had started in his life's profession with bright promises, and had married a lovely girl. Two children had come into their home, and then there fastened upon him that awful habit of drink, which was dragging him down to the very lowest depths of hell. It broke up his home; it sent his children into the street; took the roses from the cheeks of his wife; took from him his good name, character and friends. It left him one night lying in an alley in New York City, poor, friendless, hungry, sick and alone.

There came to this man a slum worker. He was taken to a house where he was washed, put to bed, and, in the morning, he was fed. This slum worker pleaded with him that he would change his mode of living. The young man lifted his hand to heaven, and said, "By the help of Almighty God, I will make one more effort; this time it is heaven or hell, life or death for me. For God's sake, for my own sake, I will change." He never drank another drop; he brought his children in, and he painted the roses again on the cheeks of his wife, and then went down again to the city of Pittsburg, where he was practicing his profession. When he read in the newspapers that R. Ingersoll was to speak, he wrote him a little note, something like this:

"My Dear Old Friend:—I see that tonight you are to deliver a lecture against Christianity and the Bible. Perhaps you know some of my history since we parted; perhaps you know that I disgraced my home and family; perhaps you know I lost my character, and all that a man can hold dear in this world almost. You may know that I went down and down until I

was a poor, despised outcast, and when I thought there was none to help and none to save, there came one in the name of Jesus, who told me of his power to help; of his loving kindness and his tender sympathy, and through the story of the cross of Christ I turned to him. I brought my wife back to my home, and gathered my children together again, and we are happy now, and I am doing what good I can.

"And now, old friend, will you stand tonight before the people of Pittsburg and tell them what you have to say against the religion that will come down to the very lowest depths of hell, and find me, and help me up, and make my life happy, and clothe my children, and give me back my home and friends—will you tell them what you have to say against a religion like that?"

R. Ingersoll read the letter before his audience, and said: "Ladies and gentlemen, I have nothing to say against a religion that will do this for a man. I am here to talk about a religion that is being preached by the preachers."—*Exchange*.



REVELATION OR UNDERSTANDING?

A VERY necessary distinction is drawn by a well-known teacher between "progressive revelation" and "progressive understanding"—a distinction which, generally, is not so carefully made as it should be. Nearly all the odd religious fancies which obtain currency amongst our modern Athenians, ever agog for "some new thing," shelter themselves under the much abused term "progressive revelation." On the other side, those who adhere to the one revelation given "once for all to the saints" are accused of deliberately closing their eyes to "new light." It is well, then, that we should distinguish between God's revelation and our understanding of it. His revelation has been given *finally* in Christ; we shall never have another; for the sufficient reason that no other is necessary.

In the time of darkness men's invention of light is progressive, but when the sun is up the last word on light has been said; it is then a question of blinds. We may admit the light partially or completely, but our admission of it is not "revelation" on the sun's part. What is needed is the drawing back of the curtains of the soul to admit all the light that is shining in the Divine Word. But this is a different thing from making lights of our own and calling them progressive sunlight.—*London Christian*.



SOLOMON, the prince of peace, alone could build the temple. If we would be soul-winners and build up the church, which is God's temple, let us note this; not by discussion nor by argument, but by lifting up Christ shall we draw men unto him.—*J. Hudson Taylor*.

Echoes from Everywhere



Coal ashes are being washed in spaces in Pennsylvania mines from which the coal has been removed. As the water recedes they form a solid mass, strong enough to hold up the earth and prevent cave-ins.

A volcano near the city of Colima, Mexico, is in eruption and is throwing out a great quantity of ashes and stones. There is no lava flowing and the people are not alarmed. Within the past few days there have been a number of slight earthquake shocks.

The house recently passed a bill granting the franking privilege to Frances F. Cleveland, widow of the late President Grover Cleveland. This is a courtesy that has been extended to the widows of all the Presidents. Sometimes there has been objection to the passage of such bills, but since it has become a custom no question is raised.

Bessbrook, a town in the north of Ireland, the oldest place in Ireland connected with the flax spinning and weaving trade, having about four thousand persons employed, has no public house (saloon), no police force, no poorhouse, no paupers and no pawnshop. The people of Bessbrook have condemned the sale of strong drink by a vote of six to one.

The Maryland court of appeals has just held the blacklist illegal. An employer who discharged a man because he was a labor agitator and then used his influence with other concerns to prevent the man's getting employment was held to be exceeding his rights. Both workers and employers have the right to organize, said the court, but if either maliciously went out of their way to injure the other side they became liable for damages.

In Missouri there are sixty-one counties that have voted dry as a whole. There are three others that have not voted dry, but have defeated petitions for license and have no saloons, making a total of sixty-four counties without the dramshop. Besides these there are sixteen counties that have voted dry outside of the cities, but each of these sixteen has one or more cities where the saloon is licensed.

Mrs. Robert Douglass, of Pocahtontas, Ill., has filed five suits against saloonkeepers for damages aggregating \$11,000. Mrs. Douglass alleges in her suit that her husband, who formerly earned \$100 a month, has become an habitual drunkard through the instrumentality of saloons and that she has been deprived of his company. The owners of the property on which the saloons are located are made parties to the suit. Her attorney promises to spring something new in law, and the outcome of the litigation will be watched with interest by temperance advocates.

The enactment into law of the anti-racetrack gambling bill for California now seems assured. With its passage by the lower house by a vote of 67 to 10, it is thought the senate will take similar action. The supporters of the bill claim 24 votes in the senate, when 21 is enough to win. Gov. Gillette will sign the bill.

Federal Judge Anderson has set February 23 as the date for the beginning of the retrial of the \$29,000,000 Standard Oil case in Chicago. The government attorney demanded an immediate trial and the Standard counsel wanted delay until May. The court declared the case would have to begin before March or the parties to it must get another judge. He then set February 23 as the date.

Unless the Legislature increases the borrowing capacity of New York City, subway construction and other public improvement work will have to be halted for at least two years, according to a statement made by Mayor McClellan before the legislative committee which is investigating the municipality's finances. The mayor declared that he felt bound by the report of William M. Ivins to the governor that the present margin of borrowing capacity is only \$8,000,000. He believed private capital could not be interested in extensive subway building at the present time.

Another step in the fight of the Federal government to recover possession of the land included in the grant to the Oregon and California Railroad Company was taken Jan. 23 when B. D. Townsend, special assistant to the Attorney General, filed in the Federal Court in Portland thirty-five suits in equity against the Oregon and California Railroad, the Southern Pacific Company and over one hundred other defendants. These suits are supplementary to those previously filed against the Harriman companies. The suits involve more than \$15,000,000 and also more than 353,288 acres of land. All of the land is located in Oregon.

During the past year nine additional national forests were created and ten reduced in area. There are now 165 national forests, embracing 167,976,886 acres. There were surveyed 5,801,934 acres. There were entered in 1908, 19,090,256.78 acres of public land, a decrease of 1,907,209.80 acres over the preceding year. There were embraced in entries completed during the year 8,068,044.85 acres which had been reported in original entries made in previous years and are not included in the above statement. Entries of all classes made last year numbered 205,459, a decrease of 2 per cent over the preceding year. The aggregate expenditures and estimated liabilities of the public land service were \$2,381,359.79, leaving a net balance of \$10,334,349.67 in the treasury.

Pennsylvania will be the possessor soon of the largest stationary engine in the world. It is now being erected at the Carnegie Steel Company's plant at Sharon. Without foundation plates or flywheel, the engine weighs 550 tons. Two of the castings weighed 118 tons each, and to transport them, special flat cars had to be built. The engine's capacity is 25,000 horsepower, yet only one man will be required to operate it. As the engine will be used for operating the rolling machines it will be subject to great strain. At the end of each run it will have to be reversed quickly and the load will vary from nothing to its maximum power.

Governor Magoon has recommended that the United States remove the Maine from Havana harbor, declaring that the Spanish element in Cuba believes America neglects to remove the wreck for fear such action would show that the ship was sunk by an interior explosion and not by a mine. The sunken battleship is a serious menace to the shipping of the harbor, as it occupies a portion of the best anchorage. The obstruction has increased annually during the past ten years by causing a shoal. The moderate tides prevailing in the harbor are hardly sufficient to prevent a gradual filling up, and this shoal seriously interferes with the action of the tides, and therefore the entire harbor is rapidly filling.

Six lives were lost and two persons were injured when the Florida of the Lloyds-Italiano Line cut her way through the sides of the Republic, the White Star Mediterranean liner, in the fog-bound waters of the Atlantic off Nantucket early on the morning of Jan. 23. Despite valiant efforts on the part of half a dozen other vessels to save her, the Republic sank at half-past 8 o'clock on the night of Jan 24 off No Man's Land, near Martha's Vineyard. The passengers of the Republic, who displayed great self-control and presence of mind, were first transferred to the Florida where they remained till the Baltic, summoned by the wireless telegraph on the Republic, came to the rescue, and the passengers of both the wrecked ships, over sixteen hundred in all, were taken on board and carried to New York.

A system of old-age pensions, the beneficiaries of which are to be employees who have served for twenty consecutive years and who by reason of old age or physical infirmities have become incapacitated, has been established by the board of directors of Butler Brothers. This concern, with 10,000 employees, is said to be the first mercantile house to adopt the pension system as an inducement to the rendering of faithful and efficient service. The pension system adopted will not constitute a tax upon the workers in the company's employ in New York, Chicago, St. Louis, Memphis, Baltimore, Dallas, Omaha, San Francisco and Seattle, as it will be maintained wholly at the expense of the stockholders. Its benefits will flow equally to the men and women who have complied with the conditions specified. The annual payment to each pensioner of the company will be "1 per cent for each year of active service on the average annual salary during the five years preceding retirement," providing only that no annual pension shall exceed \$1,000. If the pension should fall below \$300 a year the board of directors may at its discretion increase the sum to that amount. It is to be paid monthly as long as the recipients are deemed worthy of such bounty, but may be discontinued if they are found to be assigning it in advance. The age of retirement is fixed at 60 years.

Ninety-three of Kentucky's 119 counties are now totally "dry," twenty-one are partly "dry," four are wholly "wet," and the case of one county which recently voted as a unit on prohibition is to be settled by legal process in court.

Persons venturing on the unusual forms of amusement devices at Coney Island do so at their own risk and cannot expect to recover damages for injuries sustained under general conditions, according to a ruling of the Appellate division of the Supreme Court. The decision was handed down on an appeal from a jury verdict in a lower court awarding Mrs. Phoebe Lumden \$3,000 for injuries received when thrown from a car plunging down an incline on the scenic route. Justice Ingraham says: "The accident was the result of one of the dangers that the plaintiff had been warned against and the existence of which was the attraction which induced her to take the ride."

Japan is singing the praises of President Roosevelt again as a result of his protest against the proposed anti-Japanese legislation in California. Just as the President's interference two years ago prevented the exclusion of Japanese school children from the public schools, so his action this time, leading Japanese believe, will put an end to the threatened trouble. Roosevelt's declaration to Gov. Gillette that Japan has fully complied with the terms of the immigration agreement with America and that any adverse legislation under the circumstances would be a national dishonor is particularly pleasing to the Japanese. They believe that if the question of the alleged "Japanese peril" can be avoided during the present session of the California Legislature it will never arise again.

The danger of caverns under the Gatun dam is not the only thing in the canal zone to cause trouble, as Washington is again finding out. There is a high degree of feeling existing between business men of Panama and the government commissaries. The merchants charge that vast quantities of all sorts of luxuries and other goods are imported into the canal zone on which no duty is paid, and that these articles are sold, not only to American employes, but to any one who asks for them. Consequently the merchants are unable to compete, as they have to pay a heavy duty on these things. They declare in a set of resolutions forwarded to the executive department at Washington that a system exists whose purpose is to stifle the isthmian trade in behalf of the commissaries; that the Panama railroad is rebating to the commissaries against the merchants; that the finest kinds of silks, articles of luxury not needed, such as French perfumeries, German soaps, pictures, and artists' materials, are supplied in competition with the merchants. The Americans admit on the face of the complaint that the Panama merchants have a right to complain, but they add that this right should not be allowed to apply, as the merchants look upon the Americans as legitimate prey. Before the commissaries were established, they allege, the Panamanians charged anything they thought they could get for their goods, the price sometimes being 500 per cent higher than in the United States. The matter will be decided by the government at Washington, to which two sets of resolutions, drawn up by the Panama merchants on the one side and the unions and other organizations of government employes on the other, have been forwarded. The employes claim there is nothing to prevent the merchants from resorting to high prices again if the government checks the commissaries.

Among the Magazines



ADULT PROBATION IN ILLINOIS.

Entirely apart from Judge Cleland's experiments in adult probation in certain classes of cases the subject of giving first offenders a chance to reform without the brand and disgrace of a term in jail has been a live one for some years in this and other States. There are adult probation systems in Massachusetts, Connecticut and New York, and the judgment of the competent is that they have worked well and benefited not only the individuals affected but the community as a whole.

Where there is no express statute for probation in the case of adult offenders the judges have the authority, by suspending sentence during good behavior, to institute limited probation on their own account. This power ought not to be abused, for if public sentiment is ripe for a real system of probation the thing to do is to pass a well-considered act and establish the requisite machinery for the guidance and firm control of the probationers.

Here in Illinois adult probation should be considered in connection with the parole law and the indeterminate sentence. Sound administration is essential in both cases, and if we should despair of securing it in the one direction the opponents of adult probation would use that despair as an argument against further experimentation with crime, though, fortunately, even among those who hold that the indeterminate sentence has failed here there are supporters of probation for those who give actual promise of complete reclamation.

In thousands of cases, it is notorious, men convicted of first and minor offenses are "ended," not mended, by imprisonment. Most of these can be saved to society by supervision, encouragement to return to the path of thrift and honesty, and the deterrent or coercive influence of a suspended sentence. And to say that an offender can be saved is to say that it is a duty to save him—a duty to ourselves, to him and to his family or kin.—Chicago Record-Herald.



PRESIDENT ANGELL.

Four score years old and the wheels of life are not yet weary. President Angell is celebrating the eightieth anniversary of his birth by attending the meeting of the Association of American Universities at Ithaca. It is a characteristic way with him. During a long life of varied experiences he has set an example of sturdy industry for thousands. What he has accomplished all the world knows.

He had abundant opportunity to show his strength while he was serving as editor of the Providence Journal during the exciting years of the Civil War. But it was an auspicious event in the history of American education when he turned his attention to college administration. If he had remained at the head of the University of Vermont he would have made a place for himself among the honored presidents of New England colleges.

In a smaller circle of influence his power would have been commanding.

The central West congratulates itself and him as well because he heard the call that came from Michigan. The story of President Angell and that of the University of Michigan for nearly forty years are one. No one hearing his name and title ever needs to ask of what he is president. No one hearing the name of the University of Michigan ever asks its president's name. What "Michigan" has done in educational lines for the central West and for the United States is difficult of estimate. If nothing else were considered except the astonishing development of the State university idea in the United States since the president of "Vermont" became the president of "Michigan" in 1871, that would be sufficient to write large the word "success" upon the record of an honored career.

The people of the United States are obligated to President Angell for distinguished services to it in the field of diplomacy. The army of educators throughout the country pays its tribute to the Nestor. The thousands who are proud to call themselves sons of "Michigan" rejoice in one who "by reason of strength" has reached his fourscore years. That he may return late to the skies is the birthday wish of a host of friends and admirers.—Chicago Tribune.



DON'T- YOU NEED A CHILD?

Is it possible to work successfully "for the child that needs a home and the home that needs a child"? In other words, can a great number of unfortunate boys and girls be saved from public institutions by the system of finding havens for them in places that are "homes" in the best acceptance of the word? A year of practical experimentation has proved that remarkable results can be accomplished by a child-rescue campaign conducted on the principle that universal mother-love can be awakened to a sense of responsibility for the neglected children of the world.

Not only have many childless women adopted boys and girls, but many careless and temporarily helpless mothers have been aroused to a sense of their highest duty. The secondary influence of this work—this stirring-up of latent maternal solicitude—may be productive of the most widespread reforms, which will reduce institutional work to the minimum. A letter from California, published in the February Delineator, tells its own story. The writer says:

"It is through your child-rescue articles that I have my three children out of the Home in which I had been forced to place them for a year. Your first article touched me to the depths, and each succeeding one. They told me what I knew to be the truth—it's far, far better for the little ones to be in a private home. I could not see my way to have them and also to work for them, but your precious articles strengthened me and finally, last

March, I took my two children out and home and worked for them, sewing, etc.; and last July my youngest one also came back to me. I am now in charge of a day nursery that has just been started, so you see I am working for my little ones and at the same time with them.

"It is you, dear friend, that has really done that for me, and also, maybe, for many others. Your influence is, indeed, widespread and is a power for good."

This letter opens a vista of possibilities to the philanthropic mind. When women of all classes come into a knowledge of what motherhood means, as the highest privilege of life, there will be little need of institutions and child-rescue campaigns, but until the better understanding comes there is much to be done. Let all who can help in bringing together the home and child.



THE PRESIDENT'S MESSAGE AND THE NAVY.

In his recent and last annual message to Congress the President has devoted much less space to arguing the necessity of increase of the navy than in any of his previous messages. He has confined himself to simply recommending, in a single sentence, the increase proposed by the Navy Department, which is in substance the four-battleship program of last year. But he gives considerable space to urging the reorganization of the whole naval management, in order to increase its efficiency, and makes it perfectly clear that his views on the subject of the navy have not in the least changed.

Only in July last he was reiterating at Newport, in the most emphatic language, before the most notable conference of United States naval officers ever called together, his well-known views on the subject. These he declared that he uttered, not to the naval officers, but to "the great bulk of his fellow countrymen," whose opinions on the navy he wished to guide. He is unalterably opposed to "a purely defensive navy," "a mere coast defense navy." He demands one that can "hit hard," that can "hammer the opponent until he quits fighting," that shall be "footloose to search out and destroy the enemy's fleet." He is opposed to our country's assuming an "attitude of meekness" toward other countries; we must be "aggressive" because we have great responsibilities and a great role to play. The Monroe doctrine is an "empty boast" unless backed by an efficient navy. But even if we are to stay at home, mind our own business, and maintain the "right to administer our internal affairs as we think best," we must have "a strong fighting navy." He still keeps alive his suspicion that other nations are cormorants, only waiting a favorable moment to pounce upon us. He thinks our country, because of immigration, has more points of friction with other governments than any other nation, and hence we must have an "efficient fighting navy," a navy that can "hit." "A first-class fighting navy is the most effective guarantee of peace that this country can have."

Those, therefore, who may think that, because he devotes so little space in his last message to recommending the four-battleship program, the President will cease working for it, in season and out of season, are very much mistaken. He may be expected at any time to send a special message to Congress on the subject, as he did last year. Up to the time when the final vote on the navy bill is taken, Congressmen will be invited to the White House and lectured on the absolute necessity, for the safety of the country, of adding four huge Dreadnaughts and the necessary number of little monsters to the navy.

Those who believe, therefore, that both the safety and the honor of the country depend chiefly upon other and higher agencies and means than suspicion and fear, and the slugging and hitting and hammering of brute force, must bestir themselves. Let remonstrances against further increase of the navy be sent to Congress from all the cities and communities of the nation, signed by clergymen, by business men, by educators, by members of labor organizations, by women's societies, by everybody who believes that the time has gone by for the continuance of the enormously costly competitive armaments which still burden and disgrace our civilization. Send them, with a brief note, direct to your Congressman, who will be glad to know what his constituents are thinking on this most urgent question of the hour.—The Advocate of Peace.



THE PROHIBITION FLOOD.

The political protection of the saloon, says Harris Dickson in the January Circle Magazine, gradually aroused public sentiment and arrayed against the saloon thousands of men who had no prejudice against the moderate use of liquor. Patriotic citizens regarded the whole system as the greatest stumbling block in the path of honest government. No matter what plan might be proposed for the reform and advancement of the city, the allied liquor and criminal elements stood beside the machine politicians, musket in hand, to defend the old system. Liberal-minded men came to believe that the saloon, as a social and political institution, must be wiped from the face of the earth before anything whatsoever could be accomplished. After the saloon is destroyed it will be easy to uproot the weaker evils which have found shelter behind it. Thousands of gentlemen say they had rather see the liquor business in the hands of a few confessed outlaws, dodging from bush to bush and hiding in the alleys, than to see it controlled by political tyrants who boss the town. They cannot understand why the liquor business should go hand in hand with every form of vice and crime. The hardware trade and the grocery stores do not find it necessary to enter into such partnerships. The drygoods trade does not continually fight the law. If this antagonism to law and decency be necessary for the success of the liquor business, then there must be some inherent wrong in the trade itself, and that trade should be stopped.

Such reasons as these have drawn into prohibition ranks thousands of reluctant recruits; originally they did not want to be prohibitionists, but are none the less enlisted for the war and mean to fight it out to the last ditch.



ENGLISH BAN ON SUNDAY THEATERS.

King Edward has issued an edict forbidding public entertainments in a theater or music-hall on Sundays, Christmas Day, or Good Friday, "unless under very exceptional circumstances." The King of England thus perpetuates a mediæval privilege still adhering to the crown and exercised through the office of the Lord Chamberlain—a post that has been more or less under fire in recent years. The writer for the New York Tribune, who signs herself "Marquise de Fontenoy," gives these reasons for the King's action:

"King Edward has been led to issue this edict with regard to Sunday performances by the growth and deterioration of these Sabbath entertainments. As in this country, they commenced with concerts of sacred music. Then followed cinematograph displays of biblical sub-

jects. The latter, as well as the sacred music, have long given way to much more frivolous and more worldly features; and whereas twenty or thirty years ago all theaters and music-halls throughout Great Britain were shut on Sundays, today they are nearly all open and doing a rushing business, the houses being often rented on Sundays for so-called private entertainments of a class which would not pass muster with the mass of the general public on a weekday.

"Prompted, it is said, by Queen Alexandra, who is a very religious woman indeed, and urged by the leading ecclesiastics, not only of the Church of England but of other denominations, the King has now turned to good account the survival of the mediæval despotism which excited so much criticism at the time when it was invoked by subordinate officials of the Lord Chamberlain's department to prevent the performance of Gilbert and Sullivan's comic opera, 'The Mikado,' during the state visit to England of several members of the Japanese imperial family a couple of years ago. The step taken by the King is meeting with the warm approval of the vast mass of the population in England, where it is construed as furnishing another striking illustration of the intimacy of his constant touch with public sentiment. The latter, as in all English-speaking countries, is ever in favor of a respect for Sunday, and so keenly alive is the King to this that, although passionately devoted to racing, he has never in his life been present at the Paris Grand Prix, which is always run on a Sunday, and which is the greatest of races on the Continent of Europe, being equivalent to the English Derby."—Literary Digest.



THE WINTER CARE OF HENS.

IN comparison with records one often reads in farm journals, my hens are very ordinary winter layers; but in comparison with those of all my neighbors who have provided the modern conveniences for their layers, my hens are truly remarkable.

I converted an old cow shed, 11 x 13 ft., with leaking roof, into shelter for the hens by covering the roof with tarred paper, and lining the inside with building paper. There were three small windows, two on the south side and one on the west side, out of which most of the panes of glass were broken. Over the casings I stretched heavy unbleached cloth. I put in a wooden floor eight inches above the ground as the drainage was poor. A place on the floor, 4 x 4 ft., was kept covered with sifted coal ashes, replaced monthly. Another space was filled with excelsior and straw for scratching. The roosts are all two and one-half feet from the floor to prevent crowding in the highest roost.

About November 1 seventeen White Leghorn hens and one rooster, and seven Plymouth Rock hens were put in this enclosure and not allowed any outdoor freedom. The three-year-old hens, nine in all, and the May pullets, did not begin to lay until about the middle of December. They steadily increased the number of eggs until by February they averaged fifteen eggs a day, and this record was not lessened by the cold weather so unusual for the vicinity of

Philadelphia. Other people's flocks averaged five and eight eggs from fifty to seventy-five fowls.

January 1 I put the seven Plymouth Rocks in a shed, 9 x 7, with a window of cloth, 2 x 1¾ ft., dividing the floor into a dust bath and a scratching pen. These seven hens have averaged five eggs a day all through January.

These twenty-five fowls did not have the variety of food recommended in poultry guidebooks, but only such as every housewife can provide, namely, wheat and cracked corn (heated during the coldest days) thrown into the straw morning and night, all the scraps from the table, a little clover hay, a pan of skimmed milk, and occasionally apples, potatoes, or onions chopped fine and fed at noon. A box of charcoal, groundbone, and oyster shell was kept before the fowls, fresh straw or excelsior was put in the scratching pen once a month, the roosting part was cleaned every three or four days, and the roosts brushed with coal oil once a month.—H. O. Duerr, in *The Garden Magazine*.

Between Whiles

Limited Understanding.—"It does seem strange," remarked the party who seemed to be thinking aloud.

"What seems strange?" queried the innocent bystander.

"That after getting a man in hot water a woman can't understand why he should boil over," explained the noisy thinker.—Chicago News.



"What is this peculiar key on your typewriter? I never saw it on any before."

"Hist! My own invention. Whenever you can't spell a word, you press this key and it makes a blur."—Boston Transcript.



A Tale of Two Cities.—"Say," queried the would-be humorist, "where is that place, Atoms, that so many people are blown to?"

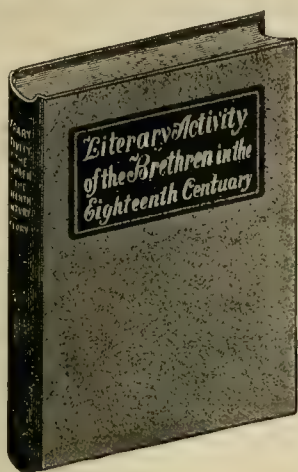
"It's just the other side of Effigy, the place in which so many people are hanged," answered the solemn person.—Chicago News.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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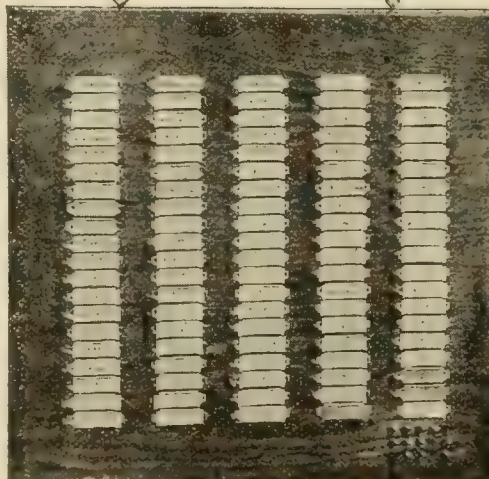
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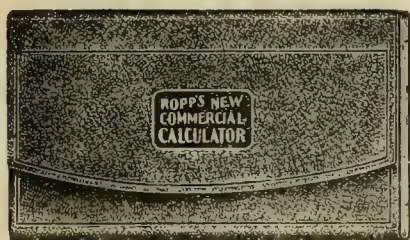
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In this valley are grown successfully wheat, rye, oats, barley, alfalfa and other grasses; peaches, pears, prunes, apricots, nectarines, figs, olives, oranges, lemons, melons, canteloupes, strawberries, blackberries, raspberries, loganberries and grapes. Vegetables are grown almost every month in the year. English walnuts, almonds, pecans, peanuts and other nuts do well and are profitable. Dairying, beekeeping and poultry raising are carried on successfully. The new colony town, is on the main line of the Santa Fe Railroad, immediately on the tract selected for our first colony. It is in central California, within a few hours run of San Francisco, Sacramento and Stockton, among the best markets in the State.

The colony tract is well located, almost level, with a deep, fertile soil, mostly a sandy loam, well adapted to above-named crops. It is in the Modesto irrigation district, one of the best systems in the State, with plenty of water, and the land owns the irrigation plant. Two large ditches cross the colony tract, and the present owner will construct lateral ditches to each forty acres—an important item. The drainage is excellent, no alkali or hardpan to interfere with crops, no brush, stumps or stones to be removed, a good place for

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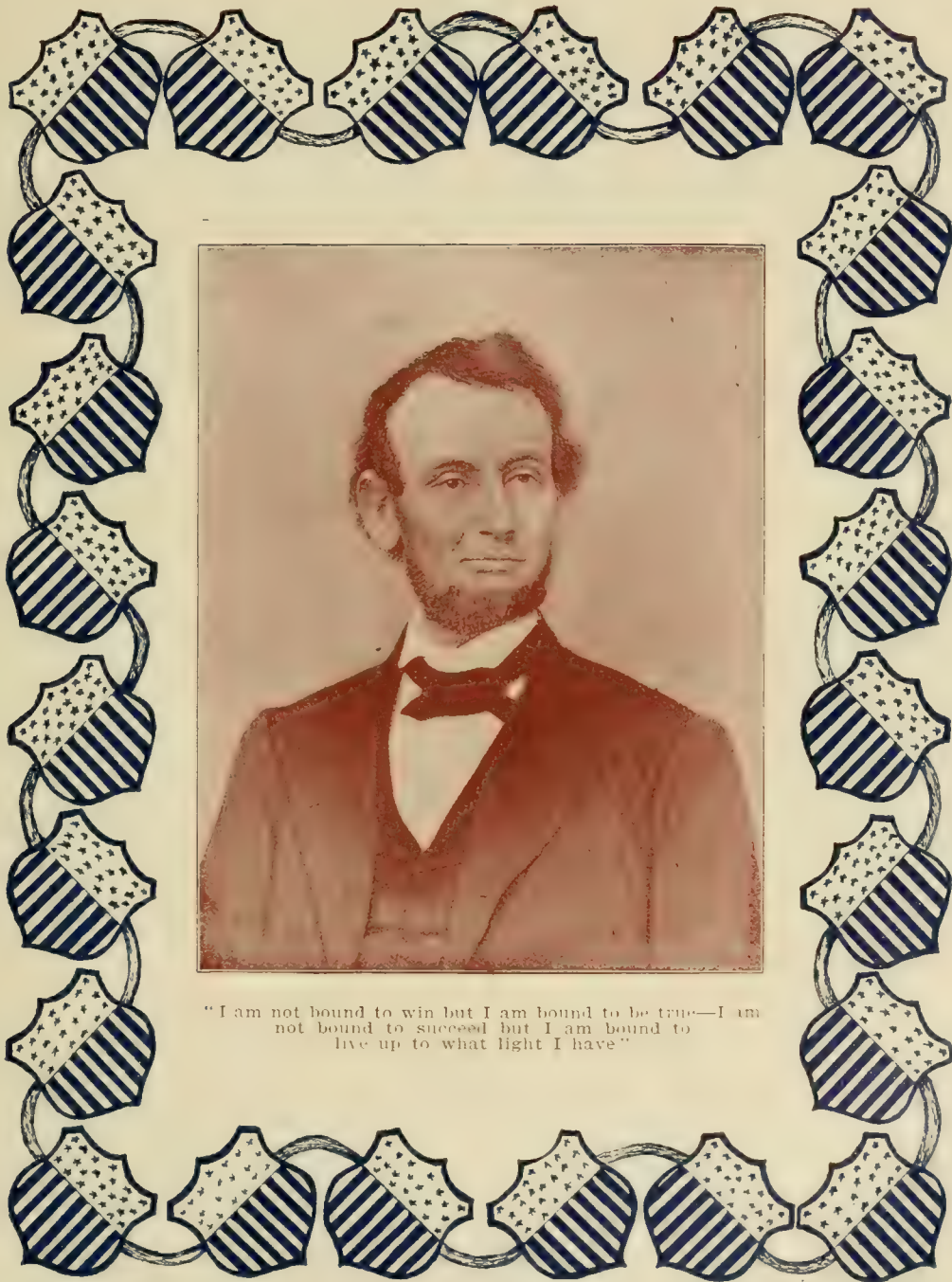
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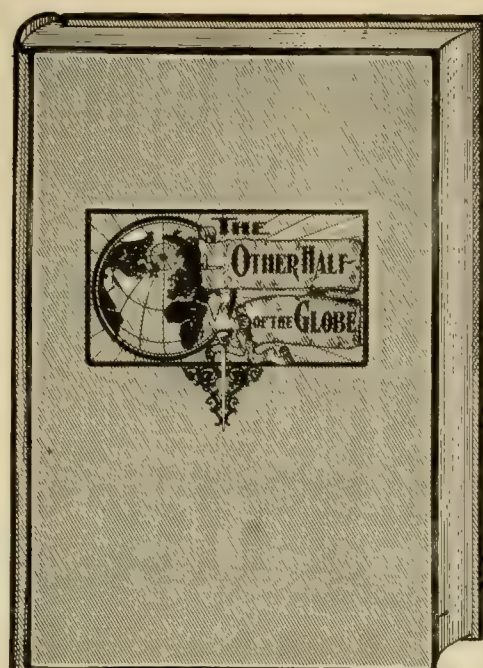
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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.											
Nampa District.											
Name	Acres	Tons	per A.								
Mark Austin, ...	35	18		A. C. Coonard, ..	6	18½	Wm. Hansen, ...	6	16		
Company Farm, ..	90	16		Geo. Duval,	170	14	Melcher & Boor, ..	37	15		
Allen Bissett, ..	2	18		Rogers' Farm, ..	20	24	A. E. Wood,	18	16		
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½		Gough & Merrill, ..	10	18	P. A. Gregar, ...	6	15		
C. G. Nofziger, ..	5	19		A. V. Linder, ...	25	16	R. F. Slone,	5	15		
Geo. Duval,	6	26		David Betts, ...	14	15	Thos. Weir,	14	23		
				Payette District.							
				C. M. Williams, ..	5	19	Wm. Melcher, ..	21	22		
				W. F. Ashinhurst, 3½	18		S. Niswander, ...	26	17		
				E. E. Hunter, ...	27	16	John Ward,	10	22		
								W. B. Ross,	5	23	
Nampa District.											
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.				Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17				
				Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20				
				Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40				
				Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35				
				Jonn Holtom,	Wheat	52	20				
				Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9				
				Kind of Grain	Bushels per A.	A.					
I. Hildreth.				Wheat	58	15					

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

February 9, 1909.

No. 6.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

WHEN the compiler of the dictionary of Congress was preparing the work for publication in 1858, he sent Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life to which he received in June of that year the following reply:

Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

Education defective.

Profession, a lawyer.

Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War.

Postmaster in a very small office.

Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of the lower house of Congress.

Yours, etc.,

A Lincoln.

A modest statement indeed which had in it very little intimation of the real greatness of its author who was so soon to be called to guide a great nation through the darkest period of its history.

Was his education defective? Measured by the

conventional standards of society, it certainly was. He attended school only about four months in all, according to his own statement.

If, however, education is to be measured by ability to think profoundly upon the greatest problems of both personal and national life; to state clearly and forcefully the results of such thinking in language whose beauty and simplicity still charm two continents; to feel so deeply the wrongs of an enslaved race that

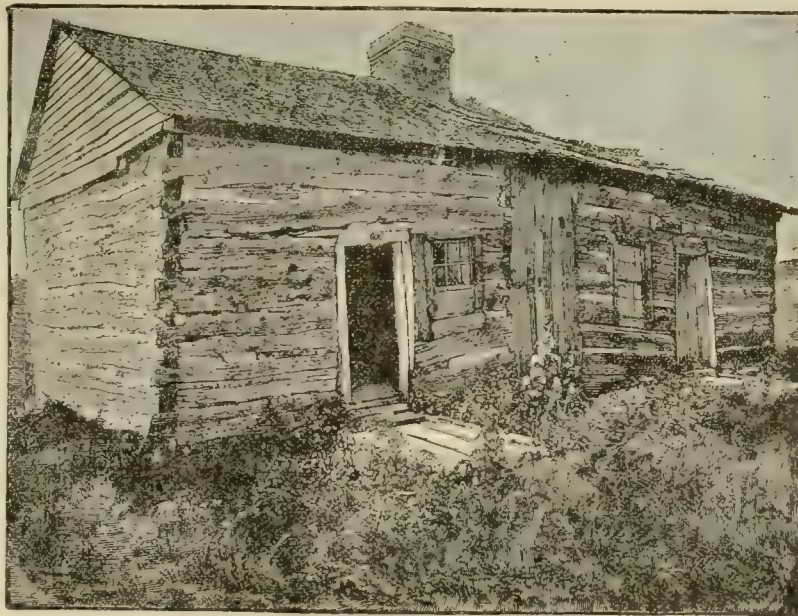
life becomes one constant struggle for their freedom; to perform such deeds of exalted patriotism as will inspire the loyal people of a divided country to fight on through four years of civil war to a victory which forever settled the question of national supremacy; to live a personal life so clean and pure and wholesome that all admire and none criticise—if these achievements be the test of education, rather than the standards set up by society and schools, then Abraham

Lincoln was the most thoroughly educated man America has produced.

In this connection it is interesting to note the following statements of Lincoln as found in a speech on "The Improvement of Sangamon River," delivered in 1832 when he was a candidate for the State Legislature of Illinois:

"Upon the subject of education, not presuming to dictate any plan

or system respecting it, I can only say that I view it as the most important subject which we as a people can be engaged in. That every man may receive at least a moderate education, and thereby be enabled to read the histories of his own and other countries, by which he may duly appreciate the value of our free institutions, appears to be an object of vital importance, even on this account alone, to say nothing of the advantages and satisfaction to be derived from all



Lincoln's First Home in Illinois

being able to read the Scriptures, and other works both of a religious and moral nature, for themselves.

"For my part, I desire to see the time when education—and by its means, morality, sobriety, enterprise and industry—shall become much more general than at present, and should be gratified to have it in my power to contribute something to the advancement of any measure which might have a tendency to accelerate that happy period."

By profession Lincoln was a lawyer. The methods of study pursued by him in preparation for his chosen profession would not be recognized by the courts as at present constituted. Associate Justice David Davis of the Supreme Court, in his fine eulogy of "Lincoln as a Lawyer," delivered in 1865, says:

"In all the elements that constitute the great lawyer, he had few equals. . . . He seized the strong points of a cause, and presented them with clearness and great compactness. His mind was logical and direct, and he did not indulge in extraneous discussion. . . . The framework of his mental and moral being was honesty, and a

wrong cause was poorly defended by him. . . . He read law books but little, except when the case in hand made it necessary; yet he was usually self-reliant, depending on his own resources, and rarely consulting his brother lawyers, either on the management of his case or on the legal questions involved. . . . He was not fond of litigation, and would compromise a lawsuit whenever practicable."

Lincoln's own high ideals of what the character of a lawyer should be are expressed in the following, taken from "Notes for a Law Lecture," delivered in 1850:

"There is a vague popular belief that lawyers are necessarily dishonest. I say vague, because when we consider to what extent confidence and honors are reposed in and conferred upon lawyers by the people, it appears improbable that their impression of dishonesty is very distinct and vivid. Yet the impression is common, almost universal. Let no young

man choosing the law for a calling for a moment yield to the popular belief—resolve to be honest at all events; and if in your own judgment you cannot be an honest lawyer, resolve to be honest without being a lawyer. Choose some other occupation, rather than one in the choosing of which you do, in advance, consent to be a knave."

Lincoln's election as captain of volunteers in the Black Hawk War is referred to by him as being a great surprise and as giving him more satisfaction than any success which came to him in life.

His short experience in this was referred to in his speech on "Military Heroes," delivered in the United States House of Representatives July 27, 1848, in which speech he defended the Whig candidate for President,

General Taylor, and ridiculed General Cass, the Democratic candidate.

The following paragraph from this speech furnishes a fine example of Lincoln's humor:

"By the way, Mr. Speaker, did you know I am a military hero? Yes, sir; in the days of the Black Hawk War I fought, bled, and came away. Speaking of General Cass' career re-

minds me of my own. I was not at Stillman's defeat, but I was as near it as Cass was to Hull's surrender; and, like him, I saw the place very soon afterward. It is quite certain I did not break my sword, for I had none to break; but I bent a musket pretty badly on one occasion. If Cass broke his sword, the idea is he broke it in desperation; I bent the musket by accident. If General Cass went in advance of me in picking huckleberries, I guess I surpassed him in charges upon the wild onions. If he saw any live, fighting Indians, it was more than I did; but I had a good many bloody struggles with the mosquitoes, and although I never fainted from the loss of blood, I can truly say that I was often very hungry."

The following amusing incident is related as an illustration both of Lincoln's ignorance of military matters and also of his ready wit:

When his troops, formed by platoons, confronted a gate, Captain Lincoln ordered:



Lincoln's Home in Springfield.

"This company is dismissed for two minutes when it will fall in *on the other side of this fence*." (He characterized this as "an endwise" movement.)

To serve as "postmaster at a very small office," as Lincoln stated it in the outline of his biography on which the comments of this article are based, would mean little to an ordinary man, but to Lincoln this service furnished another opportunity for the education for which his soul hungered. The newspapers he handled in the office provided him with reading matter, and from this source he kept himself fully informed on topics of both local and national importance. He was appointed to this office, located at New Salem, by Andrew Jackson and served from May 7, 1833 to May 30, 1836. Those were stirring times in our national life, and to Lincoln's mind the study of the newspaper reports of the speeches of Calhoun and Webster, on the burning issue of nullification, must have meant much in his preparation for the responsibilities which were to come to him when, as President of the United States, he should lead the nation through its four years' conflict brought on by those who taught that both the law and the constitution could be nullified at their pleasure.

That must have been an interesting Legislature which met in Vandalia, the old capital of Illinois, December 5, 1836. Stephen A. Douglas and Abraham Lincoln were both there and both served as members of the penitentiary committee. Lincoln was one of the nine members from Sangamon County—two senators and seven members of the House—the delegation being known as the "Long Nine" on account of their size.

Lincoln's great "hit" at this session was the success won by his delegation, under his leadership, in securing the removal of the capital to Springfield. With only nine votes in the beginning, and with the "field" against him, Lincoln so adroitly managed his campaign that the bill locating the capital at Springfield was finally carried, and as a result, Lincoln was given the credit of a great triumph—in one sense a victory over his great future rival, Douglas, whose home town of Jacksonville was one of the leading competitors. On the question of internal improvements—the building of canals—these two men, who were to wage such a political warfare later, were in perfect accord.

On March 6, 1837, the session closed and the "Long Nine" started home. All save Lincoln had horses to ride. He walked, or rode "Shank's mare," as he described it. It is not difficult to picture in one's imagination this delegation as it moved homeward with Lincoln on foot carefully picking his way by the roadside and walking so fast that he kept up with the procession. It is related upon good authority that Lincoln was so thinly clad that he actually shivered, and said, "Boys, I'm cold." The reply from his mounted companions was: "No wonder, there's so much of you on the ground."

The following word picture from the pen of Robert L. Wilson, one of the "Long Nine," written shortly after the adjournment of the session just referred to, is full of interest:

"Lincoln was a natural debater; he was always ready and always got right down to the merits of his case without any nonsense or circumlocution. He was quite as much at home in the Legislature as at New Salem; he had a quaint and peculiar way, all his own, of treating a subject, and he frequently startled us by his modes—but he was always right. He seemed to be a born politician. We followed his lead; he hewed the way for us to follow, and we gladly did so. He could grasp and concentrate the matters under discussion, and his clear statement of an intricate or obscure subject was better than an ordinary argument. It may almost be said that he did our thinking for us, but he had no arrogance, nothing of the dictatorial; it seemed the right thing to do as he did. He excited no envy or jealousy. He was felt to be so much greater than the rest of us that we were glad to abridge our intellectual labors by letting him do the general thinking for the crowd. He inspired absolute respect, although he was utterly careless and negligent. We would ride while he would walk, but we recognized him as a master of us in logic; he was poverty itself when I knew him, but still perfectly independent. He seemed to glide along in life without any friction or effort."

While a member of Congress, Lincoln lost no opportunity to express his sentiments on the slavery question, voting, as he afterwards often said forty or fifty times for the Wilmot Proviso in various forms during his single term. He closed one of his carefully prepared speeches with these words: "Under no circumstances would I consent to the further extension of slavery in the United States, or to the further increase of slave representation in the House of Representatives."

For several years after the expiration of his term in Congress, Lincoln devoted all his time and attention to the practice of law. In fact he himself states that "in 1854 his profession had almost superseded the thought of politics in his mind, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused him as he had never been before."

Then followed the great debates with Douglas which made him a national character and paved the way for his nomination for the Presidency to which office he was elected and in which he became, under God, the savior of the republic. The joy which came to the loyal citizens of the nation with his triumphant reelection and the deep sorrow which still lingers with us because of the awful tragedy of his assassination in the hour of victory which brought to him relief from the terrible strain of four years of war, can never be forgotten by those who lived through them.—Prof. O. T. Corson, *Editor Ohio Educational Monthly*.

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLIV.

THE anchor has splashed through the calm surface of the little bay and run on down a dozen fathoms to the shallow bottom. Crete lies a mile on the right. The captain says he will lie here for four or five hours and then steam for Athens. For *Athens*, mind you! Not Milwaukee or Baltimore, but *Athens*! I am so ecstatic about it I would like to have everybody here so as to enjoy with me my glorious expectations.

It's midday and we have just finished our luncheon. I could go ashore but am too eager to go on, and the boat may leave before I get back.

The island is of high mountains, apparently of bleak and weathered limestone. Orchards and vineyards fill the valleys but there is no pretty effect. The deep blue sea kisses its rough edges and cools the heat of a tropical sun that quivers in violent pulsations over every foot of ground. I wonder if Paul saw the color of the sea here, for in a storm the waves are leaden and sombre. From my notes made right on the spot I write: "The sea is wonderfully blue and looks like a magic sea. The dreary island, brown and gray, is not a fit setting for beauty. A painter, by coloring the hills with his imagination, could make the combination artistic."

Now the boats are coming. They should have been here. Yankees would have been out and ready to climb up the ship's sides before even the stairway had been let down. There are three boats and they are racing. Each wants to get to us first. What lusty pulls at long, heavy oars. The long boat, with the baggy-trousered Turk, wins. How quickly he runs up the ladder, followed by the others. Behind him comes a Greek with heavy, dark face. Then come the boys with baskets of long-bunched, purple grapes. Passengers and sailors at once begin to lay in a supply of fruit. The boy motions me to taste them. I do. Umph! I should say I do want some of them. He weighs out a penny's worth and so pleases me by the quantity as also with the quality, I motion to him to put on more, while I get twice the amount of money. I give him four cents, or two Italian pennies. Others are hurriedly buying the fruit and carrying it to their staterooms. Some of the venders have figs and I hurry to get a lot of them, too, for sea travelers are

always wild for fresh fruit, and when they land after a voyage that is usually what they first seek.

I bought *sixteen* big, bursting fat, purple and green figs for two cents, making six cents for enough fruit to keep me for two whole days. But poor Paul and his companions nearly starved here. No one came to their boat with fruit that flooded the mouth with saliva as in our case. But I suppose he was happier in his famished, toiling shipwreck than any of us who enjoyed the calm sea at her best. In getting back my change from the two-lire piece, which is forty cents or two francs, I asked for some Greek coins in five and ten lipta pieces,—about five and ten cents—so that when I reached Athens in the morning I could hire a Grecian to take me ashore and pay him with his own coin. Athens is the greatest of all Grecian cities, and I do want to walk along her streets and see the Acropolis.

From Athens we will sail directly to Asia Minor, landing at Smyrna after a cruise among scores of little islands I find dotting my map. From there I will get down to the Holy Land. Just how I will go I do not know, whether overland through the cities visited by Paul, or by sea. But I am not troubled about it. The eye that guided Abraham will guide me. Crete is settling into the sea behind us, her bleak hills still visible, showing how the fertility of her once strong soil has been taken from her by the murder of the forests, that probably, like Sicily, once grew luxuriantly over her now bleached form.

The sea, during the afternoon, rolled somewhat and at evening the breeze was still strong and cool. At Genoa the *Letimbro* had taken on a big cargo of flour ground from wheat shipped from Russia. This was left at Crete. The boat, thus lightened, rolled more severely, but I had no intimation of seasickness.

Paul's captain was compeled to throw his cargo, perhaps of wheat, overboard at Crete that he might get away alive. My captain threw it overboard,—into a "lighter"—in order that he might gain money by the transaction. The other captain lost his boat, we are saving ours. But the world will always tell about Paul's captain and his little ship of sail, while the description of my visit to Crete will perish with the hand that writes it. He who but follows the wake of

another vessel on life's sea may ride in a palace of comfort and brush the ruby wine from ruddy lips of sensual indulgence, but he will leave no lasting germ of good to sprout and grow and increase with the cycles of time.

In a paper I just read that back in Messina, Sicily, a professor in the university there, after a long, exhaustive study and experimenting with the cancer microbe, had discovered the cause of the cancer and a treatment for it. The world will look towards Messina, made famous by the sweet oranges shipped from her harbor, for the sweeter message of cure for the hitherto incurable cancer.

The name of the professor is Francisco San Felice. Were I suffering from the cancer I should enclose a small sum of money in a postoffice order for his trouble, and write him a letter, asking him to tell me how I could be benefited or cured. But as this is only a newspaper report, there may be no truth whatever in the item. But some one *will* unlock the right medicine chest of God's remedies, some day, for the cure of cancer. Any disease that *gives* a doctor so long a time, and the patient so much strength and opportunity, to get at its cure as cancer, is bound to be throttled sooner or later. The half has not yet been told of the curative properties of the earth, for every disease, but that of sin, has its remedy right here. It is for us to find it. When it is found, we will know it. Quacks will not advertise it in half column or whole page lies. Patent medicines will not contain it at the drugstores. Your home doctor, who ought to be paid for keeping you well rather than for keeping you sick, will get it for you. The cure will be found, just as the sure cure for diphtheria has been found. When the cry for help goes up to the highest heaven of distress the voice of the sufferer will be heard, and in God's wonderful way, of having us work out our own salvation, some doctor in a country town or student of research in the city hospital and laboratory, will find the simple remedy or mix the required combinations in such a way that our heroic sufferers will be healed, for once and for all, of the ugliest cancer, as easily as though it were a fever sore or a boil.

I do not want to be fanatical or to appear as not having good sense, but I believe that we, the readers of this paper, have it within our power, by prayer, whether we believe in it as much as we ought to or not, to bring about, instantly, or to cause to start, at once, principles and truths relating to the best conditions of health, that will go on and on with ever-increasing ability to combat the problems offered by this arch foe, not only of those who have cancer, but of the millions more who tremble lest they also may find it developing upon their body, until the cure, positively certain, will have been found. This will not come about, by "dreaming" it in day-dreams,

though dreams at night, coming into the mind, or rather evolving or coming *from* the mind that has been entirely taken up with the subject all the day, are often the keys, unlocking the way before us. It *will* come about when we all get right down to the hardest kind of prayerful toil and put forth such life-giving energies from a live-giving body, laughing in the splendor of overabundance of strength as to create life because there is life,—the life that is original, the life that finds bits of clay and leaves a new metal, the life that sees the kingdom of heaven in a dirty child or a radiantly-transformed society in a Burbank prune.

Listen, people, I believe I have it. *I have it.* The reason things don't happen is because we have been "resting on our oars." The church has been "resting on its oars." Paul has come and gone. *His* captain threw the wheat *overboard* in order to save the bread itself that was in chains in that boat. *We* have been tumbling *the chains* overboard and then throwing out life preservers and professional swimmers to rescue whatever or whoever might be fettered by those chains. Hidden under the tobacco smoke of selfish indulgence and dreaming the irrational dreams of the opium eater of stupid indifference, those world workers who should be leaders of the new impulse to discovery, have squatted, Indian style, on the breaking ship of civilization, counting the sacks of wheat in the hold for their present sustenance, regardless of sowing broadcast the seed that will enrich all others and leave them with more than at first. Once enough people think and work and pray together for some one thing, the thing will be born.

The child thus brought into the world will be father to a thousand similar blessings.

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LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I WAS born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of the family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams and others in Macon County, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 1782, where a year or two later he was killed by the Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest. His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, and the like.

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age, and he grew up literally without education.

He removed from Kentucky, to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so-called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "read-in', writin', and cipherin'" to the rule of three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the rule of three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education, I picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-one. At twenty-one I came to Illinois, Macon County. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk War; and I was elected a captain of volunteers, a success which gave me more

pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten—the only time I have ever been beaten by the people. The next and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the Legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of Congress. Was not a candidate for reelection. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics; and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again. What I have done since that is pretty well known.

If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am, in height, six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing on an average of one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected.

Yours truly,

A. Lincoln.

—*Interstate Schoolman.*

THE LINCOLNS AT LINVILLE

JOHN WALTER WAYLAND

Most persons are familiar, at least in a general way, with the leading facts in the life of Abraham Lincoln, sixteenth President of the United States, the centenary of whose birth will be celebrated on the 12th day of this month (February). However, most persons think of him as a product altogether of the West; and but little is known of the family before they went to Kentucky, just at the close of the Revolution. It has occurred to me, therefore, that something about the history of the Lincolns in Virginia might be welcome to the readers of the *INGLENOOK*, the more so because such facts are generally unknown.

It was my privilege a few years ago to have a most delightful conference with a representative of the family in Virginia, Mrs. Elizabeth Lincoln Pennybacker, who has since died at the advanced age of 78. She had spent all of her long life in close association with the scenes and traditions of her ancestors, and related to me many facts of interest concerning the family history. What I shall have to say will be in substance what she told me.

John Lincoln, the first of the name to settle in Virginia, came from Pennsylvania some time prior to the

Revolution and located on the fertile lands bordering Linville Creek, now in Rockingham County, then a part of Augusta. It may be of interest to note in passing that "Linville" seems to be a modified form from "Lenvill," or "Lenivell," a family name. In 1746 William Lenivell purchased 1,500 acres of land near the head of the stream, and about the same time the name Lenivell appears to have been first applied to the beautiful rivulet that collects the water from the surrounding springs. John Lincoln's tract, or at least part of it, was purchased from a grant of 7,009 acres made by the Virginia colonial council in 1739 to Hite, Duff, McKay, and Green. Hite (Jost Hite) was perhaps the most prominent leader in the settlement of the Shenandoah Valley.

John Lincoln gave a considerable body of land to each of his five sons, Abraham, John, Jacob, Thomas, and Isaac; but in time all of them except Jacob left Virginia, going for the most part to Kentucky. John finally got to Tennessee. Abraham, who went to Kentucky about 1782, was the father of Thomas, Mordecai, and Josiah; and Thomas was father of Abraham, the President.

A strong reason why the Lincoln boys went to

Kentucky is doubtless to be found in the fact that they were intimate friends of Daniel Boone. About the year 1751, when the youthful Boone, with his parents, was moving from Berks County, Pennsylvania to Carolina, he is said to have spent a year or more on Linville Creek, some six miles north of the present town of Harrisonburg. Now, from this location he must have been a near neighbor to the Lincolns; and I am of the opinion that the Boones were probably the guests of the Lincolns during this sojourn. At any rate, the association of Boone with the Lincoln homestead on Linville Creek gives the place a double interest.

According to the statement of President Lincoln himself, made in a letter written in December, 1859, both his parents were born in Virginia. His father (Thomas) must have been about four years old at the time his grandfather (Abraham) moved to Kentucky; and since he moved from the Linville Creek neighborhood we are able to establish a close association between the President's immediate ancestors and the old Virginia homestead.

Jacob Lincoln, the President's great uncle, who remained in Virginia, attained distinction in the Revolutionary army, rising to the office of lieutenant or captain. He was called Captain Lincoln by Mrs. Pennybacker. Shortly before going to the war he had married a young lady, Miss Robeson, much against the will of her father, who accordingly avowed his intention of disowning her. The patriotism of young Lincoln and his wife was more abundant than their wealth: in fact, they appear to have been very poor as yet; so after the husband's departure from home the wife and mother had a hard struggle to keep the wolf from the door. Taking her young child she went out into the field, where with her own hands she cut the grain that was to furnish them bread. At last her father, either from pity or moved by a sense of shame, sent her a young negro girl, to be her servant. With the slave girl's assistance she managed to get along until her husband returned at the close of the long struggle.

But in time Captain Lincoln and his wife succeeded in mending their fortunes. About the year 1800 they erected a good, large brick house, which is still standing in good repair. Captain Lincoln was succeeded as owner by his son Abraham, who added a substantial east wing to the structure, which is at present the comfortable home of Mr. Samuel M. Bowman, a worthy member of the Church of the Brethren. The house stands half way up the long slope on the east side of Linville Creek, at a distance of a couple hundred yards from the stream. Several miles beyond the latter, toward the west, the first ranges of the Alleghany Mountains are in plain sight. On the slope above the house, two or three hundred yards to the east, is the old family graveyard, surrounded by its

high iron fence, in which Captain Jacob Lincoln (1751-1822), his son Abraham (1799-1852), and other relatives are buried. Mrs. Pennybacker was a daughter of Abraham, just mentioned, her maiden name being Lincoln. In certain parts of Rockingham County the family name is frequently met with at the present day.

It may be interesting in this connection to observe that the Pennybacker family is also one of distinction in the valley of Virginia, as well as elsewhere. Elizabeth Lincoln's husband, Colonel John D. Pennybacker, was some time member of the Virginia State Senate; and his father, Isaac S. Pennybacker, was United States Senator from Virginia from 1845 to 1847, having previously been a member of the House of Representatives. Ex-Governor S. W. Pennybacker of Pennsylvania is a near relative.

Abraham Lincoln, the President's grandfather, was killed by Indians a year or two after he settled in Kentucky, and a tragedy also marked the old homestead on Linville Creek. Captain Jacob's son, Abraham, by accident cut his brother John so severely with a scythe, while the two were mowing together, that the injured man bled to death.

The young trees for the large orchard which Jacob Lincoln planted soon after 1800 were brought from Pennsylvania. Some of these trees were still to be seen only a few years ago. About the same time that he planted his orchard, Captain Lincoln engaged a German artisan named Schultz to make him a bookcase, corner cupboard, desk and other articles of furniture for his house. The mahogany for these articles was hauled by wagon from either New York or Pennsylvania, Mrs. Pennybacker was not certain which. The writer had the privilege of examining the identical cupboard and desk, which are remarkably well preserved, and which are really marvels of workmanship. They bid fair to last another hundred years.



THE SUPERFLUOUS BOY.

ELIZABETH M. ROYER.

Chapter III.

"WELL, if here isn't Francis! Why, child, how comes you are out so late? I was almost ready to go to bed. Come right in and rest a bit and have some of my fresh cookies before you go back. How are all the folks? I haven't seen any of you for quite a little spell. One of our neighbors has been sick and I have been looking after her now and then." While she had been talking, Grandma Peasley had Francis seated in the most comfortable rocking-chair with a plate of cookies at his elbow and another of apples. In blissful content, he munched away, sure of her sympathy in the tale he had to tell.

"Well, now, you poor dear!" grandma would exclaim.

"Well, well, those girls certainly do make things lively. I guess I had better take you."

"And, grandma," he concluded, "I just decided I wouldn't go back there and stand all of their fussing in the morning. It's more than I can take. I thought I would come over here and maybe when they found it out in the morning they would be sorry and treat me better. I tell you, grandma, I have been having some pretty hard times. I can't be captain of the football team any more just because of that, and I bet Annette has gone back on me." No one knew of her but grandma. No one else could understand. "I just reached the limit, and I thought I would give them a good scare once, and mebbe they would appreciate me better." The cookies and grandma's cheerful face made it possible for him to talk of his troubles without tears. Somehow, since he was here they did not seem so large.

"Well, well, that's just right. Always come to your grandmother when in trouble. She will never desert you. You can depend on her. I like boys and I like to have them around. Now don't be afraid of eating those cookies. They won't hurt you and there are plenty more in the crock. Now, you say they don't know that you left at all?"

"Yes, I climbed out the back window and ran through the back gate and got out just as easy. They never thought of a thing. I bet they will be good and sorry in the morning. Mebbe they will get out the police and put my name in the paper. Now, wouldn't that be fun?"

"Yes, of course, that would be lots of excitement. I don't suppose they will worry much, do you?"

"They don't worry much when I am there and I guess it won't hurt them now. I bet that Miss Tam will be glad enough to see me coming back tomorrow and she won't tease me any more. When she sings, 'Don't worry, keep smiling,' I feel like I would have to-to knock a hole right through something, it makes me so mad." His burdens were lightening with every word. To find someone to sympathize certainly did lots to help lift the trouble.

"No, I guess they won't worry too much," said grandma half to herself. "Once when your father was young, he ran off and I felt pretty bad. I got a good many of my gray hairs that night. I stayed up all night and hunted and hunted but couldn't find a trace of him anywhere. In the morning we found him asleep in the haymow. His father had whipped him and he had gone out there, but that didn't keep me from worrying. But you said your folks didn't think very much of you so, of course, they won't worry."

"No, I don't think they will," answered Francis, thoughtfully, "but if you think there is any danger of mama feeling awful bad, maybe you had better telephone over. I guess they wouldn't come clear

over here tonight, and in the morning perhaps they will be feeling better."

"Well, well, now that's a kind, considerate boy. That's the way I like to hear boys talk. We will see. I think you had better be getting ready for bed if you have had enough to eat. Let me think a minute. I believe I have a chicken leg left from supper. Do you think you could eat that yet?" Grandma looked a little doubtfully at the empty cooky plate.

"I guess I could, grandma. You see I haven't had very much to eat today and I got pretty hungry. I did manage to get a few extra things and hide them at noon so I wouldn't quite starve, but they didn't go very far."

"You come right along out in the kitchen and I will get that for you," answered grandma, heartily.

"Say, grandma, maybe I ought to wash up a little bit before I go to bed. I got kind of dirty out playing." Francis looked doubtfully at his grimy hands.

"Now, don't you wash unless you feel like it. I know how boys hate to wash, and I don't want them to do anything they hate to do. I don't suppose I will mind washing a couple extra sheets and pillow slips. My rheumatism doesn't often strike me on wash-days."

"I think I better. I wouldn't want to make you so much work. I don't believe I would mind washing here if I knew Tam wasn't looking."

"All right, sonny. Right here is the basin and here is the water, and over there hangs a towel. Just go right along and wash all you want," directed grandma, as she bustled about getting the necessary things ready.

"Your water feels better than ours," commented Francis, as he displayed a shining face and clean hands for grandma's inspection. "If you see any dirt around the corners you take that rag and wash it off, please. I can't always get to all the corners."

"Now, that's a pretty fine job for a boy your size. I don't believe Tam herself could do that well. Let me get my specs a minute." Grandma looked him carefully over. "Here's a little speck mebbe I ought to doctor some. Now, you are as clean as a new pin. I will be proud to have such a fine boy sleeping in my bed."

"I tell you, if they would give a fellow at home a little encouragement like that I wouldn't mind washing so much," confided Francis.

"Francis, do you suppose you could go down those steps and bring up that plate that sets at the bottom on the floor, the one with a cover on it? I will hold the lamp for you."

"Sure I can. I used to be afraid in the dark, but I ain't any more."

He started down, but grandma's steps were treacherous affairs and had to be understood. The lamp

gave little light and when he was half way down, he stumbled and fell to the bottom.

"O Francis," cried grandma in alarm, as she hurried to help him, "are you hurt?"

"Boo-oo-oo, it hurts awful. My ankle. I can't stand it."

With infinite labor, grandma succeeded in getting him upstairs to the lounge in the sitting-room, and found that he had given his ankle a severe wrench. She bathed it tenderly and tried to soothe him, while he manfully fought back the tears that insisted on coming. All thought of telephoning was forgotten, and neither did she think of it after Francis had fallen into a troubled sleep, as she sat patiently beside him listening to his restless mutterings. The ring of the telephone startled her. She arose at once to answer it. Mrs. Peasley's peevish voice came complainingly over the wires telling that Francis had gone and they couldn't imagine what had become of him. They had looked all over the neighborhood and had gotten everyone out of bed, and had even called up the police. They couldn't find any trace of him at all. There had been gypsies in town and they were afraid he had been kidnaped. They were dreadfully worried. The girls were all crying and she was almost distracted. What in the world were they going to do?

"Well," replied grandma, "I guess you won't have much of anything to do. Francis is over here. You sent him upstairs without any supper and for an unjust reason and he thought he would come over to see me."

"Yes, I know," Mrs. Peasley answered in relieved tones. "I am so glad you have him. Girls, Francis is at grandma's. Stop crying. Yes, I know, mother, I was too stern. I admit that now. I have been sorry for it ever since. Well, you send him home in the morning. Tell him he won't get punished."

"I don't know as I shall send him home in the morning," replied grandma with little sympathy for them. "He fell down the cellar stairs and hurt his ankle. I guess he will be over here for a couple of weeks yet."

"O mother, is it serious?" distractedly inquired Mrs. Peasley. "I will be right over. The poor child!"

"Now, don't fret yourself, Maud. I have done all that can be done for the child."

"I haven't time to talk a minute. I will be right there as soon as I can get my things on."

The receiver was hung up with a clash. Grandmother went back to her post. Francis had awakened and listened to the conversation. Grandma told him what he could not hear.

"They do love me a whole lot, I guess, don't they, grandma? I am sorry if they worried about me. I would hate to have them feel as bad as I did this morning."

"Tut, tut," enjoined grandma with tears in her eyes, "lie down and go to sleep."

"I want to wait until mama comes."

"No, no, you must get some sleep. Does your ankle still hurt?"

"Not so bad as it did, but it's pretty bad still."

Francis, at grandma's command closed his eyes, but he did not sleep, for as soon as his mother's step was heard on the porch, accompanied by others, they were wide open, searching the doorway for a glimpse of his family.

"O Francis," cried his mother on her knees with her arms about him, "I am so sorry. You poor child! How your ankle must hurt!"

"The pa-i-n don't bother mu-much i-if you st-t-ill lo-love me."

"Love you, you darling child, of course, I love you. My! How worried I was when I thought you were kidnaped."

"Yes, we do love you, Francis," avowed Sarah, "you can sleep all day if you want to."

"I don't care how dirty your hands get," conceded Marie.

"I am going to try awful hard to get up early and keep clean after this," he answered in broken, smothered sobs from his mother's neck.

"You dear boy," chorused all of them.

"Yes," announced Tam, "I saw that Tom Green tonight, and mebbe you think I didn't give it to him. The boys don't like him and they want you back for captain as soon as you can get there. Fred said so tonight when we were hunting for you." Then in a whisper she added, "Annette is awful sorry you were lost. She don't like that Tom Green one bit. Don't you worry about her. I tell you, I'm not going to tease you any more either."

"You are all so good," murmured Francis, as he fell asleep with a smile on his face.

The End.



A POOR boy, who by dint of hard work had succeeded in getting an education, decided to try for a vacancy in a Chicago bank. While he was in the office the bank president touched a button and the bank's detective stepped in. He looked at the boy and then went away. The president said, "Come back in a week." At that time the president said, "There are forty-six applicants for this place. All have been watched for a week. Only two boys passed the character test, which touched particularly the points of extravagance, vice, where evenings were spent, and the Sabbath day. All this is strictly business and not at all an inquisition into private character. This bank must take account of these things for its own sake. Of the two you have the best qualifications, and the place is yours."—*Home Herald*.

Nature Studies



THE HUNTER WHO WAS CURED.

WITHOUT any nature-faking or any mawkishness, Dr. Henry Smith Williams describes the drama of a wounded bird.

"The bird at which the boy had fired thrust down its legs and wobbled as if about to fall; then recovered itself and flew on, its legs dangling. A chance shot had apparently broken its back, paralyzing the legs, but leaving it still strength enough to fly a certain distance. Trained hunter as he was, the boy watched the wounded bird, and marked the exact spot where it finally dropped just at the edge of a cornfield half a mile away.

"'I think I'll go after it,' said the youth.

"'Nonsense,' said Luther; 'it's a half mile away and you have all you want without it.'

"'But the bird is wounded. I hate to have it lie out there and suffer.'

"'Oh, it's probably dead; or if it isn't some skunk or weasel will kill it tonight. Come along.'

"It was nearly sunset, and the youth was tired after the long tramp of the day. It would be a long trip over to the cornfield for weary legs—and then perhaps to find the bird dead. Already it was supper time at home, and he had a hunter's appetite. So he allowed himself to be overpersuaded, and the two tramped homeward.

"But the grouse that had fallen over in the cornfield was not dead. Nor, as it chanced, was its wound of a kind to produce speedy death. The injury did, however, render the bird utterly helpless. Once it dropped to the earth, it could not rise again. Nor could it move about on the ground, for its legs were paralyzed completely. It lay on the bare earth, sheltered by the cornstalks from the eyes of hawks, and where there was not much danger that a marauding beast would find it. But there was no food at hand. It was doubtful even whether the bird would be able to sip a few drops of dew from a cornstalk to quench the thirst that its wound must develop.

"Quite obviously fate had marked the grouse for a lingering death of torture. Its wound, already painful, must become more so with the lapse of time. Insects would come in phalanxes to pester it. Hunger and thirst would add their modicum of agony. The

greatest mercy it could hope for would be the coming of some skunk or weasel, as the hunter had suggested, to put it out of misery. But no such messenger of speedy death chanced to come that way."

Dr. Williams describes the church service the following Sunday morning, and the awakening of the boy's mind to a fear that the wounded grouse might not have died all these days, and he goes on:

"The youth's soul was undergoing development in that half hour. He was making one of those short cuts from point of view to point of view. He was passing—little as he realized it—from the barbarian-hunter stage to a plane of broader sympathies.

"All through the lesson he sat brooding the same thoughts, and as he left the church the idea of the wounded bird had taken full possession of his mind. Instead of going home, he set out for the field where he had shot the grouse. He believed he might find the bird even yet. At least he would try.

"A good memory and a keen eye enabled him to go about the point of the field from which the grouse had flushed; and over by a peculiar fence post—where the wounded bird had gone down. He went directly to it, and scarcely entered the cornfield when his dog came to a point. There ahead on the ground lay the bird, stretched at full length. It made no effort to escape as he came up. It was too near death to fear him or anything, its eyes half closed, its bill agape, as it feebly gasped for breath.

"In an instant the youth was on his knees beside the bird, a great lump in his throat, his eyes straining as if they would start from their sockets. The meaning of it all came to him with the force of a blow. Mechanically, he brushed away the insects that gathered about the wound in the bird's back. He stroked the soiled plumage tenderly. He found himself calculating the hours that the grouse had lain there suffering. It had happened Wednesday and this was Sunday—24, 48, 72, about 90 hours; yes, fully 90. What a cruel stretch of torture! The youth recalled an occasion when he had had a toothache for two hours that had seemed interminable; and the meaning of that 90 hours of pain came home to him yet more vividly. In an agony of remorse he knelt there, thinking, thinking. He closed his eyes, and

when he opened them a few moments later the grouse had ceased to breathe.

"The youth rose suddenly and walked to the verge of the cornfield. He selected a spot in a fence corner, and began to dig a hole. The ground was hard, and he had nothing but his knife and a piece of a stick to aid him; but he persevered the more stubbornly as his fingers become sore from digging. When the grave was deep enough, the youth went after the body of the grouse and took it up very tenderly, as if so much suffering had given it sacredness. He laid the poor thing carefully in the ground, smoothing its every feather. Then he resolutely scooped in the dirt till the grave was filled and carefully smoothed over.

"It was a thoughtful youth who walked slowly homeward across the fields that autumn day. He was asking himself what right he had to inflict such suffering as that. What manner of friend to the birds was he that could wish only to kill them? What pleasure could he get in future in shooting always with the possibility of reenacting the tragedy of the cornfield?

"Long before he reached home, the youth had made up his mind. He knew that he should never shoot his gun again. He had entered a new phase of life. The desire to kill was no longer strong in him. The instinct of the hunter had left him forever."—*Our Youth's Friend*.



DENIZENS OF THE TREES AND EARTH IN WINTER.

A FEW days ago a small mob of English sparrows was seen chasing a frightened bird from one building to another. The fleeing bird proved to be a brown thrasher.

The poor thing while migrating at night had probably become dazed by the city's lights, and had dropped down into the streets to await daylight. Then, chased by the sparrows, it had become too frightened to rise over the tops of the buildings, and was fluttering against the sides of houses, alighting on a bay window or catching on an opened blind, where it would remain, panting for breath, until its tormentors compelled it to move on.

During the bird migrations it is not uncommon to find shy and often rare denizens of the forests flying about the crowded city streets or searching for food in the treeless courts of business districts.

With most birds and mammals fall is a season of preparation for the coming winter. Most of the mammals and birds that do not migrate to a warmer climate where food abounds must either hibernate or lay in a stock of provisions.

Now they may be found building their winter houses and carrying in stores. In fact, every animal seems to be hurrying and bustling, lest nature catch it un-

awares and kill it with cold or starvation before its work is done.

The robins have long since left the villages and taken to the fields, the brush lots, and the margins of the groves and woods. All through the day flock after flock passes southward, and scattered bunches flying high hurry to their roosting places in the groves and dense forests as evening approaches.

The casual observer sees little bird life just now, but if he knew where to look he would find the woodlands and meadows well populated with feathered people. The reason he is misled is that, save for the call notes and once in a while the soft, subdued song of a robin or a song sparrow, the birds are silent now.

It is strange how birds of different species seek one another's society at this season of the year. In the thick willows along the streams and lakes purple grackles, red wing blackbirds, rusty grackles, and cowbirds silently feed together.

But the mammals are even more active than the birds in preparing for the winter. Most of the birds migrate, and but few mammals do.

The woodchuck or ground hog made hay before the farmer cut his crop. He has spent his entire time from late in August, even during moonlight nights, eating the clover heads and stealing the farmer's vegetables.

The result is that he has filled his contract with nature, and has clothed himself in a layer of thick fat that will not only keep him warm, but will nourish him while he sleeps. During the Indian summer days, after the crops are harvested, leaving exposed the entrance to his burrow, he will crawl to the mouth and, seated on the mound of earth, take a farewell look at the world before retiring for the winter.

Along the streams and in the marshes the muskrat is busy building his winter house. He piles clots of dirt, sticks, weeds, and other rubbish, gathered along the water's margin and the bottoms of the streams or lakes.

Swiftly and silently he swims along, carrying the nesting materials in his mouth. In the rushes in shallow water he deposits his load and returns for more. In a month's time he will have made a mound house several feet high.

In the center of this mound there is a room, wet and small, to be sure, but large enough and high enough above the water to house his family comfortably. From here he will make excursions after food, and, no doubt, in time of storms he will go hungry, but somehow he usually manages to survive until spring.

The gray squirrels have left their summer nests of dried leaves and taken quarters in the hollow tree trunks. They, like the red squirrels, chipmunks, and many other smaller rodents, are busy laying in their winter's harvest of nuts, grain, and seeds.—*Selected*.

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A GREAT MAN REMEMBERED.

IN many parts of our country the public schools for some years have observed Lincoln's birthday, Feb. 12, with appropriate exercises. This year, which marks a full century since the birth of the great man, the observance of the event in the schools is to be more widespread. Extra efforts are being made to place high in the estimation of the pupils the man who lent himself so fully to the cause which he believed to be right. In addition, through an act of Congress, giving him the authority, the President has issued a proclamation "setting apart Feb. 12, 1909, as a special holiday in recognition of the centennial anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln."

Many of us are firm in the belief that for every great occasion there is some one who has fitted himself to meet it, and we have no better example of this than that of our first martyred President. The lesson we can draw from his life is this: Make the best of our opportunities and devote the results to the welfare of our fellow-men. This may not bring us before the world, as it did Abraham Lincoln, but it will make us truly good and great. Whether we are ever known outside our own neighborhood is a matter of little importance. Whether we have "made good" in the humble as well as in the high place is a matter of deep concern to the very angels in heaven.



"EASY" DIVORCE LAW CONDEMNED.

Not long ago we quoted the words of Mrs. W. H. Taft on the evils of the modern divorce laws. Now we give our readers the opinion of a county judge on the same subject. It was during the process of dissolving the union of a certain couple recently that Judge John Gibbons of Cook County, Ill., took occasion to speak of the sanctity of the marriage relation. Here is what he says:

"Although I grant hundreds of divorces annually

in obedience to the statute of this State, I nevertheless believe that divorces should not be allowed, except possibly for one cause, and this, I think, should be the policy of the State, whether viewed from the standpoint of divine or human law. When Adam and Eve entered into the bonds of holy matrimony before God himself, it was proclaimed in the morning of the world: 'Therefore shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife; and they shall be two in one flesh.' And Christ, speaking on the same subject, declared, 'Have you not read that he who made man from the beginning made them male and female, and said, For this cause shall a man leave father and mother and shall cleave to his wife and the two shall be one flesh? What, therefore, God hath joined together, let not man put asunder.' Whereupon the Pharisees said to him, 'Did not Moses command to give her a bill of divorce, and put her away?' And Christ answered, 'Moses from the hardness of your heart suffered you to put away your wives; but from the beginning it was not so,' which means that under the old law but one cause for divorce was recognized, and I believe that to this fact largely may be attributed the stability of the Jewish home and integrity of the Jewish family.

"By reason of the many causes for divorce under the laws of this State, marriage is reduced to the level of commercialism, and the consequences are more baneful to society than Mormonism. Whenever a man prefers another woman to his wife he usually finds a way to compel her to take refuge in the divorce courts, and it not infrequently happens that the husband retains and pays for the lawyers on both sides of the case, and in this manner there is little difficulty in securing the divorce. This is why there are apparently so many more women than men seeking divorces."

Judge Gibbons further says it is his belief that "an enlightened public sentiment will gradually correct this defect in the social system." Considering that divorces are becoming more and more common and that people are seemingly growing more and more indifferent to the evil, it is hard to see when that turn will be made. Would that all those who recognize the evil might agitate the question so that a reform would set in before the condition of society became so corrupt that the country would be forced to take drastic measures for self-preservation. When anything opposed to the eternal principles of right runs its full course, destruction is the end; and all right-thinking people must confess that the divorce evil has gone far on its way.



BLOW TO PARTY SPOILS SYSTEM.

THE saying that has been put in practice by both the big parties since the time of Andrew Jackson, "To the victor belong the spoils," will likely have to

be changed, if not in word, at least in meaning. Henceforth, if we retain the present wording, we will understand the "victor" to be the one, of whatever party, who has proven himself most competent to discharge the duties of an office in the gift of the party in power. President Roosevelt has adhered to this idea in some degree throughout his administration. But the most decided stand taken on the subject is that of Governor Hughes of New York.

During his first term the Governor made it pretty plainly felt by "the organization" that he had no debts to discharge with fat-salaried or influential positions. This term he is emphasizing the fact even more plainly than before. William E. Curtis, writing for the *Chicago Record-Herald* tells about it thus:

"Acting upon the principles he has declared so frequently and plainly, Governor Hughes took particular pains in his inaugural address to proclaim his independence of the Republican State Committee and the leaders of that party, and emphasized his attitude immediately on the first day of his second term, by placing under the civil service laws about two thousand appointments as county superintendents, county engineers, surveyors and other officials authorized by the new highway law. He announced that all of them, without regard to political connections, will be appointed from lists of eligibles, to be prepared by the State civil service commission after examinations to test the qualifications of candidates for the actual construction and maintenance of roads.

"The Governor's action withdraws from patronage of the Republican machine about one hundred positions paying salaries of \$2 500 and upward, whose incumbents will have the employment of large numbers of men in carrying out the expenditure of \$50,000,000, in the construction of new roads. This fund has been raised by the issue of bonds voted by the people, and is to be expended pro rata among fifty-two different counties of the State, an average of nearly a million dollars to the county, which as you may judge, placed a tremendous political influence in the hands of the president of the commission.

"The loss of the control of this patronage is the hardest blow that has been struck at the Republican party for many years, particularly as its majority in the Legislature included a provision making all these officials exempt from the competitive system of appointment under the regular civil service regulations. The action of the Governor does not violate this provision, because it does not require competitive examinations, but it does require a severe test to prove the qualifications of candidates who present themselves."

When we come to think what a fruitful source of corruption this spoils system is we wonder why it was not thrown out long before this. Perhaps it was because a man bound himself to it by the mere act of entering the political field. And now that that field

has been made to assume a more decent appearance of late years, the bands have been weakened. However that may be, much honor is due Governor Hughes for the action he has taken. The country will benefit by it all around. The duties of these offices will be more fully discharged because the worker will be more competent and because he knows the quality of the work done is of chief importance. Then, too, the earnest worker everywhere will be encouraged, knowing that faithfulness and competency are the strongest "pull" a man can have.



ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Oh, slow to smite and swift to spare,
Gentle and merciful and just!
Who, in the fear of God, didst bear
The sword of power—a nation's trust.

In sorrow by thy bier we stand,
Amid the awe that hushes all,
And speak the anguish of a land
That shook with horror at thy fall.

Thy task is done—the bond are free;
We bear thee to an honored grave,
Whose noblest monument shall be
The broken fetters of the slave.

Pure was thy life; its bloody close
Hath placed thee with the sons of light,
Among the noble host of those
Who perished in the cause of right.

—Bryant.



He knew to bide his time,
And can his fame abide,
Still patient in his simple faith sublime,
Till the wise years decide.
Great captains with their guns and drums,
Disturb our judgment for the hour,
But, at last, silence comes;
These all are gone, and standing like a tower,
Our children shall behold his fame,
The kindly, earnest, brave, foreseeing man.
Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame,
New birth of our new soil, the first American.
—James Russell Lowell.



THE CENOTAPH.

(On the final burial of Lincoln at Springfield, April 14, 1887.)

And so they buried Lincoln. Strange and vain!
Has any creature thought of Lincoln hid
In any vault, 'neath any coffin lid,
In all the years since that wild spring of pain?
'Tis false—he never in the grave hath lain.
You could not bury him although you slid
Upon his clay the Cheops pyramid,
Or heaped it with the Rocky Mountain chain.
They slew themselves; they but set Lincoln free.
In all the earth his great heart beats as strong,
Shall beat while pulses throb to chivalry
And burn with hate of tyranny and wrong.
Whoever will may find him, anywhere
Save in the tomb. Not there,—he is not there!

—James Thompson McKay.



The Home World

THE GOOD OLD DAYS

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"GIRLS had no time to idle away when I was young," said Aunt Zebudah, musingly.

"Then I am glad I am a girl now, instead of long ago," said Nora who was busy with the week's mending.

"Of course our spinning and knitting took up so much time that we had but few leisure moments. And then each girl was an accomplished housekeeper besides, so how could there be any parties or good times?" asked Aunt Zebudah.

"I am sure I don't know," answered Nora. "It seems as if I have all I can do, and if you had more work than this, why, I am sorry for you, that is all."

"I wish you could see the linen spun and woven by my own grandmother," continued Aunt Zebudah. "Her loom gathered up the threads of the finest wool or cotton and made the most beautiful fabrics. Her linen spun and woven would in these days be worth its weight in gold."

"And I suppose she grew round-shouldered working at it," said Nora, who had but little veneration for the past. It was good to be alive now and enjoy life to the full, but if Aunt Zebudah liked to talk of bygone days Nora was willing to listen, so she said, "Tell me something about those days. Were you ever at a quilting party?"

"Yes, indeed," answered her aunt. "We girls would quilt an entire afternoon and then eat supper, and later in the evening the boys of the neighborhood would come in. Then we had games and afterwards it was as the old song has it,

"'An' 't was from old Aunt Dinah's quilting party,
I was seeing Nellie home.'

and we girls lived over again in dreams the pleasures of the evening."

"I am afraid our set would require some time to get used to a program for a party like that," answered Nora.

"Our work was harder because we had no con-

veniences," went on Aunt Zebudah, reminiscently. "We always had to carry our water from the spring. Sometimes the spring was a long distance from the house, and the bucket of water grew heavy before we reached the kitchen door. And then look at the old way of beating up eggs for cake. It used to be a knife or a spoon, a pan or a shallow dish and the eggs. I know I have watched my mother beating up eggs until I thought her arm would drop by its own weight. Beat, beat, beat with regular and equal strokes, until the dish seemed filled with the lightest and most delicate foam."

"Yes, and then some one put two cogwheels together with a little machinery and now a child can beat up in a few minutes all the eggs needed for the biggest bridal cake you ever saw," said Nora.

"Lucinda used to bake the most beautiful bride's cake and it was a pity she never needed any for herself; she was the old maid of the village. She was tall and angular. Her black hair never changed its color. Like a guidepost to the passing generation she held her place. She lived alone in a house exquisitely kept. Oh, yes, Dutch John wanted to marry her but she regularly refused him," and Aunt Zebudah smiled at the thought of Lucinda marrying anybody.

"And the men too had many things that were hard to manage. There was the refractory stovepipe with which they wrestled periodically. No invention has yet lightened that difficulty. In one instance, however, inventive genius has been kind to our fathers in the manner of putting up bedsteads. This generation may not have any recollection of the acrobatic achievements accomplished by an agile man in properly putting in order a bedstead that had cord to sustain the bed instead of slats or wire. It was an effort from the start, in which the best judgment and the greatest activity were necessary to get the bedstead fixed, so that it would stand, ready for the cord or rope. If you had successfully coaxed the end of

one side into one post, it would certainly fall out while you were at work on the other corner, and even if you had got round to the final corner, an unlucky move would pull the whole thing apart, and drop it, sides, foot and head, in a heap on the floor. Even with the posts all firmly set and the sides screwed in, the end was by no means yet. Stringing the cord or rope through the holes in the sides and then crossing them from the head to the foot, the real amusement and interest began in tightening the cords. You could only do it by getting on with your feet, grasping the row of cord with both hands and pushing and pulling until the tension was complete. The man who thought of the little catches or iron slots that drop into the holes in the posts and hold the sides there without bolt or wrench was a benefactor of the race."

But Aunt Zebudah was speaking again: "I wish you could have gone sleighing with us in those days, Nora. The snow rose over the rail fences and the bells rang everywhere. The young people managed to get sleds of some kind and I can hear them laugh as the snow crunched under our feet and the sleighbells kept time and tune to our happy thoughts. You have no such sleighing parties now."

And she was right, for we seldom have enough snow in these days. We never see the winter prairie, bound by the edges of the world, a whole circle of eternity cold and awful, lonely and mighty. The roads across the country were like white marble canals.

But we find that in the old days people lived without window glasses or matches, kerosene or illuminating gas. And we in turn, probably, are not living as comfortably as our children and grandchildren will live. We are living in the best age, that the world so far as we know, ever saw. Whatever mooning or regretting there may be over the past is simply nonsense and also false. The mistaken sentiment, "Oh, those good old times," was frowned down upon by King Solomon. He says, "What is the cause that the former days were better than these? for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."



KEEP THE ATMOSPHERE PLEASANT.

THE daughter of a busy housemother, who one day expressed the fear that her mother was working too hard, received an answer that told in a few words one of the secrets of happy and successful work.

"I don't mind working, and working pretty hard, dear," her mother said, "as long as the atmosphere is pleasant."

"As long as the atmosphere is pleasant!" Anybody who has worked under disagreeable or trying conditions realizes how much those words mean. To the busy mother who carries on her shoulders the burdens of the home it means everything if the members of the family circle are contented, happy, and

harmonious; her work, hard enough at best, is doubly so if there is grumbling, faultfinding, or ill nature to contend with. The teacher in the schoolroom looks with keen interest at the class which has come from the room below; for she knows that the personality of those boys and girls will determine in a large measure whether her year's work will be a source of pleasure or unhappiness to her. One unruly, mischievous, disobedient boy, one lazy, impertinent girl may easily rob her of all enjoyment of her work, and leave her at the end of the year with nerves completely unstrung.

No one person can make up entirely the atmosphere in which another person lives and works, but each of us can do more than we realize to make the atmosphere pleasant or unpleasant for another. The member of the home circle who is pleasant and even tempered, easily satisfied, quick to praise when things go well and equally ready to give others an opportunity, does much to keep the home atmosphere pleasant and to make the work of the housemother as easy as possible. In the schoolroom the boy or girl who is pleasant and friendly, but who respects the rules of the school and realizes that study should come before play, is the one who helps to lighten the teacher's burden and the one whom she thinks of with pleasure.

Wherever we may happen to be placed, whatever we may be doing, it is worth while to remember that we are helping to make the atmosphere in which others are living and working. It is not our fault if others in the same circle make that atmosphere irritating and disagreeable; it remains for us to offset their influence as far as we can by our own cheerfulness, courtesy, and unselfishness. We are to blame if, through our lack of these qualities, we make the atmosphere unpleasant for those about us, and so make it harder for them to go through the round of their daily duties.—*Friend for Boys and Girls.*



A PARENT'S PLEA.

My little boy is eight years old,
He goes to school each day;
He doesn't mind the tasks they set—
They seem to him but play.
He heads his class at raffia work,
And also takes the lead
At making dinky paper boats—
But I wish that he could read.

They teach him physiology,
And, oh, it chills our hearts
To hear our prattling innocent
Mix up his inward parts.
He also learns astronomy
And names the stars by night—
Of course, he's very up-to-date,
But I wish that he could write.

They teach him things botanical,
They teach him how to draw;

He babbles of mythology
 And gravitation's law;
 The discoveries of science
 With him are quite a fad,
 They tell me he's a clever boy,
 But I wish that he could add.

—Peter McArthur.



AMERICA'S NEED.

"WHAT America needs more than railway extension and western irrigation and a low tariff and a bigger wheat crop and a merchant marine and a new navy is a revival of piety, the kind mother and father used to have—piety that counted it good business to stop for daily family prayers before breakfast, right in the middle of harvest; that quit fieldwork a half hour early Thursday night, so as to get the chores done and go to prayer meeting; that borrowed money to pay the preacher's salary, and prayed fervently in secret for the salvation of the rich man who looked with scorn on such unbusiness-like behavior. That's what we need now to clean this country of the graft, and of greed, petty and big; of worship of fine houses and big lands and high office and grand social functions.

"What is this thing we are worshipping but a vain repetition of what decayed nations fell down and worshiped before their light went out? Read the history of Rome in decay and you will find luxury there that could lay a big dollar over our little doughnut that looks so large to us. Great wealth never made a nation substantial or honorable. There is nothing on earth that looks good that is so dangerous for a man or nation to handle as quick, easy, big money. If you resist its deadly influence the chances are that it will get your son. It takes greater and finer heroism to dare to be poor in America than capture a battery in Manchuria."—*Wall Street Journal*.



APPRECIATE YOUR MOTHER.

"OH, I never do housework!" we heard a young girl say, in a crowded car. "Mother doesn't expect me to. I keep my hands nice for my practicing. Mother's used to work; she doesn't mind. I never do the dishes."

Never help the weary mother who toils early and late to keep her precious daughter in school? Never lift one finger to lighten the heavy burden of her who has never spared herself for your comfort, from the time you were a tiny, helpless infant in her arms?

And this from a well-dressed and well-appearing girl, otherwise! Ah, well, there can't be many such, we think, whose eyes are thus so blinded that they cannot see the marks of time and toil on the one whose individual place could never be filled, should she be called away.

The remark was not intended for our ears, but, catching it as we passed, we thought of the many,

many girls who would be glad if only they had a mother to help. And so we say, Appreciate your mothers, girls, while you have them. For when you are older and wiser, you will realize that there is nobody in the world like mother.—*Selected*.



FASTENING WARDROBE HOOKS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

MANY houses are deficient in closet room, and it is the exception rather than the rule to find one properly supplied with wardrobe hooks. The putting up of hooks by the usual method, by screws, is troublesome, and in many houses but few can be used in any given space on account of the unequal distances between the studding. Nails are unsightly, and wear the clothing badly. A good plan is to take long strips of thin board about three inches wide, and set the hooks as you want them. Then cut the strips to fit the space where you want to use them, and fasten them up securely with good screws. By this plan two screws will hold up a dozen hooks, more or less, and save a good many holes in the wall when a change is made.

Belfast, Me.



HOME-MADE SCRAPPLE.

GET a good piece of pork with enough fat to it to make the scrapple rich. Cook it until the meat falls apart. Drain the meat from the liquid, and when it is quite cold chop it with meat chopper or run it through the food chopper. Boil the liquor again, and dilute it with water if there is not enough liquid to make the mush. When it boils, add sifted yellow meal and make a thin mush. Stir constantly to prevent it from burning. When it is done, it should not be too stiff and the meat must be put in and thoroughly mixed with the mush. Take it out and put it into shallow pans. When cold it can be cut and fried the same as mush.

Chicken scrapple is made with the white of chicken or all of the meat and is thickened with white meal. It is very delicious, though not so rich as the pork scrapple.—*Exchange*.



SHEETS, pillowcases, towels, tablecloths—all folded linens—should be laid upon the shelves with the open and hemmed ends toward the wall, the round folds outward. The effect is neater to the eye, and articles are more easily taken out.



THE man who stands upon his own soil, who feels, by the laws of the land in which he lives—by the laws of civilized nations—he is the right and exclusive owner of the land which he tills, is, by the constitution of our nature, under a wholesome influence, not easily imbibed from any other source.—*Edward Everett*.

The Children's Corner

ALL I HAVE.

If I had a lot of money,
I will tell you what I'd do;
I would pay it out for teachers
For the heathen; wouldn't you?

But I have only a little—
Just a nickel, new and bright,
And a dozen copper pennies—
Isn't that a sorry plight?

But I'm thinking of a story
Mama read to us one day—
How a crowd of hungry people
Followed Jesus in the way,

And a little boy among them
Had some tiny loaves of bread
He had brought to eat when hungry,
And two fishes, some one said;

And he gave them all to Jesus,
And the Savior multiplied
Them until they fed the people,
And much food was left beside.

Maybe if I give my pennies
And my nickel for his sake,
Out of them a lot of dollars
For the heathen he might make.

But supposing that he shouldn't—
I will give them, anyway.
They will surely help a little;
Maybe I'll do more some day.

—Author Unknown.



MOTHER'S HERO.

"I'd like to have been Alexander the Great," said Charlie, dropping his book with a sigh. "Just think of the wonderful things he did! Wouldn't it be splendid to conquer the whole world?"

"I know who I'd rather be," said Josie, looking up from her book. "Joan of Arc! She was splendid if she didn't conquer the whole world. I think it's a mean shame they treated her as they did while she was alive, and now make a great fuss over her."

It was a stormy afternoon, so all three children were reading by the fire to pass away the time till Charlie started the subject of heroes. Mother was patching Joseph's trousers and listening to the conversation as it waxed warmer and warmer, and the young people grew red in the face as they defended their favorites.

"They weren't either of them half as great as King Alfred," said Joseph, emphatically. "He was a good man, too, and your Alexander wasn't. Our teacher said he drank, and did lots of other wicked things, but Alfred was great and good, too. And your Joan of Arc——"

"What about her?" demanded Josie. "I guess she was greater than——"

"Children, children!" said a gentle voice.

"You decide for us, mama," said Charlie. "Which one of us is right?"

"That is a matter of opinion," said mother, wisely. "Different people have different ideas about those things. I will tell you about my favorite hero, and then you can see what you think of my choice. I will not say a word against the ones you have chosen, so you must try to like mine."

"We will! We will!" cried the children, drawing their chairs nearer mother as she took a new patch.

"I can guess who," said Josie, with a knowing look. "It's George Washington!"

"I'll guess Abraham Lincoln!" put in Joseph.

"I think it's King Arthur of the Round Table," said Charlie, remembering the stories mother had read to them so often.

"All missed," said mother, patching away. "This man I'm going to tell you about had to stop going to school when he was only twelve years old to work for his mother and little sister. He studied hard in the evenings, and when he was sixteen he went back to school and graduated, doing his work night and morning at the store where he clerked. An uncle of his father's wanted to send him to college when he saw how well the boy had done, but would do nothing for the family, so he gave up the plan, and went to work again for them. You may be sure it was hard to do this, but no one ever heard him complain.

"His sister was married when she grew up, but soon died, leaving three little ones for her brother and mother to care for; so my hero had to work harder than ever. He brought up the children as well as he could, and took care of his old mother when she grew childish and fretful—for no one would help him when they found out how peevish the poor old lady was. He might have put her in a hospital, where she would have been well taken care of, but he began to be better off when he was middle-aged, for he took care of her himself till she died. He is free now to do as he pleases, but living as he did all those years kept him from making friends like other people. His work at home and away from home filled his life completely till a few months ago, but no one could have done that work more cheerfully than John Aiken. Now you know who my hero is."

"John Aiken! I am so disappointed!" said Josie. "It sounded as if he were some great man while you were telling the story."

"Well, I don't know that he isn't a great man," said Charlie, stoutly. "Our heroes had lots of praise and honor, but mother's is unknown. I think hers is best, after all. Some of us boys say 'Crooked John,' when we see him, but I never will again."—*Selected.*



The Quiet Hour

WHAT IS THY LIFE?

S. S. BLOUGH.

THE problems of life are many. Life and how to spend it becomes the greatest. It is one that concerns each of us. How shall I spend my life? This is a question on which we should not—yea, must not—go wrong, for do not the issues of eternity hang upon the workings of life? We need not go wrong for have we not the Good Book to direct us? Have we not in it the teaching of our blessed Lord? Is not his blessed example set therein? If we only look, listen and obey, the problems of life will all be solved aright. We need not go in the dark. The life of the blessed Jesus becomes our light and enables us, also, to live and do acceptably.

But, seriously now, will you meditate with me? Is my life all that I want it to be, all that it ought to be, all that my Savior wants it to be? Does it turn a bright or a dark side toward those who follow me? Have my words been as "apples of gold in pictures of silver"? Are the deeds of my life golden? Am I doing as near as I know how as Jesus would were he in my place?

Already several weeks of the new year have passed and we surely realize that time is fleeting. God has given us these precious days, each moment of which should somehow count for him. How do we spend them? As are the moments so are the hours, as the hours so the days, as the days so your life. What shall be your life?

There are all too many who do not realize the value of time. In every land there have always been those who stand "idle in the market place." Somehow, they fail to grasp the tremendous influence of idleness on the issues and results of their lives. It is a bad thing for a man to be idle and be alone. "Satan finds work for idle hands to do." "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." If our life is to be satisfactory, we must have employment for these precious moments. It is the moment, the hour, the day, when one is pursuing no fixed purpose that he is most likely to fall into temptation. His will is more or less relaxed, his attention is not fixed, and almost unconsciously he seeks

amusement of some sort. Then come the idle words, wasted energy, and the talent misdirected. There is a mistaken notion or practice, at least, that when a man loses his regular employment, that wherein he earns his living, that he must necessarily be idle. This is a great mistake, and has prevented many a man from making the most of himself. Instead of this, such times should prove actual blessings. If we take them as opportunities to look about us and survey our possibilities and capabilities for better work, they may indeed be a means of stepping to a higher plane of usefulness. And why should it not be so? "There is always work, and tools to work withal for those who will." There is always room for those who do their duty. Life is always worth while for those who are anxious to make it worth while. There is very seldom any excuse for idleness pure and simple. Many have become eminent and successful by the wise employment of leisure. Go thou and do likewise.

If the work of such moments will not bring immediate financial results, it will at least make your life richer by doing some good to your fellows. What is thy life? Shall those who follow after you on life's stage of action call you blessed for the example which you leave? Shall the hearts of those around you warm at thought of your good deeds? In eternity shall you meet the treasure laid up in time? The question is worth pondering. It deserves your deepest meditation and wisest action. What is thy life?



"THERE STOOD A MAN OF MACEDONIA."

Through midnight gloom from Macedon
The cry of myriads as of one,
The voiceful silence of despair,
Is eloquent in awful prayer,
The soul's exceeding bitter cry,
"Come o'er and help us, or we die."

How mournfully it echoes on,
For half the earth is Macedon;
These brethren to their brethren call,
And by the Love which loved them all,
And by the whole world's Life they cry,
"O ye that live, behold we die!"

By other sounds the world is won
Than that which wails from Macedon;

The road of gain is round it rolled,
Or men unto themselves are sold,
And cannot list the alien cry,
"Oh, hear and help us, lest we die!"

Yet with that cry from Macedon
The very car of Christ rolls on;
"I come: who would abide my day
In yonder wilds prepare my way
My voice is crying in their cry;
Help ye the dying, lest ye die."

Jesus, for men of man the Son,
Yea, thine the cry from Macedon;
Oh, by the kingdom and the power
And glory of thine advent hour,
Wake heart and will to hear their cry;
Help us to help them, lest we die.

—S. J. Stone.



GOD'S PROMISES.

God's promises are all lamps to light up dark places; and I know of no brighter one than this: "As thy days so shall thy strength be."

But maybe you are already in the long, dark passageway. Or possibly the valley through which your steps are leading is a very dark and shadowed one. Then gladly I bid you look up and catch some of the light which God sheds down from this blessed assurance.

"When the sun withdraws its light,
Lo! the stars of God are there;
Present host, unseen till night—
Matchless, countless, silent, fair."

If we never had nights, we could never see the stars. And so if you and I never had any trouble, we could never enjoy such a promise as this of which we have written. We do not love nights, but we do love the stars. We do not love sorrow and trouble, but we do bless God for sustaining grace. We do not love weakness, but we rejoice in such promises of God as will uphold us when weakness comes.—G. B. F. Hallock.



GROVER CLEVELAND AND THE BIBLE.

THE following is reportel to be one of the late Ex-President Cleveland's last written messages. It is worthy to be cherished with other choicest sentiments of great statesmen about the Bible, which General Grant once said is "the sheet-anchor of our liberty":

"I very much hope that in sending out this Book you will do something to invite more attention among the masses of our people to the study of the New Testament and the Bible as a whole. It seems to me that in these days there is an unhappy falling off in our appreciation of the importance of this study. I do not believe as a people that we can afford to allow our interest in and veneration for the Bible to abate. I look upon it as the source from which those who study it in spirit and truth will derive strength of character, a realization of the duty of citizenship,

and a true apprehension of the power and wisdom and mercy of God."—*Bible Record*.



A FRIVOLOUS CHURCH-GOER.

WE asked a friend who had recently moved to another city, whom he went to hear on Sunday. "Oh, almost anybody," he replied with candor. "The fact is that I never attend the same church twice in succession. I have been to hear every orthodox divine and every heterodox lecturer in the city. I have run the gamut from old-fashioned Calvinism to new-fashioned ethical culture. And I am not through the list yet."

The man who said that would not stay a week in a boarding-house where he could not have his particular breakfast food every morning with his coffee. But when it came to feeding his soul he would change the "menu" every day and the "chef" once a week.

"We learn our creeds," said Mrs. Browning, "as we do our alphabets, by iteration." It you wish to believe a thing listen to its repetition often enough and it will stick. The experienced angler knows that if he can put his bait before the nose of a trout often enough the trout must leave the pool or take the bait. There is no fad so absurd but that the philosopher himself will snap it up if he persists in playing with it. Go and hear what you really wish to become, for you will become what you hear in the end.—*The Interior*.



THE MACHINE WITHOUT THREAD.

"I LIKE to sew when there is no thread in the machine, it runs so easy," said a little girl just now.

A good many people, I think, are pretty fond of running their machines without thread.

When I hear a boy talking very largely of the grand things he would do, if he only could, and if things and circumstances were only different, and then neglecting every daily duty, and avoiding work and lessons, I think he is running his machine without any thread.

When I see a girl very sweet and pleasant abroad, ready to do anything for a stranger, and cross and disagreeable in her home, she, too, is running her machine without any thread.

Ah! this sewing without a thread is very easy indeed, and the life machine will make a great buzzing, but labor, time, and force will in the end be far worse than lost.—*Exchange*.



THERE are some people who object to letting their left hand know what their right hand does because their right hand does so little that they are ashamed to let it be known how little it does.—*R. M. Weaver*.



A MAN to be conscious of divine leading must make spiritual things his chief business.—*Dr. McBryde*.

Echoes from Everywhere



It has been estimated that the cost of the U. S. battle-ship fleet cruise around the world will be \$27,500,000.

In an election Jan. 23, La Rue Co., Ky., Abraham Lincoln's native county, voted "dry" by a majority of 1,085, the vote being over 4 to 1 against license.

West Virginia prohibitionists are making a splendid fight at the State capitol for the passage of a prohibition amendment bill. Governor Dawson in his message advocates the submission of an amendment, at the same time urging the Legislature to pass a local option law.

The public schools of Bloomington, Ill., operate a savings bank, and the children have deposited about \$2,000 this year. It was found that they had money to draw out for buying Christmas presents. That is a useful lesson in the direction of independence.

A bill has been introduced in the Missouri Legislature which limits the number of foreign-born employes to 10 per cent of the total number employed. The bill is directed against the lead mine operators of St. Francois County, who employ 2,000 foreigners in preference to Americans.

In accordance with the instructions from Senor Alcantara, Venezuela's minister of the interior, the attorney general will bring suit in the high federal court against Cipriano Castro, the former president of Venezuela, on the charge of having instigated the assassination of President Jose Vicente Gomez.

The printing presses are working overtime these days grinding out the Lincoln postage stamps, commemorative of the one hundredth anniversary of the great emancipator's birth. Like the recent Washington and Franklin stamps, a profile of Lincoln, taken from the standing figure by St. Gaudens, was chosen for the new stamps.

In accordance with the suggestion of President Roosevelt and Gov. Gillett, of California, Speaker Stanton introduced a bill into the Assembly appropriating \$10,000 to gather data regarding the number and occupation of Japanese in California. A similar measure will be presented in the Senate, and it is believed the Governor will sign it when passed.

Instead of shipping three carloads of silver dollars into Texas to pay the big fine ordered by the State court and affirmed by the United States Supreme Court, the Waters Pierce Oil Company will send a motion for a rehearing. Preparation of the motion has already begun and it is expected it will be ready to submit to the court February 15. Final action will probably be taken by March 1.

At the close of a farmers' institute at Huntington, Ind., the seed corn raised by the boy members of the Huntington Corn Club was sold at auction. The corn brought \$6 a bushel.

Representative James Burke of Pennsylvania has introduced a bill requiring all ocean-going vessels which carry as many as fifty passengers to be equipped with wireless telegraphic instruments and carry an operator.

Feb. 1, at the beginning of the second semester in the public schools, an addition of 1,500 pupils to the attendance roll of the various high schools throughout the city of Chicago was reported to officials of the board of education. This is an increase of 50 per cent over the record of last year and is regarded as the best showing made by any public school system in the country.

In Pennsylvania a test is being made as to the legal rights of a board of education to pay the fares of pupils to and from the high school. We do not know the law in Pennsylvania, but wherever in other States a test has been made the board of education has won its case. Cheltenham is the township in which the test is being made. There are twenty-seven pupils who are transferred from two to three miles.

Besides fitting its pupils for employment and training them for useful lives, the Hebrew Technical School for Girls of New York City has shown for the year an income exceeding expenses of nearly \$4,000. There are 354 girls in daily attendance at the institution, at Second Avenue and Sixteenth Street. It is estimated that as a result of the work of the school's employment bureau 971 former pupils are earning a total of \$560,274 a year.

President Gomez of Cuba has sent a message to Congress in which he says that not much advance in legislation was made under the recent government of intervention, although it is true that organic laws were promulgated which merit approval. He specially recommends revision of the penal code and the law of criminal procedure, and advises Congress to exercise the utmost care in incurring financial obligations, in view of the small sum now left in the national treasury.

Register of the United States Treasury W. T. Vernon, the noted Kansas negro, is making some speeches in Oklahoma on the race question. In order to avoid the humiliation of the Jim Crow car law in Oklahoma the negroes there have chartered a special car for Mr. Vernon, which he will use in all his travels in the new State. He will take the car at Caldwell, Kans., and keep it until he reaches the Kansas line again. He will speak at El Reno, Oklahoma City, Guthrie and Muskogee.

A professor in the University of Chicago states that John D. Rockefeller will devote \$50,000,000 to the promotion of education in Oriental nations. He says Mr. Rockefeller will await the reports of Prof. Ernest Burton and Prof. Thomas C. Chamberlain, who have been commissioned to investigate conditions in the Orient. Prof. Burton is now in India, and Prof. Chamberlain will start for China next month.

The December graduating class of the University of Michigan shows present tendencies in higher institutions of learning. There were as many men as women, 17 of each. This is the fourth time in six years that this has occurred. The membership of the senior college is 219 men and 201 women. The enrollment in the medical school has risen from 44 last year to 53 this year. The law enrollment was 47 last year, this year 40.

Senator Dolliver, as chairman of the Senate committee on education and labor, is preparing a plan to aid country districts to give effective instruction in agriculture. It is Senator Dolliver's purpose in some way to connect the country school with the State College of Agriculture. The national government will contribute a large part of the money to make the plan effective. The most feasible plan seems to be to encourage the States to undertake the establishment and control of these elementary agricultural schools.

Feb. 1, without amendment the Senate passed the House bill making Feb. 12, 1909, the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln, a legal holiday and recommending its celebration throughout the United States, for which purpose the President was authorized to issue a special proclamation. The bill also declares that as a part of the national memorial to Lincoln there may be built a highway from Washington City to the battlefield of Gettysburg, Pa., to be known as "the Lincoln Way." An appropriation of \$50,000 is made for a survey of plans and estimates for such highway.

There are now 75,000 of the aboriginal population in Australia. Of this number there are about 20,000 in the colony of Queensland. Queensland has an elaborate system for looking after the welfare of the blacks by means of "protectors" stationed all over the colony to see that the natives are fed and clothed and shielded from interference of white people. Many of the natives are over six feet in height. Like most savages they are polygamists, but they are not cannibals. The natives under civilization have developed habits of economy and saving. They have made good progress in both reading and writing, but missionary reports state that teaching them arithmetic is hopeless.

Over seven million dollars was spent by New Jersey last year on her dependents and criminals, says Collier's Weekly. In the last thirty-three years the population of the State has increased only 12 per cent, but its insanity has increased over 300 per cent and its crime almost as much. There now exists in the State a commission to investigate dependency and criminality, and one to investigate the excise question. At the head of the Crimes Commission was placed Michael T. Barrett, son-in-law of Peter Hauch, a brewer who owns outright or in part, seventy of the seventy-one saloons in Harrison, New Jersey, and who last year paid the license fee for forty-eight of the seventy-one. On the Excise Commission is John Howe, manager of the Feigenspan's Brewery real estate business.

The first steps in a gigantic colonizing scheme were completed with the sale of the "Long S" ranch, embracing 300,000 acres near Big Springs, to the W. P. Soash Land Company of Waterloo, Ia., for \$3,000,000. This ranch was formerly the property of C. C. Slaughter of Dallas, Tex. It is located in three counties and has grazing room for 40,000 cattle, which Slaughter will sell at once. The land is to be cut into quarter sections and sold to settlers from the North and East. The sale is said to be the biggest land deal ever made in Texas.

In the big desert of Chili there is a considerable amount of brackish water, but no water that either human beings or stock can drink. Science, however, says Popular Mechanics, has come to the aid of this rainless section of the country in the form of an ingenious desert waterworks consisting of a series of frames containing 20,000 square feet of glass. The panes of glass are arranged in the shape of a V, and under each pane is a shallow pan containing brackish water. The heat of the sun evaporates the water, which condenses upon the sloping glass, and, made pure by this operation, it runs down into little channels at the bottom of the V, and is carried away into the main canal. Nearly 1,000 gallons of fresh water are collected daily by this means.

After they had lain in the ruins of the American consulate at Messina 18 days the bodies of Consul Arthur Cheney and his wife were recovered by the sailors of the American battleship Illinois. It was evident that they had been killed instantly, while they slept, as they were found side by side in what had been their bedroom. The bodies, prepared for burial, and the caskets, draped in American flags, were sent to America on the supply ship Culgoa. It is believed that Mr. and Mrs. Cheney were the only native Americans killed in the Italian earthquake. It is now estimated that 5,000 of the quake survivors have died since the fatal disturbance, and that the total deaths resulting therefrom is 250,000. Duke Litta has offered to colonize 5,000 of the survivors in Florida, south of Tampa.

That the subject of land frauds has not yet been exhausted is shown by a report made by Secretary Garfield of the Interior Department to the appropriation committees of the House and the Senate. He declares in this communication that discoveries of more wholesale and astounding frauds have been made, and that approximately \$110,000,000 worth of lands in States principally west of the Mississippi have been fraudulently acquired within the past two years by individuals and corporations. Secretary Garfield asks for an additional appropriation of \$500,000, which, if granted, will give his department, with that already asked for, \$1,000,000, with which to endeavor to regain lands, prevent depredations, etc. He considers that there is a reasonable hope of recovering much of the alleged fraudulently acquired land if the appropriation is promptly made, and points out that while \$1,000,000 seems a large appropriation, it is not one per cent of the commercial value of the land which the government may hope to recover.

This, the first school year since Kansas City, Kans., closed out her saloons, finds six hundred boys and girls between the ages of twelve and eighteen able to attend school for the first time. In former years these children were unable to attend because—through the frequent drunkenness of their fathers—they were compelled to assist in supporting their respective families.

Among the Magazines



LINCOLN'S MENTAL SUPERIORITY.

There are three charges intimated, rather than directly made, against Lincoln's mental superiority. These are his ignorance of financial matters, his poor judgment of men, and his failure at the very first to unite all the Union armies under one field commander. The first charge is true. Lincoln, when a member of the famous "Long Nine" in the Illinois Legislature, voted for wildcat financial schemes as cheerfully as any fiat money champion of more recent days. But if unsound views on the money question are proofs of mental inferiority, half the country at any time in the last thirty years would be ready to consign the other half to the imbecile asylum. There is just one clue that will guide a man through the wilderness of financial quarrels, and that is the historical clue. Money is merely a highly specialized and standardized form of weight. All ancient coins were named after earlier weights—shekel, drachma, mina; and we can faintly imagine something of the debasement that currency has undergone when we recall that five dollars' worth of gold in England, and twenty cents' worth of silver in Italy, bear the name of a "pound." But I really do not know how Lincoln could have found this clue in the half-faced camp where he spent his early days; and later, he was too busy with immediate duties to spare time for researches in the history of finance.

And I hold the charge of not knowing men to be flatly untrue. With very rare exceptions, Lincoln found the best men available with little delay. He was obliged to pick most of his political associates from his own party ranks. And the Republican party was then a new party, long on principle and short on practice, as every new party must be. Lincoln found the best that offered; and if his political advisers made mistakes, at least they helped their chief put through a gigantic and heart-breaking work. To the charge that Lincoln did not immediately unearth some dazzling military genius to rid the land of its woes, I would answer that there was no such genius to discover. We had a number of men who proved themselves good generals; but we had none who stood out so clearly from the common run as to warrant either haste or irregularity in raising him to the chief command. We had in our ranks no second Washington, no Clive, no Moltke, no Napoleon. The generals who finally finished the war were simply sound, capable workmen; who walked round their task, sized it up, and then with unflinching tenacity put it through. Thomas was indeed passed by, and he was the second, if not the first of the Union generals. But Thomas was a Virginian; whose loyalty was under natural, though most unjust, suspicion—and one must add that when he had a chance to supersede Buell, Thomas declined with a chivalry that showed no basis in common sense. Grant was found early and supported heartily. It took no common courage in Lincoln to turn a deaf ear to the clamor of the generals of the antechamber, and give the silent, iron soldier a chance to work out things in his own stern way. Lastly, it would have been

the height of folly to give the supreme command to a general of unknown value, or perhaps known incapacity. When Lincoln found the right man to exercise that command, it was conferred without delay and without reservations.—Geo. L. Knapp, in February Lippincott's.



MARQUIS KATSURA'S MESSAGE TO THE PEOPLE OF THE UNITED STATES.

[Our readers will all remember the remarkable articles which we published last spring by Dr. De Forest, in refutation of the miserable slanders and misrepresentations made in this country by certain newspapers, and especially by Congressman Hobson, against the Japanese government and people in respect of their attitude toward this country. Since his recent return to Japan, where he had already spent thirty-three years, Dr. De Forest has been granted an interview with the Prime Minister, Marquis Katsura, of which he sends to Secretary Trueblood the following account. The Marquis' statements fully corroborate all that Dr. De Forest had said and written about the friendly feeling of Japan toward our country, and ought to close for all time the few remaining mouths that still persist in reiterating the falsehoods and misrepresentations.—Ed. Advocate of Peace.]

"In talking of peace I am well aware that my signboard is bad; for I am a soldier. I've been in the thick fights and have killed a number of men. I have witnessed the horrors of war, and it makes me wretched—this bitter, cruel, mad war between human beings. From the bottom of my heart I became a man of peace, longing for nothing so much, and working for nothing so hard, as for peace. You know our history, and you know how in feudal times, when circumstances forced men to kill one another, our victorious warriors were often so heart-stricken with the blood they had shed that they shaved their heads, became Buddhist priests and entered monasteries, never again to draw the sword. And often the victors gave posthumous honors to the brave dead against whom they had fought. It runs in us to hate war, just as your great generals Grant and Sherman did. In spite of our signboard, we long for nothing so much as for peace.

"Now that your nation and ours have been at peace for over half a century, you having been our teacher and sympathetic friend during all this time, we want above all things to deepen and make perpetual the peace between us. I have never had a doubt of the sincere friendship of the United States. Of course, there are worthless, unprincipled fellows in every country, but I'm speaking of the vast majority of your people.

"Here also in our land both government and people are absolutely one in their friendship for the United States and belief in your friendship for us. We of the Far East are responsible for peace in this part of the world, and I will guarantee that my government and people, in the

years to come as in the past, will not only keep this great historic peace, but will do all that is possible to deepen and enrich this friendship of half a century. Our glad welcome to your fleet and to the Commissioners of Commerce from the Pacific Coast is but the natural expression on the part of our government and people that no misunderstandings shall weaken the glorious friendship between our two nations. You may make this known as widely as you like—that the government and people of Japan are one in their friendship for the government and people of your republic. We have adopted and put into successful practice all those precious liberties for which your people stand, and we desire to strengthen this traditional friendship beyond the possibility of its ever being broken."



STOP MARGIN GAMBLING.

"If you prevent, or even restrict, the selling short of stocks, you will manifestly, and in equal degree, restrain gambling on the long side of the market," says Frederick S. Dickson, in "The Poison of the Street," in Everybody's Magazine for February.

"Let the law then compel him who would sell short to describe in writing and with particularity the thing that he would sell. If it is stock, let him give the number of the certificates, and state in whose names they are registered, and let him also aver that he is the rightful owner of the stock which he offers for sale. Punish him if he states that which is false, and punish also the broker who accepts an order that does not comply with these conditions. The same course can also be pursued in sales of wheat, corn, oats, cotton, pork, and the like commodities, and he who would sell them should be able to state where the thing sold is stored, and what markings there may be on barrel, bale, bin, or car-lot. What hardship would this work on the man who simply wishes to sell for future delivery that which he owns? And why should the law be tender to him who strives to sell what he does not own, to the injury of the real owner?"

"Most of the legislation that has been proposed for the regulation of stock-gambling evils contains only general prohibitions against margin trading. Buying more stock than one has the money to pay for is no more an evil than buying real estate subject to mortgage, or borrowing money for the extension of a manufacturing plant or the development of a railroad. If a man, therefore, wishes to buy stock or commodities of any kind and pay but a portion of the cost, the law should not interfere with him. The evil of stock speculation, as now indulged in, grows out of the fact that the gambler is able to borrow more than the real loan value of the stock, the excess being furnished by the broker out of his capital as an encouragement to gambling. The control of the loan end of the collateral remains wholly in the broker, who uses both as if he were the sole party in interest. Let the law then, while in general prohibiting margin trading also in particular prohibit the broker from lending any additional sum beyond the bank loan, and insist that the broker shall inform his customer of the number and description of the certificates which he has bought, the amount of the loan, and the name of the bank where the loan is placed. Make it clear also that the ownership of the stock is wholly in the customer, and that it will be grand larceny for the broker to use this collateral for his own advantage. Such provisions as these would make the prohibition against margin trading instantly effectual, and nothing short of this would."

RUM ON THE RUN.

The liquor interests—from the doggery to the trust—have fought the prohibition movement at every step. They used every art known to practical politics. They tried the campaign of brass band and skyrocket, the gum shoe and still hunt, the hard drive and the soft pedal—and got whipped. In the beginning they fought the placing of any tax whatsoever upon liquor. They fought every proposition to increase the license; they fought the Sunday-closing laws; they fought in California for their inalienable right to sell whiskey to minors and to known drunkards. They fought the Five Mile laws; fought county local option; they fought State-wide prohibition. They are now fighting, tooth and toenail, against the law proposed in Congress that the Federal Government shall no longer issue internal revenue licenses in communities where the sale of liquor is prohibited by local law. They are now fighting to maintain Uncle Sam's partnership with the blind tiger, wherein the majesty of the United States is held up as a shield to the dive keeper and a protection to the outlaw. At practically every step they have been beaten.

Thoroughly aroused at last to the danger that threatens their trade, the brewers and wholesalers are beginning to announce a general house cleaning. They say—in articulo mortis—that they want to put the dive out of business and keep their trade respectable. Laudable, but late. Years ago all good people would have welcomed the brewers' aid in stifling the dive. Now they will attend to the job themselves, asking permission neither of the dive keeper nor the brewer. And they will do it in their own good way and time.—Harris Dickson, in the January Circle Magazine.



DIVORCE IS A HOME PRODUCT.

Increase of divorce in the United States cannot be attributed to the influence of aliens. It must be recognized as one of the developments of national life for which the native-born American must accept responsibility, if statistics are to be believed. In the February Delineator, Charles A. Ellwood, professor of sociology, University of Missouri, says:

Divorce is not an evil which the foreign-born and the negro have brought to us, for it especially characterizes the native white, that is, the preëminently American element in the population. It is about twice as high among the native whites as among the foreign-born. This leads one to suspect that divorce has something to do with the individualism of the American people, the tendency among us for each one to do as he pleases, to be a law unto himself. This is borne out by the fact that in those sections of the country in which individualism is most highly developed, the divorce rate is highest, namely, in New England and the Western States. It is borne out also by the fact that divorce is more than four times as common among Protestants as among Catholics. The Protestant element in the population is the element in which individualism is more highly developed; besides, the Roman Catholic Church refuses to sanction absolute divorce upon any ground.

Finally, two-thirds of all divorces are granted upon the demand of the wife. This suggests that the standards of morality of the male element of the population are not what they should be, and that husbands too often give ground for divorce by immoral conduct. Higher standards of morality are necessary as civilization advances, and conduct which the wife overlooked in the husband

a half-century ago, or here in silence, now becomes a ground for divorce.

This last statement suggests another cause for increasing divorce in this country, and that is the emancipation of woman. Woman has now almost equal rights with man, and has achieved her economic, intellectual and moral as well as legal independence of man. This has been a good thing in itself, but many women have used their freedom to emphasize their rights rather than their duties, and consequently have rendered the family life less stable. In so far as the movement for "woman's rights" has been simply an expression of growing individualism or selfishness on the part of our women, it has tended, like all individualism, to destroy the home.



STORY OF THE CRANBERRY.

THE history of the cranberry can be told on a bit of parchment no larger than the fruit itself; but to judge its interest by its length would be like ranking the berry's importance by its weight. The cranberry, to begin with the day of its christening, was so named because its sponsors fancied that its bud resembled a crane; and, in truth, just before the bud expands into the perfect flower with stem, calyx, and petals, it resembles the neck, head, and bill of that ungainly bird. Hence it was originally dubbed "craneberry," popularized into cranberry.

Like all families of importance in the agricultural race, the cranberry has an imposing genealogy; its European forbears belonged to the clan of the *Vaccinium oxycoccus*; how long the American branch, or the macrocarpon, has been established here nobody knows, but it began to attract attention about one hundred years ago. Its acquaintance was first cultivated in the Cape Cod region of Massachusetts—New England has ever been ready to pay respect to ancestry.

It gradually worked its way out of obscurity until today the cranberry occupies a place of no mean industrial importance in the community; yearly it adds to the wealth of our nation all the way from \$3,000,000 to \$4,000,000. The family is exceedingly prolific, 1,300,000 bushels being produced in the United States, leaving Europe far behind in quantity as well as in quality.

About sixty per cent of the family are born and reared in Massachusetts—far the greater part in the districts of Cape Cod, Plymouth, and Barnstable. New Jersey, which devotes more of its territory to the cranberry than any other State in the Union save Massachusetts, rolls up twenty-four per cent, and takes second place. Some years ago forest fires destroyed the marshes and dried up the streams of Wisconsin—a calamity which reduced the production of the Wisconsin berry to eleven per cent, and forced that State to assume third place; but Wisconsin is gradually recovering, and is striving for a position at the head. The rest of the cranberries hail from Connecticut, Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Maine, Michigan,

Minnesota, Nebraska, New Hampshire, New York, North Dakota, Oregon, Rhode Island, Washington, and West Virginia.—*Pearson's Magazine*.

Between Whiles

The old landlord of a small country hotel was sitting listlessly before the fire in the office when the door opened and a loud-voiced young fellow exclaimed:

"Halloa, granddad! Get your frame in circulation. Don't sit around here like an old woman! I want accommodation for man and beast."

"Where's the man?" asked the old landlord in a flash.



Cynic—Pity all these verse writers cannot be strangled like Anacreon.

Klinic—How was he strangled?

Cynic—A grape stone choked him.

Klinic—Ah! A grape stone. Well, that's in the regular order of things. These poets mostly run to seed sooner or later, you know.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



Exchange Editor—"Let me see—Mark Twain had a degree of some kind conferred on him, didn't he?"

Literary Editor—"Yes; since he incorporated himself I believe he has taken the degree of Ltd."—*Chicago Tribune*.



"Yes," said the prospective purchaser, "I always select an automobile by its motors." "But don't you pay any attention to its finish?" asked the salesman, who had been showing the unholstering and brass trimmings. "Oh, no! All my automobiles generally finish up in a tree or in a haystack."



The Practical Kind.—He (savagely)—"So another judge has decided the same old thing—a wife's right to search her husband's pocket."

She (suavely)—"Don't say 'same old thing.' I am sure that is a matter in which there is seeking after a great deal of change."—*Baltimore American*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED:—On a farm a middle-aged man of good habits to work with boys, good with horses and a willing man.—Box 17, Rock Lake, North Dakota.

FOR SALE:—Good improved sixty acre farm located 4½ miles from Warrensburg, Mo., where the best Normal School in the State is located. For particulars address H. B. Boyer, Warrensburg, Mo., R. F. D. No. 8.

Post Card Albums

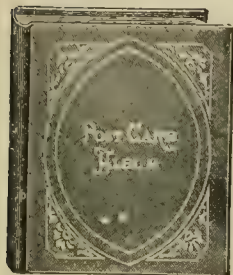
Our albums are of the most popular size and shape and will please you. They are of the substantial kind and yet neat in appearance. All we ask is that you send us a trial order.



No. 1101.

No. 1101.—Handy Style. Bound in **black silk cloth**, plain, side title stamped in white. Size, $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Holds 100 cards, 1 to the page.

Price, prepaid, 45 cents



No. 2201.

No. 2201.—Small quarto style. Size $7 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Bound in **black silk cloth**, plain side title stamped in white. Holds 200 cards, 2 to the page.

Price, prepaid,70 cents

No. 2202.—Same as No. 2201 only bound in **olive green cloth**, with assorted stamping.

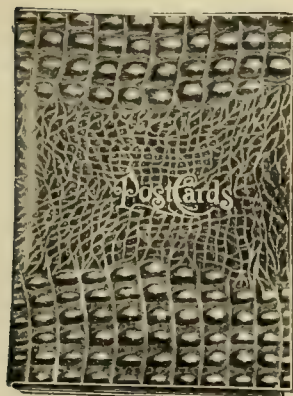
Price, prepaid,70 cents



No. 3301.

No. 3301.—Medium quarto style. Size, $9 \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Bound in **black silk cloth**, plain, side title stamped in white. To hold 300 cards, 3 to a page.

Price, prepaid,\$1.15



No. 7101.

No. 7101.—Royal Post Card Album. Bound in black "Viennese" Imitation Leather. Walrus Grain. Holds 100 cards, 1 to a page. Size, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches. Gilt title on side.

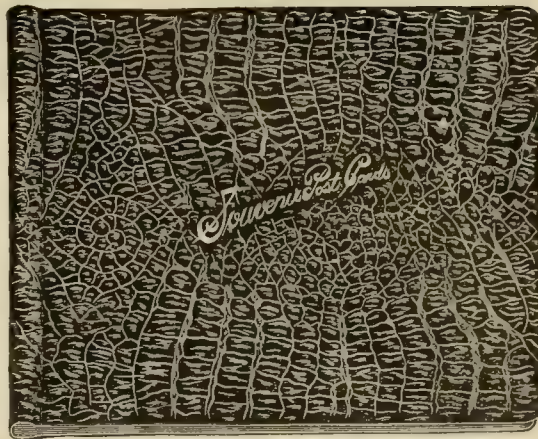
Price, prepaid,65 cents

No. 4922.—Royal "Viennese" Post Card Album. Bound in black Viennese Hornback Alligator Grain Binding. Holds 200 cards, 2 to a page. Size, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{3}{4}$. Gilt title on side.

Price, prepaid,\$1.25

No. 4922½.—Same as 4922, only holds 300 cards.

Price, prepaid,\$1.50



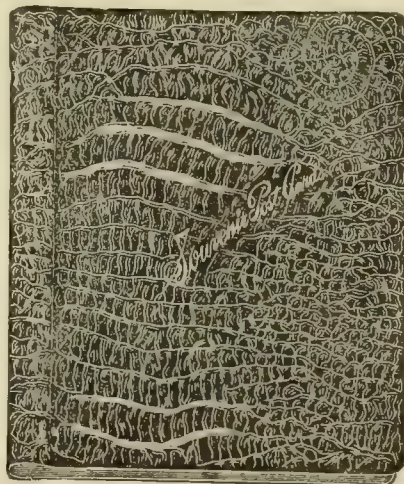
No. 7004.

No. 7004.—Royal Black "Viennese" Post Card Album. Bound in imitation leather—Sea Lion Grain—with Gilt title on side. Size, $10\frac{1}{4} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$. Holds 500 cards with 4 to a page. "Viennese" looks like Genuine Leather and wears better.

Price, prepaid,\$2.50

No. 9101.—Royal Padded "Viennese" Cover Post Card Albums. Bound in "Viennese" Imitation Leather. Black Walrus Grain. Gilt title on side. Size, $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6$. 100 cards to album, 1 to a page. Artistic "Deckle Edge" leaves.

Price, prepaid,\$1.00



No. 9102.

No. 9102.—Royal Padded Cover Post Card Album. Viennese Covers. Imitation Leather. Black Walrus Grain. Size $9\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$. Gilt title on side. Holds 300 cards, 2 to a page. "Deckle Edge" leaves. New and artistic.

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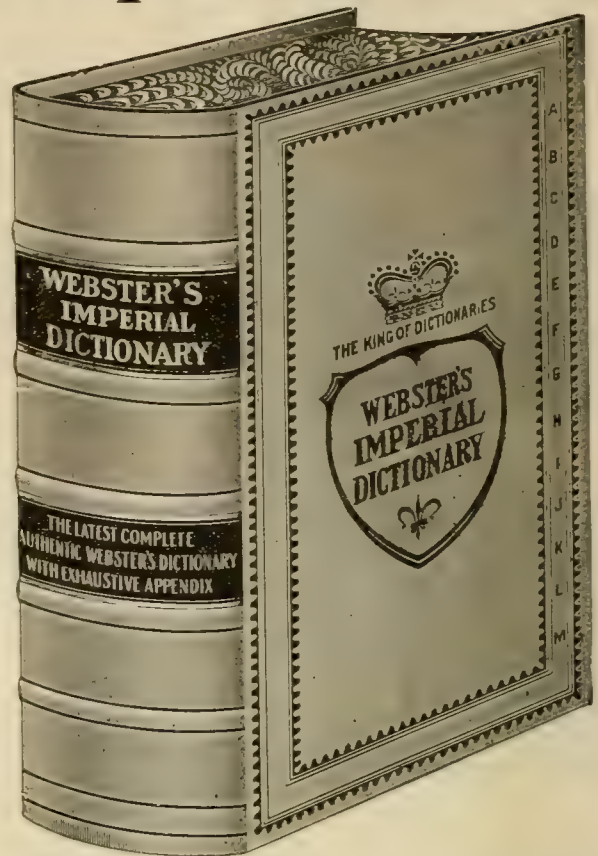
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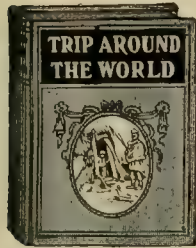
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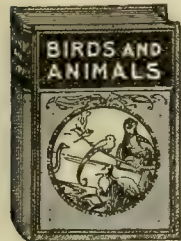
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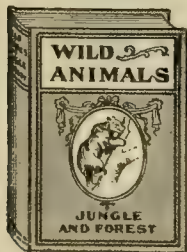
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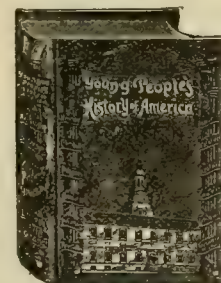
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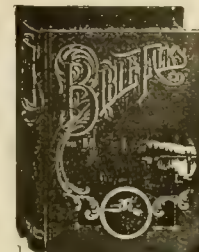


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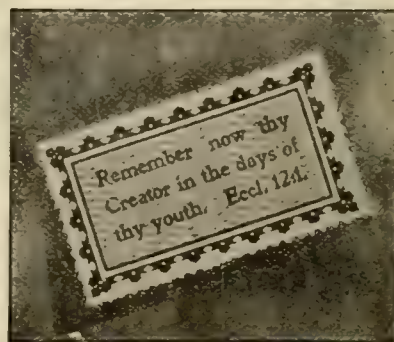
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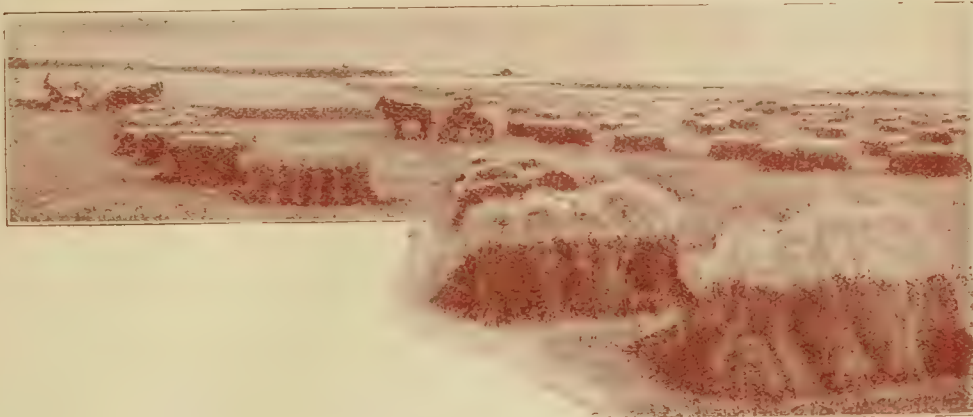
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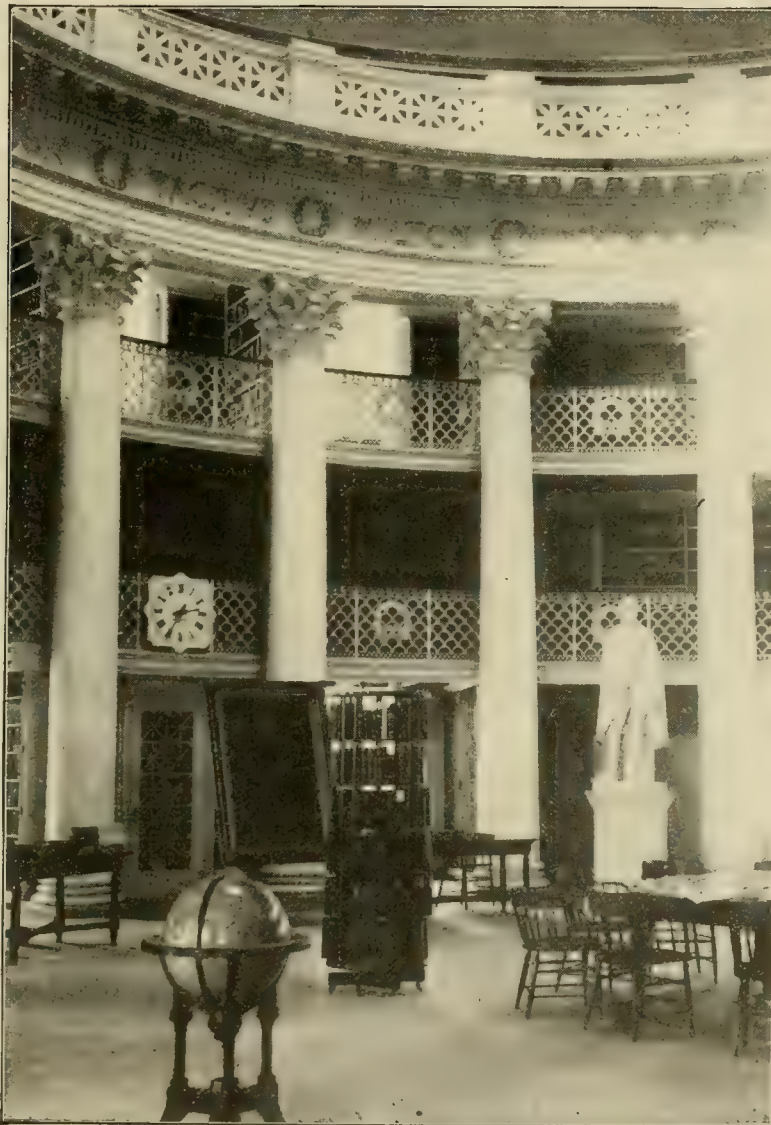
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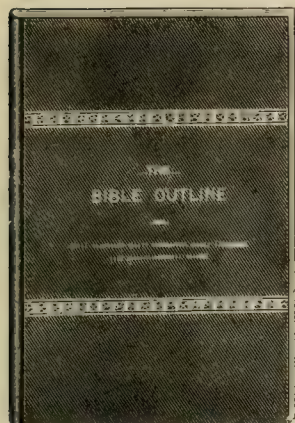
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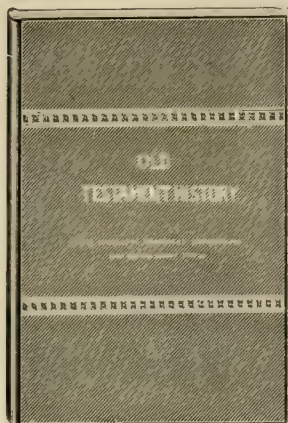


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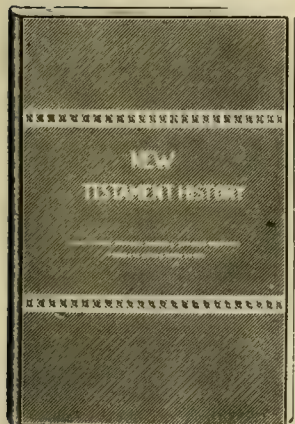


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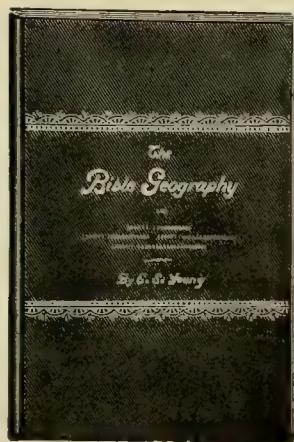


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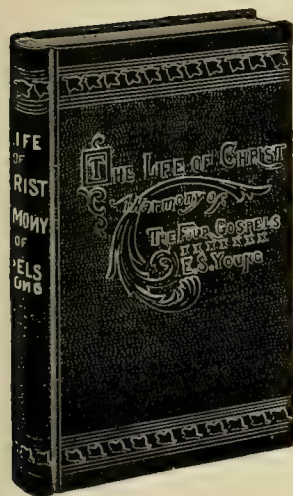
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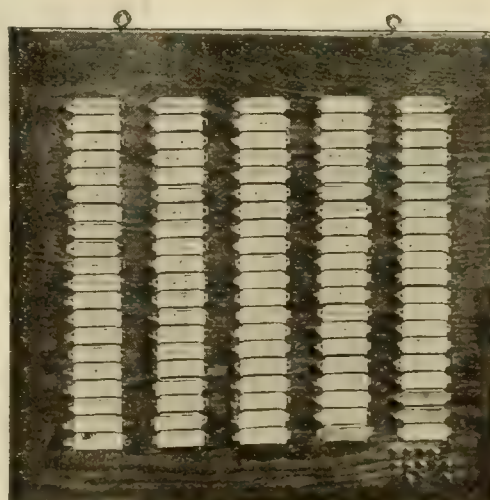
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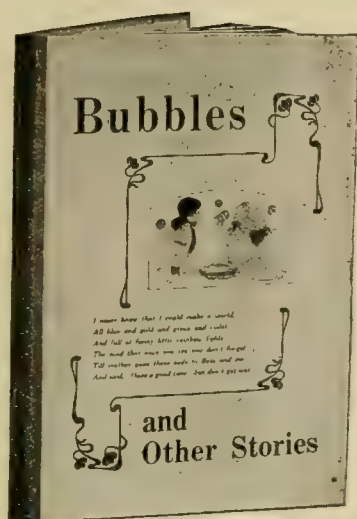


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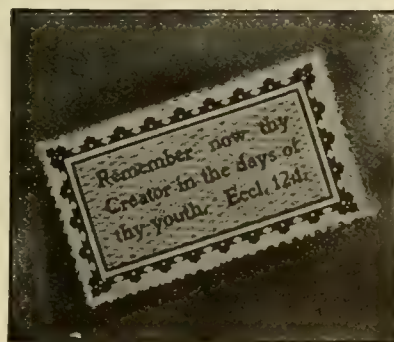
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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS. Nampa District.							
Name	Acres	per A.	Tons	Name	Acres	per A.	Tons
Mark Austin, ...	35	18	18	A. C. Coonard, ...	6	18½	6
Company Farm, ...	90	16	16	Geo. Duval, ...	170	14	14
Allen Bissett, ...	2	18	18	Rogers' Farm, ...	20	24	24
Toler Olsen, ...	4	17½	17½	Gough & Merrill, ...	10	18	18
C. G. Nofziger, ...	5	19	19	A. V. Linder, ...	25	16	16
Geo. Duval, ...	6	26	26	David Betts, ...	14	15	15

Nampa District.
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

Kind of Grain	Bushels per A.	A.
I. Hildreth, Wheat	58	15

Payette District.							
Name	Acres	per A.	Tons	Name	Acres	per A.	Tons
C. M. Williams, ...	5	19	19	Wm. Hansen, ...	6	16	16
W. F. Ashinhurst, ...	3½	18	18	Melcher & Boor, ...	37	15	15
E. E. Hunter, ...	27	16	16	A. E. Wood, ...	18	16	16
				P. A. Gregar, ...	6	15	15
				R. F. Stone, ...	5	15	15
				Thos. Weir, ...	14	23	23
				Wm. Melcher, ...	21	22	22
				S. Niswander, ...	26	17	17
				John Ward, ...	10	22	22
				W. B. Ross, ...	5	23	23

Payette District.							
Name	Acres	per A.	Tons	Name	Acres	per A.	Tons
Gough & Merrill, ...	100	17	17	Joe Dickens, ...	56	20	20
Joe Dickens, ...	56	20	20	Sugar Company, ...	60	40	40
Sugar Company, ...	60	40	40	Geo. Duval, ...	75	35	35
Geo. Duval, ...	75	35	35	John Holtom, ...	52	20	20
John Holtom, ...	52	20	20	Albert Mickels, ...	90	9	9
Albert Mickels, ...	90	9	9				

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseecker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

February 16, 1909.

No. 7.

EDGAR ALLAN POE AT COLLEGE

JOHN WALTER WAYLAND

OF all the distinguished personages born in the year 1809, it is probable that none have been more the subject of discussion and controversy than Edgar Allan Poe. Though not born in prehistoric times like old Homer, the Greek poet, yet like Homer his place of birth is still in dispute. Boston claims him; Baltimore claims him; and I have recently read that there is a house in Norfolk, Virginia, that is pointed out as the place where he was born. It is pretty certain that he was born in either Boston or Baltimore. His ancestors seem to have lived in the latter city; and it was in the same city that death finally overtook the erratic genius at the age of forty.

But his birthplace is only one of the many points in dispute about Poe. Most of the controversy has been waged about his life, his character, and his works. Many persons have always recognized Poe as a great literary light, some regarding him as the greatest figure in American literature; others have placed him much lower down in the scale. Some have thought of him as a sot and a gambler; others have thought him no worse than many other men of his day, who were then regarded as respectable; the misfortune with Poe being that his fame and genius have caused his faults to be remembered and magnified. Without attempting to settle the question, we may observe that Poe's place in literature seems to be rising with time, rather than falling; and that his unusually nervous and sensitive temperament, which was entirely out of proportion to his will power, will doubtless account for, if not excuse, his excesses in the use of liquor and his occasional quarrels with persons who might have helped him live better and longer.

This sketch is not to deal with Poe's life as a whole, or with questions in dispute: it is to tell something of his life at college: that is, at the University of Virginia. He had been to school in England and else-

where before he came to Virginia; and he was at West Point Military Academy for awhile afterward; but his college life, properly so-called, may be limited to the ten months he spent in 1826 at the University of Virginia, the institution that had opened its doors first to students only the year before, under the patronage of Thomas Jefferson.

Poe matriculated in February and remained till the following December, the session then running straight through the summer. He first roomed on what is called the Lawn, with another young man from Richmond; but they soon quarreled—had a fist fight, it is said—and after that Poe took a room on West Range. It may help our imagination to say that there are at the University of Virginia, now as then, four principal rows of dormitories, running from northeast to southwest, parallel with one another, and about sixty yards apart. The inner pair face each other; and the grass-covered, tree-bordered space between is called the Lawn; the outside rows face, one east, the other west, and are called respectively East Range and West Range.

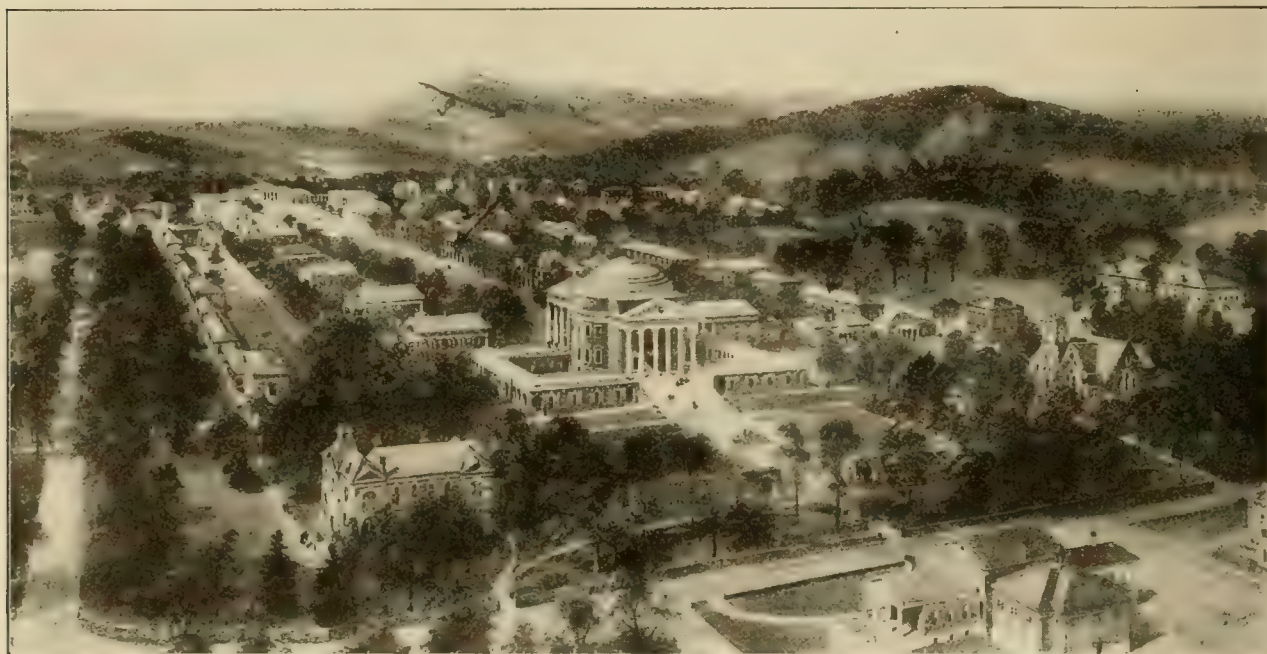
Poe's room on West Range was No. 13. It was only a few doors from the hall of the Jefferson Literary Society, of which he was a member, and perhaps secretary. The Rotunda, the present library building, was finished while he was at college; but before the Rotunda was finished the library and reading room were in a building on the west side of the Lawn, for a long while afterwards called the "Old Library." It was in the old library, with its quaint, white-arched entrance, that Poe did most of his general reading, or from which he got most of the general books that he read. The old building has been connected with other famous men. The board of visitors used to meet in a room on the first floor; and at one time, about the time Poe was a student, three ex-Presidents, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, were

on the board together. The old minute-book shows their names, written one after the other, on the same page. On one of the window-panes of the old building it is said that Elisha Kent Kane, then a student, afterward the famous arctic explorer, cut his name with a diamond. I have several times looked for the name, but have not found it; though I have not yet examined all the windows.

In choosing his books from the library, Poe appears to have been especially fond of poetry and history. He and another student read a number of the English poets together—that is, at the same time; and they formed the habit of copying favorite passages for each other. Poe likely wrote some poems while a

Poe at this time wrote a very beautiful hand. He took great pride in this accomplishment; and would sometime see how many words he could write legibly upon a given slip of paper. He was also skilful at drawing, and ornamented the walls and ceilings of his room with crayon and charcoal sketches, some of which were very artistic. We wish now that they were not covered over so thick with plaster and white-wash.

The young student was a dreamy, poetic, and perhaps eccentric sort of fellow. He appears to have taken many long strolls over the surrounding country, in the course of which he likely visited sometimes, just as students now do, the home of Jefferson, Monti-



A Birdseye View of the University at Present. Arrow (1) Shows Poe's Room; Arrow (2) the Old Library; Arrow (3) the Ragged Mountains.

student at the university; for he published a collection only a year or two later. It is certain that he wrote stories; and he would frequently read what he had written to a group of other fellows as they sat around his fireplace.

As a student, he seems to have been among the best, ranking almost, perhaps, with Gessner Harrison and Henry Tutwiler, two young fellows from Rockingham County, both of whom became distinguished: the former on the university faculty; the latter as a great educational leader in the State of Georgia. It is a matter of record that Poe won distinction in Latin and French. One of his contemporaries testified long afterwards that he was tolerably regular in attendance upon his classes. It is said that he was also commended publicly by his professor for a verse translation from the Italian. He was a "star" in athletics. He was the best young boxer in Richmond; could swim for miles; was a fast runner; was a fine swordsman; and could jump some twenty-odd feet.

cello, perched upon a little mountain two or three miles east of the university. After July, 1826, the grave of Mr. Jefferson was where it still is, half-way up the western slope of Monticello; and we may imagine Poe stopping to read the inscription, the words of which Mr. Jefferson had himself dictated before his death. The whole western side of the little mountain is still covered with timber; and this, with the road winding up through it, past Jefferson's grave to the brick mansion and terraced gardens on the summit, must have been an attractive walk for Poe. We know that he frequently took long rambles among the Ragged Mountains, a cluster of wooded hills four or five miles southwest of the university. One of the tales that he afterwards wrote is called the "Tale of the Ragged Mountains."

Poe gambled at the university, drank a good deal, no doubt, and got into debt by gambling some two thousand dollars. It was irritation at his bad debts that appears to have been the reason why his foster

father, Mr. Allan, did not allow him to return to college. He was not expelled. Neither was he suspended or disciplined by the university authorities. Hence his conduct must have been pretty good; for the boys were closely looked after, as the records show. Several times Poe was summoned as a witness in the trials of others; but he himself never suffered from faculty displeasure. I have examined the old record book, where Poe's name, with others, is enrolled. When a student was suspended or expelled the fact was entered after his name. Poe's record is clear. Moreover, the faculty minutes are very full;

owns, and by the amount of water to which he is entitled. Water in the desert is so scarce that the ownership of it is most jealously guarded. In "A Search for the Masked Tawareks" the author says that in buying a palm grove it is always necessary to stipulate for so many sa'as per day or week. A "sa'a," literally, "an hour," is the amount of water that will flow in an hour through an opening the width of a man's fist in the side of a "segia." The main "segias," or channels, as a rule, follow the roads of the oasis, forming a short ditch at the side. A regular time-table is kept, showing the hours at which



Part of West Range. "13" Marks the Location of Poe's Room; "J" Shows the Jefferson Literary Society Hall.

and no entry has been found against him.

Over the door of Poe's old room is now a bronze tablet bearing this inscription:

EDGAR ALLAN POE
MDCCCXXVI

DOMUS PARVA MAGNI POETAE

The last line is a modification of the inscription at the birthplace of Erasmus in the city of Rotterdam. During the celebration last month, from the 16th to the 23d, of the centenary of Poe, the room was open to visitors as a Poe museum. It is in charge of the Raven Society, an honor society organized among the students and teachers in 1904, and named after Poe's most famous poem. One of the curios in the room is a huge stuffed raven, a gift made to the society a year or two ago.

THE SAHARA WATER-CLOCK.

A MAN'S wealth in the Sahara is calculated almost entirely by the number of camels or palm trees he

the owners of the different plantations are entitled to draw water by a very curious little water-clock, consisting of a metal cup, made usually of brass or copper, with a small hole pierced in the bottom. At the commencement of each hour this is placed in a basin of water. The water gradually runs through the hole until, at the expiration of the hour, the cup sinks to the bottom of the basin. It is then taken out, emptied, and set again to measure off the next "sa'a," and so the process is continued throughout the twenty-four hours. This instrument is usually kept in the village mosque. In order to prevent all interference with it, a watchman is set over it, who notifies the expiration of each hour from the minaret of the mosque. At the end of the "sa'a" the opening in the side of the "segia" through which the water flows is closed with clay, and the water is cut off and allowed to flow down the main channel to the next plantation. —Selected.

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLV.

"GREECE!" (Grikea) cried out the American Italian to me at the prow as he ran up out of the ship's kitchen with a sea bun just hot from the bake oven. "That is Greece," and he pointed his heavy hand across and a little to "port" of the *Letimbro*.

Rapidly the little country of Demosthenes and Socrates rose higher and higher out of the sea until the mountains, farther away from the shore line, stood out clear and keen in the clearest of rare atmospheres.

I felt in my pocket for my little five and ten lepta pieces of money, packed my nickel rubbish against the foremast on the upper deck where I had been living and sleeping, and knowing my bike would be safe in the care of the ship where it had been riding, in the freight hold, I began to look about for the first chance to get to shore. The *Letimbro* would lie here for a half day.

A half day in Greece! That's all I was to have, but I was possessed with almost uncontrollable joy. Many of my school-mates who had studied Greek with me in three great colleges—I'm always glad to have everybody know that I went to college—no one would know it if I didn't tell them myself—would never get here at all. And while I would be happier if they all could come and see this land about which we fought so long and hard in history and epic translations of the great masterpieces of men long dead, still I have that pleasurable sensation of victory which humbles as it elevates, and I rush down to the center and port or left side of the boat and climb into a rowboat to sit be-

hind a Grecian boy and he rowed into the harbor of Piræus, with Athens only six miles away, down along the shore, to my right, plainly visible from the deck of the steamer.

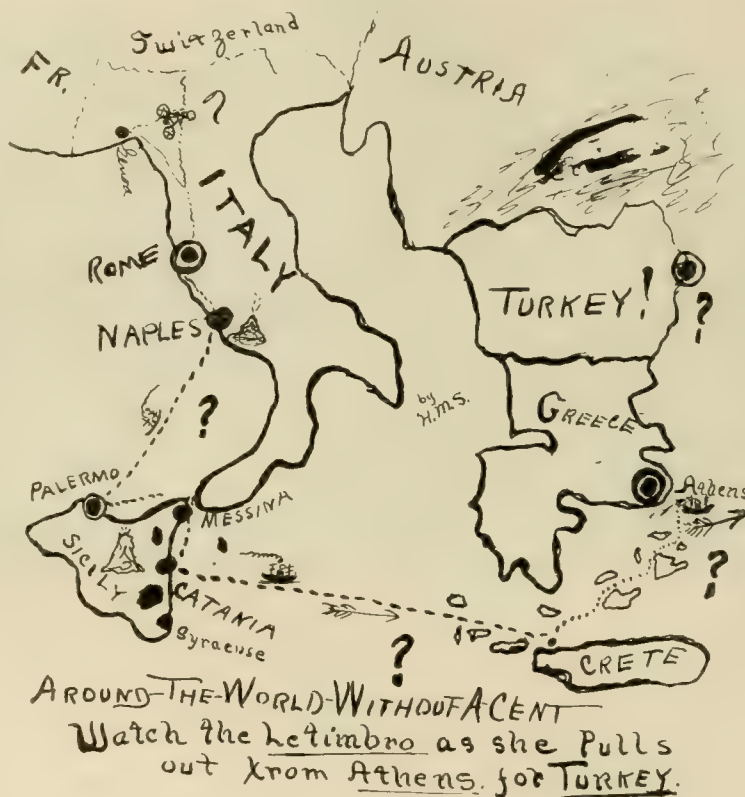
Before the boat touched the edge I was out and in Greece. My, I felt funny. When I trudged along over the bright, washed pebbles, I saw Demosthenes with his mouth full of them. But no longer did he seem so great. I was right there, in his own land, breathing the same air, looking upon the same noble hills, hearing the same people talk and being barked at by the same dogs. Six hours in Greece!

Up from the landing I ran, inquiring of everybody I met, and not stopping for an answer, the direction to the railway station, for a train was due right now, I had learned, for Athens! It seemed irreverent to hurry so, for Yankees rush in where Europeans fear to tread. If I missed this train I could hardly get to Athens.

The gate-keeper saw me coming and although the train was moving he sold me a ticket, pushed me aboard—and—whew! I was going to ride on a Grecian railroad train to Athens, where Plato and Homer had to walk. The coaches were queer, different, but not so much unlike those of Europe. But I couldn't tell whether I climbed out of the end, the side, or the top. I was so wild with the joy of what I was doing and of what I was going to see.

The depot at Athens was in a rude part of town, where there were few buildings and these small and common.

I asked the first man I met where the Areopagus



and Acropolis were. Accustomed to so many tourists, he knew what I wanted by the way I looked, for he spoke only Greek, and he pointed to a path right at my feet and said, motioning, "Up there is the Acropolis."

I hit the path on a hard run, wishing I had six days instead of six hours in Greece. In less than a minute I was climbing up, and then was on, the great world-famed Acropolis. There, standing before me, in every conceivable state of preservation and destruction, or lying about over the enchanted ground, were temples

sculpturing of the elaborate friezes, I ran to another part of the big, rounding hill.

There lay the *Letimbro* out at sea, seven miles away. Here I was, alone, but in a vast crowd of imaginations. Far down on the other side of the elongated hill was the big stadium where the Marathon races or the Athenian races were held. There, also, were the old theatres in circular form, and I sat in several of the marble seats, still well preserved, the names of the Greeks who occupied them still visible in the slabs of marble. In the Bacchus theatre the



"There lay at my feet modern Athens, once the greatest city of the world."

and images, platforms and cavities, a city of marble through which a western cyclone might have passed and left it no more tragic and pathetic in appearance.

Believe me, the mind, under joyful and most profitable stimuli, can act with the rapidity of the electric flash. I was tired of being cramped for space on the boat. Here I had a vast field of miracles in history to explore, free of charge, in the bright sunlight, with a pair of legs under me that after their enforced bicycle-pumping rest in Italy, were pawing for something to do.

With all my speed I sprinted from temple to temple, theatre to cistern, pausing long enough to catch my breath, look about, far and near, and then, with everything seen I cared to see, even to the most minute

arrangement of the tiers of seats was almost as good as when Greek players incited the seat holders to tears or laughter. Still farther away were to be seen the ruins, in columns, of a very large temple. These were more weathered and showed far more loosening at the joints than did the other columns seen elsewhere. "These," I said, "must be much older, for the Greeks would hardly use an inferior marble or be satisfied with less than the very best of workmanship."

But thanks to some little study of architecture before I came here, my eye found the cause. These ruins were not Grecian. In Greece, in Athens herself, they had been built by another race. The Romans had conquered the Greeks and their victory was commemorated by this great temple to Jupiter or some other

fake god. The Romans built well, but never so well as did the Greeks. Even these ruins, built long after the others standing about me, were far less preserved than the works of the Greeks. The same sun had shone upon them, the same storms had chilled and shaken and worn these great blocks. The same volcanic disturbances had shaken them. There was one thing only that made a difference! Honest workmanship. The Greek was a deliberate, thinking, honest, reliable master workman. The Greek did his best on what he had and grew the greatest intellect in the world. The Roman cared for quantity rather than quality, and both races have built better than are any races building today. But they built not on the real "Rock."

By the sun I knew it was nearly noon, but returning through the hollow, separating the Roman antiquities from the more important ones on the hill, I walked through the great theatre of Dionysius, at the foot of the Acropolis, where the seating capacity would hold three thousand spectators. Here, ages ago, three thousand Grecian playgoers sat and heard the plays of Sophocles and Euripides. The marble chairs were still perfect, many of them without a flaw. Think of my racing through these rows of marble chairs when the rich and cultured leaders of Athenian society sat breathless in the spell of a drama. Where are those people now? Why do they no longer come to hear the Greek tragedian, in measured pomp of sentence, and artful display of brawn, wrapped in the rich folds of a gentleman's soft garments? Why all this lavish quarrying of marble? Why this exquisite touch of grace at the head of every column that required the study of a lifetime to master? Why this hill covered with matchless beauty in deathless stone, preserved today so that all of it could be easily replaced, if not to be used by the children of the Greeks who fashioned it and came here to enjoy it? Why is this hill all waste, the greatest, the most magnificent ruins of all ruins, with possibly a rival in the Roman Forum at Rome?

One word answers it forever and conclusively: Paul.

When Paul dared to stand up here and open his mouth the idols all shut up theirs.

O Paul! I see you amid all of this classic beauty, standing where others, coming, became so enamored of the power of beauty about them that they lost their own personality and "followed the crowd," to worship stones. Others came here to "spout" their eloquence where the chief man spoke, just to go back and crow over their backyard fence to their neighbor about it. You forgot honor and self and home, even your own noble countrymen, and did that which the high-minded Athenians laughed at. Your own countrymen were ashamed of you, you with the intellect as good as their best, you with training in university

subjects beyond the reach of these Greek pedants, you became a fool here that the whole world might know, not of atoms and diatoms, molecules or mollicoddles, but of one Man, and his Gospel.

That's why the Acropolis today is a total mass of antique ruins. That's why there's no one around today to keep me from putting into my pockets, if they were big enough, priceless souvenirs of marble embellishment.

I wished to eat a meal in Greece and so was going back towards the city when I saw on my left, just in the act of ascending Mars' Hill, two young ladies, whose bright dresses of various shades of color made a great contrast to the white marble citizens of the hill that neither moved nor spoke but lay where the volcanic shocks had thrown them, senseless and flat upon their backs.

On reaching the girls I recognized them as the daughters of the captain and mate of the *Letimbro*.

I did not go, at once, to luncheon,—even in Athens!

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[From Athens Mr. Spickler sailed for Turkey but on arriving at the city of Constantinople he was put under arrest by the Turks, and later led before the magistrate to speak for himself. His United States passport was taken from him and a fine imposed. This Mr. Spickler refused to pay and demanded his passport, appealing to the United States Consul.]



UNKNOWNNS.

MARY E. CANODE.

CHEMICAL laboratories of schools and colleges have, as parts of their equipments, packages bearing the labels, "Unknowns."

Each package contains a mixture of different elements thus prepared for the purpose of putting to the test the analyzing ability of the student who is supposed to have learned their different qualities and to be able to prove by experimentation which elements enter into the make-up of this particular package.

From the seventy-two, more or less, different known elements, then, what an endless number of these "unknowns" might be compiled! Yet the expert chemist would be able to catalogue every component part and the word "unknown" could no longer be properly applied.

But the significance of the name makes one think how much more appropriately it might be applied to each individual of the human family. The composite character of any one person is sufficient to baffle the skill of the most learned analyzer of human nature.

Physiologists may think they know well their functions and the organs that make up the human body. Fortune-tellers may claim the ability of telling past and foretelling future events of our lives. Mind

readers may deceive themselves and others into believing that mental operations are like an open book before them. Theosophists, spiritualists, Christian Scientists and all the other kinds of "ists" may claim the ability of making clear, by all their puzzling vagaries, all of those strange mental experiences that transcend present human knowledge, while the gospel minister may think himself capable of advising us as to our spiritual needs.

If each of these could do perfectly the part he thinks himself able to do, what a full register would a complete analysis of one individual show! But let all these use their utmost abilities and register what they may have succeeded in learning about any one man and he might still retain as his appropriate label, "unknown."

Through chemical skill the composition and amount of any mixture of elements may be determined. But no degree of experimentation, examination or trickery is able to discern or prove the quantities and qualities of good and evil, love and hate, interest and indifference, joy and sorrow, energy and inactivity, strength and weakness, Christianity and idolatry, civilization and barbarism and a greater host of undiscovered characteristics which constitute this queer, unknown and indeterminable mixture called a human being.

Mount Morris, Illinois.



FIGURES OF SPEECH.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

"A FIGURE of speech is a mode of expression in which a word or thing is used in an artificial manner, in order to a more forcible presentation of thought, or the illustration and embellishment of that to which it is applied."—David N. Lord.

In studying composition, the books of all ages are ransacked to find examples of the various figures, too often ignoring the fact that one old Book, more common than any other, abounds in an almost unlimited supply of illustrations.

Comparison or *simile* is where one thing is affirmed to be like another and is expressed by *as*, *like*, *so* or some similar term. There must be a point of resemblance which is to be made more conspicuous.

The coming of Christ is to be rapid and conspicuous. (Matt. 24: 27) The change from condemnation to forgiveness is to be so great that an extreme change of color is used to describe it. (Isa. 1: 18.) Man is of short duration (Job 14: 2), the wicked may gain power (Psa. 37: 35), yet the righteous in due time shall flourish (Psa. 90: 12).

The more effective of the similes are those that not only affirm the likeness, but indicate in what manner it exists.

Isaiah 55: 10, 11 compares the effect of God's word to that of snow and rain on the earth.

A *metaphor* differs by stating that the object is that which it resembles. Joseph is a fruitful bough (Gen. 49: 22), wisdom is a tree of life (Prov. 3: 18) and the disciples were fishers (Matt. 4: 19).

To illustrate the two figures the protecting power of God is compared to a shield. A metaphor is found in Gen. 15: 1, while Psa. 5: 12 is a simile.

Metonymy means a change of names, where the land is used for the people (Isa. 10: 5), the container for the thing contained (Isa. 2: 6), the sign for the thing signified, cause for effect, etc.

Synecdoche is the use of a part for the whole or one of its kind (Isa. 5: 3), or of the whole where it signifies only a part. Compare Gen. 2: 4, Isa. 5: 3, and Isa. 10: 10-14.

Hyperbole exhibits things in greater or less dimensions, more or less in numbers, or better or worse than they really are. This figure is rarely found in the Bible, being found in the poetical portions. (Job 40: 23; Isa. 2: 7, 8; 2 Sam. 1: 23, and Psa. 119: 36.)

Irony is an expression meaning the opposite of what the words convey. Read Elijah to the priests of Baal, 1 Kings 18: 27.

Apostrophe is a direct address to the absent as if present, or to inanimate objects as if they possessed life. Thus Death is addressed in 1 Cor. 15: 55, Jerusalem, used by metonymy for her people, in Matt. 23: 37, 38, Jerusalem in Isa. 5: 1-7, while in Isa. 14: 8-20 the trees are represented as speaking.

Personification attributes life or animation to inanimate objects or abstract ideas. Moses summoned heaven and earth to listen (Deut. 32: 1-43) and Isaiah in chap. 1: 1 and chap. 44: 23. Jeremiah calls upon the heavens (chap. 2: 12, 13) and the earth (chap. 22: 29, 30).

An *allegory* is a continued metaphor or a story with a deeper meaning. Read Isa. 5: 1-7; Psa. 80, and Ezek. 31: 3-17.

These are only a very few of the illustrations that may be drawn from the Scriptures, and I hope will lead to a more extensive research than I have indicated.

Teachers, try this plan in your rhetoric class, and I feel that you will find it satisfactory.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



A SPOT HISTORIC IN BUCKEYEDOM.

A BEAUTIFUL November day it is. One of those rare last days of the autumn time whose minutes pass too lightly, for you want to keep them by you. One of those days when you are watching the sun and calculate mentally how much of it you have yet to enjoy. You know that you cannot have many more such glorious days, and you want every bit of this one.

This is the 20th of November, in the year of our Lord 1908. The records tell us that it was just such

a day as this, a hundred years ago, that a little band of Moravians—white and red—moved slowly from yonder site where stood the mission house to this spot and reverently interred the body of their teacher in the virgin soil of the Tuscarawas valley.

I like that word "teacher." It is Anglo-Saxon. It has in it the strength of the English oak. It is cosmopolitan. It means the minister, the educator, the leader. So they laid to rest their teacher. Over the open grave of David Zeisberger his "brown brethren," as he loved to call them, chanted the Moravian litany in the hope of the Resurrection. Many of his "brown brethren" had gone on before and had received Christian burial. The remaining followers dugged his grave that he might rest beside those whom he loved, for whom he lived, for whom he labored and for whom he sacrificed.

Now a century has gone by. The broad valley of the Tuscarawas, dotted with homes, churches and schools, lay basking in the sunshine. In the small iron enclosure a little company waited until a party of children from a neighboring school could be present. In each child's hand was a sprig of evergreen. These were laid on the grave. Then with bared heads the men and women joined in reading the Easter morning litany of the Moravian church. The minister who conducted the ceremonies was a great-grandson of John Heckewelder, a fellow laborer of Zeisberger. It was a beautiful service.

But why stand by this simple slab in a country graveyard?

David Zeisberger

Born April 11, 1721, in Moravia.

Departed this life November 17, 1808.

Aged 87 years, 7 months, 6 days.

This faithful servant of the Lord labored among the American Indians as missionary during the last sixty years of his life.

It is the story of a hero. Near him is the tomb of his coworker, Edwards. All around are the graves of the forest children whom he taught. Yonder is the site of the mission house which he built and to which he retired in his later years. A farmhouse now stands there. Some of the rock foundation is still in use under the modern structure.

Two miles up the river is Schoenbrunn, where Zeisberger and Heckewelder began a settlement in 1772. Here was built a church and school. A little plot of ground now owned by the Moravian Society reminds us of this pioneer movement of civilization. It was the beginning of a series of Moravian communities on the Upper Tuscarawas—Gnadenhutten, Lichtnau, New Schoenbrunn and Salem. Here within a few years were gathered by the devoted Moravian missionaries hundreds of converted Indians. They were prepared for the future world by preparing them to live well in this one. Agriculture and stock rais-

ing and the manual trades were taught. Rum was not to be brought into the community. They were not to go to war.

To get an Indian to agree to all this in such a short time is certainly a compliment to his teacher. A hunting, roving, rum-drinking, bloodthirsty aborigine to be transformed into a law-abiding citizen of a community is enough to cause one to doubt the doctrine of total depravity.

Dr. Winship, of Boston, expresses the idea in, describing two small boys whose behavior was at opposite poles. He said there was no difference between the boys; they had different mothers only.

Schoenbrunn was the first "dry" territory in Ohio. At Schoenbrunn was written the first civil code in Ohio. At Schoenbrunn was built the first church in Ohio. At Schoenbrunn was the first school in Ohio. At Schoenbrunn was prepared a spelling book for use in teaching the Indians. Two years at Schoenbrunn, and on Easter morning, 1774, Zeisberger led the people in the praying of the beautiful Easter litany of the Moravian church, which he had translated into the Delaware Indian language.

Who said that there were no good Indians but dead ones? We are told that we graduate them at Carlisle, and the graduates hang their diplomas in a tepee, lay aside their civilized garb and go back to the blanket. Is it a difference of teachers only?

The Zeisberger education was no veneer. It did not rub off. The Zeisberger Indian did not go back to the blanket and bear's grease. Neither did he cultivate some of the civilized (?) habits of his white neighbors. He was trying to throw off savagery. Experience had told him that firewater didn't tend that way. It has taken 6,000 years to evolve a civilized man out of a savage, but it only takes six minutes, with plenty of "booze," to turn it the other way.

Yes, David Zeisberger, you were a teacher, and it is because of your work as teacher that I linger a little at your grave today and stand by the waters of Schoenbrunn.

When the last page of the world's history is writ and the scroll is about to be made up and placed in the archives of the eternities, there will be no pages more replete with heroism, sacrifice and service than those upon which are engrossed the achievements of the teacher, and none of these will be brighter than the one devoted to David Zeisberger, the first Ohio teacher.—C. L. Martzloff, in *The Ohio Teacher*.



JUST to lead the child along in a pleasant search for truth, with no sophisms and no heroics, to touch the cup to his lips that he may long for a full draught, to guide his feet to the step whence he may catch a wider view of life,—all this is the very acme of good teaching and the one who can do it in sincerity and simplicity is a power in this world.—*Exchange*.

THE WORKERS

The craftsman stood behind his bench and smiled,
Although his muscles ached and on his brow
The sweat-beads stood. He raised his eyes and spoke:

"This is my work; I have fashioned in it,
Well as I could, all my thought and my plan;
Perfect it is not, and yet not unfit;
Beauty it holds and true service to man.
Mine in the making, and mine as it stands,
Thought of my spirit and work of my hands."

The farmer looked across the billowed fields
Where waiting harvests shimmered in the breeze;
His sun-browned face was joyous as he said:

"This is my work; through the cold and the heat,
Sunshine and rain, I have labored and wrought;
Orchards and meadows and wide fields of wheat
Owe all their wealth to my care and my thought.
Mine was the toil, mine the harvest that stands,
Thought of my spirit and work of my hands."

The teacher watched with loving eyes the throng
Of jostling, happy children in the street,
And said, with tender voice and face serene:

"These are my work; all my thought and my care,
Study and labor and stern self-control,
Gladly I give that their lives may be fair,
Clearer each mind and more noble each soul.
Partly my own is each life as it stands,
Thought of my spirit and work of my hands."

The poet scanned his verses, and his face
Was all aglow with light reflected from
His dream; hushed was his voice, but full of joy:

"This is my work, which with painstaking love
I have endeavored to make true and sure;
Bright was my dream as the heavens above,
So I have striven to have it endure.
This is my gift to all men of all lands,
Thought of my spirit and work of my hands."

Then as they viewed their work there came to each
The sense of failures past and of the strength
The future claimed; and humbly each one said:

"This is my work; it was given to me,
Though it is greater than my strength can do;
Yet from the task I ask not to be free;
For, if I labor with purposes true,
Ever will infinite love help me stand,
Leading my spirit and guiding my hand."

—E. E. Miller, in *The Circle*.

Nature Studies



ANIMAL ELECTRICITY AND NERVE FORCE.

S. Z. SHARP.

IN the days of Franklin, it was a question whether electricity and the lightning from the clouds were one and the same thing. It was known that in many respects they were similar. The experiment of Franklin with his kite proved they were identical. The question now arises whether electricity and nerve force are also identical. It is certain they have their points of similarity. Both are best conducted on thin wires or fibres. The nerve force generated in the brain and sent out to all parts of the body over thin nerves, acts very much like the electricity generated in some central office in a city and distributed in all directions over the telephone wires. As the electric current is strengthened by relay batteries, so the nerve force is augmented by the ganglia through which it passes.

Another similarity between these two forces is the rapidity with which they move. No other two forces in nature move so rapidly. They outstrip both light and sound. Observe a rope-walker balancing himself with a pole. To keep his equilibrium and at the same time move forward every muscle of his limbs must be kept in tension by the nerves and every tendency to fall on either side is counterbalanced, "quick as thought," by an opposite movement as directed by nerve force from the brain, as readily as a train dispatcher from headquarters directs the train and prevents collisions.

A familiar example of the rapidity of nerve force is that of the skillful piano player. In this case, not only the rapid movement of the several fingers, but the rapidity of movement of each separate muscle in each finger must be taken into account.

The above may suffice to draw attention to the similarity between the nerve force in living animals and the electricity found in inanimate bodies. We now turn to cases in which we know a certain kind of nerve force in living animals is known to be electricity itself, pure and simple. There are four species of fish in which this force may be observed. They are (1) the electric eel, *gymnotus electricus*; (2) the torpedo, *torpedinidae*, (3) a species of catfish, *matopherurus*; (4) *telraodon*. The electric eels inhabit the

ivers and ponds of northern South America. They attain the length of five or six feet. The natives capture these eels by driving a herd of horses into ponds inhabited by them. The eels in self-defense discharge their electricity into the bodies of the horses, which are stunned, terribly frightened, and many are killed by the shock as the eels crawl under their bodies. The electric powers of the fish becoming exhausted upon the horses, the former are harpooned and thrown out on shore. The electric apparatus, which makes this fish so celebrated, occupies a large part of the lower portion of the body and consists of four parts, two on each side. This apparatus consists of 240 membranous cells filled with a glutinous matter and connected with 200 pairs of ventral spinal nerves, connected with the brain. Here the nerve force and the electricity pass over the same nerve fibers, and both controlled and directed from the brain and the question is, are they one and the same thing?

The torpedo is distributed through many waters but finds a genial habitat in the Mediterranean Sea. It attains a width of $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet and from 4 to 5 feet in length and a weight of fifty pounds. Its electrical powers seem to be used both for defense and for the capture of its prey. The electric apparatus of this fish is similar to a galvanic pile. As many as twelve hundred prisms, from one to two inches in length, have been counted. These extend from the skin on the back vertically downward and contain from 250,000 to 300,000 plates forming cells. The ganglia from which the nerves arise are larger than the brain itself, indicating the great nervous power supplied to the battery. The other two electric fishes mentioned are insignificant compared with the two described.

The identity of common electricity and that obtained from fishes was ascertained by Dr. Faraday, who showed that electric sparks can be obtained from the latter, heat evolved, and chemical compounds decomposed. He also showed the energy of a shock from an electric eel to be equal to that of fifteen Leyden jars of 3,500 square inches of surface, hence it is not surprising that a number of such shocks should stun a horse.

It is generally admitted that in this age we are

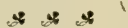
yet in our infancy so far as our knowledge of electricity is concerned. All we know about it is how it acts or some things it does. No one can tell what it is. We have discovered the similarity between its movements and that of nerve force, that they readily pass over the same media and are sometimes generated in the same body, hence, we are led to ask, "What is the relation between electricity and nerve force? Are they identical?"



A FISH WHICH IS A MIMIC.

Two species of fish belonging to Cuvier's family of perches, named the lesser weever, otterpike, or stingfish, are not uncommon on the English coast. Both have a detached portion of the dorsal fin consisting of six or seven rays which, the *Lancet* points out, when trodden upon or handled, can cause a painful wound, which takes a long time to heal. Dr. A. T. Masterman points out that the intense black color of the membrane of that portion of the fin must act as a danger signal, especially as it is in marked contrast with the rest of the skin and of the sand, in which the animal half buries and conceals itself, ready to dart out on the small crustaceans which form its prey.

Now, the right pectoral or upper fin of the sole has, especially in the young sole, a large, deep, black patch the possession of which, the doctor suggests, constitutes a well marked example of mimicry. The smaller fry of soles, like the weevers, inhabit sandy bays and shallows, and also partially bury themselves in the sand. Dr. Masterman has found that, unlike the turbot and plaice, which when disturbed make active efforts to swim or escape, the sole lies quiescent even to the point of simulating death, but at the same time erects sharply and spreads its upper pectoral fin, which thus forms a motionless black flag held upwards in a menacing attitude.—*Selected*.



UNDERSTOOD OUR LANGUAGE.

SOME time ago we had a collie by the name of Rex. My driving mare we called Nettie, and if Rex ever heard me speak the mare's name or say I should hitch up and take a drive, no matter in what language I voiced my intention, he was on the alert and at the door, whining to be allowed to go, as he was very fond of the mare. The time came when a removal of the family to this town forbade keeping the dog. I found a willing purchaser and good home for him where he is today; and the day I announced the fact at the breakfast table I told my wife not to allow Rex to go out, as I would come up and get him in time to ship him on the noon train.

The dog could never be coaxed or driven into the cellar, for some unknown reason, but when I came for him and searched the house from top to bottom, calling him constantly for some time, he was at last dis-

covered in the farthest corner of the cellar behind some barrels.

His story has a happy sequel, for he is now the contented guardian of an old lady who has no children, and values the dog beyond price.—*Our Dumb Animals*.



THE SEA BEAVER.

THE sea beaver's bright black eyes are full of intelligence. It is by nature affectionate, and both parents are devoted to their little ones. Its love of home is strong and abiding, and year after year it returns to the same region; even though the spot may often have been the scene of massacre for its companions. Like its marine cousin, the land otter is full of play and will often lie on its back in the water and toss a piece of seaweed from paw to paw as a boy tosses a ball.

When the weather is fair the mother otter's favorite pastime is to float about on her back in the calm, blue water, holding her baby with her forepaws, while she paddles leisurely with her flippers, sometimes crooning a plaintive strain. If any danger threatens she clasps it to her breast and presents her back to the foe. When the reflection of the sun's rays on the water dazzles her she looks almost human as she lifts her paw and holds it above her eyes to shield them from the glare.

The sea otter's curiosity is large, and its "scenting" powers are the keenest. It varies its fish diet with mussels, clams, crabs, sea urchins, and occasionally a tender bit of kelp. Of urchins it is particularly fond. It takes one in each forepaw, strikes them together, and sucks their contents when the shells break. Its favorite dwelling place is among the kelp beds about the rocky islets that fringe our northwestern coast.—*Selected*.



CURIOUS FLORIDA HERB.

ALMOST everybody knows there are such things as insectivorous or carnivorous plants, but it is doubtful if many know we have such a plant growing right in south Florida.

This is an annual herb, says the *Punta Gorda Herald*, and the entire plant, including the flower, is of a deep rich red color. It rarely reaches a height of more than three inches, and is never so broad. The leaves are spatulate when undisturbed, and present many small fibrillæ and secrete at their tips a tenacious fluid which is capable of holding the small insect, such as ants and the like, upon which it feeds. When any of these get lodged in the fluid and disturb these fibrillæ the leaves slowly acquire a deep cup shape and sometimes curl completely up over the victim. When they have absorbed the insect they slowly recover their original shape, leaving only the skeleton of the insect remaining.

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CONGRESS AND THE PRESIDENT.

THE tilt that has been going on between the President and Congress is furnishing the people of the United States a great deal of amusement and not a little instruction. They are learning how some things are done, or rather how they are *not* done. If nothing more comes of these charges and countercharges than the instruction the citizen is getting the big stick will have been wielded not in vain. American citizens have a way of thinking that might be said, in some respects, to resemble the power of the hypnotist, and the more they know about public affairs, the more powerful thinking they do.

No sane person thinks that the President is always right—that he never makes mistakes,—but the contention between him and Congress has not advanced the latter in the estimation of the people, in fact has made it evident that for earnest, disinterested effort in behalf of the people it will have to travel long and hard to catch up with the President.

In some of the President's acts many people have seen a disposition to usurp authority, but when these are placed alongside the many in which he has stood out as the people's friend and protector it is clearly seen that he has never had a thought of making his rule autocratic. As one writer says, "It needs not the eye of the wise man to see that every bit of the strength which Roosevelt possesses as executive comes to him simply and solely because he has been the true and direct representative of the will of our democracy. And the same eye can see beyond a doubt that the weakness and the rage of Congress at this time are due to the fact that it is not fulfilling the duties which inhere in it and that it objects to having its degeneracy pointed out and brought home to it."

Abraham Lincoln's well-known statement about fooling the people is applicable here. It may take the people some time to find out that they are being fooled.

but afterward there will be little time lost. Information on governmental affairs will help the people to see whether their representatives are guarding their interests or whether they are guarding the interests of certain individuals and businesses, and such information is easy to obtain these days.

A MODERN JAILER.

THE subject of our criminals has come in lately for a good deal of consideration by our reformers. It is pretty generally conceded that the State ought to do more than simply punish its criminals, or the punishment should be of such a nature, or so administered, that the man is made better. In the present order of things we know that, as a rule, this is not the case. Imprisonment generally confirms a man in his downward tendencies.

Most of the ideas of reform in this line are yet in the theoretical stage and few have the courage to test them. Of course some of the ideas are so absurd that they should never be taken seriously. But now and then there is a man directly connected with prison work who is possessed with the idea of making men of his prisoners and he avails himself of this opportunity to put his theory in practice. It is no doubt through the efforts of such men—prison keepers who themselves are deeply interested in the future welfare of their men—that a change in the treatment of prisoners is to come.

Such a man is John L. Whitman, jailer of the Bridewell in Chicago. About two years ago we called the attention of our readers to his work. We now give them additional knowledge of his theories and of how they are working out. We are indebted to the *Home Herald* for our information. The writer of the article reports an interview which he had with Mr. Whitman. We give only a part of it. The jailer began by answering the interviewer's question as to what he thought about running a jail.

"'Fundamentally,' he began, and his eyes glistened with the joy of a man who is telling his favorite story, 'fundamentally, a jail ought to be a whole lot like a hospital. *Ours* is.' We have each individual case diagnosed, and our subsequent treatment is given in accordance with that diagnosis. It is my task, of course, and that of my assistants, to judge of the moral character and needs of the men, but before you can do much for a man morally you have got to get him physically well, and that takes doctors.

"'You know,' he smiled, 'the general scheme in an institution of this kind is to have one doctor who works, when he works at all, telling men that there is nothing the matter with them when they are reported sick. That used to be the situation here, but it is no longer. We have a house physician, as we always have had, but he spends *all* his time at the *work* now; he is fired with an ambition which makes

him a power. Then there are three internes and a medical nurse and a surgical nurse, an eye, ear and nose specialist who is here two days a week, and three surgeons who come one day a week to operate. Every one of them is a professor in one of the big medical colleges; there they are,' and he pushed over a paper on which were the names of three different men whose reputations are more than State-wide. 'Every man that comes here is given a bath and a medical examination and a clean suit of clothes in that order. And, do you know, the examinations show fifty per cent of the men in need of physical treatment and nine out of ten of the boys? That explains something about the reason for crime.

"What they get here is a whole lot different from what their ideas of a jail have led them to expect. It's curious to see their attitude towards it, curious—and pathetic, too. After their natural distrust wears off and they catch the idea that we are here not merely to guard them, but to help them, too, the improvement begins right away.

"Here's an illustration: Thanksgiving Day we had an exercise in the chapel—something to make the day a little different from the rest. And when I got up to open the program, the men cheered so that for five minutes I actually couldn't begin. That shows a little something about their attitude towards us; don't you think so?"

"I *did* think so, and I said so. And I asked him to give me a list of all the other jails in which the prisoners have ever been known to cheer their jailers for five minutes.

"Well, it wouldn't be a long list,' he said, 'and that's the pity of it. The accepted prison philosophy is so different from ours. I have been familiar with it ever since I stumbled into this work sixteen years ago, and there has been mighty little change in the general idea in that time. Prisons are for the punishment of the criminal; that is the accepted notion. When society has apprehended him and shut him up, it has done its duty, and has no further concern with him. The idea of reformation is jeered at. We are experiencing the depressing effect of the habitual philosophy every day; every reform which we have ever attempted has been with all the opposition which the old-liners could bring against it. "Whitman, you're foolish," they say; "go back and keep your jail doors locked tight and increase the revenues of the institution, and you'll be doing all that's expected of you. And forget these wild ideas." That's the sort of talk I've heard so long that I am calloused to it. But my ideas are not wild. In the first place they make money, for they put spirit into the inmates at their work, and in the second place they make men.'

reformation of men to prove the soundness of his theories.

"But," said the interviewer, 'there is one thing I don't understand. You speak of these men as coming to you and talking with you. How can they? How can a prisoner come and talk to his jailer?'

"That's another of my wild theories,' said Mr. Whitman, and at this he smiled a very pleasant smile. 'Every Sunday morning at the services I announce that any of the men who wish to see me personally may remain after the services. Then I talk with each one alone. Sometimes one has a grievance that I can adjust, but in nine cases out of ten they stay to tell me that they want to brace up and to get my advice and help. Do you know, last Sunday ninety-eight staid to talk with me? It took all day long to get through the list, but I did it; it pays.'

"We went out through the iron doors and into the shops. There was an air of contented industry in the building. Men in blue coats, not striped, and with all their hair, nodded pleasantly to the jailer as we passed among them; the guards were noticeably few, and, though watchful, had nothing of that air of cunning which is common to their ilk. In one building the men were making shoes; in another women were making the clothes the inmates wear. Others were printing, some quarrying in the great hole behind the prison, and in one little building, set off by itself, a dozen husky fellows were busily engaged in baking great loaves of sweet-smelling bread.

"I suppose you noticed there was no guard in there?' Mr. Whitman remarked as we left the bakery. I had noticed it and wondered at it. 'The guard came to me this morning to tell me that his little son was sick at the hospital. He broke down as he talked, and I said: "Go and stay with your son today." So he went, and these are his men.'

"The noon whistle blew as we walked about, and up from the quarries and the factories they came, trooping along, with the air of men who have done a satisfactory work and can eat their meal in hope. There was no lock-step. As they passed through the gates two of their number counted them in strident tones and the guards on the wall below noted the figures. But except for that they went as any other group of laborers from their toil.

"There is opposition to John L. Whitman, of course, and there will continue to be until people learn the lesson he is teaching—that society is best protected by an institution which turns out men, not punished merely, but reformed."

* * *

NOTICE.

BE sure to read "A Business Deal," by Hattie Preston Rider, on the next page. Call the attention of the boys and girls to it; it may help them to make the right start in the business world.

Mr. Whitman then gave two illustrations of the



The Home World

A BUSINESS DEAL

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

UNCLE FRANK pushed open the door and came into the sitting-room, breezy and glowing. "It's gloriously cold!" he announced; "Halloo!"—suddenly catching sight of his nephew lounging in the big easy-chair. "Home on a working-day, Harry? Not sick, I hope."

The young man looked embarrassed. "I've left the shop," he answered, half-sullenly.

Uncle Frank drew a chair toward him and sat down. "Not for good, I hope," he said, regretfully. "Crane & Barrett's is an excellent place. They're the best business men I know. What was the matter, Harry?"

"I had to work over time," his nephew answered, defiantly, but the deepening color in his face told that he was ashamed of the excuse. "I was dead tired; besides, there was a good show in town, and I wanted to see it. I asked the foreman for my evening off, and he wouldn't give it, so I took it, anyway. When I went back next morning, he told me I could have all my evenings and days too. He was so crabbed I was glad to leave. I wouldn't take a job there now, even if they offered it to me. You'd have been tired of it yourself, Uncle Frank. Twelve hours a day, for three straight weeks!"

"During the holiday rush," Uncle Frank supplemented. He raised his eyebrows with a quizzical smile. "Thirty years ago, when George Crane started in his little one-story shop on Ashe street, he used to put in sixteen hours of solid work a day for six months at a time, and keep his own books besides. How much do you suppose that furniture plant is worth today, Harry?"

Harry did not answer. Crane & Barrett were the heaviest taxpayers in the city.

"Being rich is no excuse for overworking their help," he said at last, doggedly.

"It is a waste of time to criticise the other fellow, I find," Uncle Frank remarked, kindly. "Don't think, either, that I'm criticising you. If you had

just returned from an automobile trip to San Francisco, and I were starting on the same jaunt, I should take it very thankfully indeed if you advised me as to the best route. Besides, a boy that strongly resembles you gave me pointers on lobbing in that tennis tournament last summer, that won me my match. Don't you think I'd be doing the ungrateful thing, if I kept silent while I saw you making the mistake of your life?"

The hard lines on Harry's face softened.

"I know you mean well, Uncle Frank," he acknowledged, in a subdued voice, "but you weren't in my place."

"Ah! But I have been, lad, exactly; and what's more, I made the identical mistake you're making. I was years righting myself, after it. I tell you, Harry, a fellow starting out at eighteen is really a merchant setting up in business; just that. Only, he's selling his labor instead of coats or potatoes or ribbons. Now, first of all, you have a tiptop common-school education, penmanship very fair, fingers *not* all thumbs, thanks to that course in manual training. Also, we must admit, since we are taking actual inventory, you are honest, intelligent, and well-mannered. There, lad, that's the stock-in-trade with which your Heavenly Father has set you up. A pretty fair outfit, I should say.

"Now, what are the methods of a successful dealer in staples? Faithfulness and industry, of course; but next after those, and just as essential, is another: *he must bend every energy to create a live market for his wares, and at any cost make good.* That's the point, Harry. Do you see it? A fellow must get up so desirable a reputation for the labor he has to sell, that it will command the very highest price in the market. The man that wishes to buy another's labor, whether it be of the head or hand, is willing to pay a first-class price for a first-class article, exactly as if it were a piano or a peck of apples. You mustn't

do anything to spoil your labor market, to get your wares branded as slow sellers, for the man or boy that puts up a poor article quickly comes to be known among the employers who constitute that market. And faithfulness and willingness are the very first qualities a purchaser looks for."

"Well, I guess I've done just the thing I oughtn't, then," Harry said, ruefully, as his uncle paused. "I didn't realize it, though. I thought a fellow had to show his independence, in order to make other people respect him. I was simply *homesick* for work before I'd been out twenty-four hours; but I don't suppose Crane & Barrett would take me back now, if I worked for nothing. That's the way it always goes, seeing your mistake when it is too late."

"It is never too late to do one's best to straighten out matters," Uncle Frank responded, quickly. He was silent a moment, and then added, earnestly:

"Just now it's your stint, lad, before you try to sell any more of your goods, to put yourself right with a customer you used rather unfairly. If I were you, I'd go back to that foreman and make an honest manly apology. It is of far greater consequence than your finding employment again."

The slow red crept into Harry's face once more. His uncle could hardly have set him a more uncongenial task. But he answered at last:

"I'll think of it, Uncle Frank."

A week later, swinging sturdily up the avenue, Uncle Frank nearly ran against a slender, bright-faced boy walking briskly in the opposite direction.

"Oho!" a familiar voice called, laughingly. "What do you mean, Uncle Frank, by trying a head-on collision with one of the busiest business men of your own city?"

Uncle Frank stared; then a broad smile broke over his face.

"Lad! You don't mean it!" he exclaimed, gripping the boy's hand heartily.

"Yes, I do," Harry nodded. "Selling my goods to Crane & Barrett again, and at a better margin than before. It was the straightening up of that old deal did it, too, uncle." He laughed once more, but there was a suspiciously uneven note in his voice.

"Praise the Lord!" Uncle Frank said. He looked after the boy proudly, as the latter hurried away. "I wish we had about a million more such business men growing up around us," he added to himself. It did not occur to him to mention the desirability of an equal number of such confidential advisers for them.



THE TRAGEDY OF THE CHILDLESS HOME.

THE coming of the Christ sanctified child life and placed a crown of beauty and glory on the head of every little boy and girl. Only that home is a happy one where there is the patter of little feet and the

ring of childish laughter. God gives to a man and a woman his best gifts when he gives them children. Every child that comes into our lives is a proof of his love. I have nothing but pity for the childless woman. Many of them can blame themselves alone. They do not want children; they are the women who want a good time. The story of their lives is one of sadness. It's a long, tireless round of whist parties and dances, while home and husband are neglected. It's the theater night after night and the late return which finds them weary and without interest in life. Such women do not know the meaning of a woman's best nature. They know not why it is that God has given them a pair of hands. It is in order that they may have an opportunity of helping God to guide the little feet into the paths of righteousness. They have never known the cooing of a little child, the voice of an angel's song.

What will become of these childless women in future days? The day will come when the husband is dead and they are left in lonely widowhood. I saw a beautiful picture in a well-known hotel the other day. An old lady sat by the window contentedly knitting, when suddenly a young man of perhaps thirty years rushed up and threw his arms around her neck and said, "Mother." It was her son, grown up now and married, but always her "boy." Her husband has been dead for many years, but she finds in their son a new life and a new inspiration. Because he lives, the closing days of life have been made bright and happy for her.

Much of the disgrace culminating in the great number of divorces is due to the decay of home ties, because in so many homes there are no children. There is no perfect union unless it be blessed by a birth. The security of the home lies in the coming into it of little ones who will bind husband and wife closer together and raise up new and powerful interests beside which their differences sink into insignificance.—*William Spurgeon, D. D., in Home Herald.*



READING FOR THE HOME.

ONE of the most vital matters in the home life of every family is the question as to what reading shall be provided for the entertainment and instruction of the different members of the family circle.

The importance of having good reading matter in every home cannot be emphasized too strongly. It is as essential to provide material for the culture of the mind and soul as to furnish food for the body, and to select the right kind of mental and spiritual nourishment demands perhaps greater care and attention than to supply suitable provision for the needs of the body.

What we read influences us for time and for eternity. Our ideals in life are framed largely according to that which we read. Through books which bring to us the very "life blood of master minds" we re-

ceive incentive for living, which lifts us to the highest planes of thought and action.

The moral character of the literature which enters our homes is a matter of transcendent importance. While good reading ennobles, bad reading degrades and destroys the spiritual life of young and old alike. The human soul cannot feed upon that which is evil in literature and expect that the result will be anything but bad.

The periodical press constitutes a very large portion of the reading matter that enters the great majority of homes at the present time. In selecting a paper for the family circle it is therefore desirable to secure the best that can be obtained, for the repeated visits of a periodical contribute one of the most potent moulding influences at work in the home.

Whatever other publications may be taken, every family should have a strong Christian periodical whose regular visits may minister to the highest spiritual needs of all the members of the household.—*Exchange*.



THE BEST HOUR.

"Get down on the floor here, daddy,
Get down on the floor and play,"
And that is the song my baby
Sings to me at close of day.
"Get down on the floor and tumble,
Get down with me, daddy, do;
Get down on the floor now, daddy,
Me 'ants to sit down on you."

Then overboard goes the paper,
And down on the floor goes dad;
And onto him clammers baby,
And baby is more than glad;
And daddy's a horse and wagon,
Or daddy's a ship at sea,
And rolls with a little baby
As happy as she can be.

And, oh, but that ship is careful;
The waves may foam and curl,
But never the ship goes plunging
Too much for the baby girl,
And never the horse gets fractious,
Or plunges or jumps aside
So much as to mar the pleasure
Of the wee little girl astride.

Oh, good is the hour of gloaming,
When labor is put aside
And daddy becomes a horsey
A wee little girl may ride;
Or daddy becomes a plunging
Big ship on the stormy seas,
And is guided and captained onward
By a baby with dimpled knees.

—Houston Post.



"STRIVE and do all you can to make the winter evenings ever memorable on account of the solid comfort enjoyed by your family. It will be time well spent. Turn the home into a love factory."

DISCIPLINE.

IN nine cases out of ten a man's life will not be a success if he does not bear burdens in his childhood. If the fondness or the vanity of the father or mother has kept him from hard work; if another always helped him out at the end of his row; if, instead of taking his turn at pitching off he stowed away all the time—in short, if what was light fell to him, and what was heavy about the work to someone else; if he has been permitted to shirk until shirking has become a habit, unless a miracle has been wrought, his life will be a failure, and the blame will not be half so much his as that of his weak and foolish parents.

On the other hand, if a boy has been brought up to do his part, never allowed to shirk responsibility, or to dodge work, whether or not it made his head ache, or soiled his hands, until bearing burdens has become a matter of pride, the heavy end of the wood his choice, parents, as they bid him good-bye, may dismiss their fear. The elements of success are his, and at some time and in some way the world will recognize his capacity.—*Christian Advocate*.



DIOXYGEN FOR THE MOUTH.

THE merits of dioxygen as a mouth wash are not as well realized as they should be. It is easy to get and not expensive. A stoppered glass bottle of it should be on every washstand.

After eating, if one hasn't time to brush the teeth, the mouth should be rinsed out with diluted dioxygen. It is a strong antiseptic, keeps the teeth from decaying and protects the top of the mouth and gums from soreness or from creating and emanating a disagreeable odor.

The toothbrush should always be dipped in a little of it and brushed over the teeth and gums at morning and night, even after tooth-paste is used. The latter merely cleans the teeth. It does not disinfect the mouth. People do not pay enough attention to the inside of their mouths, even though they may be scrupulous about their teeth.—*Selected*.



WHEN COLD, BREATHE DEEPLY.

A SIMPLE way to get warm after exposure to cold is to take a long breath with the mouth firmly shut. Repeat this several times until you begin to feel the heat returning. It requires a very short time to do this. The long breath, according to the *Family Doctor*, quickens the pulse and thus causes the blood to circulate faster. The blood flows into all parts of the veins and arteries and gives out a great deal of heat. It is stated that this method of deep breathing prevents colds and a great many other ailments if begun in time.—*Culled*.



"THE lazy man has little trouble with the letter of the Sabbath law."

TOMATOES FROM THE GARDEN IN JUNE.

By growing tomatoes on stakes and watering in a rather novel way I obtained a crop of unusually large tomatoes on June 21st, many of the fruits weighing over a pound.

I did not possess a hotbed, but prepared a seedbed in the sunniest spot in the garden. Three feet of the old soil was removed and replaced by two feet of manure, on top of which one foot of good potting soil was firmly packed. Early in February I planted seed of Chalk's Early Jewel, fitted over the top of the seedbed an old glass window sash, banked manure around the sides, and covered the glass with straw mats.

As soon as the tiny plants appeared I gave them light, using the mats at night only. During warm, sunny days I raised the glass to admit air, so that the plants would harden.

On May 6th I set in permanent places in the garden 110 thrifty plants, most of which were budded. They were planted two and one-half feet apart each way and trained to stakes, and I thereby secured from the same ground about three times as many tomatoes, which were larger, better, and much earlier than those produced by the usual methods.

Between each row of plants a piece of pipe was set on end (a leaky tin can would do as well) and filled with water twice a day during dry weather. The plants more than paid for this little trouble by rapid and sturdy growth.—*The Garden Magazine*.

The Children's Corner

LISTEN, BOYS!

1. TREAT your mother as politely as if she were a strange lady.
2. Be as kind and helpful to your sister as to other boys' sisters.
3. Don't grumble or refuse to do some errand which must be done, and which otherwise takes the time of some one who has more to do.
4. Have your mother and your sister for your best friends.
5. Find some amusement for the evening that all the family can join in, large and small.
6. Be a gentleman at home.
7. Cultivate a cheerful temper.
8. If you do anything wrong, take your mother into your confidence.
9. Never lie about anything you have done.
10. Never boast of your own achievements. If you have done a noble deed it will speak for itself.—*Select-ed*.

A FORGIVENESS ACCOUNT.

JOHN and his sister Gladys were out at the front of the house. Gladys was making a bead necklace for her doll. The bears were on a little work-table beside her. John was playing at trains. His train was an old box-cart, his new wagon was a coach for the passengers, and Gladys' doll-carriage for the "first-class" passengers. He was the engine and was steaming and whistling loudly.

"Don't come here, John," said Gladys, as he came near the table.

"Puff, puff," went this snorting human engine.

"Take care!" cried Gladys again, as he came nearer to the table, "you'll spill my beads." Away John went, and soon forgot his sister's warning. The train came round the corner, and before he knew, the table was upset, and the beads scattered in all directions.

"O John!" cried Gladys, with angry face, "what did I tell you?"

"I'm awfully sorry," said John, as he helped to pick up the beads. John was always sorry, but it did not make him careful. Gladys did not answer for a moment, but then she said, "Never mind, John, I'll forgive you." She had remembered the lesson she heard the previous Sunday about Jesus' telling Peter how he had to forgive his brother seventy times seven. Gladys was a passionate child, but had resolved to obey Jesus. She had been saying to herself—although John did not know—"I will forgive him four hundred and ninety times, but after that—" She shut her lips tight. "I'll keep a forgiveness account," she thought, "so as to know when it's seventy times seven." Before she went to bed she wrote at the top of a clean page in her last year's copy-book:

"List of the Times I Forgive John."

And under this:

"Monday—For spilling my beads."

Then she remembered that that very day she had upset a block tower John built to show father when he came home, and John had not been the least cross with her. "I suppose I ought to count that on the other side," she said. She then wrote on the opposite page:

"The Times John Forgives Me."

"Monday—For knocking down his tower."

That made them even.

And so day after day went on.

One day she had a longer list, and another day John had it—often they were even; and Gladys was beginning to feel very humble, and said to herself: "I guess if I forgive all I can without keeping any list, it will take me all my life to make four hundred and ninety times. Perhaps, after all, that was what Jesus meant. I will try. Dear Lord, help me to forgive always, as I wish to be forgiven."—*Friend for Boys and Girls*.



The Quiet Hour

THE TRAGICAL ELEMENT IN A HOLY IDEAL.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Ye men of Galilee, why stand ye gazing up into heaven?
(See Acts 1: 11.)

OUR text forces itself without any preliminaries, right to the heart of the despondent disciples. The two heavenly visitors only translated what they saw written on the faces of the gazers into the clouds, by the pointed question, "Why are you looking up?" And the same question would have been asked in the first person, if they had given voice to the countless thoughts trooping their minds, and each, in return, pleading for expression.

It was a moment of intense retrospection. They had in mind the cherished hope of sitting on his right and on his left, and the intensity of their ambitions and designs had precipitated a dissimulation. Now all was settled. He was gone. How tame and prosy fishing after hearing such startling truths as were daily brought to light by the Master! Could they continue the work, feeding the multitude and bending low under the weight of an ever-increasing burden as they must experience?

It was a moment of introspection because they were unqualified for carrying out the work of Christ. They were incapacitated for any other engagement. A vision disables a man for following any other line of work. All the other faculties must be emptied into the faculty that lifts a man nearest his ideal. The step from the Master's side to the fishing net no soul will take without a pang of anguish. The pride of man balks, decending the hill of success.

Christ had led them from the crowd to the Mount of Olives. The winding footpath was lined with staggering vines and half dead olive trees. Here and there a slender palm stood in sombre loneliness as a crestfallen sentinel guarding a forsaken cause and not far behind them the brook Kedron, bathed the feet of the Mount of Corruption where Solomon had built his temple for his strange women. After the great commission had rolled with rhythmical cadence, from his lips, the Book significantly adds: "As he blessed them, a cloud received him out of their sight," causing the question of the angels.

When the thought of a man's responsibility comes upon him, he undergoes a process of self-abasement; the weight of the burden bends the soul. They had leaned on him through all difficulties—now they must test their own strength. They must conquer or die. When the sea becomes enraged no gentle Master walks the waves in peace, quelling the storm. The training they had received from him had broken all their idols, and standing guard over the shattered fragments of their erstwhile hopes and fancies, they inly groaned for something substantial. Their inability to execute the plan burned their hearts—to them it was impossible. The feeling of one's responsibility is an earnest of his ultimate success. Long nights of vigil, toil, visions that disturb contentment, are necessary for the qualifications of life. Some of us already have felt the depth of that call crushing our souls, and bathing our pillows with tears. The teacher, responsible for the success of a number of souls, feels the same burden. In the same proportion as one realizes the responsibility of a Christian character, to that degree is the tragical aspect of his ideal realized.

God's cause is a delicate one. Beware how the ark is touched! That David on whose hands is the blood of his fellow-man, though his music may rival that of Orpheus, his countenance that of Apollo, yet he will never build for Jehovah, God, a temple. The very inherent value of the cause crushed those men, and like Menelaus, when at his feet he saw his sword broken to pieces, and his ashen spear mispent in vacant air, they threw to the wild skies their trembling hands and prayed. The Saul who refuses to wait for the command of God, but sacrifices with his bloody hands, after having died a thousand worse than deaths, will find death at last while the swift-winged arrows of the enemy riddle his burning breast. Could we grind that into our teachers and preachers—that inherent purity is essential to imparting truth to others! The sins of the pulpits and the giddiness of the teachers are appalling. The lack of reverence in the house of God is a disgrace. The impurities of its messengers are the greatest barriers in the way of

Christianity. The teacher, or preacher, who refuses to offer a remedy for a sick soul is a criminal.

The question of money must not be discounted, as it is an important factor in the propagation of Christianity. There are some problems which nothing but money can solve. The eleven disciples saw the oncoming disaster of their efforts because means were lacking. The messenger of God is held at a discount when clothed in jeans. A man is not at himself in debt. He longs for the freedom of the one who owes no one. Those friendless and penniless men had to propagate a truth that only piled on their defenseless heads increasing poverty. The young man of straitened circumstances who catches the vision of life's work begins to complain at once of his lack of money. Often he turns his longing eyes to the dying sun, sinking behind the rolling plains, in the sea of fire, and pictures each radiant shaft of light shot across the western boundaries of the crimson skies, bars of gold all his own to defray schooling expenses. Poor men! What they must have felt. Clothed in rags, footsore, and heartless, a world to conquer and the extent of their qualifications determined by the vacant stare into the hastening clouds.

The man who fishes for the soul must keep the brain busy while he casts about with the gospel net. Wouldst thou fish men, then bait thy hook with brains. Illiteracy is the bane of progress. Those disciples knew that through their own strength they could not command the attention of the strongest minds. John could love, but must wait for another to unfold the doctrine of love. Eleven men will witness, one Paul will unravel the philosophical intricacies. Peter, full of impulsiveness, mistakes and tears, has already cursed like a demon and wept like a woman, still he dares to turn his tearful eyes to the leaden skies, seeking the way of truth. Do you long for an education, so that you can command the respect of men? It is bought with blood. Would you walk through snow with pieces of carpet tied about your feet, like Thurlow Weed, to borrow a book? Would you tie tighter and tighter a girdle about your body to appease hunger, like Samuel Deen? Can you eat sawdust without butter to become the lawyer Chilty? The road to knowledge is one that tears the brow with thorns and exhausts the heart with disappointment.

There was nothing about them that appealed to society, neither the color of their blood nor the attractiveness of their vocation. They would not be heard by that class of society which would be influential when won. Their energy must be expended on the outskirts of society, catching now and then a decedent, worth nothing after having been caught. There is nothing more discouraging than realizing the worthlessness of the material one has to work on. The wonder is that the disciples attempted it at all.

He who discovers a new truth must be a martyr

to that truth. Society demands an experiment on the inventor. 'Twas then as it is now, and the disciples knew it. Mankind would refuse them as it had their Master. To be fought by the object of one's love is the greatest source of pain! The redeemer of society will be an outcast by society. The drizzling rain percolating through the bosoms of the lashed and chastening clouds caused the treader of eastern thoroughfares to draw more tightly about him his Roman tunic, and entering a dingy alley a middle-aged man is seen resting on his left knee and with his right elbow on his right knee he sews on a pile of damp, mildewed and fetid canvas.

"Why is it, O fated man, selected from the walks of man, to feel the chastening rod of an apparently listless God, that thou dost seek companionship in the brains of Pliny or comfort in the scholarship of Tacitus? Is it explained by a mystic dream or an idle fancy, the secret of thy enfolding thyself in such a glory garment of loneliness?" From his task the philosopher and apostle lifts his massive brow and with tremulous lips replies: "Love seeketh not her own." Every truth man introduces, society says to the inventor, "We will experiment your truth on yourself." Dig on young man! You will win the respect of men only as you bleed for them. The vision came to the disciples only as the result of a course of training. Aspiring youth, remain passive—thoughts are swarming about you that will make you great.

The secret of their success lay in the universal consolation, "I am with you always, even unto the consummation of the eternities." There can be no success without the abiding presence of Jesus.

The method of Jesus is the method of preëminence. There can be no full fruition of one's life unless that life suffers death. Oh, that we may die for the love of God; then each respective soul will rise a star!



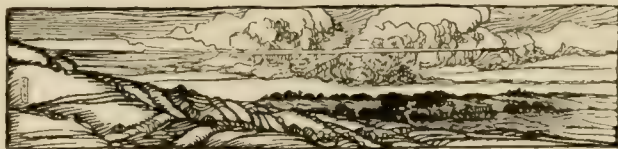
THE WORLD'S GREAT ONES.

THE man who drives on, regardless of others, gets things done; the man who weighs and considers, who consults others and avoids antagonisms, gets himself loved. Which course shall we choose? In a measure the choice is made for us by temperament. We are such as we were born—men of action or men of deliberation. Yet it is possible judiciously to combine the two opposing tempers. A man may be like a flint in his devotion to principle and a perfect tornado of energy in bringing things to pass and yet be gentle, sympathetic and considerate in his dealing with people. It is the men who by nature or by grace succeed in welding into one these contrary elements who are the world's great ones.—*Nashville Christian Advocate*.



God has two dwellings—one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart.—*Isaac Walton*.

Echoes from Everywhere



In West Virginia, there is, in the "dry" counties, but one convict for every 4,022 of population. In striking contrast MacDowell County, which is "wet," shows an average of one convict for every 190 of population.

The Sultan of Turkey has decided to build, at his own expense, a new parliament house which will amply accommodate the two branches of the legislature. This is taken as a sure sign that the constitution will not be revoked.

Secretary Wilson is about to take steps to investigate the uses to which cocaine, caffeine and certain chloral hydrates are put, with a view to putting a stop to their use in any way that will tend to fasten the drug habit upon their consumers.

Kansas has gone into partnership with the harvester trust. The International Harvester Company is to pay a fine of \$60,000 and to submit to State control of the business in Kansas. The company is prohibited from making exclusive contracts of any kind.

Many of the admirers of ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, feel that the country will be the gainer through his retirement from the university which he has so long headed. As head of the National Civil Service Reform League, the value and range of his services cannot be estimated.

United States District Attorney Sims has filed suit against the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe railroad for violation of the law prohibiting the working of train dispatchers over nine hours a day. Seven violations are charged. Fines aggregating \$3,500 may be imposed. This is the first case to be brought by the government under the new law.

The taking of testimony in the trial of the action brought against the American Sugar Refining Company by the government, alleging fraud in the weighing of shipments during the past six years, was begun Feb. 5 before Judge Holtin the United States District Court in New York City. The amount of customs duties in arrears sought to be recovered is \$2,124,121.

Five thousand Chinese corpses, bound for their final resting places in the Flowery Kingdom, left Brooklyn Feb. 10 on the steamer Shimosa. The bodies of the dead celestials were disinterred from burying grounds all over the United States and placed in sealed caskets which in turn were enclosed in pine boxes, each labeled with the name and history of its silent occupant and stored between decks on the ship. When the Shimosa reaches China the bodies will be sent to the localities from which the dead Chinamen came.

Plans have been perfected for the merger of all the big cement plants in the country. The aggregate capital will be \$200,000,000. Lawyers say the plan is proof against the Sherman anti-trust law.

The flood situation in many parts of Germany continues to grow worse, the melting snow causing the already swollen streams to leave their banks. Large loss of life is reported. The Eltz, the Rhine and the Oder are still rising and the lower sections of Frankfort-on-the-Main are flooded. The dykes are threatened and police boats have been stationed along the streams to rescue the people.

The question of cross-ties is becoming a serious one with railroads in the United States, and just recently one of the big companies sent its timber manager over into the Orient to study and report upon conditions there. Among other things that the manager learned was that the Japanese began to take care of their forests about 300 years ago, and as a result Japan is now selling cross-ties in the United States and Mexico, despite the fact that there is a duty of 20 per cent on each tie.

A few changes have been made in the cabinet of the present administration during the past few months, and the following are the President's advisers at present: Secretary of state, Robt. Bacon; secretary of treasury, Geo. B. Cortelyou; secretary of war, Luke E. Wright; attorney general, Chas. J. Bonaparte; postmaster general, Geo. von L. Meyer; secretary of navy, Truman H. Newberry; secretary of interior, Jas. R. Garfield; secretary of agriculture, Jas. Wilson; secretary of commerce and labor, Oscar S. Straus.

Savings banks derive no small profit from the unclaimed deposits left with them. About \$1,000,000 of such unclaimed savings has accumulated in the last thirty years in the Massachusetts banks, and according to a decision of the courts the State is to get this money—though, of course, it has no right whatever to it. The banks argued that they had the first right to the graft, but the judge thought it belonged to the State, on the same principle presumably that gives all "treasure trove" to the king in monarchical countries.

A publishing house is planning to bring out the long-awaited complete edition of the works of Count Leo Tolstoi, an undertaking that up to the present time has been impossible in Russia because of the censorship and the difficulties in the matter of paying royalties. Under the present arrangement royalties to the amount of \$250,000 will be paid in annual installments of \$25,000. It is declared that with the approval of Premier Stolypin the censored works of the Count will be included in this edition, which will number about twenty-five volumes.

Thirty manufacturers of wallpaper, representing the largest wallpaper mills in the country, in session recently in New York City organized the Wallpaper Manufacturers' Association of the United States, to take the place of the Continental Wallpaper Company, which was voluntarily liquidated several years ago. The purpose of the new organization is announced as to bring the manufacturers into closer business and social relations with especial interest in legislative and tariff matters.

The government of the Mikado believes in giving a criminal a chance after he has served his time in prison, so the Japanese penal code has been amended so as to provide that punishment shall be full expiation, and the term of confinement wipes out the convict's offense. On account of his crime no one may ostracise him, and he must not be refused employment because he has been a convict, nor is he to be discharged except for other causes. Furthermore, no one is permitted to make reference to the convict's crime or to insult him or his family.

The beginning of the movement by Chicago and eastern men to wrest supremacy in the steel business from Pittsburg became known recently when it was announced that the Inter-Ocean Steel Company, a \$2,500,000 concern, within six weeks will begin the construction of a mammoth new steel plant at Chicago Heights, a suburb. The new plant, it is announced, will begin business with a full equipment, aiming to rival the largest steel plants in the country. The company proposes to make a specialty of tires for locomotive and railway coach wheels.

The borrowing power of Persia has been completely nullified by the action of the rebel headquarters at Tabriz and Ispahan in notifying the diplomatic corps at Teheran that the constitutionalists will not recognize any loan made to the Shah until the Persian parliament approves the rebellion. The ultimate success of the revolutionists is deemed so certain that it is improbable that any power would lend Persia money in accordance with the terms of the revolutionists. Any other loan would undoubtedly be repudiated by the revolutionists in the event of their success.

Liberia, the little republic on the west coast of Africa, doesn't seem to get along, and in order to facilitate governmental matters in that State the President has asked Congress to appropriate \$20,000 and give him power to appoint a commission of three "to examine into the situation, confer with the officers of the Liberian government, and with the representatives of other governments actually present in Monrovia, and report recommendations as to the specific action on the part of the United States most apt to render effective relief to the republic of Liberia under the present critical circumstances." The proposed commission would have for its object the study at first hand of affairs in the republic, so as to be able to recommend to the United States what action it should take. It will be recalled that last summer three Liberian commissioners visited the United States and asked assistance. France and Great Britain control territory contiguous to Liberia, but they favor the United States as a succoring agent, inasmuch as the negro republic was founded by the United States in 1822 and has ever since been more or less under our protection. There are now perhaps 50,000 civilized blacks in Liberia, but they are unable to cope with the million or two of uncivilized people in the 43,000 square miles of Liberian territory.

It is well understood among prominent officials in Washington that Secretary of the Treasury Cortelyou has accepted the presidency of the Consolidated Gas Company in New York. Mr. Cortelyou has declined either to affirm or deny the statement, but there does not seem to be any doubt as to its truth. It is understood that the Secretary will leave Washington about March 4 for a rest of a month and possibly longer, and that upon the termination of his vacation he will go to New York and assume charge of the gas company.

The United States Government has refused to accept whiskey warehouse receipts as payment on internal revenue assessments from distilleries. The Chicago Tribune in a Washington special dispatch February 2, declares that the whiskey men are in distress over the rapid progress of prohibition which is handicapped by the startling fact that "some 225,000,000 gallons of distilled whiskey are stored away in bonded warehouses which they had expected to pour down thirsty throats during the last year."

The Methodist and Baptist ministers of southern California, at a meeting in Los Angeles adopted resolutions protesting against the anti-Japanese legislation now pending at Sacramento. The position of President Roosevelt, Governor Gillett and Speaker Stanton is endorsed, and it is "hoped that the entire matter will be voted down." The resolutions adopted by the Baptists say the exclusion of the Japanese from the public schools of California is an unjust discrimination "against this worthy class of people sojourning among us," and urgently request the legislature to "set us right before Japan and the world on this great question."

A series of conferences have been held by House leaders to determine on some method of getting the House to agree to legislate to regulate the shipment of liquor from State to State. Representative Watson, of Indiana, is leading the fight for the proposed legislation. The program finally agreed upon probably will be to tack the liquor legislation onto the bill for the codification of the penal laws of the United States, which has a privileged character on the House calendar. As the bill for this purpose has already passed the Senate, it is believed that both houses can be brought to an agreement to enact legislation more quickly than by voting on a separate bill. This course also would avoid the disagreeable action of ignoring the failure of the committee on the judiciary to report the bill.

Augustus A. Busch, who recently purchased the old home of Ulysses S. Grant on the Gravois road, St. Louis County, and known throughout the country as the "Grant Farm," has converted it into a model game preserve. He has purchased the old home of the General, the famous log cabin, which, after being knocked down and carried around the country for exhibition, has been returned to its former site and occupies a position on the farm overlooking the road. The place will be thrown open to the public as a museum. It is the intention of Mr. Busch to collect as many Grant relics as possible and restore them to the cabin. The cabin itself is intact and just as General Grant left it, except that a few logs have been cut out of an inside partition. The old "spring house" has been preserved in its entirety. A fence of musket barrels which saw service during the Civil War surrounds the cabin. A veteran who served under Grant is caretaker.

Among the Magazines



WAGES FOR PRISONERS' FAMILIES.

Why the wives and husbands of loafers and drunkards sentenced to terms in correctional institutions should suffer for the sins of their "lords and masters" is a question that has often been discussed at penological and reform conferences. Occasionally it is suggested that when the State sentences a man to hard labor or to labor of any profitable kind part of his supposed earnings should be paid to those dependent on him for support.

In the District of Columbia, under a new statute against family desertion and non-support, the payment of "wages" to families of prisoners has been very successfully tried. The amount is fixed by the statute at 50 cents a day, and the prisoners are supposed to earn it and more by taking care of Rock Creek Park and rendering other service to the district.

It is the testimony of the judge who has been administering the law that the provision in question has worked admirably as a preventive of unmerited misery, a form of discipline and a deterrent of vice and shiftlessness. Offenders are punished promptly, whereas under the ordinary plan courts are greatly tempted to take chances and give prisoners opportunities which they neglect or abuse. Moreover, any man with a little horse sense, when he realizes that he could earn three times as much for his family and home in free industry as is paid to his dependents by the community which keeps him a prisoner, makes an effort to mend his ways, and under the law the court has the power to release him when satisfied that he would "stay reformed" and go to work in peace and decency.

These facts were brought to the attention of a house committee which was about to strike out an item appropriating a small sum for the wages fund of prisoners' families. The committee had taken the view that the law was enabling dead beats to shirk their duties and saddle the cost of family maintenance on the community. As a matter of fact, where wages are not paid the public and private relief agencies bear the burden of pauperism and dependence created by imprisonment for nonsupport, habitual drunkenness and other offenses, and there is no economy in the plan. And under proper administration prisoners can easily be made to earn the wages paid to their families, plus the cost of their own board, shelter and other necessities or conveniences.—The Record-Herald.



WOMEN WORK FOR CLEAN CITIES.

Has progress deprived women of all their old-time employments and are they forced to engage in public affairs, too long neglected by men? These questions are suggested by an article in the February Delineator, in which Ida Husted Harper tells why "Woman's Broom in Municipal Housekeeping" has become necessary.

One after another the old-time employments of the household have been taken from home to factory until

now women are separated into two great divisions of an army—one that follows the work and marches forth each day to find in some public hive of industry the occupations once carried on in the seclusion of private life, and the other that remains at home stripped of all those domestic tasks that used to keep their foremothers busy from daybreak till long after nightfall, says Mrs. Harper. Churn, loom, spinningwheel, even the sewing-machine was snatched away, until at last they were left with only the broom of all their former implements of labor. And finally, one day, with a great clatter of victory, up to the door came the automatic compressed-air sweeper and sent the woman and her broom riding through space like Mother Goose in the story-books.

When the woman came down to earth again she was still clutching the broom, and, finding her house all swept and garnished from cellar to attic with the products of the factories, she began to wonder if the men, in taking for themselves all this labor belonging by right to women, might not have neglected their own legitimate work, so she looked about her and on every hand saw the evidences of such neglect. The condition of the streets was a menace to health; impure milk was killing off the babies by the thousands, while impure water and food threatened destruction to the rest of the race; the idle children swarmed the highways and byways because there was no room for them in the schools; from afar off came the cry of the little ones sacrificed in the labor market; on every side the agencies of evil had set their doors wide open to lure the innocent.

What are the women doing in the way of municipal housekeeping? In Massachusetts they had nine bills before the last Legislature; in Pennsylvania about the same number, and at least half a dozen in most of the other States—for child labor, juvenile courts, better conditions for women wage-earners, temperance legislation, vacation schools, pure food, school savings-banks, civil service reform, better pay for teachers, girls' industrial schools, women factory inspectors, children's playgrounds, women police matrons, anti-expectoration in public places—all for the betterment of the community, not one for "graft,"—not a "job" of any kind,—all clean, wholesome, much-needed laws.



PATRONAGE AND BARGAINING.

The doctrine which in his inaugural address Governor Hughes defines as to the double constitutional duty of the Governor of New York we have had occasion more than once to defend as applied to the President of the United States. Governor Hughes says:

"The executive power is vested in the Governor, but he is also an important part of the lawmaking power of the State. This is through his power of veto. . . . The Governor is also to recommend to the Legislature such 'matters as he shall judge expedient.' It is not his constitutional function to attempt by use of patronage or

by bargaining with respect to bills to secure the passage of measures he approves. It is his prerogative to recommend and to state the reasons for his recommendation; and, in common with all representative officers, it is his privilege to justify his position to the people to whom he is accountable. The more closely he confines himself to his province and discharges his responsibility within the limits assigned to him the less confusion will there be in the working of our system and the more potent will be the sway of intelligent public opinion over those charged in their various offices with the duties of representation."

The purpose of the Governor is to insist that it is no part of his duty to try to secure legislation by patronage and bargaining; and to explain why, instead of employing these political methods, which have been in almost uniform use, he has appealed directly to the people. This appeal to the people at large, he says, it is his privilege to make, "in common with all representative officers." Equally, as we have had occasion to say, the President of the United States combines legislative and executive functions. He has the right of veto, and he has the right to make recommendations to Congress. Beyond that, he has all the right which any citizen has, and even more, from his high office, to urge by speech or letter any policy which he regards it as important that Congress should accept. He is not to be blamed for anything except as relates to the validity and courtesy of his arguments.

Governor Hughes was severely criticised by the professional politicians because he went direct to the people, and in speech after speech attacked the gamblers and their defenders in the Legislature. They thought that was dictation—was outside the rules of the political game. It would have been all right, they thought, if he had made bargains and used patronage for his purpose. They might have made something out of that sort of compromise. He did the unheard of thing of offering rewards to no friends and punishing no foes. He told the Legislature what he thought it ought to do, and when it refused he denounced them to the people. He kept to the front nothing but the bare ethical question, the question the politicians wished to keep hidden; and the people heard him gladly and followed him. He has set an example of a high theory of gubernatorial responsibility and right which we trust will not be forgotten. The theory is, No bargaining, but appeal to the people if the Legislature fails of its duty.—*The Independent*.



THE COMING OF LOCAL SELF-GOVERNMENT IN CHINA.

But more spectacular than education, railroads, or opium edicts is the talk of a constitution. The impatient West is already asking what it comes to. As if all Oriental smoke must come from fire! In 1905 a commission was sent abroad and reported in favor of a constitution for China. In 1907 came a shower of edicts abolishing the distinction between Manchu and Chinaman, inveighing against bound feet, urging the toleration of missionaries and native Christians, appointing a constitutional commission to draft a plan, ordering self-government councils in Peking and elsewhere, and directing officials to have constitutional principles explained to the people by competent instructors. In August, 1908, came the announcement of a full constitutional government and a parliament after nine years. Now no one can tell just what this means, but contemporary events may throw some light upon it. At the end of 1907 representatives of the gentry of Kiangsu and Chekiang were ordered to Peking

to discuss their differences with the government over the matter of a railroad concession in their provinces, and they took good care to point out that their presence in Peking on an imperial summons was the beginning of provincial representation and possibly the first step toward a parliament. It was evident that Peking did not feel able to ignore the wishes of the provinces in the matter. The self-government societies ordered in 1907 have been established in a number of the larger cities, particularly in connection with chambers of commerce, and they enjoy a considerable degree of freedom of discussion when exercising a reasonable amount of restraint. Consisting of the gentry, well-to-do merchants, and minor officials, they have been active in securing the representation of the local rate-payer in municipal affairs. In the native city of Shanghai nearly half the original area has been taken from the jurisdiction of the magistrate and put into the hands of the self-government organization. When, as in this case, it is done with the full support of the official whose power it so vitally diminishes, it is a striking evidence of public spirit. Surely this is a new China.—From "The China That Is," by David Lambuth, in the *American Review of Reviews* for February.



THE WAY WE SAY IT.

Opinions are a good deal like old shoes: a coat of polish makes considerable difference in them. It matters little what we say, but it matters much how we say it. If the mode of expression is crude and rough, we are apt to reject the sentiment on account of its clothes, even though oftentimes the sentiment is a true one. If, on the other hand, the mode of expression is highly polished, we are in danger of accepting the sentiment on account of its rhetoric, even though it be false. That is to say, in each case we are prone to overlook the substance in the contemplation of the form. It was for this probably that some ancient once said that language was invented to conceal thought.

A remarkable case in point is furnished by two passages in an essay of Emerson's, who was a master of the English language, and whom a large proportion of our people hold dear. They are:

"In this national crisis [he was speaking at the time of the Civil War] it isn't argument that we want, but that rare courage which dares commit itself to a principle, believing that nature is its ally, and will create the instruments it requires, and more than make good any petty and injurious profit it may disturb.

"I wish I saw in the people that inspiration which, if Government would not obey the same, would leave the Government behind and create on the moment the means and executors it needed."

These two paragraphs contain a world of meaning. For less radical and incendiary utterances, men have been denounced, shot, and deported as anarchists and enemies to society. They breathe the very spirit of anarchy. What advice could be plainer from the lips of the most rabid and dyspeptic of anarchists? In the first paragraph he advises the sacrifice of certain special interests (vested property in slaves) for the sake of the general welfare. In the second paragraph he advises the people "to create on the moment the means and executors" necessary for such sacrifice. Such advice recognizes neither constitution, convention, nor statute. And he meant it in just that way. He was urging President Lincoln to set the slaves free, although there was no constitution, convention, or statute to support him in such action. Soon after, however, President Lincoln acted on that advice, and a

half-century still finds the act generally approved.

Many an agitator would, no doubt, have called Emerson a trimmer for the choiceness of his language. But he was not a trimmer. He had opinions which have stood the test of time, and they are all the better for having been elegantly expressed. Truth is truth, wherever uttered and however distorted, whether it is raved through the bars of a maniac's cell, punctuated by curses in a barroom, or expressed in faultless diction by a man of letters. Men who prefer the first two to the third do not need argument; they need a club.—Ellis O. Jones, in February Lipincott's.



HAPPY GERMANY.

Whatever makes the poorest people healthy is good in German eyes because it insures a strong nation that hereafter is to carry the power and influence of Germany around the world. Whatever impairs the physical constitutions of the masses of people is intolerable in German eyes because it threatens the national vigor and interferes with Germany's destiny.

Hereafter men may think it strange that of all the nations on earth the German nation was the only nation of these times to recognize adequately and officially the obvious facts of the great changes wrought for the sons of men by the introduction of steam and machinery. For one thing (and most important), the Germans saw that it drew huge populations into the manufacturing cities, where they speedily became overcrowded and undervitalized, and it bent them for long hours over such unwholesome employments as would in time destroy the race if there were not some compensation in hours of rest and relaxation amid wholesome surroundings.

Hence, goaded on, no doubt, by the growth of German Socialism, the German Government began to take most excellent care of the working populations, to provide exact and minute regulations concerning the conditions of labor, careful factory inspection, compulsory insurance, old-age and invalidity pensions, ironclad laws about compensation for injuries; for to the directing German minds that one man shall make a billion dollars seems less important than that sixty million people shall be healthy and happy.

Berlin's wonderful homes for workingmen are in a way a product of this general idea and directly the product of the nation's insurance system, which is operated by the government and not by stock gamblers, and for the sake of the common good, not for the sake of private fortunes. The houses are built by the workingmen themselves, but the government encourages them to build such houses, then enables them to build such houses, and then sees that such houses are built rightly.—Charles Edward Russell, in February Everybody's.



NATIONAL LIFE AND DRINK.

APOLOGISTS for the liquor traffic are fond of saying that the drinking nations of the world have been the strong and progressive nations. In a recent magazine article the writer said:

"Now, as ever, it is the drinking people that lead the progress of humanity. The Jews drank and gave us monotheism. The Greeks drank and gave us art and literature. The Romans drank and gave us law. The Teutons drank and gave us liberty. Britain has drunk, not always wisely, and established commerce.

What have the teetotal races done for the betterment of the world?"

Statements like that often go unchallenged just because nobody happens to take the trouble to look the matter up or to give the subject a few moments' serious thought.

But in this case somebody has taken the trouble, and here is the answer given:

"The Jews drank, of course, but where are the Jews now? They are scattered over the earth without any national home.

"Greeks drank, of course, but where are the Greeks now? The Greek civilization is a matter of history and their descendants are now peddling peanuts to abstainers on the street corners of American cities.

"The Romans drank, of course, but where is the Roman empire today? It is a matter of ancient history, and the descendants of these drinking Romans are now prowling around American cities with monkeys and hand organs, living off the pennies tossed them by abstaining Americans.

"The Teutons drank, of course, but what 'liberty' did we get from the Teutons? The Teutons for years have been running away from the tyranny and oppression of the Teutonic government to find liberty under the prohibition laws of America.

"The Britons drank, of course. But it requires 300,000 of these drinking British-trained troops to subdue 25,000 abstaining Dutch farmers.

"Greece and Rome both died drunk."

"Wise men are now writing articles on the decay of France, another drinking nation.

"Russia has the delirium tremens, and will soon die or reform. Japan, a temperance nation, with the oldest dynasty on earth, chased the vodka-soaked Russians all over Eastern Asia."—*The Illinois Issue*.



A colored woman was brought before a West Virginia magistrate charged with inhuman treatment of her child. Evidence was clear that she had severely beaten the youngster, who was in court to exhibit his marks and bruises. Before imposing sentence the magistrate asked the woman if she had anything to say.

"Kin Ah ask yo' honah a question?"

His honor nodded.

"Well, then, yo' honah, I'd like to ask yo' whether yo' was ever the parent of a puffedly wuthless culled chile?"—*Everybody's Magazine*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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member of the INGLENOOK family and urge that you send in your subscription in time to secure one of the books as a premium. If you desire 52 copies of an illustrated magazine and a free copy of "Modern Fables and Parables" for almost one-half the regular price write us today.

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2 And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown

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afterward were the families of the Ca'naan-ites spread abroad.

19 And the border of the Ca'naan-ites was from Si'don, as thou comest to Ge'rar, unto 'Ga'za; as

B. C. 2218.

CHAP. 10.

ch. 13. 12, 14.

15.

ch. 15. 18, 21.

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28 ¶ And the rest of the people, the priests, the Le'vites, the porters, the singers, the Ne'th'i-nims, and all they that had separated themselves

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2 Or, Mash, Gen. 10:23.

and A'ram, and Uz, and Hu'l, and Ge'ther, and Me'sheeh.

18 And Ar-phax ad begat She'lah

and She'lah begat E'ber.

19 And unto E'ber were born two

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28 ¶ And the rest of the people, the priests, the Le'vites, the porters, the singers, the Ne'th'i-nims, and all they that had separated themselves

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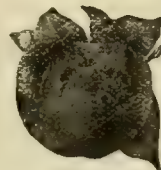
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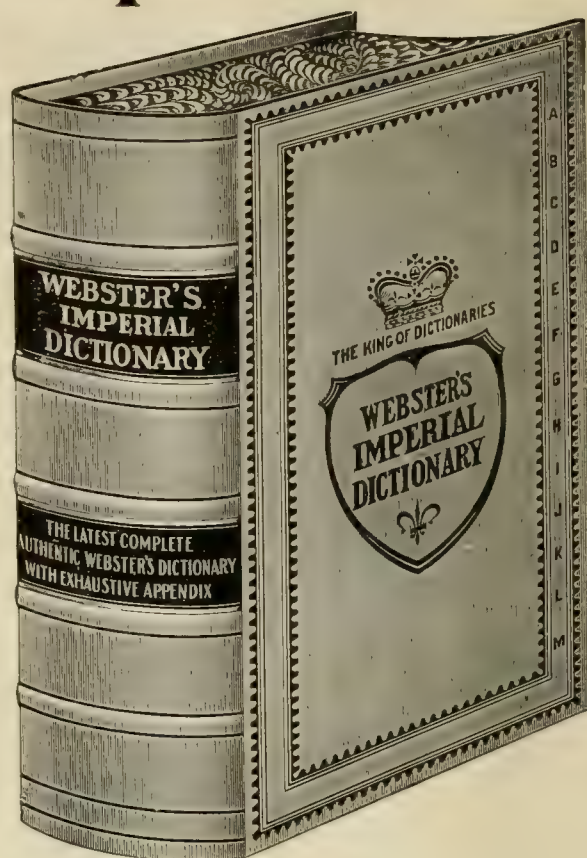
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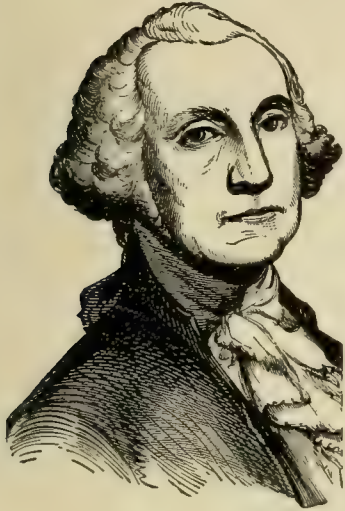
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—L. U. Hulin, in Ohio Educational Monthly.



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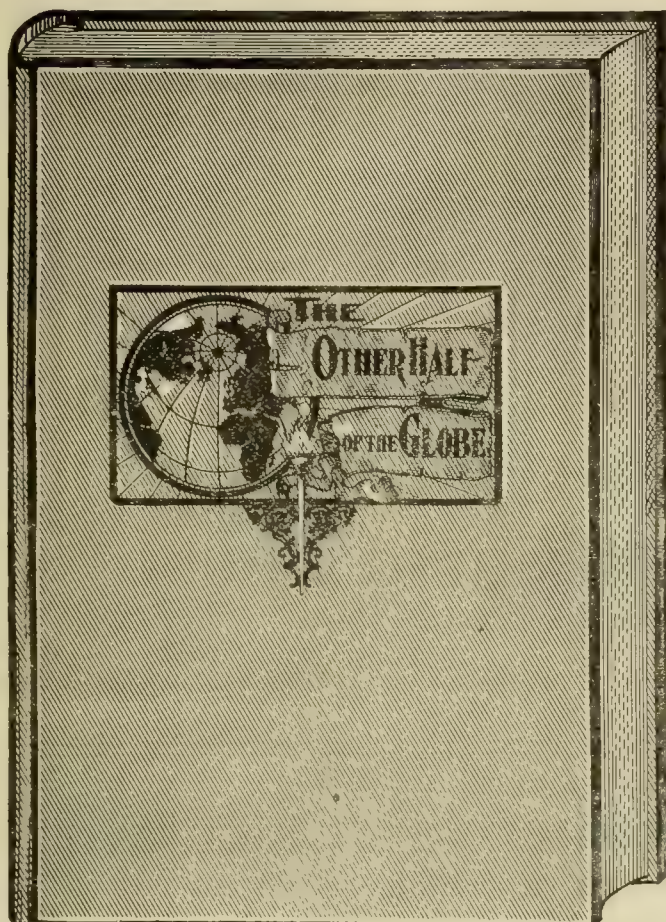
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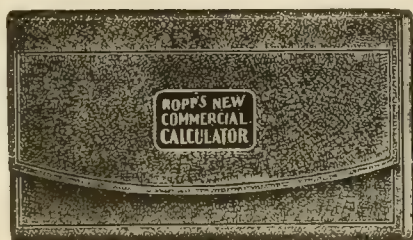


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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS. Nampa District.							
Name	Acres	Tons	per A.	Name	Acres	Tons	per A.
Mark Austin, ...	35	18		A. C. Coonard, ...	6	18½	
Company Farm, ..	90	16		Geo. Duval,	170	14	
Allen Bissett, ..	2	18		Rogers' Farm, ..	20	24	
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½		Gough & Merrill, ..	10	18	
C. G. Nofziger, ..	5	19		A. V. Linder, ...	25	16	
Geo. Duval,	6	26		David Betts,	14	15	
				Payette District.			
				C. M. Williams, ..	5	19	
				W. F. Ashinhurst, 3½	18		
				E. E. Hunter, ...	27	16	
				Wm. Hansen, ...	6	16	
				Melcher & Boor, ..	37	15	
				A. E. Wood,	18	16	
				P. A. Gregar, ...	6	15	
				R. F. Slone,	5	15	
				Thos. Weir,	14	23	
				Wm. Melcher, ..	21	22	
				S. Niswander, ...	26	17	
				John Ward,	10	22	
				W. B. Ross,	5	23	
Nampa District.							
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.				Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
				Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
				Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
				Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
				John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
				Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9
Kind of Grain	Bushels per A.	A.					
I. Hildreth,	58	15					

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

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D. E. Burley

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

February 23, 1909.

No. 8.

GEORGE WASHINGTON

D. Z. ANGLE

Life Sketches from Irving.

OUR first President was descended from ancient English stock, whose ancestry has been traced back to the century immediately succeeding the Norman conquest. In 1657 two brothers, John and Andrew, migrated to Virginia, settling near the Potomac River on Bridges Creek where John's grandson, Augustine, was born in 1694. He was twice married. By his first wife he had two sons, Lawrence and Augustine, who grew to maturity. By his second-wife, the beautiful Mary Ball, he had four sons, George, Samuel, John Augustine and Charles; and two daughters, Elizabeth and Mildred. George, the eldest, was born on the 22d of February, 1732 at the homestead on Bridges Creek, but while he was still an infant his father moved to an estate in Stafford County opposite Fredericksburg.

Educational facilities in Virginia at that time were limited. At fifteen Lawrence the eldest son was sent to England to be educated. George, who was fourteen years younger than Lawrence, received the best instruction, as he grew old enough, that the neighborhood afforded. This school was kept by one of his father's tenants named Hobby. The instruction was of the simplest kind, being reading, writing, and ciphering. But George had the benefit of mental and moral culture at home, from an excellent father. When seven or eight years of age his brother Lawrence returned from England a well educated and accomplished youth, who looked down upon George with a protecting eye, as the boy's dawning intelligence and perfect rectitude won his regard; while George looked up to his manly and cultured brother as a model in mind and manners.

Lawrence shortly afterward joined the English army, and served against the Spaniards in the West Indies with great distinction. Upon his return he was about to be married, when the nuptials were delayed by the death of his father which occurred April 12, 1743, when but forty-nine years of age. George

had been absent from home on a visit during his father's illness, and just returned in time to receive a parting look of affection. Augustine Washington left large possessions, distributed by will among his children. To Lawrence fell the estate on the banks of the Potomac, to which place he took his bride, a Miss Fairfax, after their marriage in July following. To this estate he gave the name of Mount Vernon in honor of Admiral Vernon, an English naval officer in the late war with Spain (1740).

George, when he became of age, was to have the house and lands on the Rappahannock. George, now eleven years of age, was under the guardianship of his mother, who proved entirely worthy of the trust. From her he inherited a high temper and a spirit of command, but her early precepts and example taught him to restrain and govern that temper, and to square his conduct on the exact principles of equity and justice. Tradition gives an interesting picture of the widow, with her little flock about her as was her daily wont, reading to them lessons of religion and morality out of some standard work. Her favorite volume was Sir Matthew Hale's "Contemplations, Moral and Divine." The admirable maxims therein contained, for outward action as well as self-government, sank deep into the mind of George, and, doubtless, had a great influence in forming his character. They were certainly exemplified in his conduct through life.

About this time George was sent to a superior school. His education, however, was plain and practical. His object, or that of his friends, seems to have been to fit him for ordinary business. His manuscript school-books still exist, and are models of neatness and accuracy. He was a self-disciplinarian in physical as well as mental matters, and practiced himself in all kinds of athletic exercises, such as running, leaping, wrestling, pitching quoits, and tossing bars. His frame even in infancy had been large and powerful, and he now excelled most of his playmates in contests of agility and strength. In horsemanship he was able

to manage the most fiery steed. Above all, his inherent probity and the principles of justice on which he regulated all his conduct, even at this early period of his life, were soon appreciated by his schoolmates; he was referred to as an umpire in their disputes, and his decisions were never reversed.

The attachment of Lawrence Washington to his brother George seems to have increased, and the latter was frequently a visitor at Mt. Vernon, where he often met and enjoyed the company of the family of William Fairfax, father-in-law of Lawrence. The society of these worthy and cultured people probably gave him ambition to acquit himself well while in company, and caused him to compile a code of morals and manners which still exists in a manuscript in his own handwriting, entitled "Rules for Behavior in Company and Conversation." It is extremely minute and circumstantial. Some of the rules for personal deportment extend to such trivial matters and are so quaint and formal as almost to provoke a smile; but in the main,

a better manual of conduct could not be put into the hands of a youth. The whole code evinces that rigid propriety and self-control to which he subjected himself, and by which he brought all the impulses of a somewhat ardent temper under conscientious government.

In his closing years in school George devoted himself to mathematics, especially to land surveying at which he became very proficient. He was thorough, painstaking, and methodical in all his work. Nothing was left half done, or done in a hurried or slovenly manner. The habit of mind thus cultivated continued throughout life; so that however complicated his tasks and overwhelming his cares, in the arduous and hazardous situations in which he was often placed, he found time to do everything, and do it well. He had acquired the magic of method, which of itself works wonders.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.

BLESSINGS IN RESERVE

NETTIE CULLER

WE are yet in the morning of a new era of which the twentieth century will be the beginning and for which the nineteenth has been a preparation. In our finite vision we often think that all possible things have already come to pass, but the great movements of the nineteenth century suggest not completeness but beginnings. Although we may not attempt to prophesy future events, we can draw from the study of past experience and present conditions reasonable inferences concerning the future.

Among the more significant changes that have taken place during the past century, and are still in progress are the achievements reached through steam and electricity. They have materially changed time and space, two great factors that enter into all lives. They have reduced the earth to a smaller scale; and have set it spinning at a much more rapid rate. So men have been brought into closer relations and the world's rate of progress has been wonderfully quickened. Thought and action are stimulated because of the increased ease of communication. New ideas are more speedily diffused, and public opinion is more quickly formed. Yet we must believe that all these quickening processes are as yet in their infancy. Many of them have been conceived in the minds of men within the last century.

Scientists are daily making new discoveries in every phase of their scientific research. If all that science has done for the world in this century were suddenly eradicated, it would leave our civilization in ruins.

The progress of science is so recent, that as yet we have scarcely a beginning of its innumerable applications to life. The field of knowledge is boundless. Each newly-found truth makes others more easily discovered. The truths of science are God's truths, and its laws are God's laws. We know not what more God has in store for us, for man discovers simply what God reveals. We must but realize that man's discoveries and inventions are but a part of God's great purpose.

The growth of democracy has been the salvation of much of Europe, and as yet it spreads its borders from nation to nation, and popular suffrage dictates the policy of the nations, the barriers that obstruct progress will be gradually removed. The death knell of successful despotism has been sounded. The discontent on the part of the workingmen in our land is prophetic of some great change in sociological conditions. No longer do the rich alone call for luxuries, but through the education of the many, the tastes of the poor are becoming very much like the desires of the rich, and the demand for universal equality must be recognized and met.

Students and statesmen are awakened to the fact that some movement,—momentous, though indefinite,—is passing like a great wave over the civilized world. Surely there are evidences that the present state of things is drawing to a close, and that new developments are at hand. As God's laws are more fully revealed, and more perfectly obeyed, new blessings

will be given us. Our very surroundings that are now void of beauty will be transformed into sweetest benedictions.

A hundred years ago the gates of Japan were closed to the world, but today she is enjoying a new civilization. She is eager to hold a place in the front ranks of progress. For years, blessings of enlightenment and culture lay dormant about her until Commodore Perry with his fleet of steamboats entered her harbor and made known to her the advantages of American civilization.

For centuries a barrier more immovable, and stronger than the great Chinese wall itself,—a wall of pride and prejudice, separated China from the world. But subdued by Western powers, her pride was humbled to employing foreigners to teach her sons shipbuilding, commerce and science.

So other nations have yielded to the irresistible, and are gradually and rapidly entering the light of Christian civilization. The door which is thus opened to Christianity has been only partially entered. Who may be able to conceive of the blessings that are now in reserve for the nations when they as one united whole have accepted the life-giving light of Christianity? Who can picture the consummate victory made possible by these now hidden treasures?

Modern missions have indeed done a great work, but they have but formed the nucleus of what remains yet to be accomplished. "The foothold has been secured, the fulcrum found, the gospel lever put in place," and may the near future see the mighty uplift. New blessings are gladly received, but greater than these shall ultimately follow.

Does the progress of the past indicate anything as to the progress of the future? Does not one great purpose run through all the law of history? As there is a unity in nature, there is a like one in history. The law of gravitation governs the physical creation; the workings of the intellect are governed by great laws of thought; the law of love governs the whole moral realm; but back of this there is one greater law that unites these different spheres in one infinite whole—even the great God himself.

In the material world this unity has been perfect, for things have no will-power and cannot disobey, but this harmony where there is no liberty is devoid of moral beauty. Could humanity be as obedient to the Divine Law as nature to natural law, then would the universe be crowned with blessings too vast for the finite mind even to comprehend. The wonderful discoveries of steam and electricity with their manifold blessings were concealed in the earth's great bosom until the intellect was sufficiently cultivated to delve into mystery, and wrest from the depths these wonderful achievements.

As the nations have developed and progressed, growing more and more into a harmonious whole, the

intellectual, too, has been carefully and continually cared for. Colleges, seminaries and universities have filled our beloved nation. The rich and poor alike may be satisfied by refreshing nectar from the unfailing fount of knowledge.

Are we not on the threshold of a great intellectual dawn? May there not be in God's bounteous storehouse innumerable blessings in reserve? May not the youths of the coming century grasp what is now to us the longed-for unknown and soar from our limited vision into the realms of supreme knowledge? May not our exalted heights be to them mere stepping-stones? Ah! we have beheld only the faintest possibilities! The future, with learning's longed-for prize, reaches eagerly toward our noble sons and daughters. To them it will reveal the mystery of the unknown depths.

New Paris, Ind.



THE OBELISKS.

T. H. FERNALD.

THE obelisk was the Egyptian symbol of the Supreme God. By the Arabians they were called "Pharaoh's Needles," and by the Egyptian priests the "Fingers of the Sun."

The first obelisk is said to have been erected by King Rameses of Egypt in the time of the Trojan war, and was forty cubics high and twenty thousand men were employed in its erection. Rome has about one dozen Egyptian obelisks erected within its borders. One was erected by Emperor Augustus in the Campus Martius, about 14 B. C., at the base of which was a dial marking the hours. Of these obelisks brought to Rome by the emperor the largest is that from Heliopolis. It was of granite and is situated in front of the church of St. John Lateran, where it was placed in 1588. It is about one hundred and forty-nine feet high; without the base about one hundred and five feet. Constantine removed it to Alexandria, and his son Constantius removed it to Rome and placed it in the Circus Maximus. The obelisk at Luxor was presented to France in 1820, by Mehemet Ali, and set up in Paris in 1833, and is seventy-three feet in height.

One obelisk, sixty-eight feet, five and one-half inches high, with a base seven feet, ten and one-half inches by seven feet, five inches, was presented to England, and set up on the Thames embankment, in London.

There are forty-two Egyptian obelisks known, many of which are now broken. Twelve are in Rome; one from Luxor at Paris; five in England; and one in the United States.

Washington and Bunker Hill monuments may also be termed obelisks. The Washington obelisk is five hundred and fifty-five feet high and was dedicated

(Continued on Page 177.)

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLVI.

IN going up Mars' Hill there is a path that leads up over rough stones and steep inclines. The very first step to this path from the ridge of the Acropolis is over a rock three or four feet high.

The two girls from the Ladies' Seminary in Genoa were just about to climb over this rock when I reached them, so I put out my hand and begged to assist them up so difficult a climb, taking the little Italian hand of each and gracefully—they did the "graceful" part—lifting them to the rock and following them up the irregular path to the highest point of the hill, daring to ask them a few questions in poor Italian. They had been driven in a carriage, but they had only a little time in which to see the Acropolis.

Before hastening away to lunch I did as most all Christians do on the same spot,—read the latter half of the seventeenth chapter of Acts: "For as I passed along, and observed the objects of your worship, I found also an altar with this inscription, TO AN UNKNOWN GOD.

What therefore you worship in ignorance, this set I forth unto you." The remainder of this energetic chapter shows up Paul at his best. Like any other traveler visiting the city for the first time he passed around among the ruins on the Acropolis, as he plainly says, pausing here and there just as any other tourist pauses, and meditating upon the dead past. But Paul was the only one of all the travelers who saw ruins here. For he beheld the magnificence in its future condition. The buildings and monuments he saw here were probably then in their most complete and beau-

tiful arrangement. Their number was complete. Every god had his temple or his statue. When all the known gods and goddesses had been enthroned in costly marble, one was brought here and set up with no name at all. The officials didn't know what to call it. The masons traveling about its base, left it stand much as the blank gravestone is erected on the new burying lot ready to be inscribed with the name of the first one who dies in the family. Here the analogy ends, for when Paul chiseled the name of God upon this blank stone on Mars' Hill, God's life was beginning to live among them, and all the other gods died.

The Genoese girls continued their sight-seeing amid the ruins as I ran down the hill into the city with its narrow, strange streets, noticing the small, open shops, the meat and fish stalls where no putrid flesh could be offered for sale as is sold daily in our country. As in Paris, so here the drinkers and loafers sat idly in chairs about little tables right on the sidewalk or in the street itself. There seemed to be no beggars.

Everybody had something to do or money to idle. I should like to return to study the municipal government of Athens. It ought to be the most wisely-ordered city on the globe, with possible exceptions in Rome and Jerusalem.

At Grand Hotel Pateros were many tourists from England and the United States, taking their luncheon. The tables were all full. With a note written in Greek by the proprietor, to the postmaster in Athens, I went to the general office and bought a stamp each of all the stamps used in Greece and mailed them back



to Rome to an Englishman keeping a drugstore—pharmacie—opposite the Grand Hotel. He had entrusted to me a sum of money for this purpose, so that I might gather for him in every country unused postage stamps of all denominations.

On the way back from the postoffice I tried to talk Greek to a fat citizen who asked me to please pronounce my words with the right accent. "Kai?" he kept saying to every sentence I formed. "Kai!" and looked at me for more Greek, long after it had all

if the word was made to appear to be coming from his mouth on the left side of his face, it would look as if he were pronouncing it *backward*. Had he been wise, knowing I was to honor him by taking the time and expense of putting his picture here in the INGLENOOK, he would have turned the *other way*. The work of reproducing this bust—*bust!* will be engraved upon *zinc*. But I suppose that when my book comes out, like every secret finally does, and it gets into Athens, this fellow will be mad because the publisher did not



"And that is the Parthenon!" I exclaimed, my heart beating like a drum as I hurriedly stumbled over the marble wreckage of ages.

run out. I said, "Yes, sire,—K-a-i! I am an American from Chicago." "Kai!" he replied, getting out of the way of a porter with a trunk on his back, "kai!" To say this as *he* wished to say it, he opened wide his mouth, threw back the upper part of his head that was movable, and pulled down the lower part, so that the fat, instead of thinning out by elongation of adipose, only hung in chunks upon his big, square face. I could have counted three-fourths of his fine teeth, every one sound and white save one in the lower front jaw. I have sketched him in one of his flying trapeze acts of saying K-a-i!

The rascal had his face turned the wrong way, so in order to represent him as *talking*, I had to cause the word K-A-I to take a "fly" around his black head, for

sculpture it—the bust—upon stone,—that is *marble*, he being an Athenian.

Though we did not converse well, it was striking how nearly modern Greek is like the Greek of Homer. The signs over the shops are painted in Greek characters. The advertising in the windows is printed in big Greek letters. The modern Greek is rather thick and short, as if the original copy of the various peoples of the earth, by oft-repeated use among other races, had, like the boy's copy at school, finally lost the teacher's personal flourish of form and been degraded into a scrawl, which while it had lost in beauty and symmetry, had gained the more practical expression for the boy who was to use it. So with the modern Greek. He will build in human charac-

ter what he has lost in deathless stone. His noble mind, long since turned from philosophy and art, will turn the intensity of its original strength upon the natural development of the spirit-haunted land. The little land of Minerva will smile in a landscape of cultivated fields, the bare mountains of Zeus will be enlivened by bright little homes of the common people. The Bible, and not Homer, will be her epic. The Bible, and not Plato, will be her argument. Christ, and not Jupiter, will kindle her imagination until the sea-cut land of the Mediterranean and Ægean will win again the trophy cup of victory, that like the statue of the Goddess of Victory represented in the ruin of the still beautiful shrine, the "Temple of Wingless Victory," will be without wings, and will never leave the home of the most magnificent in art of marble or speech or thought the world has yet to show the thankful pilgrim.

I ate my Grecian dinner with some haste. There was too much to eat outside. Again I went into the Square de la Concord, passing across and out of one of the several boulevards leading from it. Again I sought the Acropolis and took my last look at the imposing mountains. Again I looked into the plain of Marathon where Darius was defeated by Miltiades, and again my eyes fell upon the plain of Attica, a little east of Marathon, with the grand form of Mount Pentelicus and the warm sea to temper its gentle flowing breeze. Again my toes stumbled at innumerable fragments of a glorious past, as my tongue had tripped, some years before, over the fragments of the Grecian language I was mastering. Again my eye was bewildered at the strewn wreckage of altar, pillar, frieze and platform. Again—but the *Letimbro* was firing up her furnaces, sending great clouds of smoke to the west. My half day in Greece was nearly gone. With the queer Grecian ticket still in my hand as a souvenir of Athens, I ran through the turnstile of the exit and past the clamoring collector, who first objected and then allowed me to keep the ticket after he had punched it full of holes.

Out over the blue sea the kind boatmen rowed me back to the *Letimbro*. On her clean deck I stretched my tired legs and lay, propped on my right elbow, with my gaze always upon the panorama of the Acropolis, her background of mountain, and her wonderful atmosphere above. Bending her arch of blue, the sky, as if never close enough, guarded her treasure fields, pouring down upon them the golden splendor of summer's sunshine. At this distance, with exactly the same sea lying between us and practically the same shore line, the same sun and the same rare air, as in the days of Athen's power, I saw her only as she lay there, twenty-three centuries before the *Letimbro* throbbed with steam-filled cylinders below me. Sails decked the sea. Demosthenes warned with matchless eloquence the coming of the Macedonian,

whose fleet even now could be seen in the far distance against the dark face of Mount Pentelicus. The Parthenon gleamed strangely near. Yonder Corinthian pillar and Doric shaft, columns of ineffaceable beauty, looked down upon Homer, walking about alone and in ecstatic meditation. Along the frieze of the Olympian Temple to Jove, Phidias crawled with chisel and hammer, to finish the last touches of his imperishable masterpiece. It it wasn't Phidias, it was some other Greek whose name is immortal and whose honor is secure. In that amphitheatre Sophocles heard his plays, the models of all tragedy today. There, on the marble-strewn hills, the world's greatest poetry, speech and architecture first spread their wings of flight to take to every modern nation the inspiration for poet, orator and builder. There Paul, the apostle, the servant of God, stood for a brief series of sermons, on his way to die for the cross.

Little islands rise grandly around us. The *Letimbro* changes her course to avoid, now one, now another of these beauty spots of the Ægean. She is sailing through the Grecian Archipelago, coasting the same rock-roughed shore coasted by the Trojans.—coasting the blue Ægean.

The last, long rays of the setting sun, tipping the columns of temple ruins we are passing along the shore, have gone. Night steals softly over the land and sea. The faint moonlight hides the passing grandeur in gauzy dreams.

But in my mind, as clear as brilliant noontime, the silent majesty of the Acropolis unrolls, in added splendor, her long curtain of heroic achievement and I find myself so grateful to dear old *Letimbro* who has brought me here, I am trying to put my arms around her, to pay her in hugs what the land of Apollo has given me through her kindness, in artistic and honest inspiration.

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THE BACKSLIDER.

WHEN a tornado eradicated the "Loyal Saints'" frame church at Silver Dell the ruling elders met in solemn session to discuss the situation. There had been no insurance on the building because the *powers* that *be* did not think Providence would destroy anything raised in its name. It *was* somewhat perplexing until Brother Samuel Walker, a pioneer torch-bearer, reasoned it out:

"That building wasn't good enough," he said, "and Providence decided we needed a bigger and a better church. That's why it let the jimmy-cane uproot it. Now, what we want to do is to pray good and hard for another church—pray with faith, long and earnestly—and it'll shore come."

So they held regular prayer meetings in one of the members' homes once or twice a week to supplicate for a new church building, a much larger and finer

one than the old, with a parsonage, a library and a preacher's study room. There is no limit to the Lord's bounty, and it were a reflection on his power not to ask enough while about it.

For a while it was the most faithful little colony of believers that ever worked in Silver Dell, but as the months drifted by without anything happening there was some anxiety, and they began casting about to learn where the trouble was. During a meeting at Sister Jarboe's one night, Bro. Walker disclosed the weak link in the chain of faith.

"There is a brother who has not lent the influence of his presence to these meetings," said Mr. Walker, gravely. "You all know who I mean. When the church was organized, Brother Hiram Turner was one of the foremost in the work; he helped in the building, plastered the walls himself, made the seats and donated two stoves. He was always in his place to lead in the singing and praying, and we looked upon him as one of our strongest pillars. Now, where is he? Why isn't he here, assisting us with his prayers and supplications? No one has seen him. He's a lost sheep; a backslider; a wanderer from the fold. He may be in the depths of sin. But the Lord hasn't forgotten him, nor our duty to him. We must bring the erring brother back by entreating him kindly with forgiving words."

During the day, it became known around town that Brother Turner had been seen by the committee, but he would not make any explanation of his strange conduct. He merely said he would attend the meeting at Brother Walker's. The committee reported that "there was a fierce gleam in his eye as he said it, and his jaws seemed to go together with a snap."

This news, rapidly circulated about the village, brought out a big crowd, so large, in fact, that many had to stand outside by the raised windows to see in.

The backslider had not taken any particular pains to dress for the occasion. He wore his pants stuffed in long boots, and there was no coat over his flannel shirt. There was a peculiar alertness about his eyes, as they roved from one accuser to another. The features were somewhat rough, but not harsh. He didn't look like a bad man, but rather a determined one.

"Brother Turner," said Mr. Walker, arising and addressing the accused, "I understand you have an apology to make for not attending our prayer meetings—the most important meetings that have been held since this church was organized."

The backslider got up and, standing by his chair, with one hand resting on the back, thus addressed the eagerly curious throng about him:

"I am not here to apologize. The brother has made a mistake. I am here to tell why I have not been taking part in these meetings. I was not too busy to attend. It wasn't far to go. My farm is only a few

miles down the creek. And it's not because I've lost my religion. I think I'm as great a believer as I ever was, and that my faith gets stronger as I grow older; but I don't ask God to build me a house until I till the fields and raise a crop to pay for it. If he did, what need would there be for me to work? If he had your meetinghouse blown down, it was because he had enough confidence in you to think you'd get busy and build a bigger and better one. He thought you'd be glad of the chance to do something for him. It must have been some sort of a surprise when he heard you were laying the ruination of your house on him and acting like he owed another one in place of it. If you people were poverty-stricken and going about on crutches, there might be some sense in praying for things you couldn't get yourselves; but it makes me weary to see strong, healthy folks flopping down on their knees and asking the Almighty to relieve them of the very burdens he has imposed to make 'em Christian soldiers.

"Now, if you people want to build a new church, I've got this to say: Out on my farm is a herd of fifty cattle. I'll sell a tenth of them and give you the proceeds. Same way with the hogs and the corn and other stuff I raise. But you must do likewise, else I'll give it to some other church. We got a-plenty to build the best church in this town without hurting ourselves, and when we get it built, then I'll come and pray with you that the Lord will give us other burdens for his sake. That's the only way we can reach the seats of the mighty in the Kingdom of God."—*Home Herald*.



THE NATURE AND CAUSE OF SEASICKNESS.

It is now generally admitted that there are two kinds of seasickness—a purely psychical form, due to "suggestion," and a true physical seasickness, due probably to disorder of the sympathetic nervous system.

Dr. F. Regnault was the first to differentiate "seasickness of the imagination" from true seasickness. The former type is particularly that to which persons are subject who are seasick on land. Some, through the mere recollection of the suffering gone through on a previous sea journey, are seasick when they watch a vessel entering port; others are similarly affected on boarding a vessel at anchor in port; others again cannot escape seasickness whenever they travel by ship, even if the sea is as smooth as glass. In the same class are usually persons who are subject to "carsickness" in traveling by rail or in a carriage.

This seasickness by suggestion is highly contagious. Dr. Bérillon quotes his own case: "During a trip across the English Channel I was bearing up pretty well, when some friends near me started telling stories about seasickness. I felt that I was going to suc-

cumb to it unless I asked them to change the subject of their conversation."

This form of seasickness works in strange freaks. One man may invariably be sick in the Mediterranean, never on the Atlantic; with another it may be just the other way about. Still another rides unscathed through a stormy sea, but is sick in calm weather. One is immune on the open sea, but falls a prey to the sickness on lakes or rivers, while a second, who thought he had finally conquered the trouble, suffers as on his first trip, if he travels on a different type of boat. Examples might be multiplied. While the essential cause of seasickness lies in the motion of the vessel, many persons, including those subject to the "imaginary" variety of seasickness, ascribe it to other causes, such as the evil odors emanating from the hold, from the engine, from tar, etc., or to the noise of the screw, of the engine, and so on.

This seasickness by suggestion is curable, according to Dr. Maillet, who quotes a large number of cases of persons who have been cured by preventive suggestion. As a matter of fact it is purely by suggestion that some of the quaint remedies occasionally recommended have sometimes proved efficacious—though never in really rough weather. Of such remedies one may be quoted here: "Take a fish that has been found in the stomach of another fish, cook it, season with pepper, and eat it as you go on board."

While seasickness due to suggestion is curable, the same is not the case with true seasickness, for which no efficacious remedy is known. This form will, in a raging tempest, attack even sailors who have been on the water since childhood, and who are greatly surprised when they succumb to it. In this case then the attack occurs even in the face of suggestion to the contrary.

Numerous theories have been proffered to explain this true seasickness. The two that appear most rational are the theory of cerebral disturbance, which attributes the trouble to the concussion of the cephalo-rachidian fluid by the motion of the vessel; and the abdominal theory, according to which the irritation produced by the friction of the abdominal organs against one another affects the nerve ganglions, thus producing by reflex action all the symptoms of seasickness. In this connection Dr. Maillet draws attention to the observation which must be familiar to all, that the distressing sensation experienced in a sudden descent, as an elevator or a switch-back railway, is unmistakably located in the abdomen.

The hardened sailor rarely falls a prey to seasickness, because he has, as it were, become part and parcel with the vessel, as a horseman with his horse. His body yields and instinctively follows the most irregular motions of the ship.

While there is at present no cure for seasickness, some relief can be given by applying an abdominal

bandage, which diminishes the swaying of the internal organs.—*Translated for the Scientific American Supplement from Cosmos.*

INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT JAPAN.

JAPAN has nearly 50,000,000 people, more than half as many as the United States.

The word "Mikado" signifies something like "the Sacred Gate" or "the Sublime Porte."

Rice is the common food of the common people.

Sixteen cents a day is now good pay for unskilled labor in Japan. Ten years ago it was six cents.

Japan has few millionaires and practically no multimillionaires.

Tokio is a hundred years older than St. Petersburg.

Japanese dead are buried in a squatting posture, chin upon knees.

Fujityama, the volcano that appears in all Japanese pictures, is 12 365 feet high, and 10,000 pilgrims ascend it every year.

The Japanese people, even the poor, travel much in their own country.

Modern Japanese coins and bank notes bear legends in English as well as in Japanese.

It is quite proper, even complimentary, to ask a lady's age in Japan.

The Japanese "Hello!" at the telephone is "Moshi Moshi!" or "Ano ne!" with the accent on the "nay."

Kissing and shaking hands are rarely practiced in Japan.

Japanese mothers do not kiss their children, though they press their lips to the forehead or cheek of a very young baby.

Japanese inns furnish fresh toothbrushes every morning free to every guest. The brush is of wood, shaped like a pencil and frayed to a tufty brush of fibre at the large end.

Japan has one of the largest steamship companies in the world, with service to the United States and to England by way of Suez.—*Selected.*

PREVENTION OF WASTE.

THE cheapness of writing material has developed a great waste in its use. This is especially true in our schools. When our State inspector called on us this year, he spoke of the lack of economy in the use of scratch tablets in the schools he visits, and remarked that during his inspection of the schools in Germany, the students there were not permitted to remove leaves from their notebooks, and when all the space had been utilized the pupil took the tablet to his teacher to get permission to procure a new one.

We have followed the German plan in our grades except that leaves may be removed for work to be handed in, but only with the consent of the teacher. The results have been gratifying to us, for our waste baskets are not more than full; the pernicious habit

of crumpling paper is not being formed, and we are teaching our young people a practical lesson in economy.—*Exchange*.



A BRIGHT DOG.

MR. F. F. CAVE was called up over the telephone this morning by Dr. J. W. Hull, the veterinary surgeon, and informed that his valuable pointer was running up a doctor bill at Dr. Hull's hospital.

Dr. Hull declared that when he arrived at his office this morning the dog was sitting in front of the door. When the doctor entered the dog followed him, walking with a decided limp. The animal permitted the doctor to make an examination, and he discovered it had been shot in the left hind leg, apparently with a 22-caliber bullet.

Dr. Hull dressed the wound and the dog left, wagging its tail gratefully. In about two hours the animal returned and Dr. Hull dressed the wound again. It departed as before, but returned after an interval and would not leave until the doctor had again examined its foot.

Dr. Hull knew the dog, and it was at this stage that he telephoned Mr. Cave, stating that he did not wish to take him unawares when he sent in his bill. The dog had visited Dr. Hull's office quite often when the firm had occasion to take horses there to be treated, and seemed to know where to go when it needed a surgeon.

The dog's wound is not serious, and there is no clue to the identity of the cruel wretch who did the shooting.—*Burlington Gazette*.

LARGEST CHIMES IN THE WORLD.

THE four chimes for the great clock in the tower of the Metropolitan Life Insurance Company Building, in Madison Square, New York City, weigh respectively 1,500, 2,000, 5,000 and 7,000 pounds. The largest is seventy inches in diameter. They are tuned in G, F natural, E flat and B flat and will strike either on the half hour or quarter hour—just which has not as yet been decided. They are to be mounted on pedestals between the marble pillars outside the forty-sixth story.

The bells were cast by the Meneely Bell Company of Troy, N. Y., and are the largest and costliest chimes in the world. They will ring out their melodies at a height of 650 feet above the street level. They are made of Lake Superior copper and imported block tin, which is supposed to give the sweetest tones. Probably not before April 1 will the chimes be in place striking the hours indicated by the twenty-five-foot hands on the great clock face.—*New York World*.



THE OBELISKS.

(Continued from Page 171.)

Feb. 22, 1885, while the Bunker Hill obelisk was erected in commemoration of the battle whose name it bears, which took place June 17, 1775. Marquis de La Fayette, just fifty years later, laid the corner-stone. The base is thirty feet square, and the monument is two hundred and thirty-one feet high. It was dedicated in 1843. These last two are the most famous of American obelisks.

Belfast, Me.

BEFORE THE GOSPELS WERE

Ye are witnesses of these things.—Luke 24:48.

Long noons and evenings after he was gone,
Mary the mother, Matthew, Luke and John,
And all of those who loved him to the last,
Went over all the marvel of the past—
Went over all the old familiar ways
With tender talk of dear remembered days.
They walked the roads that never gave him rest—
Past Jordan's ford, past Kedron's bridge,
Up Olivet, up Hermon's ridge,
To that last road, the one they loved the best.

This way he passed with Jarius, this the place
He called the light back to the maiden's face—
A slow strange light as when the dawn fills up
In her first hour a lily's pallid cup.
There was the shadow of the cedar tree
Where he would sit and look on Galilee,
And think on all that had been and must be,
And yonder was the secret trail he trod

Where birds were feeding as the guests of God;
And where the lilies, lighted by the sun,
Made dim the glory of King Solomon.
And then Jerusalem, where once he came,
His words all sword and flame
For those who buy and sell the Holy Name—
'Twas there he lifted up the little child,
Its heart all wonder wild;
Yes, lifted up a child for all to see
The secret of the Kingdom that shall be.

So huddling often by the chimney blaze,
Or going down the old remembered ways
On many a lingering walk,
They held their wonder-talk,
Minding each other of some sacred spot,
Minding each other of a word forgot;
So gathered up till all the whispered words
Went to the four winds like a flight of birds!

—Edwin Markham.

Nature Studies



PETS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

As a rule all civilized people have pets, for our domestic animals are only wild animals tamed.

The dog is only a species of wolf; the common barnyard fowl is a direct descendant of the jungle fowl of Asia; while the turkey still roams the woods and hills in its untamed state.

While the majority of people confine their efforts to the usual animals, some apparently desire to prove the apostolic statement that all animals can and have been tamed by man, and make pets of some quite unusual kinds.

Yet there is no valid reason why they should not be tamed, for many believe that to be the normal state of all creation. You may often see birds flying around cattle and even alighting on them. You may never have injured a bird in your life, yet did you ever have one to put such trust in you? Why not? Certainly not because of any *natural* cause, but they have learned that man is an animal to be dreaded and avoid his presence. If by any means you are able to overcome this *acquired* fear, then you have succeeded in petting the animal.

How is this to be done? Read O'Reilly's poem on "Habit" and you have the key to the situation.

"How can I a habit break?
As you did the habit make."

The fear of man is a habit acquired because they have been taught by experience that they may be harmed, and by not harming them they may be tamed.

Fish.

Many persons would be surprised to be told that fish could be petted, yet such is a fact. One of my youthful attempts was to collect a number of fish from an almost dry pool and place them in a tank supplied by means of a windpump. They took kindly to their new home and soon were thriving on the corn, etc., dropped by the horses and the larvæ of mosquitoes which they absolutely exterminated, not one of them being allowed to reach maturity. They would catch flies from the side of the tank, often leaping far from the water and never missing their aim.

Soon they became so accustomed to me that I

could put my hand in the water and they would swim around it searching for crumbs which I sometimes fed them. If the treat was not forthcoming they would nibble at my fingers as if to remind me that they had not yet been fed.

Sometimes I would dip them out in a dish and take them away to show to wondering persons.

Their fate is unknown to me. They, with the exception of a few that died, were there when I left the farm, years after.

Dove.

At another time I was plowing and disturbed a dove's nest. One egg had failed to hatch and the bird from the other was not old enough to be left to shift for itself. I took it home with me, intending to rear it by hand and give it its liberty as soon as it was able to care for itself.

How was I to feed it? I had often seen the young robins and others open their mouths to the utmost extent and solicit aid from the human visitors to their nest, but coax as I would I was unable to induce this bird to do so. On the contrary it frantically resisted all efforts to force open its bill. While holding it in my hands it thrust its bill between my fingers and lo! the mystery was solved. Instantly it opened its bill and eagerly swallowed the morsels placed therein.

I arranged it a roost on a closed porch where it would be safe from cats and that was its home till it was able to fly. When that time came I took it out into the orchard, placed it on a bough, and bade it farewell. When night came, what was my surprise to see it back begging to be let into the house again. Did I do so? Certainly. All summer long it remained with us, flying to us around the yard as fearlessly as any bird could.

Late in November it disappeared, with another dove which seemed to desire to remain with it.

For three succeeding summers a dove had a nest in an apple tree near the house and it was so little afraid of me that I could go close enough to it to almost touch it. I always felt sure that it was my pet, for when I would call it by its name to which it used to answer, it would act as if it almost wanted to come to me.

Tadpole.

Once reading an article on the effect of sunlight I was struck by the statement that sunlight was essential to the development of tadpoles. One day in the latter part of August I was passing a wayside puddle, almost dry, in which were a few almost dead tadpoles. Taking them home with me, I placed them in a small spring. But one survived; however, he was a fine specimen of his race. He grew to be more than four inches in length and large in proportion. The spring was covered closely and on May following the spring was left open.

He had made no progress toward froghood, but when left to the effect of sunlight he began to develop a pair of legs.

With the approach of July the spring began to fail so much that I dug a new home for him. While waiting for the water to settle he was placed in a dish and left in the smoke house. On going after him an hour or two later he was not to be found. What became of him I never knew but always blamed the rats, for there was no means of anything else reaching him.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

**GATHERING ORCHIDS.**

ORCHIDS are the cheapest of flowers, cheap when one takes into account the cost of obtaining them both in money and in human life. The adventures of the collectors who search for this strange plant through almost unknown regions would fill many books. They are almost always Germans, for they must have unbounded patience as well as courage, power to endure hardship, and combine with these virtues great fluency in languages and the knowledge of a professor of science.

Some years ago a collector for an English firm was sent to New Guinea to look for a new *Dendrobium*, then very rare. He went to the country, dwelt among the natives for six months, faring as they fared and living among very trying conditions. At last he collected about four hundred of the plants. He loaded a schooner with them, but when he put into a port in New Dutch Guinea the ship was burnt to the water's edge. He was ordered to go back for more, and he did. He found a magnificent collection of the orchids growing in a native burial ground among exposed skulls and bones.

After much hesitation the natives allowed him to remove the plants, some of them in the skulls, and sent with the assignment a little idol to watch over them. It is small wonder that these plants sold at prices varying from five to one hundred and fifty dollars apiece.

A collector's life is in jeopardy from the time he begins his search till it is ended. Oftentimes the danger is not over then, for he may become impreg-

nated with the germs of an incurable fever or become a hopeless invalid. Eight naturalists, seeking various specimens, once dined together in Tamatave, and one year later there was but a single survivor. Even he was terribly afflicted, for, after a sojourn in a most malarious swamp, he spent twelve months in a hospital and left without a hope of restored health. Two collectors of a single plant died one after the other. A collector, detained at Panama, went to look for an orchid of which he had heard; the Indians brought him back from the swamps to die.

An authority on the subject shows that these dangers must be encountered invariably if rare or new orchids are to be found, for he speaks of one which "clings to the very tip of a slender palm in swamps which even the Indians regard with dread as the chosen home of the mosquito and fevers." And the difficulties of the work are as great as the dangers. One collector was known to wade in mud up to his waist for a fortnight seeking for a specimen of which he had heard; another lived among Indians for eight months looking in untracked forests for a lost variety. To obtain the orchid which grows on trees the collector must hire the tract of woodland, with the right to fell the trees.

The natives cannot be trusted to climb to the summits and gather the plants, and the collector cannot spare the time. So the wasteful plan of felling the trees is adopted, and the collector gathers his specimens from the fallen trunks. This, however, takes place far inland, and the plants must then be brought home. This is easier said than done. In one case they had to be carried six weeks on men's backs from the mountains to the Essequibo River; then six weeks in canoes, with twenty portages, to Georgetown, and then over the ocean.

The same authority, before mentioned, talks of a trip to the Roraima Mountains as quite easy traveling, yet it involved thirty-two loadings and unloadings of the cargo, and in another direction "one must go in the bed of a torrent and on the face of a precipice, alternately for an uncertain time, with a river to cross almost every day." After all this trouble the specimens often die on the voyage.—*Selected.*



"If a little word of mine
May make a life the brighter,
If any little song of mine
May make a heart the lighter,
God help me speak the little word
And take my bit of singing
And drop it in some lonely vale,
To set the echoes ringing."



"A NARROW rut that leads somewhere is better than a wide road with no particular destination."

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THE RESPONSIBILITY OF PARENTS.

"TRAIN up a child in the way he should go: and when he is old, he will not depart from it." This is the verdict of the man who had his wisdom from God. The natural conclusion is that if, in the process of growing up, the child is not found going in the way he should, the parents are to blame and should be punished, when punishment is due, and not the child. People who have to deal with the delinquencies of children are coming to take this view of the matter and it may be we can look for decided improvement in the next generation of children. Parents who do not conscientiously follow Solomon's advice for the children's own sake and for the sake of the welfare of the country, may be induced to do so "to save their own hides," as it were.

One writer, speaking of this position taken by a certain officer, says: "There is more merit in the opinion of the Colorado secretary of the Bureau of Child and Animal Protection that parents of bad children should be punished for the misconduct of their offspring than one would suppose at first thought. If the State had the power to bring parents to the bar of justice when their children went wrong, there would perhaps be a more determined effort to see that boys and girls lived in accordance with the ideals of civilization."

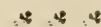
A certain truant officer in Illinois is putting this theory into practice in handling the cases of "chronic" truants. His advice to fellow-truant officers is this: "Swear out a warrant for the father whose boy is out of school, and hale him before a justice. You will be surprised to see how quickly that boy becomes a regular attendant. By the time he has settled costs, often amounting to a neat little sum, that father will find out that it's really cheaper to let his boy attend to his studies than to stay out on the excuse of earning money. I believe there are some parents that

would keep their children running errands for a week if they could earn a quarter."

Of course the parents of unruly children get a good deal of punishment in having to live with their impudent, disobedient offspring, but the fact that it is "nobody else's business," helps to make this bearable and at the same time dulls any desire to mend matters. On the other hand, if the actions of the child bring him into conflict with the law and the latter turns to the parents for satisfaction, they are bound to acknowledge their failure and in the majority of cases will take the proper method to set themselves right in the eyes of the public which in other words means that they will have better-behaved children.

One is made to wonder sometimes in observing the trials of parents of disobedient, disrespectful children, what motives such parents had for bringing children into the world, aside from that of disproving the race-suicide charge. To be sure, there is a lot of talk in these days about child-training, but the modern version of Solomon's advice is, "Train up a child in the way he *wants* to go." and, naturally, when he is grown, "all the king's horses and all the king's men" cannot move him a hairbreadth from that way, to say nothing of what that way is. Parents are possessed with the idea that the child must not be in any way repressed. To have the ideal man, they say, we should develop the natural tendencies of the child. As if they did not know—though they might if they would take the second thought—that two or three generations of such "developing" would take us back to savagery. The savages give us an excellent example of the development of "natural" tendencies.

We trust that some plan, whether the one we have referred to or some other, may be found whereby parents may have a greater sense of their responsibility and children may come to have a greater regard for the rights of others and greater respect for authority of whatever nature.



OUR FIRST PRESIDENT.

THE anniversary of the birth of our first President, with all its recollections of a noble man's life, has a permanent place in the program of the twentieth century. As each year is counted off, the characteristic virtues of George Washington are held up before the hero-worshiping eyes of the boys and girls of our land, and into their characters are woven some of the threads that go to make up the pattern of such a life.

We should, in the first place, be thankful that our land has been blessed by the life of one whose kingly deeds helped to make our country the favored land it is. In the second place we should be thankful because our land continues to be *inhabited by those* who place a high estimate on the *services* of such men as Washington and Lincoln. It needs no prophet to see

that so long as the good in men's lives is thus extolled, we shall make marked progress along the road that leads to the highest and best in national life.

This year when we have just celebrated the centenary of Lincoln birth and have endeavored to give due honor and praise to the name of that great man, his place in the hearts of the people may seem to overshadow that of the great Washington. But Washington's name and fame will not suffer through our praise of any other loyal American citizen. Whatever of honor is accorded to the one who gave himself for the preservation of the nation will only add luster to the name of him who dedicated himself to the terrible trial of bringing it forth. As long as the nation has a place among the nations of the world, so long will the name of Washington, the father of his country, be honored by the people of this nation.



THE BRAVEST SONG AND THE SWEETEST SONG.

The bravest song is the song he sings who is hoping the best he may,
While he faithfully helps to do the things that have to be done each day;
The warrior may sing a glorious song as he marches to meet his foe,
And the hunter may sing as he hurries along where the quarry is crouching low,
But the bravest song is the song of the man who goes when the light is dim
To faithfully labor as best he can for the ones who depend on him.
The sweetest song is her song whose eyes are filled with a righteous pride
As she watches the cot where her baby lies while her needle is deftly plied;
The prima donna may grandly trill, and her bird-like notes may be
So pure that they never may fail to fill her hearers with ecstasy.
And her song is sweet who in rapture brings her lover the faith she should;
But the sweetest song is her song who sings in the joy of young motherhood.

—S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.



IN the hours of the reading of some great book—a work that presents the coinage of the author's heart and life—there come those inspirations which are the culmination of early dreams,—the inspirations which bring to the uplifted soul the sound of far-off harmonies. Perhaps you think this is the “stuff that dreams are made of.” It is imagination—and it is more; it is truth. When one reaches the height to which he has aspired he assumes only the form that he has created a thousand times in imagination. Thus the ideal becomes the real. If literature lifts the imagination to the creation of ideals, surely it helps to fashion the character of the man.—*Charles Milton Ware.*

MARTIAL MORTALS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE human race is a brave race.

It is proved by the fact that it continues to live. While it requires bravery to die, it requires more bravery to live. And humanity is so stout-hearted it fights the battle of life so long as it can fight. Occasionally a tired, sick-hearted one surrenders, but he is the exception.

Humanity is brave.

Men and women daily face conflicts that might well daunt the intrepid gods. Think you because they go about with smiling faces there are no tasks that test all their fortitude, no sorrows that must be courageously borne?

Humanity indeed is brave!

Here is one fighting to keep in subjection his lower nature. Think of the duels he fights! Who knows the strivings of his defeats, the gallantry of his victories? He is a brave man, as brave as ever couched a lance in rest against a foe. And here is one who battles with wild beasts and unseen forces in the arena of business, and social life. And here is another who struggles with a great sorrow and bereavement, who has lost a friend or dear one, and is left alone.

This woman faces poverty and limitations, or anxiety, or pain, strain on nerve or sympathy. An archangel might well shudder to undertake the whole gamut of suffering that comes with wifehood and motherhood. And there is no shirking, no shrinking, no complaining. Duty, ever commands to be obeyed, and the obeying of duty means bravery. To live means doing one's duty. Humanity lives. Humanity is brave!

Woman dies and gives no sign. Woman lives and smiles in the face of Fate!

In this age of competition, in this strenuous life of ours the real men and real women sleep each night as the soldier sleeps—on the battlefield. And reveille wakes each martial mortal to daily strife, to daily battle for bread. Some to fight the good fight with hands and some with brains and some with hearts. Is it not true? You may even see some who are fighting with broken swords.

But one needs to repeat daily the prayer of Robert Louis Stevenson:

“The day returns and brings us the round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day, bring us to our resting place weary and content and undishonored and grant us in the end the spirit of sleep. Amen.”

Cairo, New York.



The Home World

THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

O. G. BRUBAKER, M. D.

No greater or more important discovery was ever made than that made by Robert Koch some twenty-five years ago when he discovered that tuberculosis, commonly called consumption, was caused by a germ or microbe, called the tubercle *bacillus*. Before the time of this discovery to have the doctor tell us that we had consumption meant that we should "set our house in order," or we would seek some other physician who knew less about it and would give us a less serious diagnosis. However, at that time tuberculosis meant to the patient that sooner or later he would succumb, "waste away, and die." But during the last ten or twenty years a great change has taken place. Then practically every one who contracted the disease died as a result of it, but today ten, twenty, forty, fifty and even seventy-five per cent of the cases are being saved.

At first Koch's discovery seemed to be everything but hopeful and encouraging, for no sooner were these gruesome, microscopic organisms identified than we learned that they were everywhere—in the saliva, in the breath, on the clothing, in the dust of our floors and carpets, in the streets—and in fact it seemed that the heavens above and the earth beneath were literally filled with these germs and to declare war against them would only stir them up into greater activity.

And then when it was found out that so many common maladies, as curvature of the spine, scrofula, lupus, many fatal bowel diseases of children and adults, meningitis, chronic joint affections and peritonitis were often to be laid at the feet of these same ubiquitous microbes, our despair became almost intolerable and to fight against them would seem almost as useless as to try to fight back the Atlantic waves with a broom.

But here, as always, the gloom had preceded the dawn,—the rain, the sunshine. The enemy had spread out in battle array before us but while we were watching the marshaling of the enemy's forces we found

that we had not been left alone without allies and weapons but that nature had supplied us with three mighty implements of warfare—sunshine, fresh air and abundant food. And then in our gloom of despair we had forgotten our own inherent powers of self-resistance and adaptation to changing conditions.

We had forgotten that we are a mass of individuals instead of one. We did not stop to reckon that while there were millions and billions of these bacilli for each person that there were more than an equal number of cells in our bodies and that each cell is a mighty warrior against disease germs. And then the power we have of adapting ourselves to such conditions and circumstances of living so that the germs can not continue to develop is well worth considering. So that after a number of cures were made by the open-air method we began to take heart and now, as said before, seventy-five and eighty per cent of the incipient cases are being cured. Even with this record to our credit, it is an appalling fact that one hundred fifty thousand people die every year in the United States as a result of this great plague. It is easy to see what inroads the remaining twenty per cent of cases will make in our population in a few years. And then so many patients after spending months and years in a sanatorium, the very place for a consumptive, find themselves scarcely fit to take up the stern actualities of this all too strenuous life. So every one who is thinking of this subject has come to the conclusion long ago that after all *cure* is a poor weapon against disease as compared to *prevention*. Hence without lessening our efforts in the least to cure the sick ones let us do all we can to *prevent the consumptive*.

It will be interesting as well as helpful for us to know something more of the life history and characteristics of these dreaded loathsome organisms. The tubercle bacillus is a bacterium, and hence belongs to the great plant or vegetable kingdom. It is a one-

celled, non-motile, slender rod of about 1-60,000 of an inch in diameter and about 1-8,000 of an inch long. Under the microscope they are very often found in pairs, slightly bent and generally scattered throughout the field but not infrequently we find them in smaller or larger bunches.

The tubercle bacillus is a strict parasite—that is it could scarcely find conditions suitable for its growth and development outside of the bodies of living animals. But we must not forget that bacteria, as well as all life, have a wonderful power of adapting themselves to changing conditions and that they may be able some time to thrive outside of a living body.

When tubercle bacilli are exposed to direct sunshine



Tubercle bacilli in sputum

X 1000

they are killed in a few minutes to several hours, depending upon the thickness of the layers and the season of the year. An exposure to diffuse daylight will destroy them in a few days. This as will be seen has an important hygienic bearing. Thus sputum that is expectorated by a tuberculous individual will be disinfected in a comparatively short time if exposed to the sunlight. And it also gives us a hint of the importance of sunshine and fresh air to the welfare of the consumptive.

From autopsy reports and from what we find in the deadhouse it is beyond question that a very large per cent of the human family is some time in their life somewhat tubercular. The German scientists tell us that "everyone is some time a little tuberculous." No doubt you and I have at this time tubercular foci somewhere or other in our bodies and the only reason why more of us do not become a rich camping ground for the hordes of the enemy is because of our power of resistance. If this be true, and it can not be proven false, we have a sure proof that if we can keep our bodies in good vital condition we can keep these bacilli from growing and spreading in our bodies—and not having the disease ourselves of course we can give it to no one else.

We have learned to know that the places outside the body where these germs thrive the best would be dissolution for us. In dirty, dark, gloomy, damp

cellars and basements, in old castles and mansions, in shutter-closed houses and dwellings, with no possible chance for any great amount of ventilation are the abodes of all disease-producing organisms. Fresh air and sunshine are as fatal to them as they are life-giving to us. Aside from the fact that many dear and precious lives are being saved every year by the sanatoria and open-air treatments, the greatest help comes from the fact that these sanatoria become schools of education and every patient coming from them becomes an enthusiast on fresh air and the rest of us soon see the beneficial results and profit accordingly. This plan of campaign is becoming more ambitious and hopeful every day. Physicians, ministers, lawyers, teachers and everybody are heart and soul in the movement wherever it has been started. And it begins to look like there may come a time when tuberculosis will be as rare a disease as smallpox or diphtheria.

Mount Morris, Ill.

TOO LATE.

If I had known your eyes would turn away
From smiling into mine; that I—alone—
Should stand beside your silent form some day;
I should have been more tender, had I known.

I could not hear the silent waters creep
Close to your feet, or I (you knew it, dear?)
Would not have said the words that made you weep,
Nor left unsaid the words you longed to hear.

So many years I saw you in your place,
I never dreamed that you could steal away—
That I should lose the rare and gentle grace
Of your dear presence in my life, some day.

The words unspoken, kindness left undone,
These rise in tears of vain regret, today;
I knew your worth and loved you, patient one—
Would I had told you ere you went away!
—Beulah C. Clement, in *Ladies' Home Journal*.

LOYAL.

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

HEARING a sound at the pump near my study-window, I glanced out. There was Loyal, trying to get, by himself, the water that was needed at home. He had a small pail, but he could scarcely reach the handle of the pump. Sister was gone, and Loyal thought he would "sprise mama," as he said. So he climbed out at the open window and started. His little ankles were so weak that he walked slowly.

Looking at the earnest face, I hoped that mama would not scold, and she didn't. Catching up the small figure, she said laughingly: "He wanted to help me, didn't he? And love for me was the spur."

The child smiled contentedly, as he went homeward cradled in his mother's arms. His motive was understood.

Later, he got in the habit of going a longer dis-

tance away without permission. This made a great deal of trouble, especially when he went to the railroad-crossing a few rods from his home or from "my house" as he called it.

Finally mama thought of a remedy that proved good. She told sister to take two pins and lay them on the track. Then after the train had passed, to bring the pins to the house.

Sister did so, and when Loyal looked at the little pair of scissors, as he called the pins, he learned the lesson that mama wished to teach. Now he is willing to stay at home and look at the pictures in his new book, when sister can not go with him.



PREPARE FOR THE STORMY DAY.

THE excitement of the wedding is over, the new home has been selected and furnished, and the newly-made husband and wife draw a long breath of satisfaction and relief that at last they are "settled."

They look around the cozy home, and their hearts swell with pride that it is all theirs—their very own. Surely they can want nothing more to make them perfectly happy. They have each other, they have their home and a comfortable salary to maintain it; they have their friends—what more could mortal wish for?

There is, however, one other thing that they do need, or the time will surely come when this happy family in their comfortable home will not be able to weather the storms of life.

When we are happy we do not like to look ahead for trouble, nor do we need to do so. That would mar our happiness. All that is necessary is to take the history of every man or woman that ever lived, and it will show that life is made up of both storm and sunshine.

The storm does not bother us much, however, if we are safely housed and warm, and there is nothing that can secure us from the storms of life like a bank account.

True love will stand the test of many troubles, but if the time comes when illness or financial disaster cuts off the income, then, a bank account, however small, is the rudder that guides love through the storm.

Young husband, young wife, get out pencil and paper, and figure up the exact amount of your weekly or monthly income, then first of all set aside a certain sum to be saved every month, and live on the balance.

Get in the habit of feeling that this amount must be saved, regard it as taxes, for you know that taxes must be paid, or the property will be lost. Just so it is with your saving. If you do not save, the time will come when your home will go to pay doctor's bills, to tide over the financial strait, or for one of the many difficulties that come to all people at the same time during their natural life. Do not think you will be exempt from trouble.

It is not in accordance with the great plan of the uni-

verse that anyone should have all sunshine. If, however, you have a bank account you can meet the trouble bravely and try again with renewed vigor.

Why not start the new life in "double harness" on a practical businesslike basis? Young man, be frank with your wife; tell her exactly how much your salary is and ask her to help you save a certain sum each month, so that when old age comes, you may sit together and rest in comfort, after your many years of labor. You will find her eager to help you and soon you will both have the saving habit.

Give her her own savings account and each day she will find new ways to save and will take pride in showing you at the end of the month how her account has grown.

I do not mean to advise doing without pleasures simply to accumulate money. My motto is: "Do all things in moderation." Enjoy yourselves as you go through life, but keep a constant eye on the inevitable old age, which none of us can escape, and see that you save enough to insure comfort and ease for that time.

Don't put off starting your savings account. Do it at once, and by next year this time you will have an account to be proud of.—*Philadelphia North American*.



FOR FATHER'S SAKE.

SOME time ago I went shopping with a girl friend, who showed such a beautiful reverence for her father's opinion that I have since wished every girl in America could be brought to follow her example.

She was in quest of an article of clothing about which she knew her father's taste and preference. Repeatedly in making her choice she said to her mother, who was with us, "I like this, but I don't believe papa would." And when she finally made the selection, it was one in which her own good taste predominated, but which she was certain would be thoroughly approved by her father. There was a little air of triumph about her when she finally made the decision. Her conscience fully acquitted her, and she was sure of her father's smile and hearty approval.

"For father's sake"—girls, is this your motto? Just because father does not always betray his feelings do you imagine he is not sensitive? How father loves to have his daughter meet him with a smile at the door! How he enjoys finding a warm room, a clean-swept hearth and a cozy chair that he knows has been drawn before the fire with loving thoughts for his comfort and happiness! How he enjoys finding some special dainty at his plate that was prepared especially for him! The careworn look on his face gives way to a smile, the discouragement that he has met with and that you do not—cannot—know anything about in your youth and inexperience, fade away, and his heart is comforted.

After supper he will ask you to go to the piano, and

sing his favorite song. Do not refuse him, dear, however indisposed you may be. Think in your heart, "For father's sake," and joyously and cheerily perform the little favor he has asked of you. It is such a small return for the burden that he has been carrying for your sake all day. Father will sacrifice much for you and for the others of his household, and all he asks in return is a grateful appreciation of his kindness.

So, whenever your music lesson seems hard, Kathrine, Anna, remember to say, "For father's sake," and it will become easier. Whenever you feel cross and discouraged at tea time, try to cheer up for father's sake. Do all you can to lighten the cares of him who does so much for you, and sacrifices so much of his own comfort and convenience that you may have a joyous girlhood. Some day you will realize what your kindness has really meant to him, although you cannot fully realize it now.—*S. S. Visitor*.



BECAUSE MOTHER KNOWS.

THE mother of the household sank into her rocking-chair and folded her tired, patient hands in her lap.

"I hope I shan't have to move for an hour," she said to the father of the family, in whose hands she had just placed a magazine he had hunted for in vain.

"I've done nothing but trot, trot, all day long, it seems to me. I wonder if every mother in this land is expected to know where everything is, and find it if she doesn't know?"

"I believe it is the usual custom," said her husband, dreamily, already more than half lost in the article on X-rays.

"Well, it's a poor custom," said the mother, wearily. "All day long I hear: 'Mother, where's my hat?' 'Mother, where did I leave my drawing pencils?' 'Mother, what have you done with my music roll?' 'Mother, where is my fishing rod?' 'Mother, where did you put my fancy work?' 'Mother, what magazine was that story in, and who had it last?'"

The leaves of the magazine rustled, and the father's face was hidden behind them.

"I believe they think I have some way of knowing where things are that I've never seen," the mother went on, smiling in spite of her wrongs, "for they ask me—"

"Mother," came a boyish shout from the head of the stairs, "Ed and I are in an awful hurry to go in town and we can't find our heavy gloves. Do you know where they are?"

"Ed's are in the second drawer on the left, where they belong; he left them in the dining room," called the mother, without a second's hesitation. "I haven't seen yours; but why don't you look in the pockets of your old coat?"

There was a sound of hurrying feet overhead, and then a joyful whoop. "Got 'em all right, mother!"

The father's face appeared above his magazine.

"Does it ever occur to you that you give the family some slight reason to think you have an inexhaustible fund of wisdom as well as a bureau of information in regard to articles lost, strayed, or stolen?" he asked, in a carefully impartial tone.—*Youth's Companion*.

The Children's Corner

LITTLE, "BUT THEN."

HAVE you ever read the story of Little "But Then"? Her real name was Annie, but they called her Little "But Then," and I will tell you why. Her face was like a sunbeam and she was always looking for every bit of good she could find in everybody and everything. When Freddie came home and told in a ridiculous way the story of the new boy's first day at school, and how odd he looked in his brother's outgrown coat and trousers, little Annie began with her most earnest air: "Yes, but then I didn't hear him say one naughty word all day, and he helped poor little Kelly out of the mud when he fell down."

"That's just the way with you, Little 'But Then,'" laughed Freddie. But he always loved Annie more than ever after such a speech as that, he couldn't help it.

When the day for the picnic which Annie and Fred had planned, dawned gray and cold, Freddie puckered his mouth ready to complain, but Annie soon snatched away all the frowns. "I know it's going to rain, Freddie, but then you know we can cut those paper chains and hang them all over the attic and eat our picnic dinner up there. And it'll be nearly as nice as in the woods" (with an extra emphasis on the nearly).

"All right, Little 'But Then,'" said Freddie, cheering up. A play with Little "But Then," in the attic was almost as good as a picnic, any day.

When she fell and broke her arm and had to have it bandaged for many days, she said over and over to her friends as they sympathized with her, "Yes, it hurts, but then it could be worse, you know."

All the other children made fun of poor old Mosey Crosby, but not so Little "But Then." "Of course I know he's queer," she said, "but then he has no one to love or care for him, and it makes him cross to have the boys tease him so. I took him some flowers and you ought to have seen him smile and thank me over and over for them."

And so it was by always trying to see the good and cheerful side of life that Annie came to be called Little "But Then." Would it not be worth while owning such a name if it stood for a sunny disposition like hers that always smiled at discouragements and tried to find the good and lovely in everybody?—*Sunday School Advocate*.



The Quiet Hour

COME YE APART.

"Come ye apart into a desert place,"
Said Christ, my Lord, to me.
"And rest a while," just as of old he spoke
To men in Galilee.

"The desert places blossom like the rose,
If I am there with thee,
On bread from heaven, abundant, new,
Thy soul shall feast with me.

"Come ye apart. The city's noisy din
Shuts out the still, small voice,
And I have messages thy heart should hear,
Come hear them and rejoice."

I went with him, my Master and my Friend,
Apart from men awhile,
I missed no faces of the ones I loved,
While basking in his smile.

Where only desert sands had been before,
The Rose of Sharon grew,
And the hot paths my tired feet had shunned
Were pastures green and new.

My weary soul found rest, my hungry heart
Found manna fresh and sweet.
I'll go again when'er I hear him call
My blessed Lord to meet.

—Frederick A. Gould, D. D.



A SILVERY SUNDAY SCHOOL.

D. D. THOMAS.

THE cold of the winter is upon us. All week long we were housed up at the stern command of Mr. Jack Frost, and we slunk away at every gust of wind for he was in every wind. The cattle shivered in their stalls and the fowls drew their feet into their feathers to keep him from nipping their toes.

But in the cold of winter or the warm of the sunny summer, all are glad when the first day of the week comes when we can hie away to the Sunday school and the other sanctuary privileges. This morning nature seems to be especially solicitous. Mr. Frost has partially let go and the air is filled with moisture. I think he must have forgotten himself. Then he takes hold with a strong grip and the trees are covered with a silvery tinsel. Myriads of them are in the air. Should the sun peep forth, what a glory there would be! The tall pine that grew in a front yard is covered with silvery bunches, like downy feathers. Even the

feathery clusters do not suggest gayety as one would suppose, for there is no fluttering or rustling but a calm, submissive serenity. And with them everything is taking on a solemn spirit, in keeping with the day.

It is the kind of food upon which we grow. We look forth with joy and our Bibles are in our hands that our rejoicing may be in the Lord. For several reasons the school is not as large as usual but we feel that the same spirit is present that we had caught from nature in the earlier morning. As we talk of the great sermon of Peter on the day of Pentecost there is a silvery resplendency cheering us and making us believe that the same pentecostal spirit is moving. It is a silvery Sunday school. We see no cloven tongues, we hear no sound of rushing winds, but the still small voice echoes in our hearts and his spirit's swelling there.

Lafayette, Ohio.



JOSEPH, THE CARPENTER THAT BUILT A TEMPLE OF FAITH.

CARPENTERS are generally slow and serious people, but very substantial. Their characters partake of the sweet solidity of the material with which their lives are spent. As it is their business to fashion accurate angles, to create joints that are true, surfaces that are smooth, uprights that are perpendicular, and horizontals that are exactly level, their thoughts tend to justness and their actions to sobriety. As their work cannot be rushed, but the wood's resistance must be patiently worn away with plane and sandpaper, saw and drawknife, their tempers gain a placid persistence that overcomes obstacles quietly but surely. The fragrance of oak and maple and pine passes into their spirits, and imparts to them an aroma and a tang. They are not talkative people, but have taken on the taciturnity of timber and the silent peace of deep forests. The world is generally ignorant of their fine qualities. They wear their rough bark on the outside, and the finer grain, the shimmer and the polish, are within. They are folks that wear well, with an instinctive aversion to veneer, and an instinctive satisfaction with honesty and permanent strength.

I think I cannot be wrong in believing that Joseph,

the carpenter of Nazareth, was such a man as I have pictured. We have only a tantalizing glimpse of him, but every word points to such a character. He was "a righteous man." He was a merciful man, "not willing to make her a public example" when he thought his betrothed guilty of the most unpardonable of sins against himself and society and God. "He thought on these things," anxiously, earnestly, and patiently, not flaming forth in a just indignation, but waiting to discover what might be precisely the best way. Could a man have been selected better fitted to the unique occasion?

It seemed like the ruin of the home that the carpenter had been building in his loving and hopeful thoughts. Perhaps he had erected an actual home, a new home to which to bring his bride, and was very proud of the woodwork and the well-made furnishings. At any rate, his dreams, as he toiled in the shop, had fashioned with the skill of a lover a very palace of delight, with long and radiant vistas of mutual affection, the honorable regard of men, the helpfulness of children. And now a black storm had tumbled it to the ground, and he must sit mournfully among the fragments and think what he would do with the pitiful remains.

What he did was to build a temple of them! It was a temple of faith, one of the rarest and loveliest the world has ever seen. It was not easy of construction, though he had an angel to help him. It was built out of a confusion and wreck. We read almost nothing of Joseph hereafter, and it seems clear that he died before our Savior entered upon his public ministry; but I like to think that Jesus was not reared in a carpenter's humble home or trained in a carpenter's low-ceiled shop, but that his boyhood and youth were spent in a very temple, one of the noblest the earth has ever seen.—*Amos R. Wells.*



LIFE'S REAL MEANING.

JESUS found childhood in a peasant home a large enough place for the living out of his divine life. If only some young people understood life's real meaning they would find room enough in the lowliest conditions to work out divinest ideals. Robert Browning represents Gabriel taking the place of a poor boy and working for him at his trade, as contentedly as if engaged in the highest service. But here is something sublimer than even the poet's fancy. Should any true-hearted child, however great his gifts, consider his place in the lowliest home too small, since the Son of God found room in a peasant home for the development of his glorious humanity? Canon Farrar says, "A life spent in brushing clothes, washing crockery, and sweeping rooms—a life which the proud of the earth would have treated as the dust under their feet—a life spent at the clerk's desk, a life spent in the

narrow shop, a life spent in the laborer's hut, may yet be a life so ennobled by God's loving mercy that for the sake of it a king might gladly yield his crown."—*J. R. Miller, D. D.*



THE SELF-CENTERED MAN.

WORLDLY-wise philosophies teach selfishness—Christianity teaches self-sacrifice. The world has made a dogma of self-preservation. A physician in a widely circulated magazine makes the statement that selfishness is a healthy sign in babies—that "to a child under three his devoted parents; his nurse, his playmates are little more than so many features of the landscape." He speaks of the "rightness and morality of primary selfishness." In fact we are told by our wise men that selfishness is the base upon which our institutions and even our virtues are built.

Perhaps the wise men are right; at any rate, contradiction would prove nothing. But even if we admit that this praise of selfishness is the truth we cannot admit that it is the whole truth. Self-preservation may be the first law of nature, but it is not the only law, nor the principal law. We may have a right to be selfish at the age of three, but we have no right to remain so. Our institutions and virtues may be founded upon selfishness, but their purpose is the restraint of selfishness.

After all, philosophy and religion do not contradict one another. Philosophy says that life must begin in selfishness; religion says that it must grow from selfishness. At first the little life knows only of its own existence, but soon, very soon, it finds that it has a mother to love, a father and brothers and sisters. Then, in an ever-widening circle, it begins to love relatives, playmates and friends. Unless the growth is diverted or stunted the youth finds that he must love his country and his countrymen, and he becomes a patriot; and then he learns that he must love all men as brothers in Christ, and he becomes a Christian. No character is truly great until it has cast aside selfishness for this universal love.—*Selected.*



NO MAN LIVETH TO HIMSELF.

THERE is no sort of wrong deed of which a man can bear the punishment alone; you can't isolate yourself, and say that the evil which is in you shall not spread. Men's lives are as thoroughly blended with each other as the air they breathe; evil spreads as necessarily as disease. Every sin causes suffering to others besides those who commit it.—*George Eliot.*

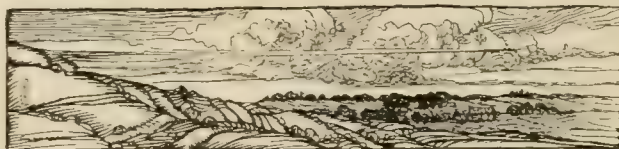


"SOMETIMES our minds are so crammed with other people's thoughts that there's no room for any of our own."



"By nothing do men show their character more clearly than by what they think laughable."

Echoes from Everywhere



The struggle of Arizona and New Mexico for separate Statehood was rewarded Feb. 15, in so far as the House is concerned, when that body under suspension of the rules unanimously passed the bill granting separate Statehood to the two Territories.

The Red Cross stamp committee which had charge of the sale of the little red sealing stamps during the Christmas holidays reports that the total receipts from the 1,500,000 stamps sold were something over \$15,000. All that was made over expenses will be devoted to fighting tuberculosis.

President Roosevelt has given his consent to the placing of the head of Lincoln on one of the popular coins. He has conferred with Director Leach, of the Mint, and the details are now under advisement. It is probable that the half-dollar pieces will be selected as the principal coin to bear the Lincoln head.

Indianapolis, Ind., Feb. 12.—By a vote of 52 to 44 the House passed the Proctor-Thompson county local option repeal bill. The bill provides for city ward local option, prohibition in the rural districts, one saloon to 500 of population and does away with saloons owned by breweries. It is expected the Senate will pass the bill.

The upper house of the Nebraska Legislature has passed a bill increasing the residence period for divorce applicants from six months to one year. The applicant must also announce an intention to reside in the State. A large number of divorce-seekers have flocked to Nebraska, and the bill is designed to break up these "colonies."

It is said an executive order will be issued disbanding the United Association of Postoffice Clerks and the National Association of Letter Carriers because of their affiliation with labor unions. Charges have been preferred by Postmaster General Meyer that members of these organizations have tried to influence legislation in their favor.

There is a report to the effect that there are 2,000 drugstores for sale in Kansas owing to the fact that the Legislature is about to pass a law cutting them out of their chief source of revenue—the liquor trade. The Senate bill already passed stops the sale of liquor by the drugstores for any purpose whatever. It is the most drastic law enacted in any State on the prohibition question. It not only provides for absolute prohibition but also restores the inquisition and gives immunity to people who testify in "joint" cases. Legislators say the bill is bound to become a law.

At the spring meeting of the Mount Vernon Association, J. Pierpont Morgan will present to the society the sword worn by George Washington when he resigned as commander-in-chief of the Continental Army in 1783. The sword was recently purchased from Miss Virginia T. Lewis of Baltimore. Two years ago the United States Senate voted to appropriate \$25,000 for its purchase, but the House failed to pass the bill.

The local option bill passed by the Idaho Senate a few weeks ago was later accepted by the House by a vote of 33 to 13. The bill now goes to Governor Brady, who has announced his intention of signing it. Under the terms of the bill county commissioners of any county are required, on presentation of a petition signed by 40 per cent of the voters, to order a special election to determine the question of the sale of intoxicating liquors.

After a discussion lasting more than a year the Spanish Chamber of Deputies has passed the local administrations bill, which is the principal feature of the Government's programme. The new measure increases the existing powers of the municipal and provincial councils, giving these councils new prerogatives and providing a certain degree of local economy, especially with regard to education, public works and charitable institutions. There is every reason to expect that this far-reaching reform measure will pass the Senate and will be put into operation before the end of the year.

People living in the vicinity of Mt. Colima have been driven from their homes in terror before an invasion of wild animals driven from the forests surrounding the mountain by the constantly recurring earthquake shocks. Mt. Colima is in eruption and lava and ashes are falling over a narrow territory. The eruption has caused a number of forest fires that have driven wild animals to the cleared settlements. It is reported from Coalcoman, Patzoura, Arrio and Tacambaro that the earth there trembles almost constantly and that the people are frantic.

A petition from 1,100 ministers of the Episcopal church of America, asking for repeal of the canon providing that any bishop may authorize any "Christian person" to speak from the pulpit of any Episcopal church in his diocese, caused a heated discussion in the house of bishops of the church, in session in New York City. Several bishops favoring the repeal said that the license allowed by bishops had been carried so far in this respect that some persons not even Christians had been thus authorized and had often been opposed to the teachings of the very church they preached in. The bishops were unable to agree on any solution of the problem, and it is probable that the matter will go over until the general convention meets in 1910.

The House of Representatives has passed a bill for the acquisition by the Government of the two groves of Calaveras big trees in California and their reservation as the Calaveras Big Tree National Forest. The bill was reported by Representative Smith (Rep., Cal.). It provides that the Secretary of Agriculture may trade other public lands to owners of tracts on which the trees are located, in exchange.

An announcement that will interest Jewish scholars is one to the effect that the Jewish Quarterly Review of London, the foremost scholarly and religious publication of its kind in the world, will be transferred to this country. The Review, it is now said on good authority, will be edited in New York by Dr. Cyrus Adler, formerly of the Smithsonian Institution and now president of the new Dropsie College of Hebrew and Cognate Learning which is being established in Philadelphia.

The first award of the gold medal recently established by the Smithsonian Institution in memory of the late Secretary Samuel Pierpont Langley and his contributions to the science or aerodromics has been made to Wilbur and Orville Wright by the board of regents of the institution "for advancing the science of aerodromics in its application to aviation by their successful investigations and demonstrations of the practicability of mechanical flight by man."

That the American people retrenched on the so-called "luxuries of life" during the recent hard times, is evident from statistics issued recently by the department of commerce and labor. Four million dollars' worth of automobiles were imported during 1907, but in 1908 there were only two and a quarter million dollars' worth. In 1907 there were imported 985,000,000 pounds of coffee, but in 1908 only 890,000,000 pounds. In 1905 more than a billion pounds were brought in. In 1907 more than \$35,000,000 worth of diamonds were imported, while in 1908 there were but \$14,000,000 worth.

The Pope gave a private audience Feb. 8 to fourteen underofficers and a number of sailors from the American supply ship Celtic. They were presented by Mgr. Kennedy, rector of the American College in Rome. The Pope said he was greatly pleased to receive the American sailors, and to be able to express his gratitude for all that America has done in aiding Italy after the earthquake disaster. The Pope said he desired his thanks to be conveyed to President Roosevelt and the commander of the Celtic for the splendid work done by this vessel in Calabria and Sicily. The Pontiff then extended his hand to be kissed and gave to each man a silver medal.

A Belgian investigator has been looking into the correctness or incorrectness of the somewhat popular belief among farmers that dandelions increase the yield of milk and that, in consequence, they are rather desirable forage than otherwise. He claims that this belief is incorrect and is founded wholly on the false analogy suggested by the milky juice of the dandelion. Furthermore, he asserts that dandelions in large numbers have a deleterious effect on the quality of butter and is one among the causes which make it difficult to get butter of a fine flavor and good keeping qualities in spring and early summer. Hay which has large quantities of dandelions in it has a similar effect, he says, and he advises farmers to weed their pastures whenever it is practicable to do so.

Several bills have been introduced in the Missouri Legislature to prohibit the sale and use of cigarettes or the "makings" if the same. C. P. Hawkins of Dunklin County and Pross T. Cross of Clinton have introduced bills which would prevent the carrying of cigarettes by individuals.

The United States Steel Corporation will build a new city, like Gary, Ind., around a \$14,500,000 plant to be erected this spring at a point on the St. Louis River within three miles of Superior. The steel corporation has purchased and cleared 1,600 acres of land on the Wisconsin side of the river. The sum of \$14,500,000 has been set aside, plans have been drawn and the same construction crew which put in the steel plant at Gary has been ordered to Superior to begin work when spring opens.

President Vetoes the Census Bill.

With his blood up for the prerogative of the veto, the President has sent in another message canceling a bill of the House of Representatives, the wisdom of which action will be appreciated throughout the whole country by all save the politicians and those who live in the hope of living off the pluckings. A few weeks ago the President vetoed a bill conferring unlimited grants as to water power to a private company, and just a few days ago by the same means he killed the census bill. This bill as passed by the House of Representatives provided that the employees to be added to the census office force in the taking of the 13th census should be selected from those who should take a noncompetitive examination. The President disapproves of this provision in no uncertain terms. He recognizes the importance of supplying the census director at as early a date as possible with the force necessary to the carrying on of his work. "But," he adds, "it is of much consequence to the country that the statistical work of the census shall be conducted with entire accuracy. It is therefore essential that the result should not be open to the suspicion of bias on political and personal grounds, and it should not be open to the reasonable suspicion of being a waste of the people's money and a fraud. The act provides in effect that appointments to the census shall be under the spoils system, for this is the real meaning of the provision that they shall be subject only to noncompetitive examination. The proviso is added that they shall be selected without regard to political party affiliations. But there is only one way to guarantee that they shall be selected without regard to politics, and on merit, and that is by choosing them after competitive examination from the list of eligibles provided by the civil service commission. To provide that the clerks and other employees shall be appointed after noncompetitive examination, and yet to provide that they shall be selected without regard to political party affiliations, means merely that the appointments shall be treated as the perquisites of the politicians of both parties, instead of as the perquisites of the politicians of one party. I do not believe in the doctrine that to the victor belong the spoils; but I think even less of the doctrine that the spoils shall be divided without a fight by the professional politicians on both sides, and this would be the result of permitting the bill in its present shape to be come a law." He further recommends that, if Congress finds it expedient to have the census printed outside the Government printing office, "it shall be explicitly provided that the government authorities shall see that the eight-hour law is applied in effective fashion to these outside offices."—The Pathfinder.

Among the Magazines



ALCOHOL AND ART.

Under this head some of the utterances of psychologists like Professors James and Münsterberg, who have been lately coquetting a little with alcohol, are resented by an editorial writer in *The Dietetic and Hygienic Gazette* (New York, January). He says:

"We are not a little startled to have one of our leading exponents of psychology suddenly kick out the underpinning theory which had formed one of the supporting pillars of our notions of psycho-physical perfection, by suggesting that we need to be convivial drinkers in order to become more artistic. Can we believe our senses, or must we think of art as something dependent on a benumbing of the finer nervous structure, and, therefore, on less than our highest consciousness?"

"Professor James wrote, not long since, that alcoholic intoxication stands to the poor and unlettered in the place of symphony concerts, and of literature, but, he says, 'it is a part of the deeper mystery and tragedy of life that whiffs and gleams of something that we immediately recognize as excellent, should be vouchsafed to so many of us only in the fleeting earlier phases of what in the totality is such a degrading poison.' All this we could easily believe coincided with the facts. Now comes Professor Münsterberg and tells us that the masterpieces of music and poetry which are beyond the comprehension of the poor and unlettered have been the result of the use of alcohol, and that we as a people must needs become convivial in order to appreciate these creations. It is acknowledged by Professor Münsterberg that the drug works by its inhibiting influence on certain departments of brain activity, and he also says that even small amounts interfere with normal mental activity. In other words, by moderate degrees of intoxication our highest selves are for the time benumbed, and our sentiments and feelings are let loose from the control of our saner judgment."

Such teaching, the writer thinks, either degrades art or is anything but scientific truth. It is a fact, he admits, that most of the artistic nations have hitherto happened to be peoples of a convivial habit, but he can see no evidence connecting the alcoholic item in their conviviality with their productivity in art. He goes on:

"True works of art are the soul records of lives uplifted through life's experiences into the realm of the ideal. We respond to this art expression in proportion as we see in it a record of our own inner experience. Such works are neither conceived nor worked out under the influence of a narcotic, and they appeal most highly to the sane and sober, for art is ever a serious and a healthy thing. We are perfectly aware that some distinguished writers and artists have used narcotics, but the vast majority of users of intoxicants have shown no special proficiency in these fields.

"We are not inclined to be fanatical on the temperance question, but we object to teaching which would tend to

hinder, in any way, our physical, mental, and moral progress. It would seem that the will to abstain or to be temperate is far better than the being pushed to such a course through prohibitive laws, yet the amount of crime and misery prevented by the removal of places of temptation has proven far better than any sentimental waiting for time and experience to develop an individual power of self-control. Total abstinence from alcohol has lifted men from the gutter, and has never pulled them down. No saloon, nor any place of convivial drinking, ever lifted man to a higher appreciation of life, nor of what stands for the ideal in life—true art."—*Literary Digest*.



THE POPULAR ELECTION OF SENATORS.

In a country like ours the people have their way when they want it. The recent election of a Democrat as a United States Senator from Oregon by a Legislature which was strongly Republican proves this. Oregon is a confirmed Republican State, but the party in power sometimes needs a lesson—needs to be reminded that the power it wields is not inherent, by divine right, but is delegated by the people. It is not necessary here to refer to Oregon politics in detail; suffice it to say that, under the primary election system of that State the people issued a rebuke to the majority party and instructed the Legislature to name a Democrat as Senator. It may be a Legislature is under no constitutional obligation to carry out any such instructions, but, as we said, when the people speak their mind in a way to show they mean it, no legislative body in this country is going to defy them.

There has never been any steady, insistent and general demand for the election of United States Senators by popular vote, else this reform would long ago have been granted by Congress. The House has repeatedly declared itself in favor of the proposal, but it is well understood that this action was for buncombe purposes only, and the Senate has always refused its consent to a plan which would virtually be the death-knell of State representation in the sense intended by our Constitution. But the people, though ignored by Congress, have set to work in their own way to exercise a power in the spirit which has been denied them in the letter. Just as at an earlier period they found a way round the cumbersome scheme of letting the electoral college choose the President, and learned how they could name the President themselves, so now they have found that no constitutional amendment is needed to let them say whom their Senators shall be.

Oregon has set a new pattern in pure democracy and non-partisan rule. Personally, we have always felt that it would be risky to break down the safeguards against mob rule which the Constitution provided, but when you behold the intelligent people of a great State deliberately setting to work to exercise more effective self-government, by devising a little fiction which takes the power away from the political manipulators, you have to concede that

there is virtue in the movement. The bare fact of a strong Republican State electing a Democratic Senator is a milestone in the progress of true popular government, which is constantly veering away from party control. "The voice of the people is the voice of God"—but there is always danger that the people will not be faithfully represented. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" still, and even with the people exercising their powers directly there is as much necessity as ever for guarding against unjust influences in politics.—The Pathfinder.



CONTRIBUTIONS TO SCIENTIFIC MEDICINE BY THE ROCKEFELLER INSTITUTE.

The outcome of the work on cerebro-spinal meningitis was the evolution of an antiserum which has been tried with encouraging success, not only in New York City, but in places as distant as Edinburgh and Belfast in Europe, and San Francisco in the United States. As a result of the experimental work and its successful test in local hospitals, large quantities of the antiserum have been prepared since its discovery in 1906, and it has been tested by use in various epidemics as well as in hospital practice. In most instances where the antiserum was used there was a marked decrease in the mortality, and in the absence of any other treatment it has proved of the greatest benefit.

Likewise, it is possible to appreciate the importance of a physiological investigation involving the production of spinal anesthesia by the injection of a solution of magnesium sulphate, or Epsom salts, which has been found applicable with advantage in certain kinds of surgical operations. Furthermore, spinal anesthesia so induced has been proved beneficial in cases of tetanus or lockjaw, where it works to mitigate in a marked degree the severity of the spasms, thus aiding in the recovery of the patient. Then there is important experimental surgical work where the transplanting of organs, the engrafting of bones, the substitution of blood vessels and tissue from one animal to another with the complete restoration of the original functions, and other such experiments constantly are showing new possibilities in surgery, some of which may be found susceptible of application with advantage to the human patient.

Then, in studies and investigations on cancer and tuberculosis progress constantly is being made in advancing the general scientific knowledge of these maladies by observing animals to whom these diseases have been given experimentally, and the data thus obtained by constant experiment at the Rockefeller Institute and other laboratories are slowly bringing the problem of the control of these diseases nearer a solution.—From "The Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research," by Herbert T. Wade, in the American Review of Reviews for February.



MORE GRASPING THAN THE BUCKET SHOP.

Let us examine a few of the points of difference between the bucket shop and the legitimate brokerage firm. In the first place, the bucket-shop man does do a legitimate investment business, just as the stock-exchange house does. He buys, sells, and delivers the certificates, and does it through a stock-exchange member, who fills these orders as promptly and as efficiently as he would do for any other customer.

On a margin order the bucket-shop man does not buy the stock at all, nor does he pretend to, while the stock-exchange man actually does buy the stock, yet may at once sell the same stock for his own account, or for a

fictitious account. If this is done, then in both cases the broker is in the market against his customer, and all that the customer loses the broker wins.

The bucket-shop man charges no interest, for he makes no pretense of the existence of a debit balance, while the stock-exchange man often charges more interest than he has paid, or charges interest on a balance which has but a fictitious existence.

The bucket-shop man uniformly gives his customer the market price, while on odd lots the stock-exchange man almost invariably charges his customer an eighth or a quarter more on a purchase, and gets a fraction less on a sale.

The bucket-shop man will take orders on a margin of one or two points. The stock-exchange man demands five or ten.

The bucket-shop man takes margin orders on five shares or even less, while the stock-exchange man refuses to carry less than fifty or one hundred shares on margin.

The customer of a bucket shop is sold out automatically when his margin is exhausted, while the stock-exchange man strives to induce the customer to increase his margin, and thereby his probable loss and the broker's possible gain.

The bucket-shop man simply makes a wager with his customer that his client's expectation of the market is wrong, and he pretends to nothing else, while the stock-exchange man invariably pretends to a virtue to which he often has no valid claim.

The bucket-shop man makes money, much money, out of the vanity and folly of his fellows, and herein is the vital point of difference between the two; for the stock-exchange man deems it quite irregular for any one to do this save a member of an accredited exchange. For every dollar lost through a bucket shop a thousand dollars are lost through legitimate stock-exchange houses. Even this does not satisfy, for the legitimate one wants that other dollar.—Frederick S. Dickson, in "The Poison of the Street," in the February Everybody's.



SPEECH IN CONGRESS IN OPPOSITION TO INCREASE OF THE NAVY.

By Hon. Richard Bartholdt, of Missouri.

Mr. Chairman: If there ever was a time in our history when preparations for war and further increases of armaments are both unwise and unnecessary, it is the present; unwise because the normal annual expenditures in the national household now exceed the revenues by considerably more than \$100,000,000, and unnecessary because we are not only at peace with all the world, but, what is more, we have wisely managed to safeguard our peace as it has never been safeguarded before. Hence every consideration of prudence and patriotism points to the present as the most propitious time to pause, temporarily at least, in our vast expenditures for so remote an eventuality as war.

We are all agreed that if our country were in any immediate danger of a foreign invasion or of war with a foreign foe, no sacrifice would be too great for us to make for our defense. But at a time when there is no more probability of war than there is of lightning striking our houses at this season of the year,—and I shall give my reasons for this assertion,—at such a time, I claim, we have no moral right to run the government into debt in order to pay for totally unnecessary increases of the implements of war. Before flattering national vanity by increasing the navy beyond the requirements of effective

national defense, I hold it to be our bounden duty to provide for the necessities of the peaceful development of the country and to subordinate the unreasonable demands of the jingo to the obligations which the government owes to the peaceable citizen and taxpayer.

And as not one of us, Republican or Democrat, can furnish to his constituents a valid excuse for government expenditures in excess of government revenues, except in time of war, this duty becomes the more patent to all.

When I came to Congress sixteen years ago the navy cost us about \$22,000,000 annually. This year's budget calls for over one hundred and thirty-five millions. While in that same period of time the population has increased only about thirty-five per cent, naval expenditures have increased over six hundred per cent. These figures show that we have already gone back on the traditions handed down to us by the founders of the Republic, which teach us to rely for national safety upon our inherent strength, our righteousness and our sense of justice, and that instead we have accepted the false theory through which monarchs from time immemorial have filched money from the pockets of their people, namely, the theory that armaments and man-killing machines alone can vouchsafe security and peace. Do not the figures I have just cited bear out this assertion? And have we not actually been told time and again that a big navy is the best guaranty of peace? It is false, I say again, and our own history proves it to be false. Why was it that we enjoyed both peace and immunity from attack when we had no navy at all? Does it not dawn upon those who are misled by that fallacy, and who constantly shout for more arsenals and more battleships, that, after all, there might have been something besides the big stick that deterred either Europe or Asia from invading this Republic of free men? Was not safety rather to be found in our isolated position, our numbers, our limitless resources, our love of peace and justice, our stout hearts, and in the patriotism born of liberty? [Applause.]

But let us for an instant meet on common ground. Let us admit, for argument's sake, a powerful navy to be the only real guaranty of our security. How many battleships would we have to build to be absolutely secure? Certainly more than any other one nation, and in fact more than all other nations combined; for if naval armaments are to be the only safeguard of a nation's peace, we would be in constant danger of being overawed, because our big stick is not as big as all the other big sticks combined. Is not this the true logic of the plea for a bigger navy? And if it is, then all those who believe in the peace-promoting mission of the fleet would be forced to the conclusion that true patriotism requires the immediate construction, not of two, but of at least a hundred "Dreadnoughts." The fact, however, that they are willing to content themselves with two amounts to an abandonment of their own theory, and is a practical admission that our safety rests on a better, securer foundation than mere ironclads, and one which our navy boomers quite evidently rely on themselves. From their viewpoint two additional ships cannot possibly afford adequate protection; and if, nevertheless, they are satisfied with this increase, we have a right to conclude that it makes no difference whether we build two more ships or none at all. Either course would be inconsistent with and contrary to the theory that the peace and tranquillity of the United States depends upon battleships alone. If we are not to be entirely burglar proof until our navy equals that of Great Britain, or, in fact,

the navies of all nations combined,—and that is and must be the contention of our friends, the navy boomers,—then it is immaterial whether we have two ironclads more or less at this time, because we are insecure in any event.

There is but one consistent course to be taken in this emergency. It is to refuse all unreasonable demands for additional armaments. Such a course will be consistent, in the first place, with American traditions; it will also be consistent with the enlightened sentiment of the world, and it will be consistent with our own professions, as well as with the actual situation.—Advocate of Peace.

Between Whiles

Little Henry: "Tell me a story, uncle."

Uncle: "But I don't know what to tell a story about."

Little Henry: "Oh, tell me a story about a little boy who had a good uncle who gave him ten cents."

✽

Teacher: "If I never see you again," said a teacher to a model little girl, on parting, "I hope you will never forget to do your best wherever you may be and whatever tasks you are called to perform. I hope you will always be an upright, honest woman, truthful and brave."

Little girl (earnestly): "Thank you, and I hope you'll be the same."

✽

Her Catch.

He told about the fish he caught
On his vacation trip,
And how he used with rod and line
The mountain streams to whip;
And how he stalked from pool to pool
An old and wary trout,
And where all other anglers failed,
Had pulled the rascal out.

But while he talked the maid demure
Was clinging to his arm.
Her shyly drooping lashes dark
Enhanced her modest charm.
She did not boast about her catch;
'Tis not a woman's plan.
But while he angled for the fish
She hooked the fisherman.

—New York Press.

✽

At Last.

Diogenes, lantern in hand, entered the village drug-store. "Say, have you anything that will cure a cold?" he asked.

"No, sir, I have not," answered the pill-compiler.

"Give me your hand," exclaimed Diogenes, dropping his lantern. "I have at last found an honest man."—Christian Advocate.

✽

"Pa, what's dead sea fruit?"

"The good things you were going to buy with the profits you expected to have if your investment in mining stock had turned out right."



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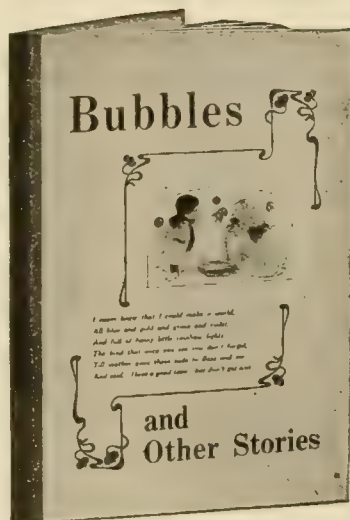
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The MIAMI RANCH is specially adapted to

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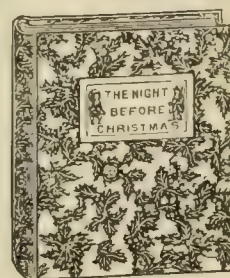
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During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal.

Our next party of Colonists will leave Chicago Tuesday, March 9. Prospective Colonists and Tourists are invited to join this party. For further information write to

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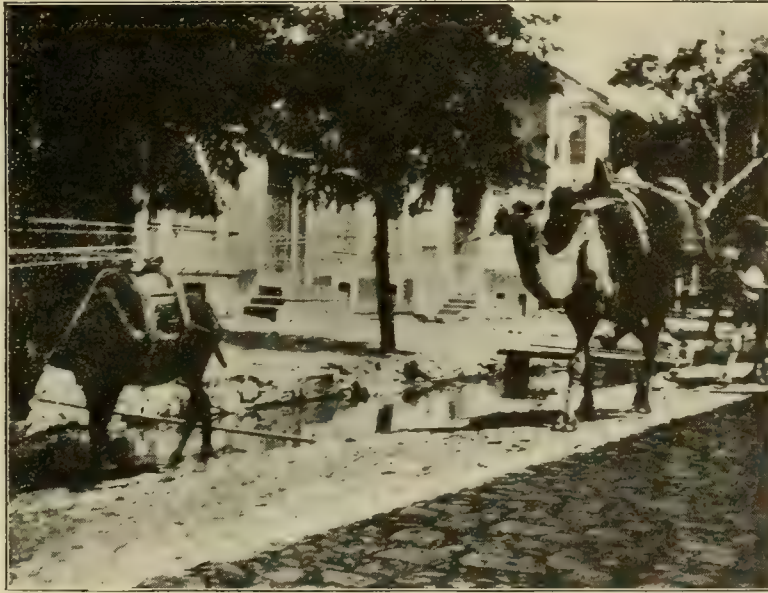
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March 2, 1909

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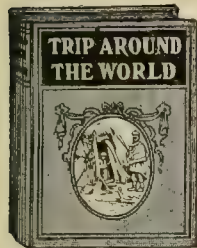
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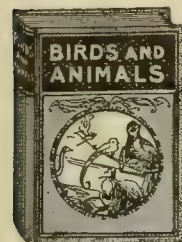
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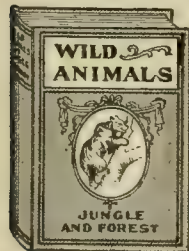
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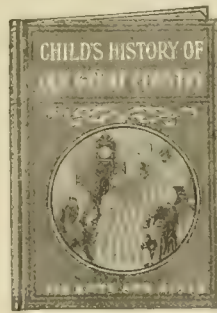
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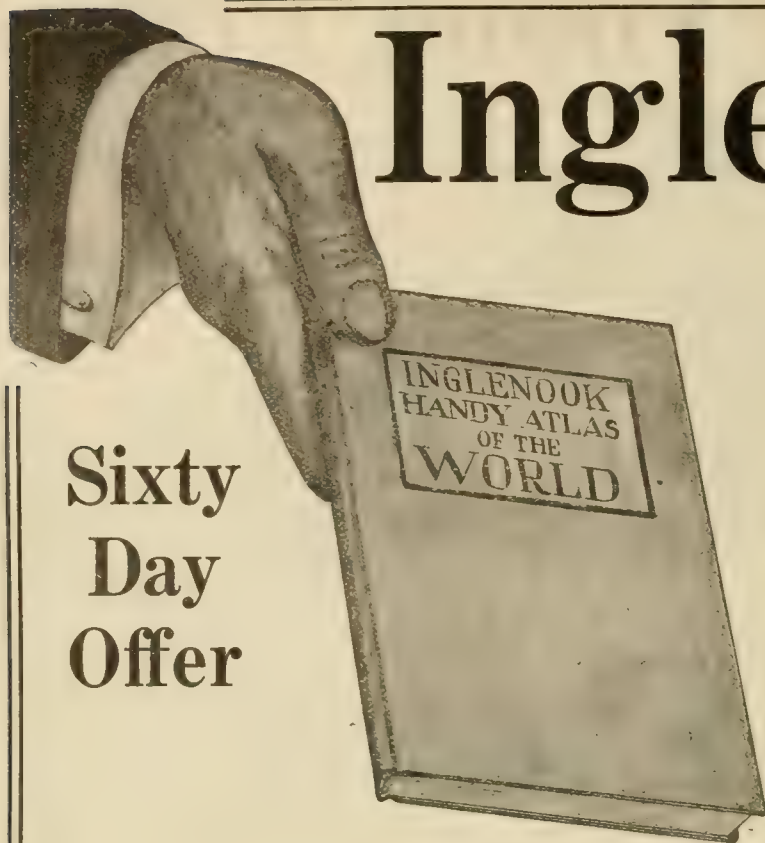
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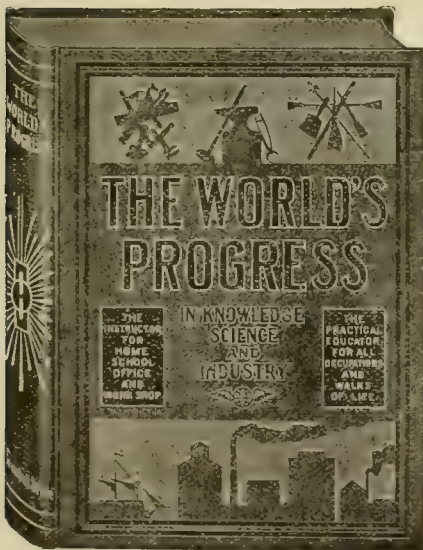
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For the despondent; the tired and toiling; the doubting and the believing; containing the most valuable truths and maxims; gems of knowledge and instruction, brightest thoughts from the brightest minds. Light on all questions relating to daily life and conduct. Remedy for trouble; what to do in difficult duty; service in hard places; special providence and many other living themes are fully treated in the rich storehouse of practical helps for everyday life. Over 600 pages and over 250 engravings.

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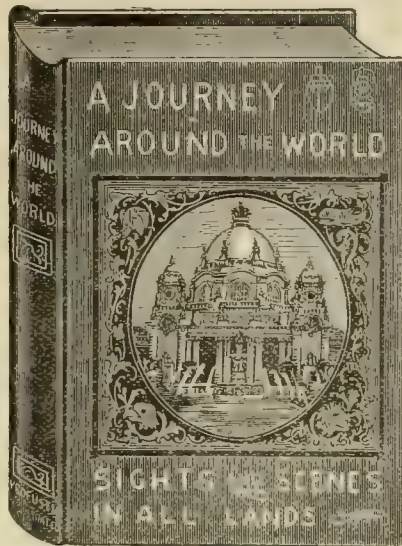
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whole forming a most valuable library of important rules, which should govern our conduct through life. To which is added the New Testament story in verse. This book should be in every library. Over 600 pages, with more than 150 illustrations, bound in cloth.

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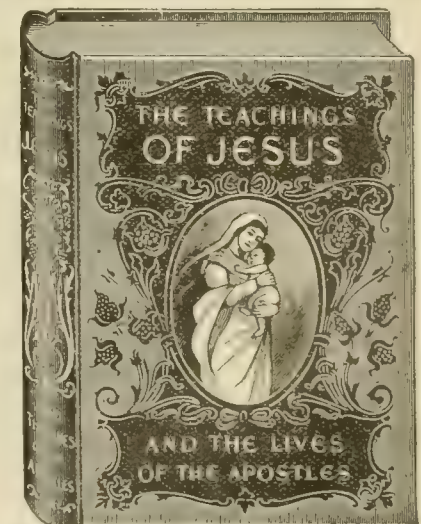
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struct the mind, and move the heart. Profusely illustrated with many famous drawings. 517 pages. Bound in cloth with a handsome decorated cover.

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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois



Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.			A. C. Coonard, .. 6 18½			Wm. Hansen, ... 6 16			
Nampa District.			Geo. Duval,170 14			Melcher & Boor, . 37 15			
Name	Acres	Tons per A.	Rogers' Farm, .. 20 24			A. E. Wood, 18 16			
Mark Austin, ...	35	18	Gough & Merrill, . 10 18			P. A. Gregar, ... 5 15			
Company Farm, .	90	16	A. V. Linder, ... 25 16			R. F. Stone, 5 15			
Allen Bissett, .	2	18	David Betts, 14 15			Thos. Weir, 14 23			
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½	Payette District.			Wm. Melcher, .. 21 22			
C. G. Nofziger, .	5	19	C. M. Williams, . 5 19			S. Niswander, .. 26 17			
Geo. Duval,	6	26	W. F. Ashinhurst, 3½ 18			John Ward, 10 22			
			E. E. Hunter, ... 27 16			W. B. Ross, 5 23			
Nampa District.			Gough & Merrill,			Oats 100 17			
The results of grain crop following the beet crop.			Joe Dickens,			Wheat 56 20			
			Sugar Company,			Barley 60 40			
			Geo. Duval,			Barley 75 35			
			John Holtom,			Wheat 52 20			
			Albert Mickels,			Oats 90 9			
Kind of Grain	Bushels per A.	A.							
I. Hildreth,	Wheat	58	15						

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseeker Round Trip Rates are in effect on the first and third Tuesdays of January and February, 1909, as follows: From Chicago to Blackfoot, Idaho, \$42.50; Boise, Idaho, \$57.50; Butte, Montana, \$42.50; Caldwell, Idaho, \$57.50; Hailey, Idaho, \$53.60; Huntington, Oregon, second-class, \$57.50; Idaho Falls, Idaho, \$42.50; Ketchum, Idaho, \$54.60; Market Lake, Idaho, \$42.50; Mountain Home, Idaho, \$53.90; Nampa, Idaho, \$57.20; Ontario, Oregon, \$57.50; Pocatello, Idaho, \$42.50; Salt Lake City, Utah, \$39.00; Shoshone, Idaho, \$49.00; Twin Falls, Idaho, \$50.80; Weiser, Idaho, \$57.50.

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

D. E. Burley

Colonization Agent, Dayton, Ohio G.P.A., O.S.L.R.R., Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

March 2, 1909.

No. 9.

"THE PRINCESS OF POETS"

DALLAS B. KIRK

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING was born in Durham, England, March 6, 1809.

Early in life she showed her skill in mastering books with wonderful rapidity. When only eight years old she could read from the original of Homer. Her grandmother did not favor this, because she thought that young Elizabeth ought to learn more about common work and less Greek.

At about twelve years of age she wrote "The Battle of Marathon," and her father being pleased with this epic poem, had it printed.

Falling from her pony when she was fifteen so injured her spine as to make her an invalid. In order that she might still continue her studies, which the attending physician opposed, youthful Elizabeth had her Greek books bound as novels.

In 1826 was published "Essay on the Mind, with Other Poems."

"Prometheus Bound" appeared in 1833. And five years later (1838) the people read some more fine poems in a volume of verse entitled "The Seraphim and Other Poems."

When her mother died her father moved the family to London. The elder brother (her favorite) was drowned by the capsizing of a sailboat before her eyes at Torquay. He had come here to visit his sister.

Up to this time she had been improving in health, but this added grief gave her a severe relapse. She had to live in a darkened room for some time.

Some of the friends of her invalid days were; Miss Mitfort, Mrs. Jameson and John Kenyon (her cousin). Although her body was weak, her mind was sound and vigorous, and she enjoyed the companionship of these friends very much. At this time she also translated poems and wrote some original ones.



Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

It was Mr. Kenyon who brought Robert Browning, the poet, to see her in 1845 and the acquaintance thus started ripened into love. Her father opposed the match and they were married secretly in 1846. He never gave in and at the end of five years returned all her letters, which he had never opened and read.

On account of Mrs. Browning's health they went to Florence, Italy, and made this their home.

Aside from her father's anger her married life was a very happy one and approaches the ideal. She wrote to Mrs. Jameson, "Women generally lose by marriage but I have gained the world by mine."

As a result of the change brought about by her marriage, her later works have more strength and sweetness added to them, as a careful reading will show. She had the good fortune to marry a man who had a similar life work before him, thus affording each other valuable aid and consolation.

An only son was born in 1849.

"God is so good, he wears a fold

Of heaven and earth across his face—
Like secrets kept for love, untold."

—From "A Child's Thought of God."

In 1851 "Casa Guidi Windows" was published. This is a plea for Italian union and liberty and is indeed a fine poem. Her residence in Italy naturally led her to take more than a passing look at the Italian events whether social or political.

One of the finest series of love sonnets in the English language appeared in 1851 under the name of "Sonnets from the Portuguese." She had written them before her marriage and did not show them to her husband until some years afterward. Numbers 1, 6, 35, and 43 are probably the most read. The following two lines are from these sonnets:

"Guess now who holds thee?" "Death," I said, but there,

The silver answer rang—"Not Death, but Love."

In 1856 a novel in verse first saw the light of the reading world, entitled "Aurora Leigh," her longest work. This didactic poem, consisting of nine books, describes the life of an educated English lady of that time. Deep thinkers alone can appreciate it in its truest artistic sense.

"Poems Before Congress" was published in 1860. This work praised the Italian fight for liberty and unity.

Mrs. Browning died at Florence, Italy, June 30, 1861. She had during her well-spent lifetime sung of Cowper,

"Earth surely now may give her calm
To whom she gave her anguish,"

and it could be very fittingly applied to herself.

After her death her husband edited two posthumous volumes, one in 1862 known as "Last Poems" and the other in 1863 entitled "The Greek Christian Poets and the English Poets."

She belongs to the Victorian age of literature and ranks with such men of her day and age as Macaulay, Carlyle, Arnold, Ruskin and Tennyson, in giving to the world of literature something lasting from her brain treasure-house.

She excelled even her husband in the singing quality of her verses.

— "I would not work where none can win,
As thou, half way 'twixt grief and sin,
But look above and judge within.

Then sing, O singer! but allow
Beast, fly and bird called foolish now,
Are wise (for all my scorn) as thou."

—From "Wisdom Unapplied."

Among her shorter poems which with many are favorites and widely read are, "A Musical Instrument," "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Sleep," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "The Cry of the Human," "The Mother and Poet," "Cowper's

Grave," and the following-named sonnets, "Cheerfulness and Reason," "Work," and "Prospect."

Other appellations besides the one given as the subject of this sketch are, "Shakespeare's Daughter," "A Soul of Fire Enclosed in a Shell of Pearl," and "Most Beloved of Minstrels and Women."

Her husband died twenty-eight years after her death, in December, 1889.

The year 1909 marks the one hundredth anniversary of her birth, and we will close this life sketch with one of her "Sonnets from the Portuguese":

"My own beloved who has lifted me
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,
And in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully
Shines out again, as all the angels see,
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,
Who camest to me when the world was gone,
And I who looked for only God, found thee!
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.
As one who stands in dewless asphodel,
Looks backward on the tedious time he had
In upper life—so I, with bosom-swell,
Make witness here, between the good and bad,
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well."

Pentz, Pa.



WHAT THE DRIVER SAYS.

IRA P. DEAN.

"Do you know who is to blame for the saloon being open at twelve o'clock at night?" said Mr. Wire.

"Well, I could not place the blame positively," said I.

"Well, then I will tell you why the saloon keeps late hours. I don't suppose you ever worked for a 'beer firm,' or you would know all about it.

"You know a confirmed drinker will go to the saloon any hour of the day, and he don't care who sees him; why, I know them who take it home in glass pitchers at noon time and use the main street."

"Yes, I saw that often myself, and I've heard of people getting beer in an oil can."

"Well, there you are, what kind of a person was that? There are hundreds of that kind around Harrisburg. They are the ones who keep the saloon open late at night. *Church members!* Do you believe that?"

"*Church members!*" said I.

"Yes, and mighty good church members, too (on Sunday). I know some of them only too well; I know why I was not allowed to unhitch and go home to my family like other men when seven o'clock came. Old Koenig said, 'Will take the team in for supper, then come back. I have an order for eleven P. M.' I might have been home many a time at eight o'clock if it hadn't been for one of them church member orders. Koenig would say, 'Will, take the team up to Sixth and Cumberland and wait till eleven, then carry this

case of beer down to Mrs. — on Cowden Street, but leave the team on the corner where I told you. Her pastor don't know it, and she's a *Christian*! And don't rattle them bottles any more than you must. Whistle at the back gate, and don't stop if any of the neighbors hear you.' That old woman made me so mad I could hardly hold myself.

"Well, this kept up till one night I bumped against the fence and the bottles rattled. She swung the door open and tore me up fierce. She said, 'What's the matter with you, are you crazy? If you can't bring that in without all that noise, I'll get some one who can. Hereafter I want each bottle wrapped in paper.' The next time I went around it was eleven-thirty and I was mad. I rattled the gate like fury. She came out and began to read off the law and I said, 'Look here, old lady, if you're not afraid of the man in heaven you don't need to be afraid of your neighbors.'

"Well, you should have seen her, she never said beans after that and I never took any more beer there either.

"Over on Green Street a man belonging to a certain church took sick and the doctor told him to drink half a bottle of beer a day. At first he ordered a half dozen bottles. I had to wrap them up, put them in a basket and carry them over about nine-thirty in the evening, and when he came to the door I had to say, 'Here's your groceries.'

"Well, at first it wasn't so bad, but later he ordered a dozen bottles, then a case. When he got a case I had to make two trips and that was no fun; but I had to do it because he was ashamed to have the wagon stop in front of his door, for he was a church member.

"If those people would not be such hypocrites and let me take the beer around during the day as others do, I could be home at six o'clock every evening, but at night I am kept busy with such 'church member' orders."

"Well," said I, "there are plenty of those people, I suppose, who are in the church, but the church don't stand for that class of people."

"Why, man, I know *preachers* who do the same thing," said Mr. Wire.

Is this true? Mr. Wire says so, and he knows, for he drove the delivery team for a wholesale and retail liquor firm.

At Carlisle a bartender often said, "I must put an extra dollar in the collection tomorrow at my church, the pastor must have his beer too." This same bartender admitted that he carried beer in covered market baskets with groceries to the pastor's home.

What does this mean? Where shall we begin to wipe out the liquor traffic? Who is to blame for its not having been wiped out long ago? When will it be wiped out?

It means we must begin with the church, the pastor,

the deacon, the layman,—it means the church members are to blame for liquor not having been wiped out long ago. It means, liquor will never be wiped out until the church wipes it out, and the church *can* do it, if she will. The power is not a secret. The church has the power, and the liquor men know it; that is why they are making every effort to fight it. Do you suppose for a moment the liquor people would invest millions of dollars and exhaust every effort to oppose prohibition if they thought the church was not the power against them? If it is worth all the money and combined efforts of the liquor men of the country to fight for their damning privileges (not rights), how much is it worth to the church to oppose them? Is it not worth equally as much? The church is a "sleeping lion," "beautiful in peace," "terrible in such a war," "glorious always."

One of the most painful scenes to me, a scene which proves the church is asleep, I witnessed (I am exceptionally sorry to say) in our own beloved Brotherhood. At one meeting in another city the preacher asked of a congregation of about eighty, for all those who could conscientiously say they did not keep intoxicating liquor in their cellars, to raise their hand. Five hands went up. It isn't that way now, I trust. Then in Harrisburg, my home church, in a vote by the church against granting a license for a new saloon, only half voted against the saloon, the other half remained neutral. In a fight like this there is *no neutral ground*. If you are not against the saloon, you are for it, and if you are for the saloon you had better surrender now, for when the church awakes, the saloon will be driven to the last ditch and buried. "Woe unto that man that giveth his neighbor drink." Yea, woe unto that man that voteth or favoreth some other man to give his neighbor drink. This is not you, is it?



MAN'S BEST AGE.

WHEN is the average man at his best? That depends a good deal upon what is required of him. A prize fighter is old at 30; most counselors-at-law are youthful at 50, and for the ordinary pursuits every man is entitled to his "guess," and there shall be no decision. But it is certain that the dead line is being pushed further and further back upon age. Men are learning how to live; the comforts of life are more easily attainable; science intervenes in man's behalf, and the man who has passed 50 need not be ashamed of his years, because he may see for himself that there is a place for him by simply regarding the men long past that age who are actually carrying on the world's work. —*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



"THE cause of lack of punctuality is lack of interest. The effect is, losing more interest."

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLVII.

THE next day we sailed into Smyrna, Turkey, which is in Asia Minor.

The panorama from the boat of the city is flat and uninteresting. The mountains back of and to the left and right of the broad, sweeping bay are rough, bare and hungry-looking. I can almost see the brigands who caught Miss Helen Stone and who may get me, if my wheel breaks down.

Every port has revealed a slightly-different type of boat to take passengers ashore. For seldom in these old-world ports do I find wharves against which the big vessels can lie, as in New York, Montreal, or Liverpool. But these boats that gathered about the *Letimbro* by the hundred are really curiosities. The men in them are "frights," and such a jabber!

Out of twenty long, dipping boats I pick on one and make my way from all the others to that one, the tall Turk, holding out his hands to help me in, and another behind me with my wheel. He agrees to take me to shore for about ten cents. The boat glides faster than other similar boats. Their prow is longer and more pointed, and it rises far out of the sea.

A score of boats lay in our way along the landing so that—I had to step from one to another, some of them at two yards distance. In making these jumps I all but fell and I was afraid my man would drop my wheel into the bay.

Once on the beach I was also right in the main street that ran along the very shore for a mile, with the stores and hotels facing the sea, the rough paved street lying between. But I was not free from the

boatman. He refused to accept the pay as agreed and roughly demanded more, following me up the street and making much fuss, as only a Turk knows how to make so as to shame me into paying him a big fee by his attracting attention from all passers. But he had to gain an experience with a "penniless" world tourist who was totally deaf to everything save fairness and economy.

It was wise, too, doubtless, for me to stick doggedly to my agreed price, for I was just landing in a new country, and to enter it by showing my ability to pay my boatman an extra fee would only court the greed

and graft of every man with whom I was to do business while in any part of the Turkish Empire. Such news flies fast.

None of the hotels cared to receive me on the terms I was willing to offer them. But I found a lay-over here both necessary and beneficial. Through some kind voice on the street I learned of the location in Smyrna of an International American College, to which I made my



"A score of boats lay in our way along the landing so that I had to step from one to another."

way up and through the narrow, crooked streets, opening my eyes in wonder at the queer circus of wonders all about me. If going to a big circus is worth a dollar, this was worth fifty. Here was real Turkish life in a Turkish city in the country of Turkey. The nearest resemblance to it was on Midway at the Columbian Exposition, Chicago. But I slipped on. The paving stones were smooth, but rounding, and fitted too loosely in the street to make going over them easy. The shops were nearly all one story, opening out on the street, without apparent doors. Queer-dressed, queer-looking, queer-voiced men, cut off a

steak or tied up a package for still queerer buyers, all of whom took more notice of me and my outfit than I felt was good for my safety. But I walked as though it was just a little stroll I was taking after a short absence from my own city. I looked at things that in my own land or in Europe would have caused me to exclaim with open eyes and speaking mouth in thrilling wonder with the negligent air of an old timer. But when the people around me permitted it, I allowed my enthusiasm to express itself freely.

It was Sunday, but the business done here made it seem like a week day. The Turkish theatre is open. But that is no sign of a week day, for Chicago theatres are also open on Sundays.

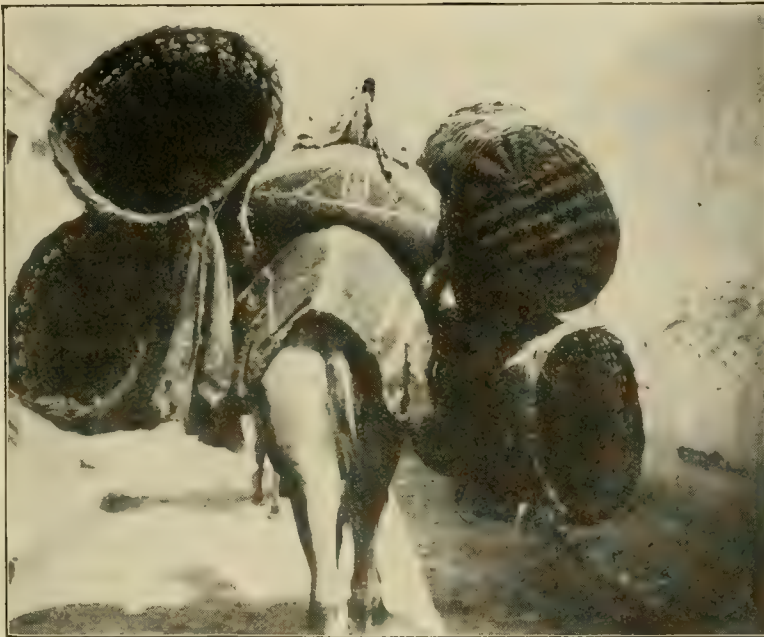
From an open quadrangle I see the *Letimbro* lying out in the quiet bay. With regret I had said farewell to the officers and crew, who will go on to Constantinople, while I will follow on another boat. But with an indeterminate expectation I push on over the big blocks of pavement and at the corner see a donkey, picking his way over the stones as if making a path for something to follow. He is pulling something, for there is a rope hitched to his saddle. No, he is leading a camel, two camels, three, four, five, six, and then seven, stately swinging camels, loaded with their caravansary of big sacks and bundles tied on both sides of a sort of big saddle. Behind this set of seven camels came a donkey with five camels, all connected by ropes between them, as they walked fifteen or sixteen feet behind each other. A hideous Turk, just like the pictures drawn of them in papers, ambled along on a pair of spindle bowlegs.

Now he runs or tries to, to the fourth camel, which is having some trouble to get through the narrow street with his big baskets. He was knocking off the tinware hanging on the right side, and like a sensible fellow he saw his mistake and swung away from it, but he swung too far, for on the other side he ran into a Turkish lemonade stand, knocking down the glass that the man in attendance picked up, rubbed off with his dirty hand and set down ready to be filled and drank from by the next American tourist.

I spoke to this big camel and tried to pat its long, crooked neck, but when I patted at it, it was gone, and I struck the air. Their movement as they walk is so uncertain, always a swing, swing, swing, that tries to avoid the stranger's touch. For like the workhorse, the camel was not ready for fun and he had seen too many people staring at him to give any time or strength to me. So when I thought by my position that I could touch him as he passed me, he swung a little more "off" of his customary path. But I gave him a good slap on his blanketed hip as he cleared me with his tremendous baskets.

This camel caravan runs all night. Several times during the night I was awakened by the peculiar ring of the bell that is always placed on the last camel. It is a set of three bells, one within the other, and gives

a distinctly interesting sound or tune through all the hours of the day or night, for there is hardly a minute when they are not passing a given spot in the street selected for this great trade of fruits and products of the deserts. Why the bell is tied to the trappings of the last camel I do not know. The camel walks perfectly noiselessly on his soft, bun-ion feet, and often I was nearly run over by one at the head before I saw



"The street was so narrow even this experienced camel knocked down the wares on one side and upset the lemonade on the other."

him to get out of his way. Possibly I heard the bell of the seventh camel in the rear, but that was one hundred and fifty feet away, and possibly not yet turning the corner of the third street away.

I reached the high walls behind which safely stood, from the danger of the rioting Turk, the college buildings. I was received with great kindness from the forbidding Turkish atmosphere of the street to the safe and genial company of American teachers and English-speaking students. At once they said I could have a room in the dormitory. Possibly they knew how much joy that would bring me. I could pay for it, certainly, and my board, too, but if they had heehawed around like a lot of folks I have met, and pretended their inability to keep me for one reason or another, yet secretly meaning to do so, I would quite probably have accepted their hospitality. But the val-

ue in such a case would have been only about half, whereas the cost and trouble to them would remain the same. In other words, they did the right good thing by saying, "Come in!" in such a way I knew they meant it.

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BAD MANAGEMENT.

J. G. ROYER.

NOTHING hurts one more than a continual effort to get his rights. "That man always manages to get a seat, no matter how crowded the car," one man was heard to say of another who had just demonstrated his ability. The man thus described no doubt considered it good management; but those who knew his practice would call it bad. If there is no stronger reason for insisting on our rights than the mere fact that they are our rights, we better let them go.

Every one should carefully heed the impulses of his own soul, and act on them promptly. To do so will greatly bless our own lives as well as the lives of others, provided we choose the right impulses. Every one has many a good impulse every day and almost every one lets many of them die a barren death. Yet by doing so we hurt our best natures and stunt our real growth.

Good impulses are promptings from God. They are God's own gift to us. They are sent that we may cause them to live in our actions. When we ignore one of these God-given promptings we are worse off than if it had not even come to us; and we also diminish the likelihood of its ever coming back to us again. The impulse to offer one's seat to a deserving one in a crowded car, is God's call to our best self. Not to act on it is to weaken our higher, nobler self, and add strength to the lower selfish nature. This is bad management. The same is true of him who is prompted to surrender the first seat in the church pew, to that late-comer. If he fails to act promptly on the good impulse, thus necessitating the other to crowd by him to secure a seat, he weakens the finer, well-bred side of his being, and adds strength to the lower, coarser nature. He may say, "I was here early and I claim my right to a seat." Well, he can do that, but he will be the loser and not the gainer so far as the culture of his best self is concerned. It is bad management. So also of the impulse to make a needed visit, or to attend to a neglected duty.

These impulses for good are all God's calls to our nobler selves, and should be acted upon promptly, and made to live and to bless our lives, and the lives of our fellows. "To let today's call to do good pass unheeded, is to dull our hearing to a similar call tomorrow." The best impulses come to those who are quick to act upon the best that they have.

Mt. Morris, Ill.

USE OF DIFFICULTIES.

DANIEL L. MILLER.

WEBSTER says "difficulties are impediments," but a great statesman of England says they are "severe instructors set over us by the Supreme Guardian and Legislator who knows us better than we know ourselves."

The oak that stands apart and alone against the force of the angry elements develops into a far stronger tree than the one that is hidden away in and protected by the forest.

The resistance of the water against the prow is the only difficulty that the steamship has to overcome, yet if it were not for this same power against the blades of the propellor the ship would not move at all. This same view that our difficulties are conditions of our success, or if considered as impediments the cause of our failure, holds true in human life.

For instance, the works of Shakespeare appear less meritorious when we consider that his predecessor, Marlowe, at the early age of twenty had not only introduced the drama but had written masterpieces. If it had not been for his difficulty, self-control, which was to him an impediment, Marlowe instead of Shakespeare might have been the greatest name in all literature. But instead of this, Marlowe, while quarreling in an inn, was fatally stabbed and while dying he expressed his own views in his epitaph,

"Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough."

On the other hand Shakespeare on account of lack of money moved from Stratford to London and associated himself with the theatre and became not only an actor but a writer of plays. While success attended him, yet he smarted under the disgrace attached to his profession as is shown in one of his sonnets.

"O for my sake do you with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide
Than public means, which public manner breeds.
And almost thus my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand."

Thus it was difficulty which made him, or rather caused him to make himself not only the greatest writer of his age but of all ages.

Milton after seeing the principles that he had so long and faithfully defended fall to nothing, blind and loaded with shame, dictated his glorious immortal epic, "Paradise Lost."

Lincoln is a type of noble manhood, and his name will always be affectionally remembered by his nation, because he was always actuated by the motive to overcome difficulties, rather than to be overcome by them.

It is impossible to have possibilities without difficulties, for with our possibilities come difficulties, which

if successfully overcome not only build for us a stronger and nobler character but bring an eternal reward.

North Manchester, Ind.



SWEEPING OCEAN OF DERELICTS.

DERELICTS are one of the worst dangers of the deep, and the United States government has for some time been making earnest efforts to carry on the destruction of these wrecked vessels with such celerity as will be of real value to the maritime world. The work is carried on by a number of revenue cutters under the direction of the treasury department in Washington, and a systematic campaign has been arranged among mariners on all vessels with a view to reporting all derelicts discovered. Commanders of vessels now consider it a part of their duty to note down the latitude and longitude of these forsaken vessels and report to the officials at Washington. A cutter is at once sent out to destroy the wreck, though frequently it takes a long time to find it, as between the time when it was first seen and the time the cutter reaches the point the tides may have carried the vessel miles away. Recently wireless telegraphy has been of great assistance, and the delay in reaching the derelict has been cut in half. The hardest and most exciting part of the commanding officer's duty is to calculate from the weather conditions and the winds where the hulk is most likely to be found, and in many cases it is not located at all.

It is anything but fun, this matter of destroying derelicts, for the ships that go on the mission carry great quantities of gun cotton, enough, in fact, to blow half the navy to atoms if it were all set off at once. It makes the new man on board feel creepy indeed when he lies down in his bunk at night, knowing that an unusual jar in the magazines would set the whole pile off. Revenue cutters detailed to this service are especially equipped to carry their death-dealing cargo of explosives, and the government's most experienced gunners and explosive experts are sent along to avoid the possibility of danger as well as to insure the entire destruction of the floating masses of wood and steel. Every precaution is likewise taken to blow the abandoned hulks into splinters with the least expenditure of ammunition, for gun cotton, besides being one of the most powerful is likewise one of the most expensive explosives. The charges are carried in harmless-looking little wooden boxes, stowed away in every corner of the ship. Inside these boxes are the 30, 40, or 50 pound loads of dry gun cotton.

When a derelict is sighted the chief gunner becomes the man of the hour. The surfboat is lowered, and with the gunner and his first assistant in charge, a dozen or so marines are dispatched to the derelict. Soundings are taken on all sides with mathematical precision, and from these figures the bronzed old

gunner determines exactly where the mines must be located. Generally one mine will do the work. Sometimes it takes three or four. But seldom or never does it take more than one trial to disjoin the hulk. On board, meanwhile, the mines are being prepared. The wet gun cotton is brought up from the hold, and the little boxes are carried out from the cabins. Then are produced the copper cases in which the charges are to be sunk. In these the wet and dry gun cotton are placed in the ratio of five pounds of wet to one of dry. The charge is made watertight by means of rubber; a detonator is placed in the receptacle before the metal top is screwed on, and a coil of copper cable establishes a connection between the mine and the battery. This cable is slowly unrolled as the deadly brass ball is taken over to the derelict. The mine is carefully lowered to a solid foundation, the boat pulls away from the range of falling wreckage, and all the electrical connections are made.

"Here she goes!" cries out the head gunner, as he puts his thumb on the button, and at that instant a long, maddening roar comes up from the deep, the government boat is lifted on a swell, a great geyser of water rises several hundreds of feet in the air, and the derelict is torn into splinters small enough for birds to use in building nests.

Heretofore the revenue cutters have been used for this work, but special vessels are now being built. The new destroyer, *Seneca*, now in course of construction at Baltimore, which will be in commission within a few months, is built along the lines of a revenue cutter, but has special facilities for carrying the necessary cargo of explosives and is capable of slightly higher speed than the regulation cutter. The list of those at present in active service as derelict destroyers includes enough to patrol the coast from Maine to Florida. Day and night these watchdogs of the sea ply up and down the coast on the trail of wreckage which is a menace to the mariner. Occasionally a complication arises when the derelict is less than three miles from the shore. For in that territory the war department exercises unlimited jurisdiction and permission must be granted by the secretary of war before operations can proceed. But beyond this line a derelict is common property and may be looted or blown up by any crew that has the nerve and enough gun cotton. The crew of the new destroyer is now being picked, and only men with an iron nerve will be selected. The sailors will then be given a course in the handling of explosives and the officers' staff will be composed of the trustiest veterans in the revenue cutter service.

The *Androscoggin*, stationed at Portland, has been converted into a destroyer, and will hereafter be used exclusively for that purpose. With the completion of the *Seneca*, and a third cutter now being built at Key West to patrol the Gulf of Mexico, a trio of the fastest

and best equipped patrols in commission will be on the lookout for wreckage and furnish succor to vessels in distress.—*The Pathfinder*.



SCHOOL DECORATION.

THE interior decoration of our school buildings opens up a wide range for the unconscious education of the child. An ordinary schoolroom is an unattractive place. Bare walls, stretches of blackboard and rows of windows opening upon undesirable views do not inspire the occupants with a love for these rooms where they spend so many hours.

The outside appearance of school buildings is improving. Some years ago the little square building, plain and unpretentious, proclaimed the utilitarian purpose of its builders. Today even the district schools are groping for some pretentious expression beyond the economical idea, and our cities and towns are building with the purpose of encouraging and perpetuating the best in architecture.

While there has been this stride in the exterior appearance of our buildings and an improvement in the lighting, heating and ventilation of the interior, the idea of decoration as a means of education has scarcely been thought of.

Decoration in the way of calendars, pretty pictures, etc., can scarcely be depended upon in an educational way, although it is a healthy sign of an effort to make the schoolroom a more habitable place. One fallacy in the general idea of an appreciation of art comes from this quest of so-called prettiness. Yet, in an educational scheme, this tendency may be utilized by selecting real art that happens to be pretty and working up to the great perfection of the noble and lofty.

One good picture in a room will give tone to the whole atmosphere. A soft, brown "Angelus" hung conspicuously where the eye may often unconsciously rest upon it will, in many ways, prove its own excuse for being. Seeing day by day such a picture will develop a love for the true and beautiful that may never be gained otherwise.

A picture for a schoolroom should be large enough to be seen clearly from the farthest corner, and thus its size will conform to the extent of wall space. Cheapness should be avoided. Economy should be shown only in the number of pictures. Three or four well chosen prints with possibly a plaster cast or two furnish ample material for an ordinary schoolroom. If this plan should be carried out, having passed through the first eight grades, the pupil will have become familiar with twenty-five or thirty real works of art.

The selection of pictures should be made relative to grades, that a systematic advance in appreciation may be secured and that repetition may be avoided. Publishing houses are furnishing carefully planned

lists of subjects, which are of great use in starting a decorative scheme.

As for high schools, they should stand as the art centers of our smaller cities and towns. It is only the largest cities that boast of art galleries, and these are, alas, too few for this great country of ours. As a nation we fail to recognize even the commercial value of art as do the European countries. But we are beginning to see through the glass, though darkly, and one great means of bringing about a better appreciation of art lies in our schools, and especially in our high schools.

High schools stand as the criterion of a city's measure of itself. They are centers of civic pride and should rightly be so. They stand as the hope of the future growth and influence of the community. If the schools do not realize and consummate this idea, they are failures. Every influence must be brought to bear, and no one or two so-called practical ideas can be trusted to bring about the result. It is quite as necessary to appreciate the true and beautiful in art, gaining thereby a never-ending joy in life, as to be constantly memorizing facts which are as driftwood unless assimilated by an imaginative mind.

Human nature has an inherent love for the beautiful—a birthright, as it were. This needs simply to be fostered by seeing. We cannot appreciate things we have never seen. The Parthenon frieze may be described and lauded, but unless we actually see it in reproduction we gain no idea of the grace and force of that majestic, spirited procession. We read about it; we study about it. Why can't we see it? The long stretches of halls and large rooms of our modern high schools offer most excellent space for such reproductions. All that is needed is the effort and enthusiasm to see to it that the space is used.

Better Than an Art Gallery.—A high school abounding in good art is a much more potent influence for the love of the beautiful than a regular art gallery. An art gallery is a building that is visited; a high school is a building that is worked in and lived in. Living and working surrounded not by mere walls, but by the works of the great minds, brings us to an appreciation of the life and work of those minds. We are thus introduced into a sphere beyond the practical—into a sphere of imagination, where we find the practical made worthy of effort.

There are three entrances to this sphere of the imagination into which, unless we have taken our students, no true education exists. Music, with its divine melodies, and the inspired writings of great geniuses lead the mind into this realm. Our schools have provided for this by compulsory work in music and literature. We have concerts and libraries which are doing their appointed work in these lines.

The third road by means of which we enter this

realm of imagination which rules the world has been so far neglected in the educational scheme, and yet it is the road that may be taken with the least effort. We simply need to have the reproductions of master minds in art plainly in view that they may be daily factors in forming aspirations and character. We need simply to be surrounded by the best in art to become appreciative.

Our schoolrooms and halls should more than express the idea of cleanliness, which heretofore has been their chief attraction. Cleanliness we must have, and it has truly been called the principle next to godliness. But to make a room habitable we need the prosimum of cleanliness, godliness; we need something in the room to stimulate, to call us from the room.

When looking at bare and unattractive schoolrooms there comes to my mind that little couplet of Brown-ing's:

"The little more, and how much it is!
The little less, and what worlds away."

I hope the time is coming when our educational directors will realize the value of "the little more" and the deprivation caused by "the little less," so that art may take its true place as one of the great factors of our modern educational system.—*The Ohio Teacher*.



IT ALL DEPENDS ON YOU.

KNOWLEDGE is the greatest power in the universe. Secure a weight of knowledge of the right and couple it with a strong lever of the study habit, and you will have a perfect apparatus for keeping the watch always wound.

Remember that while your father and your mother gave you a start in life, they cannot keep you going. It is an old but homely saying that "You may lead a horse to water but you cannot make him drink."

Once you are a working member of society, the rest is in your own hands. Do you want a better position? Then you must fit yourself to hold on. Are you dissatisfied with your present calling? Then you must study to acquire knowledge that will fit you for some other.

The man that gets to the top of the ladder of success nowadays is the man that climbs. You cannot stand still and be carried up to the place you have so long desired to fill.

Hard work and hard study will qualify you to undertake almost any kind of business, but without that you must expect to be outdistanced by others. The man deliberately refusing to study and fit himself for a certain position has no right to complain when he sees that position go to some other man that has had the pluck and determination to earn promotion.

Get right down to study and fill your brain with

the right kind of knowledge, and the watch will be self-winding. Then when your competitor has to spend time winding his watch you can keep straight ahead and outdistance him.

With the knowledge and the study habit you have the whole secret. No need to dream over it, or ponder some quick road to wealth. It lies in books and their use. It's for you to decide whether you will be a poor timepiece always in need of repairs, or up to date, useful, and progressive; in study lies your only hope.—*Ambition*.



JUDGE FOR YOURSELVES, BOYS.

MUST a boy be damaged, in order to be happy? Can a boy walk better on one foot than on two? Does a bird with a broken wing fly better than a bird with two wings? Is a stuffy room better to live in than a room filled with fresh air? If not, does a boy need to be crippled by the cigarette habit or any other bad habit, in order to be happy?

Did God forget to provide for a boy's happiness, when he created him? Do good food, warm clothing, loving friends, splendid schools, playgrounds count for anything? Do not these things serve to make a boy happy without tobacco or strong drink? Does not a boy, every time he gives up a moral, simple life for the strange fascinations of evil, lose more than he gains?

Can a boy know what is really good for him? Can he trace out cause and effect in his own body as affecting his own feelings and health? When he feels bad cannot he find the cause, and cannot he so care for his body as to make sure that he will be well?

Is an hour's pleasure worth more than a year of sound health and comfort? Can a boy know a temptation when he sees it? Is it manly to give way to every impulse and never think of the future?

Which is best, for a young man to have every form of evil removed far from him, or make him so strong that he can resist the evil in his path and overcome it? Evil is here, we must either fight it or be overcome by it. Do you want the joy of victory? Do you like to show courage and pluck? We must fight if we would win.—*Glenwood Boy*.



I NEVER could have done what I have done without the habits of punctuality, order and diligence—without the determination to concentrate myself on one object at a time, no matter how quickly its successor should come upon its heels.—*Charles Dickens*.



"How easy it is to pick flaws in existing things and to think up remedies for those evils over which we have no direct power. When it comes to reforming ourselves and our own ways, that's a different matter."

Nature Studies



A MOTH'S HISTORY.



THE life of a moth is a most complicated existence. At first he is a tiny round egg resting on the leaf, or branch, where the mother moth deposited him; next he is a caterpillar, very, very tiny, then he grows big; then changes into a thing as motionless as the egg was and finally comes forth as a moth, like his parents. It is very easy to watch all this happen.

Go search on the leaves or twigs in the garden. Find some small round things either singly or in groups, then watch carefully what comes of them. Within those little balls, not the size of a pin's head, lies, carefully rolled up and protected, the life of a handsome moth.

In a short space of time you will find small caterpillars which have hatched from these eggs. They eat the leaves of the plant upon which the eggs were placed, for insects always provide the food for their young by placing the eggs on the thing necessary for their food. "These tiny caterpillars are called *larvæ*."

Like a boy they eat and grow. They grow so fast that their skins won't hold them, and split up the back to let them out. In some cases they change their skins many times before becoming full-grown caterpillars.

After the caterpillar has woven itself into its winter home the last thing it does before going to sleep



(lying dormant it is called), is to push its caterpillar skin down into a little heap in the bottom of the cocoon, and change into an odd-looking dark thing called a "pupa," which means a "doll." It really does look very much like an Indian papoose wrapped up in its blankets. The cocoon which the moth makes is the winter home made by the Cecropia moth. This moth, which is very large and is bluish green in color, is a silk moth, and fastens its large cocoon lengthwise on a twig or branch.

When the warm June sun shines down, it wakens up the pupa, which begins to move round and round in

the smooth case inside of the silk cocoon, and creeps forth to hang on the outside of its now useless home.

There it clings, a soft bunch of nothing-in-particular. Presently a tremor passes over it; then a constant vibration begins, and under our eager watch the wings begin to expand. Line after line, tint after tint appears. Larger and larger it grows, until in about an hour the fully-expanded gorgeous Cecropia moth, with its waving head-plumes and wings nearly four inches long, rests before us.

It will stay on the branch until the shadows of evening fall, and then it will flutter away to start up another moth circle, in the great "world of the dark."

So this insect that we saw first as a tiny caterpillar



from a still tinier egg, goes through four changes before becoming perfect. "The life history of a butterfly is an interesting study, and in no other way can the relation between *larva*, *chrysalis* and butterfly be so well learned as by actually observing the growth from one stage to the other. Begin by collecting the *larva* which may be observed through all its changes. Note the plant on which the *larva* is feeding in order to supply its wants. Boxes with glass tops will serve for rearing *larvæ*." If we have been fortunate enough to see the whole process we will have known moments of intensest interest. Nature's book has neither clasp nor lock, but lies open ever to those who "go out for to see."—*East and West*.

ANIMAL INSTINCTS.

No doubt all have learned in school that one of the instincts of self-preservation among wild creatures lies in a fine distinction of colors.

Even here in the woods about beautiful "Lunenburg-by-the-Sea," some of the forest habitants mark their coats to suit the season. Weasels and raccoons show a notable change in this respect, while hares (or rabbits, as they are erroneously called), during a winter having very little snow, bear a fur very little lighter than the prevailing brownish-gray hue of summer; yet in a winter of much snow, they appear white, although it is only the tips of the hair that become white. Other creatures will adapt colors in other ways as a means of safety. Even birds, crouching in their nests, depend upon the marking of their plumage to deceive the eyes. Grouse look not unlike the dried leaves of which they form a nest. Bitterns look a part of the swamp as they stand watching for food.

One day two little girls, embryo thrifty housekeepers, belonging to a school in a secluded locality—the sea a stone's throw in front, the woods all about—washed out all the slate-cloths and my blackboard cloth and hung them on the rustic fence of our tiny school-garden to dry. The board-cloth was a large piece of reddish-brown material, while the slate-rags were, one and all, bits of white or light-colored calico. It was late in October and there was that frostiness in the air which foretells the near approach of winter. I came back early for the afternoon session, and found a red or pine squirrel tugging away at the brown cloth, which was caught on the rough bark of the rustic fence. It was a great chance for my pupils to watch the experiment. For four or five days I kept doling out small pieces of the brown rag, all the time leaving pieces of the white rags around; but it was soon evidenced that Mr. Squirrel would have nothing to do whatever with the latter, and he was unsatisfied until he had carried off all the kind that he preferred. Truth to tell, his actions of running hither and thither over the yard, and sitting up on the fence and asking for more, was, to say the least, impolite. All the pieces were taken into a hollow tree, and these with his bushy tail, which serves as a blanket, probably made its winter home quite comfortable.

We all could understand that there must be a reason for its choice of color—possibly an instinct that is an inheritance from far-distant forbears when the woods were full of fourfooted hunters, and every precaution was cultivated to prevent discovery. Weasels and raccoons are enemies to the squirrel, and perhaps the light rags, in contrast with the brilliant fur, would attract the attention of these sharp-sighted animals if prowling near the nest. The poor squirrel has often a hard time of it; for if the winter season is protracted, its store of pine and spruce cones may give out, when it is compelled to gnaw the tender tips of

trees. It does not do the harm to orchards and vegetable fields that the ground-squirrel does, for it never eats that kind of food.—*Young People*.

**A BIRD WHOSE WINGS ARE HANDS.**

OF the South American hoazin, a bird that in early age has claws on its wings, so that it can climb before it has learned to fly, W. P. Pycraft gives the following interesting information in *Knowledge*:

In all other instances the young of birds reared in trees are hatched in a perfectly blind, naked, and helpless condition. Not so with the hoazin, however. The young emerge from the shell endowed with a very lively disposition, wandering about at their own sweet will on the branches of the tree on which the nest is placed. These wanderings are necessarily attended with considerable peril, but the risk of accidents is diminished by the presence of the large claws already referred to. Grasping the boughs with enormous feet, and aided by the claws and beak, they are among the most expert of climbers at a very tender age. But the wing at this time differs in several other remarkable particulars from that of other birds, and even from that of the full-grown bird. Closely examined, it will be found that the hand is much longer than the forearm, and that the thumb is also unusually long. Furthermore, the under surface of the thumb and first finger will be found to resemble those of the human finger, in that they terminate in a fleshy ball, obviously useful for grasping purposes. At this time, then, the wings serve the very unbirdlike function of fore legs, and they really move on four legs instead of two. This remains the case till they can fly.—*Sunday School Visitor*.



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ONE AHEAD.

Not long ago our latest battleship, the *Delaware*, was launched into the James River from the yard of the Newport News Ship Building and Drydock Company. It is in many ways superior to the boasted *Dreadnought* of the British navy and for a short time our government may pride itself on being ahead in the race of the leading nations to possess the most formidable and destructive machines of war.

The monster leviathan is a masterpiece of our modern mechanics. It is over five hundred eighteen feet long, eighty-five feet beam, with a trial displacement of twenty thousand tons and a draught of twenty-seven feet. Compared with the British *Dreadnought* the *Delaware* is nearly ten feet longer, five hundred tons heavier in displacement and one and one-half knots faster—that is, if it comes up to the requirement on this point. By the arrangement of the guns the firing range is also greater than that of the *Dreadnought*. The contract price of the *Delaware* is a little less than \$4,000,000.

Just now there is a fierce fight being waged in the British cabinet over the question whether England shall have six new *Dreadnoughts*, costing \$33,000,000, or only two, costing \$11,000,000. Those who are holding out for the latter number say that “sufficient causes already obtain for a big treasury deficit without running wild in naval expenditures.” Of course it goes without saying that these new battleships must surpass the one our government has recently launched in size and destructive power.

One sometimes is driven to question the wisdom of these learned statesmen who vote to spend the people's money for such purposes when there are so many other ways in which it might be spent for their direct and permanent betterment. Look at the picture of the British government spending thirty-three million dollars simply to hold its place as the foremost naval

power of the world while thousands of its subjects are, through poverty, sunk to the lowest depths of degradation and walk the streets of the capital without homes and without employment! But we need not look across the waters to see as great folly passing under the guise of wise statesmanship. Last year our President held out against Congress as long as possible for four instead of two battleships. In many other ways he has given expression to his belief that the best way to maintain peace is by large preparations for war—a doctrine that harmonized very well with the spirit of the times when might made right, but which has no place among people who for two thousand years have enjoyed the blessings brought to them by the Prince of Peace.

But with all these preparations for war, the peace spirit is gaining ground. Thousands of earnest, thinking people are firm in the conviction that war and preparations for war are incompatible with the teachings of Christ and that therefore a Christian nation should have nothing to do with them. And this belief is spreading rapidly. Then there is another class, and in this money-making, economic age it is not a small one, who oppose a war policy because of the waste of money which it entails. They object to good money, the people's money, being invested in a way which brings no reasonable returns. With these two influences working against the war spirit, we look with eagerness toward the early coming of that time when the nations shall no more learn war.



REPORT OF FARM COMMISSION.

SOME months ago mention was made in these pages of President Roosevelt's interest in the farmer, and of the appointment by him of a country life commission. This commission was to look into the conditions of the farmer with a view of making improvements, so that country life might afford attractions to counterbalance those of the city which have drawn many people away from the farm. The commission has now made a report and this has been forwarded to Congress along with a special message from the President.

The President lays special stress on the importance of the farmer's wife as a factor in his success, and declares that “if she does her duty she is more entitled to our regard even than the man who does his duty.” He closes his message with this paragraph:

“I warn my countrymen that the great recent progress made in city life is not a full measure of our civilization; for our civilization rests at bottom on the wholesomeness, the attractiveness and the completeness, as well as the prosperity, of life in the country. The men and women on the farms stand for what is fundamentally best and most needed in our American life. Upon the development of country life rests ulti-

mately our ability, by methods of farming requiring the highest intelligence, to continue to feed and clothe the hungry nations; to supply the city with fresh blood, clean bodies and clear brains that can endure the terrific strain of modern life; we need the development of men in the open country, who will be in the future, as in the past, the stay and strength of the nation in time of war, and its guiding and controlling spirit in time of peace."

From its investigations the commission has come to the conclusion that there are "three great general and immediate needs of country life."

They are as follows:

1. "Effective coöperation among farmers, to put them on a level with the organized interests with which they do business.

2. "A new kind of school in the country which shall teach the children as much outdoors as indoors and, perhaps, more, so that they will prepare for country life, and not as at present, mainly for life in town.

3. "Better means of communication, including good roads and a parcels post, which the country people are everywhere, and rightly, unanimous in demanding."

To these may well be added better sanitation, for easily preventable diseases hold several million country people in the slavery of continuous ill health.

Most people who are acquainted with conditions in the country will agree that improvement along the lines suggested would be highly beneficial to the farming community.

Considering the gigantic task which the farmer is now accomplishing in providing food for us all, to say nothing of the "fresh blood and clear brains" with which he supplies the cities to carry on their work, we do not think he is greatly in need of outside help to improve conditions. All he needs is a little stirring up on the subject of his possibilities and almost unlimited powers. He can then roll up his sleeves and work out his own salvation.

Care should be taken that these good, well-meaning, would-be reformers do not overdo the "improving" idea, especially as it relates to the social conditions. We do not want the country homes—the real homes of the land—to become merely places to eat and sleep, as in the city, while the recreation hours are spent in a giddy round of dissipating pleasures. We do not want the garb of genuineness—the result of much communion with nature and a degree of solitude—changed for the cloak of artificiality which characterizes the city dweller. In short we want the farmers to have all the helps that may add to their real happiness and well-being, and only these, so that we may continue to look to them for those sterling qualities that have made them the salt of the nation.

STAGE ONLY TO DEGRADE.

THAT the stage in this city (New York) today is a festering spot of filth in urgent need of a censor was the opinion expressed recently by Charles Burnham, president of the Theatrical Managers' Association.

Five theaters would close their doors today if Mr. Burnham had his way, and he declared that if the trend toward "the inexpressibly filthy shows" that have drawn crowds for a year or more continues a stage censorship will be a reality.

"If this is not the case," said Mr. Burnham, "it will be because we are honest with ourselves and open our theaters as concert halls—'dewdrop inns,' as it were. And above the door we should inscribe, 'For Men Only.'"

Mr. Burnham referred to some of the plays now being produced as "orgies of obscenity."

"Archbishop Farley was right," he said, speaking of the sermon preached at St. Patrick's Cathedral the previous Sunday, "when he said that the stage today is worse than in the days of paganism.

"There are shows running on Broadway to which no right-minded man would take a decent woman. And the manager is to blame. Any manager will tell you that if he puts on a 'good' show he will starve to death.

"The public must want these shows or they would not battle about the doors every night to get seats. The press? The press declares that a certain show is filthy and lewd and immoral and the manager pats himself on the back. He knows that is the best advertisement he could have.

"I tell you that the theater is not educational. It does not teach a lesson. It does not deliver a sermon. Its mission is purely one of entertainment. When it presents the story of a harlot that story is told to entertain those in the audience, not to elevate their souls and point out to them the pit dug for unwary feet. It might be of less importance if men only attended the theaters—as some theaters should admit men only. But you can't bar your doors to women and young girls and boys.

"Up on Forty-second Street there is a show running to tremendous business. It tells the story of a woman and her trafficking with her lovers. Who goes to see that play? Men and women of mature age, who seek to gain a lesson from it? Bosh! Younger men and women who read a sermon in its gutterish lines? Folly! You will see young girls with dresses to their shoetops pressing about the doors to get in, giggling ecstatically as they come out. Were they elevated morally by that recital of bestiality? Fudge!"
—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



CONVICTION of ignorance is the doorstep to the temple of wisdom.—*Spurgeon*.



The Home World

OUR GIRLS, WHERE ARE THEY?

CLARA NORTH RULEY

MANY a broken-hearted mother has asked herself this question when it was too late. Our power for good with our daughters is practically limitless if we begin in time to influence their young minds.

We should know our girls. It is our own fault if we do not. There should not be a look, a gesture, even a thought but what we, their mothers, should not be able to comprehend. Why? Because they are a part of us. Whatever faults, whatever of bad there is in them, was ours in a lesser degree or established there by our thoughtlessness in the prenatal stage, or, if not in that way, implanted in their natures by the father we gave them. Our daughters are born with certain tendencies for good and evil and they cannot conquer them alone by reason of their very innocence, and ignorance of what life means with its complex laws, and usages. They must have aid, the aid they do not even know they need, therefore do not seek it of their own accord. It is we who must offer and do it, too, in so clever a way that the recipient, however sensitive, must feel no criticism embodied in the offer. For our girls are sensitive. More than that they are egotistical. They reason with the power of a fresh and oftentimes brilliant mind, but they reason from a wrong premise.

It is just there the mother helps, that is, if she is the right sort of mother. With her knowledge of the world she starts the girl aright and the rest is easy, for if one has a set of right principles one cannot go far wrong. Be your daughter's confidante. She can have none better. Enter into her little pleasures of school life, into her innocent fun, and try to remember that old and young see with different eyes, that what may seem a trifle silly to you is the quintessence of wit to her. Moreover, if she detects the least suspicion of mockery in your reception of it, she will shrink back into herself and her confidence will be denied you, perhaps forever. This makes the backward, shy, sensitive woman. But what is perhaps worse is

the girl who, finding her mother uncongenial, turns to some schoolmate, one with a strong personality and with a decided tendency for evil things. Ah, then you have need to regret, you have need for all the cunning your roused motherhood can inspire. You must not be caught napping now or your girl will have gotten beyond your reach.

Some day your daughter will come home from school with a companion. All at once some boy will have discovered her inability to bear the burden of a few schoolbooks for a few blocks. So he sets himself to the task. To you he appears a scrubby lad, looking as though he had need of soap and a scrubbing brush, but to her he has the attributes of a Don Quixote, or a Richard Cœur de Lion.

Or perhaps he may have passed the scrubby, unwashed stage, and entered into incipient dandyhood. Whatever he is don't laugh, if he is a good, honest boy, and even if he isn't at all what you wish for her, don't laugh anyway. The Bible is so many times quoted by those who wish to excuse themselves for some fault, as saying, "There is a time for everything." This is not the time to laugh. If, as I say, the boy is not a desirable companion, do not even tell her so. Get her in the company of good boys, gentlemanly boys, those who are courteous and manly, and her own nice instincts will do the rest. But if you criticise the boy who is not nice, you rouse in her all the instincts that have up to now been buried to protect and defend him, and before you know it the mischief is done. But if his faults are those of age and only superficial, be honest with yourself and look back, not so very many years, with honest eyes at the husband and the lover of your youth. What you see there will fill your heart full of loving sympathy for your daughter and for her romantic friendships, and will make the loving bond of comradeship strong enough to withstand the tempests of misunderstanding that may fall to your lot.

HOME DECORATION.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

SLOVENLY surroundings of homes are usually pretty fair representations of the inmates and owners. "Straws show which way the wind blows." Farming implements scattered about promiscuously and left to the pitiless wear and tear of the weather indicate a very careless and easy-going farmer. Such a man will never make much more than his living. He permits too many leaks.

Chickens, ducks, and geese having the dooryard for their run are usually a pretty good indication of unkempt insides as well as outsides. Pasted-up windows, gaping screen doors, doors loose on the hinges, indicate either a very indifferent, careless husbandman or one who is too awkward to use ordinary tools for simple work. Everything in topsy-turvy fashion inside the house may mean a tired, worn-out, nervous mother, a lot of frolicsome, playful little folks, or slovenly indifference. The practiced eye will soon discriminate and lay the charge justly.

A constantly careless and slovenly wife eventually discourages the neatest of husbands and leads him finally to become negligent also. Equally true is it that the wife sometimes grows weary and negligent because of the frequent accumulation of unsightly articles peculiar to men appearing in places where they should not.

It is much easier in the end to straighten up things and keep them so than to hunt for misplaced articles or to use negligently injured ones. Every one ought to have sufficient ambition to take delight in a neatly-kept home and surroundings. A beautiful lawn with a few shrubs and blooming plants, takes but little extra time of either the men or the women. The men can do the heavier work of preparation; the women, the lighter work of cultivating, planting, trimming, watering. Every woman could have a better complexion, rosier cheeks, a healthier body were she to spend a part of each day in active out-of-door work. To me such work is far more valuable, health-giving, and beauty-cheering than all the tennis games, basket ball, or what-not.

I have known some young ladies who were very painstaking with parlor, front porch and hall. The kitchen and backyard were completely relegated to mother as were many other unpleasant tasks. A glimpse at their own private bedrooms would proclaim very forcibly the untidy make-up of the owner.

Cultivate a love for beauty by beautifying all your surroundings. The love of it will grow by careful training as also will pleasure in your work. Even such menial things as sweeping, dusting, and dishwashing may be made attractive and pleasant if pleasant ways are found for doing them.

Parents can do much towards training both boys and

girls in taking delight and pleasure in their work and surroundings by using spare moments in adorning and fixing up things in general. Try it once and see.

Lordsburg, Cal.

**NO PLACE FOR BOYS.**

There's a place for the boys. They will find it somewhere;

And if our homes are too daintily fair

For the touch of their fingers, the tread of their feet,

They'll find it, and find it, alas! in the street,

'Mid the gilding of sin and the glitter of vice;

And with heartaches and longings we pay a dear price

For the getting of gain that our lifetime enjoys,

If we fail in providing a place for the boys.

A place for the boys—dear mother, I pray,

As cares settle down round our short earthly way,

Don't let us forget, by our kind, loving deeds,

To show we remember their pleasures and needs;

Though our souls may be vexed with the problems of life,

And worn with besetments and toiling and strife,

Our hearts will keep younger—your tired hearts and mine,

If we give them a place in their innermost shrine;

And to life's latest hour 'twill be one of our joys,

That we keep a small corner—a place for the boys.

—Author Unknown.

**THE SECRET OF A CONTENTED SPIRIT.**

CONTENTMENT is a virtue which has its root in the home. Not long since I heard a mother bemoaning the fact that her daughter never seemed satisfied with anything she had. "The habit grows upon her, too," the mother affirmed.

Now I happened to know a little about the home life of that discontented daughter, and I was satisfied that this "habit," as the mother chose to call it, was fostered to an extent she little dreamed of by the daughter's home environment. This complaining mother was herself continually striving for things entirely beyond her reach in her present social condition,—not, however, in the way of attainment through honest effort, but rather in a discontented, pessimistic, fault-finding attitude which had developed her into a chronic grumbler.

So fixed had this outlook upon life become, that nearly all her conversation was prefaced by such remarks as: "Now, if I only had the money to spend that Mrs. So-and-So has,—" or, "If my health would only permit,—" or, "Oh, I shall be so glad when this hot spell is over!" "I wonder if it is ever going to stop raining!" and the like.

Scoff at the fact as we may, such moods are as contagious as scarlet fever, and their after-effects are infinitely more deplorable, for unless one recognizes the danger of such a pessimistic outlook, a habit is thus formed which is very difficult to undo; and it is in turn transmitted to those with whom one is daily brought in contact, by that psychological law which recognizes thought forces to be as potent in their effects as that unseen electric current which transmits the message across the continent.

A contented mother usually has a contented daughter. Both by heredity and environment the child of such a mother comes into her birthright. Unseen forces play as important a part in a child's mental education and development as do the more tangible ones that even the dullard recognizes.

Place a child in daily contact with a chronic grumbler and you develop a prototype of this most undesirable factor of humanity by that same immutable law of cause and effect that produces a flower or a weed. On the other hand, surround this same little one with sunny home influences, and without the spoken word of counsel the child will absorb them into its life as the flower absorbs the sunshine; and you have the sweet and sunny temperament that in its turn radiates light and happiness.—*Farm Journal*.



SAW AND SUPPOSED.

CERTAIN Jews from Asia who came to Jerusalem, "saw" Paul in the city with Trophimus, an Ephesian, and "supposed" that Paul had brought him into the temple, and so were bent on the apostle's destruction (Acts 22: 27-29).

The Pharisees "saw" Jesus eating with Publicans and sinners. They "supposed" he was a gluttonous man and a wine-bibber (Matt. 11: 19).

They "saw" him let a sinful woman kiss his feet. They "supposed" he was at least ignorant of her true character. They never dreamed that he had God's vision of the woman's heart (Luke 7: 39).

Some miners saw two of their company quarreling, afterwards they "saw" that one of them was missing, and "saw" up on the hillside a newly made grave; they "supposed" the miner had murdered his companion and immediately lynched him without a word of explanation. Only when the missing miner returned, and they found the body of a dead fox in the new made grave did they realize their injustice, but it was too late.

She "saw" that her husband was quiet and something was the matter; and "supposed" he was offended with her, but he was only ill and abstracted.

He "saw" that no letter came in answer to his enquiry and "supposed" that his friend had not written, but later he discovered that the letter had been delayed in the foreign post nine days by quarantine.

We "saw" that he did not come to the train to meet us when we arrived, nor according to the appointment when we left, and "supposed" he was careless about keeping his engagements, but most important business hindered him the first time and illness hindered him the second time.

She "saw" that her umbrella was not in its place and "supposed" that her friend had taken it, but it turned out that she had not put it away the last time she used it.

Oh, how prolific is the family "I saw" and "I supposed"! But love never sees and love never supposes. "Love thinketh no evil." "Love never faileth."

The true followers of Jesus drop out of their lives all supposing. They, like him, are not here to judge but to save (John 3: 17). They never "imagine evil" in their "heart" against a "brother." They "judge not according to appearance but judge righteous judgment" (John 7: 24).—*Exchange*.



A HEALTH TALK IN THE NURSERY.

HEALTH and temperance, which in its broadest sense is the law of health needs to be taught from the cradle. When my little four-year-old boy discovered the veins in my hands, I was obliged to lay down my pen and give a plausible answer before his childish curiosity would be satisfied.

On being told that they were little rivers carrying blood, an exploration of his own chubby hands followed, with the delightful discovery that he, too, had those "little rivers."

Of course a volley of questions was fired at me in quick succession. The first was "what do the little rivers carry blood to my hands for?"

"To make them grow."

"Does everything I eat make my hands grow?"

In that way he soon learned that some kind of food furnished better building material for his bodily house than other kinds.

When inclined to eat anything that was not suited to his childish stomach, I had no difficulty in inducing him to deny himself when reminded of the work of the "little rivers."

He does not want tea and coffee, because in our table talks he has learned that they hurry the nerve builders, but is a staunch friend of milk and brown bread and takes great interest in his food and by this means is learning to have power over his appetite and to exercise self-control. On discovering a picture of a man drinking beer, his first question was, "Will beer make my hands grow?" On being told that the alcohol in the beer dried up the water in the little rivers and injured them, he voluntarily pledged himself against intoxicants, because he is inspired with an ambition to possess a firm bodily tenement.

His delight is unbounded, if, while taking a bath, he discovers, on some parts of his body, a vein heretofore unknown to him. I consider that here is a foundation for a desire to make his body a splendid creature, with every nerve steady and every muscle trained to do his bidding. His imagination makes the wonderful little builders very real and he will not intentionally retard their progress. He is willing to retire early because his house is being built more rapidly while sleeping and the very best work is being done in the first half of the night.

We have even gone a step higher in our little talk and learned to reverence the Creator of such a wonderful building and that it is a sin to abuse the house so costly and beautiful, because it is God's workmanship.

All this came about without "cramming" his mind. The questions naturally came, at intervals, even after I had forgotten our previous talk. It was better to give the little philosopher a reasonable, satisfied answer. He is a child of only ordinary intelligence, so I believe that every fact pertaining to physical life can be taught the children very early and physiology become a fairy tale to the imaginative child, and they are all such.
—*Mother Enterprise in Georgia Bulletin.*



NAILS AND SCREWS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

MUCH time may often be saved when most needed, that is, when a job is to be done, by keeping a supply of nails and screws sorted by sizes. For this purpose the tin boxes in which mustard, cocoa, baking powder, etc., come are admirable. Tin fruit cans may be made good for this and many other purposes by standing them, open end downward, on a hot fire until the solder melts, when the cover will drop away, leaving a smooth top to the can. At present prices it will pay to save second-hand nails, using spare time for straightening and sorting. Never use a screw after the slot in the head has become so worn that a screwdriver will not take hold in it. Keep the screwdriver well ground to the proper shape.



SELECTED FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.

A LITTLE orris root added to the water in which handkerchiefs are boiled will impart a faint scent of violets.



Many housekeepers dry all coffee grounds and fill pincushions with them. Pins and needles do not seem to rust when thrust into the coffee.

The Children's Corner

A USELESS CHILD.

She was not naughty, rude nor wild,
She did not always wish to play,
And yet she was a useless child,
And tried tried dear mother ev'ry day.

Her face was more than passing fair,
Her voice was ever low and sweet,
She had no listless, dreamy air,
But moved about with nimble feet.

Yet whatso'er the part assigned
To gentle Bessie, sad to say,

She never seemed to have the mind
To do it, as she ought, straightway.

Her silk lay tangled on the spool,
Or in a mazing wisp was drawn.
Though "Ma," she'd say, "ere time for school
I'll fix it, sure as I am born."

There is a bead-purse just begun,
But; see! the needles all are out.
No work-box yet beneath the sun
Had all it held so tossed about.

Yet she lacks not the means or skill
To carry ev'ry project through;
For years remaining useless still
Because she always meant to do.

And so I have this tale to tell,
That other girls and boys may heed.
Whate'er your task, perform it well,
And you will earn the toiler's meed.

—Days of Youth.



THE PLAN THAT WAS BEST.

"MOTHER," said Cliff, "what am I going to do with Joe Blair?"

"What's the matter?" asked his mother, looking up from the work in her lap. The salt air blew freshly in her face, and her eyes roved past the angry little questioner to the shimmer of sunlit waves and the gleam of white sails, the *Sunbeam* tells us.

"Why, we are building a fort, mother; and Joe will build it so near the water that in a few minutes it will all be washed out to sea."

"Why don't you get him to build it higher up, then?"

"I can't make him do it," cried Cliff, stamping the pebbly shore in vexation. "I've tried and tried, and I can't."

"How did you try?" asked mother.

"Why," said Cliff, hesitating a little, "I first said that he mustn't."

"And then?"

"Why, then I told him that he was a big goose."

"And then?"

There was a little pause before this answer came, "I jerked his paddle away."

"And then?"

This time his mother thought she would not get any answer at all; but at last Cliff said, hanging his head, "Then I knocked him over and made him cry."

"Oh, my, my!" said the mother, shaking her head sadly; and Cliff felt very mean indeed. "You have tried your own naughty way and failed, now suppose you try God's plan. He says that you must suffer long and be kind; go back and try that, little son."

Cliff went back slowly. He didn't at all like God's plan of treating Joe; but he must have tried it after all, for the two little boys built their fort without any more quarreling, and it lasted a whole fifteen minutes.—*Selected.*



The Quiet Hour

BARTIMEUS.

I would receive my sight; my clouded eyes
Miss the glad radiance of the morning sun,
The changing tints that glorify the skies
With roseate splendors when the day is done;
The shadows soft and gray, the pearly light
Of summer twilight deep'ning into night.

I cannot see to keep the narrow way,
And so I blindly wander here and there,
Groping amidst the tombs, or helpless stray
Through pathless, tangled deserts, bleak and bare;
Weeping I seek the way I cannot find—
Open my eyes, dear Lord, for I am blind.

And oft I laugh with some light, thoughtless jest,
Nor see how anguish lines some face more dear,
And write my mirth, a mocking palimpsest,
On blotted scrolls of human pain and fear;
And never see the heartache interlined—
Pity, O Son of David! I am blind.

I do not see the pain my light words give;
The quivering, shrinking heart I cannot see;
So, light of thought, 'midst hidden griefs I live,
And mock the cypressed tombs with slightest glee;
Open my eyes, light, blessed ways to find—
Jesus, have mercy on me, I am blind.

My useless eyes are reservoirs of tears,
Doomed for their blind mistakes to overflow;
To weep for the thoughtless ways of wandering years,
Because I could not see—I did not know.
These sightless eyes—than-angriest glance less kind—
Light of the World, have pity! I am blind.

—Robert J. Burdette.



IS THE YOUNG MAN ABSALOM SAFE?

D. L. FORNEY.

At the gate of an Eastern city toward the close of day sits a venerable man with a careworn, anxious look upon his face. It is David, the sweet singer of Israel. A great battle has been going on. But of its outcome, aside from one individual, he has but little concern. One young man, a cherished son, a son in whom was no blemish, perfection from the crown of his head to the sole of his foot. A son of whom any father might be proud. And though in rebellion against his father, an army mustering to his support—it is of this son, at the close of battle, the father anxiously inquires, Is the young man Absalom safe? But from how many anxious hearts does the inquiry go up

today all over this land, Is the young man safe, is the young woman safe? Parents today are sacrificing in many ways that their children may have a good education and be well prepared for any honorable position in life.

And yet on every hand are so many enticements and snares to catch the unwary. The attractions of city have proven a snare to many young people who have sought relief from what appeared monotony in the country home. But in the quiet of the country home there is the safety that every young man needs till his character is fixed. In the cigarette and tobacco so attractively displayed is danger the youth knows not of. The pool room and card tables have attractions in which his skill can be displayed and in this he does not want to appear lacking. The wine cup and the gilded halls of vice may be the Scylla and Charybdis toward which the siren song is luring the unwary youth to ruin of both body and soul. How often from the heart of the anxious parent comes the inquiry concerning the absent son or daughter, Is he safe, is she secure?

For others the theatre is the road that leads to ruin. It is not the place of real safety. Even the literature of many homes has been the road on which the young have started on the downward course. Fathers and mothers, has your home the safeguard of pure and wholesome literature that no taint of impurity be formed within its sacred walls? Is the young man in your home safe, really safe?

He only is safe who has found safety in Christ. Then he who abides in him is safe now, safe forever.
Reedley, Cal.



THE HIDDEN LIFE.

"OUR life is hid with Christ in God." The sublimity and the loftiness of such an utterance suggests at once that it comes from one who knew what it was to live on a high plane of Christian life and experience. It is an expression that savors of a soul that "lived, and moved, and had its being" in a life that transcends all other kinds of life for fulness and richness, and that knows something of the pure, refreshing at-

mosphere of the heights of communion and fellowship with God. The secret, therefore, of the deep-toned spirituality which glows in the language and utterances of Paul, is to be found in the fact that his inner, nobler life was steeped in that larger, richer life that is centred and discovered only in God himself.

And so the apostles impart the truth that our Christian life is nourished and strengthened because it is "hid with Christ in God"; that it depends upon and draws from it just in the same way as the branch depends upon and draws from the life of the stem with which it is connected.

It is very obvious that if "our life is hid with Christ in God" then all our activities will be performed in him, and for him, and unto his glory. It is recorded of Philip Melancthon that "he used to rise every morning between two and three o'clock, and whilst the household slept, would answer his letters, draft his addresses, outline chapters of new books, and revise lectures. He never wasted a moment. From first to last," adds Alex. Smellie, from whom I am quoting, "all his activities were steeped in religion and his life was hid with Christ in God."

It is the life thus centred that thinks and acts, and enjoys and purposes as unto God and in God. If we are living the true Christian life we shall see that all our service is actuated by a proper and worthy motive, we shall not harbor any desires that are base from the coöperation and blessing of God, whilst we shall see that all our aims and ambitions are under the approval and benediction of the Most High.

Another truth in this utterance that needs asserting is, that the deeper our "life is thus hidden" the more revealed will it be to the world.

This seems like speaking in contradictory terms, but a little scrutiny will reveal the fact that is embodied within them. It is only as we are united to Jesus Christ that his life will flow into ours, deriving thus the nourishment and power we so much need. It is only as we are in constant contact with him, joined by a living faith, that our nobler selves are sustained, and we manifest the fruits of righteousness. It is only as our life is hidden and steeped in God that our life will flow out in those evidences that tell of our connection with him. And the more closely we are united, the more intimate our fellowship, the stronger our faith, and the more thoroughly we are saturated with the life of God, so shall we the more richly abound unto good works; but "apart from him we shall do nothing" and our spiritual life will, like the branch severed from the trunk, shrivel up and perish.—*A. R. Tomlin, in London S. S. Times.*



"GREAT thoughts lift the mind skyward like the mountains lift him who climbs them."

JESUS.

JESUS! How does the very word overflow with sweetness and light and love and life; filling the air with odors like precious ointment poured forth; irradiating the mind with a glory of truth in which no fear can live, soothing the wounds of the heart with the balm that turns the sharpest anguish into delicate peace, shedding through the soul a cordial of immortal strength. Jesus! the answer to all our doubts, the spring of all our hopes, the charm omnipotent against all our fears, the remedy for all our wants, the fullness of all our desires. Jesus! at the mention of whose name every knee shall bow and every tongue confess. Jesus! our power—Jesus! our righteousness, our sanctification, our redemption—Jesus! our elder brother, our blessed Lord and Redeemer. Thy name is the most transporting theme of the church as they sing going up from the valley of tears to their home on the mount of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret thine own harmony of heaven where the angels and redeemed unite their exulting, adoring songs around the throne of God. Jesus! Thou only canst interpret thine own name and thou hast done it by thy works on earth and thy glory at the right hand of the Father.—*Dr. Bethune.*



OUR FATHER'S BUSINESS.

"I MUST be about my Father's business," are the words of our Savior which should re-echo in our lives. When we are striving by the grace and help of God to learn and obey his will concerning us, then are we about our Father's business.

But when we are so concerned about the perishable things of this world that we have hardly time to read his Word or to pray, then whose business are we about?

Or, if we think so much of dollars that we drive sharp bargains, then whose business are we about? Or, if we want to appear like the world, act like the world and associate with the world in a way that makes them know that they are as good as we are, then whose business are we about? When we waste the Lord's time and money on things that are useless, or worse; such as tobacco, strong drink, costly array, grand houses, costly furnishings, expensive meeting-houses and going to shows, etc., then whose business are we about? "To whom ye yield yourselves servants to obey, his servants ye art" (Rom. 6: 16).—*Gospel Herald.*



NATURE is man's religious book, with lessons for every day.—*Theodore Parker.*



THERE cannot be a more glorious object in creation, than a human being, replete with benevolence, meditating in what manner he might render himself most acceptable to his Creator, by doing most good to his creatures.—*Fielding.*

Echoes from Everywhere



"The Swedish temperance organizations, eight in number, with a membership of nearly half a million, have united for political action, which means national prohibition within a few years," declares the latest news of the Scientific Temperance Federation, Boston.

Roads in the Western Passenger Association have again taken up the matter of excursion rates. Their purpose is to do away with all rates less than 2 cents a mile. The subject will again come up on March 3, when a meeting of the executive committee will be held.

The United States is the world's largest consumer of coffee and cacao, and holds third rank among the importing nations in the importations of tea; her imports amount to more than one-third of the coffee, nearly one-fourth of the cacao, and about one-seventh of the tea entering the international markets of the world.

Dovey's Official Brewers' and Maltsters' Directory for 1909 gives the executive officers of fifty-three brewing associations in the United States and Canada; five of them national leagues; five of them interstate organizations; nineteen individual State organizations and twenty-two other local and district bodies in leading cities and brewing centers of the country.

Senator Bradley has introduced a bill in the Missouri Legislature for a constitutional amendment to regulate suffrage. At present foreigners may vote in Missouri when they declare their intention to become citizens. The Bradley measure requires that before voting they become fullfledged citizens, which means a residence of five years.

After a test extending over a period of more than two years, in Milwaukee, John I. Beggs has decided to abandon the alternating current for the propulsion of interurban cars. The Milwaukee system was one of the first to adopt the alternating and direct current motors, technically known as "A. C-D C." The change will cost \$1,000,000 and miles of heavy copper cables must be erected. The action of Mr. Beggs will have a sweeping effect upon the electric railway world.

It is reported from Los Angeles that Beggs Rocks, located in the outside channel between Santa Barbara and San Nicholas Islands, have recently sunk into the ocean, probably as the result of an earthquake, and now constitute a serious menace to navigation. Captain Keegan of the schooner Cecilia Sudden, arriving at San Pedro, reports that he came near the rocks, which are charted as showing forty feet above high tide, and found them but four feet above the water at almost low tide. The hydrographic office in San Francisco has been notified.

Investigations in connection with the United States opium problem disclose the fact that in Honolulu—where the curse has strongest hold—there are nine public places for opium-smoking. There are fourteen importers of the drug located there, and there are 2,500 Chinese, thirty Hawaiians and thirty-eight Americans who have contracted the opium habit.

Both the Cuban senate and house are expected to pass by an overwhelming majority a bill to prevent foreigners owning property in Cuba. The foreign investments in Cuba are estimated to be: Americans, over \$500,000,000; English, over \$400,000,000; Spanish, over \$400,000,000; Germans and French, over \$100,000,000. The railroads are owned by foreigners.

Cipriano Castro, at one time President of Venezuela, has left Berlin for Dresden, where he purposes to make a prolonged stay. He came from the private sanitarium where he went for an operation a fortnight ago, and he is now fully restored to health. Senor Castro left Berlin on account of the receipt of quantities of begging letters due to the fanciful newspaper stories of his lavish expenditures while in that city. One writer demanded \$125,000, of which the first installment of \$25,000 was to be sent immediately.

The Mayor of Rome, Signor Nathan, has decided not to carry out the proposal to confer upon Theodore Roosevelt the citizenship of Rome during his brief stay in Italy, on his way to East Africa. It was planned to confer this honor upon Mr. Roosevelt as a recognition of the generosity of the United States toward the earthquake sufferers, but Signor Nathan believes that when all nations did everything in their power to help the needy no distinctions should be made. Should Mr. Roosevelt consent to deliver a lecture in Rome Signor Nathan would gladly place at his disposal a befitting hall.

The well-known Welsbach mantles for gaslight have been made, as is generally understood, by saturating woolen or ramie fiber with a solution of rare earth, which produces the increased light. Experiments to substitute silk, hemp, or jute proved unsuccessful, but it seems that an artificial fiber has now been found which in all respects is equal to wool or ramie. The Moniteur Scientifique says that this is an artificial silk, made by dissolving cellulose in an ammoniacal copper solution. It is then saturated with nitrate of thorium, and through the action of ammonia, hydro-oxide is formed upon the fiber, which after incineration leaves a perfect, solid skeleton of hard little crystals. This mantle is very durable. Experiments have shown that 2,000 or 3,000 shocks do not injure it, while the best mantles prepared by the old methods did not survive more than 100 shocks.

When Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, discoverer and founder of Christian Science, dies she will have no successor. Friends of Mrs. Mary K. Morgan of St. Louis were urging her for the position. To them Alfred Farlow, press agent for Mrs. Eddy, has written telling them that although Mrs. Eddy is 88 years old she is well preserved and expects to live for several more years. He also says that when Mrs. Eddy dies there will be no "leader," as Christian Science is already discovered and established and Mrs. Eddy is succeeded by the religio-science which she teaches and she will never have another successor.

What is believed to be a buried prehistoric forest has been discovered by army engineers on the New Jersey coast, near the Sandy Hook military reservation. While boring for water the test pipes, at a depth of nearly 400 feet, struck a broad stratum of wood. At one point the engineers reported that the drills had sunk through 20 feet of wood, which they think was a tree trunk still remaining upright. It is thought that at some prehistoric period a forest flourished at that point and was covered by the sand washed up by the sea. Archaeologists are now making an investigation.

Thirty steel machines have been installed in the new department for mechanico-therapy at the Vanderbilt clinic of the College of Physicians and Surgeons in New York City. By the use of the machines tissue, bone and muscle will be strengthened and the period of convalescence appreciably lessened. Dr. Charles H. Jaeger, instructor of orthopedic surgery at Columbia University, has charge of the machines, which were operated for the first time recently. Columbia is the first university to adopt the new system of treatment and to instruct its students of medicine in this branch of therapeutics.

Astronomer Emil Merchand of the Pic du Midie observatory was partially vindicated by a slight earthquake Feb. 20 at St. Georges, a village near Grenoble. No damage was done, but the quake was felt throughout the entire village and neighboring territory. Merchand predicted several days ago that February 20 would be a day of great earthquake activity. He based his prediction on the position of the sun and moon with reference to the meridian, which is such as to cause the maximum influence of the sun's and moon's rays on the earth, affecting particularly the weak spots on the earth's surface. Merchand says the dates of the San Francisco and Sicilian quakes support this theory. He says the same conditions will prevail again on March 20.

Portions of southern Africa suffer periodically from swarms of locusts, although much has been done with a view to getting rid of the pests. The Mattei system has been tested, for instance, and many thousands of the insects have been killed while yet wingless. This system is based on the knowledge that the locusts cannot surmount a smooth surface. Canvas screens are set up across the road taken by the swarm, and at intervals pits are dug below these. The locusts, checked by the smooth canvas, turn, march along the line of the canvas, fall into the pits, and are crushed by the weight of those of their kind who follow them. When a pit is almost full, earth is piled upon it. Further, eggs are destroyed whenever found and endeavor has been made to inoculate insects with disease, the idea being that the cannibal practices of the locust will cause such disease to spread with devastating rapidity.

Stockmen in Oregon, who claim they are losing more than \$4,000,000 a year from the devastation of the animals, are planning to kill 10,000 coyotes this year. Fully 10,000 were killed last year, and the warfare is to be repeated in the hope of exterminating the pests. The Oregon Wool Growers' Association, including the sheepmen, and others interested in the live stock industry, have banded together in this campaign and will use traps, poison and other methods. Coyotes have caused heavy losses in various parts of the State, especially in the Umatilla district southwest of Spokane, where the animals live by killing sheep, poultry and wild game, such as prairie chickens, grouse and other birds that nest on the ground. Oregon is the only wool-growing State in the Northwest that has no bounty law, hence stockmen are compelled to pay the expense of destroying the coyote or of submitting to its ravages from year to year. A combined effort is to be made at the coming session of the Legislature to secure the passage of a law allowing a bounty of \$1.50 for coyote scalps, and there is a fair chance for its passage.

Prohibition leaders in Chicago fail to find any cause for cheer in "Uncle Joe" Cannon's reported efforts to befriend a temperance measure in Congress. Instead of proving false the charges frequently made against the Speaker that he is the chief obstacle in the way of prohibition legislation, Charles R. Jones, chairman of the Prohibition national committee, declared his action strengthened them. "The amendment of the penal code bill, aimed at the shipment of liquor into dry territory, adopted by the House of Representatives, is but a feeble response to the demands for protection from the interstate liquor traffic made by the forty million people now living in prohibition territory in the United States," said Mr. Jones. "This bill does not pretend to stop the interstate jug trade at all. It permits anyone in dry territory to order any quantity of liquor and under it the brewers and distillers can ship into dry territory any quantity of liquor, and be specifically protected from dead beats by the provision which requires payments in advance."

The adjustment of the claims of Americans in Venezuela has been like a case in the English chancery court, so long have they been on the docket. But after Cipriano Castro sailed for Europe and Gomez became president, it began to appear possible to get matters settled. The United States sent Wm. I. Buchanan as special commissioner to carry on negotiations with the new president of Venezuela concerning the settlement of claims, and a protocol has been completed and signed. For a long time the New York and Bermudez Asphalt Co. has been pressing its claim because of alleged unjust treatment under the Castro regime, and at a time or two, because of Castro's stubbornness, it seemed as if Venezuela and the United States would have serious trouble; but now through Mr. Buchanan the matter has been brought to a settlement, so that the company obtains possession of its property in Venezuela and agrees to pay the Venezuelan government a minimum revenue of \$20,000 a year. Furthermore, the company will pay the government a cash indemnity of \$60,000 to compromise the suit brought against it on account of its alleged participation in the Matos revolution. Several other claims which were pending go to The Hague tribunal for arbitration. This protocol, Mr. Buchanan reports, is equally satisfactory to Venezuela and the United States, as it saves the honor of the former and disposes of the claims of the latter.

Among the Magazines



ARE JEWS IMMUNE TO ALCOHOL?

It seems to be a fact that Jews are less affected by alcoholism than other races, and it has been thought that this is the result of some sort of racial immunity. Dr. L. Cheinisse, who discusses the matter in *La Semaine Médicale* (Paris, December 23), concludes that it is rather due to social and religious conditions. This is not the only kind of immunity attributed to those of Hebrew race. The author notes that Bordier in his "Medical Geography" (Paris, 1884) ascribes to them, although without exact demonstration, immunity to plague, dysentery, typhus, and malaria, and explains that the Jews, especially in the Middle Ages, when these beliefs first arose, were a sedentary, calm people, going abroad little and living a retired, hygienic life. This, Dr. Cheinisse remarks, is not really "immunity" at all, any more than the relatively small number of women killed by lightning entitles us to conclude that the female organism is "immune" to the electric discharge. The immunity of the Jews to alcoholism is likewise apparent, he thinks, rather than real. He says:

"It is incontestable that the surprising vitality of the Jewish race, which has enabled it to resist victoriously, during so many centuries, such bitter persecutions, must be attributed, before all else, to their characteristic habits of temperance. . . . According to some authors, the influence of race has much more to do with this than that of religion; the Jews must possess, they think, a sort of hereditary immunity to the narcotic poisons, and in particular to alcoholic beverages, so that these provoke in them only a slight excitation and not a profound poisoning of the organism. To this must be added the influence exerted by hygienic conditions of life.

"Without contesting the role of this second cause, we believe that the rarity of alcoholism among the Jews depends much more on social factors than on racial influence. In 1878, Samuelson, in his monograph on alcoholism, thought that the phenomenon in question might be attributed to two causes: (1) The Jews form generally a small, very compact community; and because of this intimate cohesion and of their isolation from the rest of the population, they are distinguished by very rigorous customs; (2) they never adopt occupations necessitating great physical effort. The same author remarks that among Jews of the higher classes, who do not keep so rigorously aloof from the Christians, and who are inclined to free themselves from their traditions, he does not observe the same abstinence that prevails among the lower classes. This fact is particularly worthy of note because it squares perfectly with recent observations. Thus, Fishberg has shown that, in New York, Jews of the younger generation, who assimilate their habits to their environment more easily, are allowing themselves more and more to fall under the influence of alcohol. And on the other hand . . . Zadoc-Kahn notes a considerable difference between Jews who have recently come to Paris and those who have lived there long; here also

alcoholism spares the Jews only when they remain loyal to their traditional precepts.

"All these facts prove that the slight development of alcoholism among Jews, far from being due to some mysterious immunity of the race, depends on social conditions, and above all on the close cohesion of the Jews, engendered and cemented by long centuries of persecution. The church exerts a preventive force on suicide, but this, says Durkheim, is not because it preaches to man respect for his own person, but 'because it is a society.' Now, Judaism generally has preserved, up to the present time, that character of a collective and social bond, which the other religious bodies have lost somewhat; and it is this very force of cohesion and concentration of the religious community that preserves the great mass of the Jews from alcoholism. But wherever the traditional bonds are loosened, we see at once a fissure opened by the alcoholic contagion, which slips into the environment, formerly absolutely refractory to it."—Translation made for the Literary Digest



REASONS WHY OUR NAVY SHOULD NOT BE ENLARGED.

The following statement of reasons why our navy should not be enlarged was issued on January 15, with the endorsement of a large body of the leading men of the country: [Thirty reasons are given, but we have room for only a few of them. Editor Inglenook.]

Because we have fought foreign foes, English, Spanish and Mexican, only six years in the one hundred and twenty-five years since the Revolution. In every foreign war we made the first attack. With less danger from attack than any other nation, we are now spending more for past war and preparation for future war than any other nation in the world.

Because our coast line has little relation to danger from attack. The second Hague Conference has provided for immunity from bombardment of all unfortified towns and from levying contributions by threat of bombardment. We would be safer still if we reduced fortifications, as one of our delegates to The Hague has said.

Because there is no danger from China, a peace-loving nation friendly to us. Our return of the indemnity has done more to promote peace with her than anything else could do. According to the testimony of Ambassador Luke Wright, of Hon. John W. Foster, of Secretary Taft, and of over one hundred missionaries to Japan, familiar with her language, customs, and politics, there is not the slightest foundation for the violent and frothy talk which is emanating from a few Americans against Japan and is poisoning the minds of millions of our uninformed citizens. Said Ambassador Wright, "The talk of war between this country and Japan isn't even respectable nonsense." The one hundred missionaries say: "We desire to place on record our profound appreciation of the kind treatment which we experience at the hands of both government

and people; our belief is that the alleged belligerent attitude of the Japanese does not represent the real sentiments of the people. We wish to bear testimony to the sobriety, sense of international justice and freedom from aggressive designs exhibited by the great majority of the Japanese people." Nothing could do more to develop the opposite feeling than the baseless assumption and insulting statements published by certain irresponsible newspapers and military men.

Because we are already spending over sixty-five per cent of the nation's revenue in payment for past war and in preparation for future war, and have but one-third of our national revenue left for judicial and executive departments, coast guard, lighthouses, quarantine, custom houses, postoffices, census, waterways, forestry, consular and diplomatic service, and all other constructive work.

Because we have increased our expenditure for defense two hundred times during a period when our population has increased only twenty-two times, our coast line perhaps three times, and our danger from attack not at all.

Because increase of our navy does not increase respect of foreigners for us. Respect can be given only to moral qualities. Our indifference to lawlessness and our civic corruption are well known abroad. We have no more moral influence than we had thirty years ago, when every monarchy in Europe was being sapped by our democracy. Plutocracy and militarism made us talked of, and dreaded, but not respected. Many, perhaps, are glad that we are being hampered in our race for commercial supremacy by saddling ourselves with the Old World's military burdens.

Because an increase of the navy argues infidelity to the great achievements of the Hague conventions. It is childishly inconsistent to create more force when better methods are being substituted for it.—Advocate of Peace.



A PLEA FOR DAILY KINDNESS.

The daily evils that make life hard are not the great sorrows but the infinity of irritating trifles, the unnecessary injustice, the man-made wrongs of life. Such are the cruel temper that upsets a household for a day and leaves a trail of enervating sadness and protest; the unreasonable selfishness that overrides the rights of others like a car of Juggernaut. There is a bitterness of unfor-giving condemnation that listens to no reasons, explanations, or motives, that believes because it has seen, that credits the senses and accepts circumstantial evidence as final. Then two that love may walk alone down the valley of darkness and separation, heart hungry for the treasure that has been thrown away.

Man is said to have been made in the image of his Creator. Some men seem to be trying to remove the labels and other identifying brands. If we are men, with the dignity of our powers and privileges and possibilities, let us live like men. Life is not something to be lived through, it is to be lived up to—in all its highest meanings and messages. There was in the army of Alexander the Great a soldier, who, although he bore the very name of the great conqueror, was in his heart a coward. Cowardice in any soldier in that mighty army was the worst of all crimes; yet for this man to be a coward was shame unspeakable. And Alexander in great anger commanded the craven: "Either give up my name or follow my example." Living up to our possibilities means living up to our name—anything less means failure.

If for a single week in any city each individual were to say each morning: "Today no one in the world shall

have even one second darkened by any act of mine," and live it, that city would be transformed and glorified. It would, after all, mean only negative goodness, the avoidance of evil, not real, aggressive, positive, high-keyed living at our best, but the burden of life would be lifted, and in an atmosphere warm with the radiant glow of love and brotherhood we could almost hear the faint rustle of the angels' wings, the angels of peace ushering in the millennium.—From the February Circle Magazine.



MORAL HEALTH.

Dr. Arthur MacDonald, of Washington, has submitted to the foreign governments of the world a plan for the scientific study of crime. Russia has adopted the plan and other governments are considering it. It is Dr. MacDonald's belief that the nations should look after the moral health of the people as carefully as they look after the people's physical health. He shows that crime in nearly all of its forms, as well as insanity, suicide and other forms of abnormality, has been steadily increasing for the past thirty years, and he believes the time has come when the conditions that develop this increase must be scientifically studied if the increase is not to continue relatively faster than the increase in population. Crime, pauperism, alcoholism, degeneracy—all of these are matters with which the State has to deal almost daily. They are influences making for degeneracy and for race suicide. We spend millions of dollars in prosecuting criminals and in caring for them after they have been convicted, but we spend not one cent to remove the environments that cause crime. We treat all men alike, once they are accused of lawbreaking. The victim of environment is sent the same route as the vicious. The morally degenerate and those who may have been driven to theft by hunger are herded together in our prisons. We give a man who is not wholly bad small opportunity to redeem himself. In fact, we put in his way every social obstacle that we are able to raise and we offer to him unlimited opportunity for becoming a worse man than he was before his conviction. From top to bottom our entire criminal system is crude and superficial. We proceed from the time a man is arrested upon wrong principles and we follow these wrong principles throughout our entire dealing with him. We know less about crime and its causes than about almost anything else that we meet in daily life. It would seem to be economical, even if it might not also be humanitarian, to spend a few dollars in the study of crime, with a view to its prevention and to the possible saving thereby of many millions. We certainly could not waste more money on criminals than we are wasting now.



REMAKING A PEOPLE.

WE have completed the separation of church and state, buying out from the religious orders their large agricultural properties, which are now administered by the government for the benefit of the tenants.

We have put the finances on a sound and sensible basis.

We have established a complete new system of auditing and accounting.

We have placed our civil administration on a strictly self-supporting basis, receiving no aid whatever from the United States government, except in so far as they have elected to help us in charting the coasts for naval

purposes. This charting, which is being done at a rapid rate, is at the joint expense of the insular and national governments.

We have established a uniform and stable currency on a gold basis.

We have established schools throughout the archipelago, teaching upward of half a million children, and we find that the Filipinos are eager to learn and are rapidly learning the English language.

We have started a general and thorough system of road construction and maintenance, in which the insular, provincial and municipal officials coöperate.

We have established the policy of constructing all public buildings, as well as bridges and wharves, of durable material, preferably reënforced concrete, in order that our work may endure.

We have given the Filipinos almost complete autonomy in their municipalities.

We may not as yet have given independence to the Philippines, but we are certainly giving independence to the Filipinos.—*February Atlantic*.



BIGGEST BUG IN THE WORLD.

To the Hercules beetle, a giant among insects, which is found in certain portions of Central and South America, as well as in the islands of Dominica, one of the British West Indies, belongs the distinction of being the biggest bug in the world. In appearance this creature is anything but prepossessing.

It is a common trait of tourists and travelers to make little of anything seen on foreign lands, especially in the little West Indian islands, and to declare that similar things of greater size or better quality occur in "God's country." When they run across the Hercules beetle, however, they are obliged to acknowledge themselves beaten.

Although so formidable in appearance, this insect is perfectly harmless. It lives in the heavy forests and feeds on the sweetish sap or gum of native trees. The larva, or grub, is about four inches long and as thick as a man's thumb, and looks like a huge white maggot. It is considered a delicacy by the native negroes and Caribs, who roast it in hot ashes and say that it tastes like roasted nuts.

Clumsy in appearance, the Hercules beetle possesses great power of flight, and in the outlying villages it is not uncommon for one of these huge creatures to enter the native houses, being attracted thereto by the lights. The invariable result is a prompt extinguishing of the candles by the wind created by the beetle's buzzing wings, accompanied by screams of the inmates of the house, who imagine a jumble, or evil spirit, has invaded their dwelling.

A popular belief among the natives is that the Hercules saws off limbs of trees by grasping them between the two horn-like appendages and flying round and round. This is a manifest impossibility, as the

insect has but little power in the horns, and moreover, the upper one is lined with a soft, velvety hair which would rub off by friction.—*Search Light*.



WATTLESON, JR.

"Boys," said Wattleston when he reached the office nearly thirty minutes late the other morning, "I think you all know me well enough to understand that I'm not one of the foolish kind who believe everything they have is always the best on earth. The fact of the matter is that the stork swooped down on our premises last night, and you see before you the father of a boy who weighed eight and one-quarter pounds stripped. Now let's just let it go at that. You know that I know that you don't care a whoop about my boy. I don't care anything about the babies that may have come to the homes of any of you fellows, and I'm not foolish enough to believe that what my boy is or gives promise of being can interest any of you in the least. So I am going to promise you right here and now that you shall never be bored by me, as far as my boasting about that child is concerned. I make the announcement that a son has come to gladden my home, and that shall be sufficient. Some of you are fathers, and there are others among you who may in the future become fathers. But, whether you are fathers or not, I know you will agree with me that the worst bore on earth is the man who thinks his baby is the most wonderful one that ever was born and who insists on telling everybody so. Mind, I do not blame a man for having a good opinion of his child. The father who does not think well of his offspring does not deserve to have one; but that's no reason why he should make other people weary by giving an account of every bright thing the child does. So, as I have said, I do not intend to do any boasting about my little one. I shall let him speak for himself, and he'll do it, too, all right. I'm not in the least afraid on that score. Why, by Jove, it seems when I look at him that he wants to talk to me even now. I never saw a more intelligent look on any face than there was on the features of that baby when they put him into my arms three hours after he was born, and he looked up into my eyes just as if he had known me all his life. And handsome! Say, you know how most babies look when they are very young—just sort of putty-faced, without any features worth mentioning. Well, this boy has more character in his face right now than you'll see in the faces of most men. The fact is that he bears a striking resemblance to Napoleon—has that lock of hair hanging down over his forehead as natural as life—and—Well, confound you, what are you all snickering at? You fellows make me sick."—*Chicago Record-Herald*.

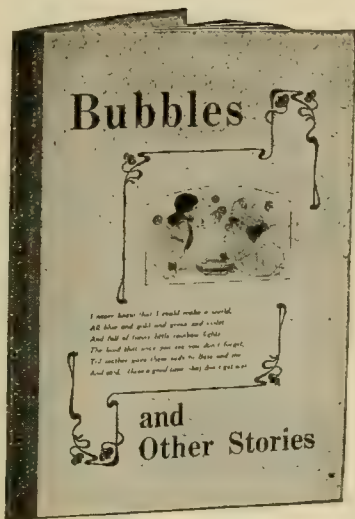
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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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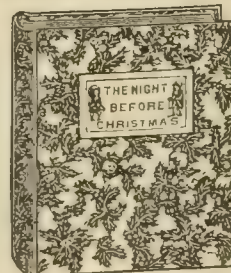
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2 And Jesus answering said unto him, Seest thou these great buildings? there shall not be left one stone upon another, that shall not be thrown

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afterward were the families of the Canaan-ites spread abroad.

19 And the border of the Canaan-ites was from Sidon, as thou comest to Gerar, unto Gaza; as

B. C. 2218.

CHAP. 10.

ch. 13. 12, 14.

16. ch. 15. 18-21.

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28 ¶ And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lé'vites, the porters, the singers, the Neth'i-nims, and all they that had separated themselves

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Before CHRIST 4004, &c. and Ar'am, and Uz, and Hül, and Ge'ther, and Me'shech.

2 Or, Mash, Gen. 10:23. 18 And Ar-phax'ad begat Shé'lah and Shé'lah begat E'bér.

19 And unto E'bér were born two

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28 ¶ And the rest of the people, the priests, the Lé'vites, the porters, the singers, the Neth'i-nims, and all they that had separated themselves

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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 10.

CHINESE SUPERSTITION

C. F. APPLETON

IGNORANCE and seclusion for many centuries have kept the people of China bound by superstitions that even the present educational system has as yet been able to affect but little. Personal observation for a few months or years is quite sufficient to reveal this lamentable fact.

During the three hundred and sixty days of each Chinese year there are three great festivals, *viz.*, New Year's, the middle of the fifth moon and the middle of the eighth moon.

These are special occasions for attending to religious rites. The New Year season is the greatest holiday of the year. The stores are closed for two weeks; old debts as far as possible are all settled up and the new year is ushered in with the beating of drums and tom-toms and the boom of fire-crackers. Each day of the first week has a regular programme which is faithfully observed. A day of special interest to foreigners is the one when the natives go out to sacrifice and burn incense at the graves of their ancestors and make offerings of meats, sweets, bread and other delicacies before the ancestral tablet in the home. The people are taught that every man has three souls and seven spirits. One soul remains in the family tablet, one in the grave and the other in the aerial regions. These must be propitiated or calamity will befall the family before the year closes.

The second great festival comes late in the spring and lasts but one day. At this time some women were once seen in a neighboring courtyard burning incense to the rising sun. On inquiry it was found that that was the universal custom for that day. The object was to ensure good crops and pleasant weather for the coming year.

The middle of the eighth month is kept as a public holiday. At this time the moon receives worship as a

god. The rite consists of the burning of incense and the firing of crackers in the evening.

Another superstitious idea was noticed one day while on a journey to a neighboring city. As we passed through village after village we noticed an unusual amount of noise and stir. The people were beating old drums and tin pans and making a great clamor. We were informed by our wheelbarrow



The God of the Well.

man that the dragon was trying to swallow the sun and the people were endeavoring to scare him away. The eclipse soon passed away and the ignorant people rejoiced in their success.

In most, if not all, Chinese cities, one temple is dedicated to the god who presides over that place. It is customary to have this god, which, in our city, is a large wooden idol, taken outside the city gates twice a year, left there during the day and carried in again

in the evening with great pomp and show. The magistrate of the city takes a prominent part in the procedure. The people say the god is taken out in the spring to gather together all the evil spirits that they may not injure the crops during the summer. In the fall the same idol is again carried out and the evil spirits are supposed to be let loose for the winter when they cannot injure the fields or crops.

Another curious custom has been noticed in this part of China and I believe the same is true elsewhere, also, *viz.*, in times of drought the magistrate is expected to go to the temples and beseech the gods for rain. If this fails the mandarin orders the south gate of the city closed day and night, as this gate is supposed to preside over certain elements of nature. If this does not bring rain an edict is put forth ordering all the meat shops of the city to be closed and the butchers are forbidden to kill. In extreme cases of drought, as happened here about a year ago, some religious fanatics are carried about the city in chairs, the seats of which are covered with sharp iron spikes, and great suffering is borne in hopes of propitiating the wrath of the gods.

A very common experience in China is for houses to become haunted, and when this is the case it is almost impossible to persuade anyone to live in them. Christian missionaries frequently rent such houses at a very nominal price. A native servant was once asked by a missionary why he was not now afraid to dwell there. He replied that the God of the Christians was stronger than the demons and that he would protect him while he was in the employ of his servant.

In almost every community in this great Empire the temples are the finest buildings to be seen. In large cities the Buddhist, Taoist and Confucianist temples are very numerous. In some instances there are no idols, but tablets bearing inscriptions only, while in other cases every nook and corner in the building are filled with images of people, animals, reptiles, birds or fishes. The idols usually have hideous appearances and are intended to terrify the people. In the temple of hell some of the most horrible punishments that can be imagined are portrayed by these

idols. In addition to the idols in the temples the Chinese have kitchen gods, door gods, the god of wealth, the god of the well, and the god of the field, each presiding over his respective sphere and must be constantly worshiped by the ignorant masses.

In case of sickness the witch is frequently called in to cast out the demon that is troubling the afflicted person. The native doctors are also numerous, but their medicines are practically useless and they know almost nothing about the structure of the human body.

The burying of the dead is an interesting ceremony in this country. It frequently happens that the corpse is embalmed in lime and kept for several months waiting for a lucky day for burial. A few years ago the writer saw a coffin containing the corpse of a wealthy person who had been dead for several years, but the relatives were still waiting for the heathen

priest, who received fees for each consultation, to find a lucky day for the funeral.

In China a coffin is considered a most acceptable gift even many years before there is any use for it. A common sight in Kai Feng Fu is to see long funeral processions preceded by a group of ragged men or boys, carrying paper carriages, horses, money, houses, sedan-chairs and furniture, all of which are burned at



Funeral Procession. Paper Horse and Cart to Be Burnt at the Grave for Use in the Next World. Woman with White Cloth on Her Head—a Sign of Mourning.

the grave or at some prominent point on the road to the place of burial, for the use of the deceased in the other world.

The ancient sage, Confucius, taught the people an excellent system of morals, inferior only to those of Christianity, but his teaching is entirely lacking on the question of a hereafter. The natural instinct of man, however, teaches him to fear and worship some power higher than himself even where he has no knowledge of the true God. This country is a sad example of the effects of ignorance, darkness and superstition which can be vanished only by the Sun of righteousness.

Kai Feng Fu, China.

SIR FRANCIS DOYLE said: "It is the intention of the Almighty that there should exist for a certain time between childhood and manhood, the natural production known as a boy."

CORN BREEDING.

WM. MOHLER.

AN ear of corn worth one hundred and fifty dollars? Yes, that was said to be its value by the man that had it on exhibition.

It was an ear of white corn of fair size. In appearance it was, to the general observer, but little if any better than the goodly ears that he had often seen. In fact, quite a number of farmers, that saw it, said they thought they could have but little trouble to find just as nice ears in their own cribs.

But in the eyes of the corn expert it was almost an ideal ear of corn—so good that if a farmer could find twenty just as good ears he could win the first prize in any corn show. Even if he could find but one ear like it, it would be put in a high rank among corn men. Do not waste time looking for it because such ears of corn are not to be found in the farmers' cribs. The above ear was not found. It was the result of years of labor by an experienced corn breeder.

The average farmer is not as much interested in growing fancy corn as he is in growing seed that will produce big yields. The method of breeding corn for different purposes is quite similar. The method followed to produce high-yielding seed corn will be given here:

Every farmer knows that the corn tassel produces a great quantity of flower dust when in bloom. This flower dust is called pollen.

It is essential in corn breeding to know that the tassel is the male part of the corn plant and the ear the female part; that every place on the young cob for a grain of corn has a silk that extends from the embryo corn grain out through the end of the husk in order to be exposed to falling pollen. And that the embryo will not develop into a grain of corn unless it is fertilized by a grain of pollen finding lodgment on its exposed silk.

An ear of a thousand grains may have its individual grains fertilized by the pollen from more than one hundred different tassels; each grain partaking of the nature of the mother stalk and the nature of the stalk that produced the grain of pollen by which it was fertilized.

The plant breeder arranges to have embryo seeds fertilized by the pollen of plants having the desired qualities. In corn breeding about the following plan is pursued: A number, for convenience we will say one hundred, ears of corn are selected, of even size having, as near as can be procured, the desired qualities. Each ear is labelled with a number for future reference, and the corn from each ear is planted in one row of a corresponding number. That is, the corn on ear No. 1, is planted in row No. 1. Ear No. 2, in row No. 2, and so on up until ear No. 100 is planted in row No. 100. In this way of planting a record of the behavior of each ear of corn may be kept.

In planting, but two-thirds of the corn are shelled off the ear; the remaining third is reserved for planting the next spring.

The planted corn is carefully cultivated. When it is fully matured each row is gathered separately and weighed to ascertain its rate of yield per acre, a record being kept of each row.

The ears selected for planting may have been quite uniform in appearance but the difference of the yield of the different rows is often surprising. In a plot that came under my notice, the row with the lowest yield was at the rate of thirty-five bushels per acre and the row having the greatest yield was at the rate of eighty-five bushels per acre. In this plot ten rows yielded at the rate of eighty or more bushels per acre. Two of the ten rows showed bad features, and all of the corn in the rows that did not produce at the rate of eighty bushels were rejected as unfit for seed. The low-yielding rows were great pollen producers, and being close to the eight prolific rows the chance of the corn in the good rows being fertilized by the pollen of the poor rows was so great that seed from these rows was not considered good for breeding purposes.

The ears that were reserved from which the high-yielding corn was planted were taken and all of the corn that was left on them was shelled together and planted the following spring. From this crop a hundred ears were selected and were treated the same as the first hundred ears.

In this planting there was a marked increase in yield as was to be expected since the eight ears of corn from which the seed was selected had produced as much as eighty bushels per acre. This process is repeated until satisfactory results are obtained.

The ear of corn mentioned in the beginning of this article was the result of about twelve years of corn breeding.

In breeding corn several ears should be planted. Where but one or two ears are used the inbreeding is so close that the results are generally quite disappointing.

The busy farmer may feel that he has not the time to follow up corn breeding as here outlined, but the retired farmer can find in it a pleasant and a profitable pastime.

Walton, Kans.

**A POOR WEALTHY MAN.**

"ONCE there lived a rich sultan who, in spite of his wealth and power, was always melancholy. His physician said, if he wished to be cured, he should exchange his shirt for that of the happiest man in his kingdom. After a long and tedious search, the man was found, and when brought before the sultan, it was discovered that he was not even the possessor of a shirt."

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLVIII.

THIS International College had enrolled two hundred and fifty pupils, of both sexes. It is non-sectarian, but Christian, and exerts the strongest possible influence over the natives, and particularly over such young men and women who are ambitious to become leaders. There are few such institutions anywhere to which a generous contribution or bequeathed legacy could possibly do as much good. The college should not lack in power for want of money to carry on the great burden of opposition met by the Turkish officials, by the head government, and by the peculiar unfitness bound to exist in the pupils presenting themselves for matriculation.

Rev. Alexander McLachan, B. A., was president, and Prof. S. L. Caldwell, who came from Minnesota, was at the head of physics and mathematics when I was there.

To start the dull mind of the superstitious Easterner into the right way of thinking, the college emphasizes the department of science. Here I found an X-ray machine in Turkey. More than that was the Marconi system that had been installed.

—On the afternoon of the day I was to give a literary and elocutionary entertainment in the college chapel, Prof. Caldwell was getting the first electric light plant installed. That evening, in the fine, large chapel, I had the honor of meeting the first "Turkish" audience to use the electric light bulbs in Smyrna, one of the "Seven Churches" of Paul. In fact this electric-light plant, run by a gas engine, was the only complete one in the Empire. It worked beautifully. While the great fly wheel went whirling and the lamps all began to glow and then grow more brilliant, several natives watched the dangerous proceedings from the outside.

The Sultan has forbidden such things in the Empire, but like everything else good that has been denied by a tyrant, the day always comes when such things find a way, or make one.

Within these walls are the very principles at work that if allowed to aid the Sultan in his work of improving his country, would bring a golden prosperity to his throne on the Bosphorus, and enrich the revenues pouring into the Golden Horn.

The president told me that the college expenses are very low and that any bright boy or plodding fellow here who cares to, may find a way to secure at least a part of his desired training. Outside forces brought

to bear upon the Sublime Porte leave little of good in their wake. Turkey is like any other country in this respect. She resents being *advised* as to how to do things. But she cannot refuse to her sons and daughters under her flag the ordinary development, in mind and body, ordained by the Creator for every one. Without bloody revolution, but with peaceful order, the work of building up the life



International College, Smyrna, Turkey.

of the common citizen in Turkey must have its foundation in the schools, and the most modern schools in normal method, with ability financially, will be the powers behind the throne, when Turkey will rise from her dismembered skeleton of political and social starvation, to face the world powers with independent triumph of national greatness.

There are various schools along the Levant. As to this one, I should like to be back again in the academy and take work here for a year or so before finishing in college. Vacations are planned during the season and the professors take out groups of the students to visit, at their leisure, the Seven Churches

of Asia, Athens, Corinth, the Sea of Marmora, and even to the Holy Land.

Once a palace and the abode for a night of the Sultan himself, these buildings are exceedingly well-fitted by reason of their substantial construction and by the fine interior work of decoration for the purpose to which they are now given. The walls are three and four feet thick, the ceilings are frescoed. Strength unites with beauty to give here these fine-looking boys the complete training they desire.

Athletics has a great part in the curriculum. In the cut you may see the set of horizontal bars. I was too stupid to ask the name of the queer tree near by. The sleeping rooms are just above the big glass windows, the open shutter showing the window looking out on the "Turkish" campus from my room.

While spending the week here in rest and study, the boys desired me to form them into a physical culture class which I did. These young fellows represent the best of the class found in the trades. They were poor, but were paying for in cash, and by labor, their college expenses.

My association with these boys showed me something of the delightfulness of their personality as well as the unsatisfactoriness of many things they set out to do.

It would be disastrous to their veracity should I venture to disclose their native tendency to escape a too severe burden or to avoid a plain but reasonable duty.

As I wished to take a railroad trip to Ephesus, the professor detailed one of these boys to pilot me to the station so that I might learn just when the train left on the following morning. We set out accordingly for the station, going aside, on the way, a few blocks to do some trading at the stores and to "set up a treat" on behalf of the pupil whose kindness was apparently about to get me to my required place of visit.

Then we started—he said so—for the railway. As I did not know where to look for it, he had me at his mercy, and I know now, though I only surmised it then, at just what corner he decided to switch off and

take me, not to the station, but most everywhere else in town, keeping in that part wherein the shops sold drinks and eatables, Turkish paste candies and rich ripe figs. For two hours he kept me on the go, halting in puzzled dismay right in front of a lemonade stand, walking me so fast on the hot streets as to demand, for my own necessity, several more glasses of Turkish beverage than I should have otherwise cared for. So we kept drinking first a red glass of something, then a clear glass, meanwhile eating our appetites away with the Ottoman sweets that were too good to resist. Besides I felt sure my guide would never lead me right and that I would fail to see the station agent, until I had "set up" everything within sight which this young scamp could eat, drink or carry.

I was angry. The sweat from the frequent imbib-

ing of temperance drinks and the hot sun, poured over my clean collar, while the terrible dust of the dirty streets settled upon my clothes with a grimy vengeance.

Three times I asked if he was taking me to the station. Three times he replied, "Yes." "Why don't we get there, then?" I asked, scowling at his thievish face. "It's too far away," he replied. "Where is it?" I asked, impatient and

alarmed. "Over there—down this way—up here it is," he said as he looked and pointed in several different parts of the city. "Where is the college?" I demanded, in tones that he would have to honor. "In this direction," and he had been going in *that* direction for two weary hours!

We had passed out of the neighborhood of the candy bazaars and the only thing he could do now, pleasing to his fiendish prank, was to take me to the college.

When we reached the gate and rang the bell, I asked why he had treated me so cruelly. "Oh," said he, "the station was too far away!"

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"It is a rare school that rises above the level of its head and when this happens there is usually a headache."



"These boys would do everything I showed them, except to walk on their hands."

JUVENILE DELINQUENTS

J. H. HARNLY

It is the purpose of this article to create greater public interest in the right discipline of juvenile delinquents, and to give a general resume of the government of incorrigible youths in our public institutions: a task which necessarily becomes incumbent upon some person who has had wide experience in institution work, and who does not observe the limitations of conventional secrecy in narrating his observations.

Newspaper reports of public institutions are almost invariably toadying commendations, and misleading. Press representatives generally rely upon institution superintendents for their data, who only disclose such distorted facts as are favorable to themselves, and who take every precaution—even to the extent of withholding requisite matter from Boards of Control—to keep the public ignorant of details in management and methods of discipline that would incite adverse criticism. Thus evils are perpetuated that the commonwealth would be quick to correct if made cognizant of them. Furthermore, absolute efficiency will never be secured so long as the public is not aroused to its full province in the government of delinquents and neglects its prerogative of making the most scrutinizing investigation of results attained.

Americans have been assuaged into the belief that their public institutions are above reproach, and that person is looked upon as a monstrosity who dares to question the integrity of a public official. Civil emolument seems to beget in its recipient an undue appreciation of himself, and an exaggerated estimate of his achievements and contributions to popular comfort. These parasites vividly remind me of the German, whom the English poet Coleridge met at Frankfort, who always took off his hat with profound respect when he ventured to speak of himself. Their posture is the more grotesque, when it becomes evident that the actual state of affairs abounds in defective systems, and grossly incompetent management prevails.

It is sufficient cause for alarm when, in spite of our splendid educational facilities, conditions of ignorance and vice abound that beggar description. Here in America, in this age of free thinking, we are fostering a species of Smart Aleck peculiarly our own. Every community is terrorized by a clan of these free-to-das-they-please fellows. So far no system of local government has been evolved which deals satisfactorily with this element of our heterogeneous population. State institutions of every kind are full to overflowing, and judges are at a loss to know where to get relief from this ever-increasing army that demands State guardianship. Lax immigration laws have permitted many very undesirable citizens to come

to our shores and rear a manifold progeny devoid of restraint, and respect for the rights of others. The public schools, which we had hoped would prove equal to this perplexing problem, are powerless to accomplish the work of transformation. This is attested by the fact that annually hundreds of boys and girls are suspended because they are not amenable to discipline and endanger the moral welfare of the better class of children. But suspension enhances the incorrigible boys' opportunity for evil. They are thrust upon the street to contaminate all with whom they come in contact, and children of refined homes are in less danger from these precocious lads in the school-room under the protecting care of a teacher than they are on the streets unattended.

A number of instances of little girls being insulted on the streets by these little gamins, and at least three cases where force was attempted, have come under my own observation as an educator, one case nearly resulting in murder. Is it surprising that every community is repeatedly scandalized when the little children are not exempt from this polluting atmosphere in going to and from school? All of them becoming familiar, and many becoming adepts in vice and vulgarity before they enter their teens. Where is the man or woman that cannot recall incident after incident in their child life that makes them shudder? How I ever escaped when many of my playmates went down in disaster and ruin is more than I can fathom unless it was as a brand from the fire. But I did not escape unharmed. No, my mind was so saturated with the vulgarity of my early associations—wherever boys would congregate to while away the time, be it on the creek or in some barn to play cards, to read dime novels, to repeat obscene rhymes and sing lewd songs—that it still remains a dark spot in my memory. And if anyone thinks conditions have improved during the last two decades let him stop at some side street or vacant lot, where boys gather to engage in youthful sports, and listen to their conversation for a few moments to convince himself that the condition today is even more deplorable than it was twenty years ago. Furthermore, vulgarity and obscenity are seldom successfully banished from school playgrounds.

If your boy is losing interest in his school work, and is commencing to grow indifferent toward religious services, you may take it as an evidence that he is acquiring bad habits, that his mind has suffered pollution with immorality and is now preoccupied with stupefying thoughts and desires. Lack of discipline in the home and freedom of indiscriminate association on the street are proving the ruination of

your boy, and add one more to that class of youths who thwart the best endeavors of the school and church to save them to noble and righteous habits of life. Where is the educator, secular or religious, that has not frequently had his patience exhausted by these ungovernable urchins? They appear devoid of conscience and disregard all law of propriety. They are in evidence at every public assembly, noisome and exasperating, frequently necessitating a magistrate to keep order. A small per cent of this class, many of whom have no responsible person to shield them from the clutches of the law, eventually are taken into custody and it is our further purpose to make known the methods of dealing with these unfortunates in one of our western reformatories, where boys between the ages of seven and sixteen guilty of crime or gross incorrigibility are incarcerated to be disciplined.

Although the law sets the age of commitment between the ages of seven and sixteen, little boys are frequently confined in the institution before they reach this age. The incarceration of little children with adult criminals is most emphatically reprehensible and invariably accompanied by direful results. Again, in the case of most first offenders a short term of right discipline affords ample chastisement where the State provides due surveillance to her wards when released, and neither should this class be subjected to the humiliation of being incarcerated for long periods with those who resist every effort at reformation. Hence the system in most States of bringing together all the juvenile delinquents and criminals into one institution indiscriminately is pernicious and indefensible.

Parents frequently take the initiatory in filing complaints against their own children that they may commit them to the care of a reformatory, but such soon repent of shifting their parental responsibilities upon the State when they become cognizant of the debauchery that exists in these institutions. Suffice it to say that crimes are insolently and repeatedly committed by the older inmates that if perpetrated in the outside world would send them to the penitentiary. Frequently a preceptor's influence over a boy that has made manifest improvements is entirely destroyed by one of these reprobate fellows who have grown to manhood in the institution and committed enough depredations to warrant life sentences in State's prison.

Now, what is to be done? Strange that this condition of affairs should obtain when we annually spend millions of dollars for the maintenance of penal institutions, and, too, in spite of the fact that we have men who have had every opportunity to study this question, and from whom we have a right to expect better results. Any one acquainted with the severity of the corporal punishment in vogue in institutions for incorrigibles knows that there is no further relief from this source. Corporal punishment has a brutalizing and not a humanizing effect, although in some in-

stances accompanied by good results. Crush a boy's vivaciousness and you start him on the road to anarchy, but direct his activities and you start him on the way to good citizenship. Of course something must be provided to meet the condition of those not amenable to good discipline. They should be removed from all opportunity for creating discord, until they prove themselves worthy of greater freedom.

But the discreet student of penology and practical sociologist would seek the conditions which produce these unfortunates and finding the influences which make for vice and crime prescribe an effective antidote. In the first place, we need to get rid of pedantic educators and ignore pedantic parents; then inaugurate compulsory education, supplemented by a rigid curfew law, with a truant officer to see that all children of school age are in regular attendance, behave with proper decorum on the streets and remain in their homes at night.

The State should provide five classes of institutions: the public school, the house of refuge, the industrial school, the reformatory and the State's prison, the last two alone being penal. If a rigid discipline is enforced in the first, and children of school age compelled to attend, there will be but few inmates for the other four. But in case the outside influences for evil overcome the child, remove him from his vicious environments and place him into the house of refuge, there to determine if his viciousness is innate. If so, and he resist all efforts at betterment, transfer him to the industrial school, and if he still persists in his mad, downward course, eventually place him into the reformatory. When there for a reasonable time and he manifests signs of total depravity, send him to State's prison and keep him there for life, unless he gives unmistakable evidence of becoming a respectable member of society. Society has this right to protect itself against persistent evil doers. And, furthermore, let the sale of intoxicants and narcotics, the great breeders of crime, be outlawed. Provide State employment for all tramps and beggars, taking them into custody, and there will be a marvelous change in present conditions.—*The Raleigh (N. C.) Post*.



TOLD AT FORTY,—A LECTURE FOR BOYS.

THINGS look different—at forty. I know, for I am writing this on my fortieth birthday.

Life isn't any more serious than it ever was; perhaps it is less so. Surely, too, it is more comfortable.

You see, I am an employee—one of the millions who get pay envelopes from somebody or somebody else every so often. I have always been an employee, and suppose I always shall be.

Somehow, there doesn't seem to be enough employing to do for all of us to have a chance at it. And besides, most of us don't know enough to do employ-

ing, yet nine-tenths of us feel that we are superior to the men who pay us, and we criticize their methods and their action, not openly—more's the pity. I believe the average employer would be glad to hear decent criticisms, decently made.

We sneak. We tell the other fellows in the place, and our friends outside, how "slow" and "mean" and so on, the superintendent is. And we are forever going to quit when we "get a good chance."

But we don't often quit,—unless we get discharged,—for a good chance rarely comes to the sneak and the backbiter.

But we don't get promoted or "raised," either, because our think-boxes are so filled with meanness that there isn't room in them for the honest thought that leads to better things; or our initiative has become paralyzed through fear that we are doing too much for the money we get, or atrophied through plain lack of use.

Often, too, we become obsessed (suppose you look that word up) with a notion of our indispensableness. Then we're moored to a mud bank, and some stormy day we drift away to nowhere.

When I began to work, I didn't see any of these things quite this way; didn't see some of them this way at all. Of course I wasn't forty then. But I was on the way to it. So are you, my brother, unless you have reached it or passed it.

I have had three jobs since my twenty-first birthday—four years, seven years and eight years. I left the first to go the second, and the second to go to the third. I am still at the third.

To do better each time? No; to do worse, from a money standpoint. But to apply some of the things I learned in the previous job:

I did get my wages increased occasionally while at the first two jobs. But I wouldn't have gotten a worthwhile promotion in a thousand years. Why? Don't ask me; just read over again the first part of this talk.

Eleven years to learn something—not much even then—of my duty as an employee; and I also learned not to lay any great particular stress on my employer's duty to me, because he really doesn't owe me any duty, unless my work and conduct are such as to impress an obligation upon him, in which event he'll be glad to "square up."

Is that a new thought? It was to me—once. But I'm fixed in it now.

I have said that I am an employee. And yet I have spent the last eight years working for myself, just as surely as if I owned a business.

How? By doing the best I know for my employer, every minute of my working day. It's easy when you get into it.

I tumbled to the fact that there is only one fellow

in the world who can help me or hinder me. That fellow is myself. He hindered me for a good many years. He is helping me now.

Some folks say I made a wonderful jump to where I am. They're wrong. I've gone up slowly, very slowly, it has seemed sometimes; in obedience, however, to the law of business gravitation—the law that inexorably says "up" if you're worth it, and "down" if you're not. I haven't worried about my job since I got the real hang of things.

Once, when I had a good offer from another city, my employer simply said, "I would like you to stay here."

Not a word was said about advancing my wages to meet that offer—not a word for six months, for I stayed; then—that much and more.

Some of the other fellows say harsh things about that man, just as I said them about former employers. And they are listless, and uninteresting, and jump when the bell rings.

Sometimes they tell me I'm lucky—when there is no such thing as luck. They have not learned: some of them are 'way past forty, and will never learn.

I'm not a sentimentalist; I believe that "business is business" all around. I'm happy in my work; my digestion and nerves are good. Life is beautiful, and richly worth living.

I've saved a little money, by the way; maybe I can quit and rest after a while, if I want to. Won't that be fine?

Yes, things do look different—at forty.—*An Employee, Selected.*



COLOR OF EGGS.

It is a matter of common observation that hens' eggs vary rather widely in color, ranging from a clear white to a decided light brown. Domestic poultry have descended from several wild strains, the various breeds being formed by numerous crossings. The color of the eggshell, it is generally believed, is a characteristic which has been transmitted from the early ancestors of our modern breeds.

There is no constant relation between the color of the shell and the composition of the egg, although there is a popular belief in some localities that the dark-shelled eggs are richer.

That there are no differences in the physical properties and chemical composition between brown-shelled and white-shelled eggs was shown by investigations carried on at the California and the Michigan experiment stations.

The color of the shell has, however, an effect upon market value, the brown-shelled eggs bringing the higher price, for instance, in the Boston market and white-shelled eggs in the New York market. In England the preference is decidedly in favor of the tinted eggs.

Of common breeds Plymouth Rocks, Wyandottes, Cochins, Brahmas and Langshans, among others, lay brown-shelled eggs and Leghorns and Minorcas white-shelled eggs.

At the Maine experiment station breeding experiments with Wyandottes and Plymouth Rocks have been carried on for a number of years for the purpose of establishing strains with highly developed laying qualities. The recorded data show that though both breeds lay tinted eggs the depth of color varies decidedly with individual birds in the case of each breed. By careful selection of breeding stock, therefore, it should be possible to control the color of the eggshell to a great extent, so that it may be made to meet any market demand.

In this connection it is interesting to consider the ancestry of the Plymouth Rocks and Wyandottes. The Plymouth Rocks are said to have originated from American Dominiques and Black Javas, with light and dark Brahma and Pitt Game blood also. All these varieties lay tinted or brown eggs, so it is natural to expect that this would be a characteristic of the different strains of Plymouth Rocks.

The effect of feed on the color of the yolk and white is a matter which is doubtless less commonly considered by poultry raisers than the effect of feed on flavor, yet it is known that there is a relation between them. Though frequently the yolk is pale, the color which we associate with the egg yolk is a decided yellow. The yellow coloring matter has been studied in the laboratory and is related to the coloring matter, also of animal origin, called lutein. The pale-yolked eggs are commonly considered inferior by housekeepers, as a given number impart to cake or custard less of the yellow color, which is looked upon as an indication of richness, than would eggs with a darker yolk.

The cause of pale yolks is not known with certainty, but, as has been pointed out by W. P. Wheeler, of the New York State experiment station, the eggs laid by hens fed only certain grains and animal feeds generally have this characteristic, and adding to the ration a liberal amount of fresh or dried young clover, alfalfa or grass will, as a rule, insure the deeper yellow color which is desired. The effect of green feed on the color of the yolks is illustrated by a test at the New York State experiment station, in which four lots of hens were fed alike except that no hay or green feed was given to one lot, while the other three lots had different amounts of clover hay alternating with green alfalfa. The depth of color of the yolk varied in the different lots and was directly proportional to the amount of clover and alfalfa fed.

It is perhaps possible that the coloring bodies or other materials containing iron, present in the green feed, have an effect upon the yellow coloring matter of egg yolk, but whatever the reason it seems from the

New York work cited that the poultry raiser who desires eggs with deeply-colored yolks can obtain them by feeding an abundance of such green materials as those indicated.

The egg white also varies somewhat in shade, having a more or less pronounced greenish cast before cooking and corresponding variations when cooked. That the color of the egg white varies more or less with different rations was noted in the New York experiments cited, but there was little uniformity in this respect. There is a belief that the cooked whites of eggs with shells of like tint will match in color and that albumen of white-shelled eggs is decidedly whiter when cooked than that of eggs with tinted shells. Perhaps few of us carry our preferences so far that we will refuse an egg on account of the color of the white, yet it is stated on good authority that in first-class hotels and restaurants, where great attention is paid to details, it has been found that the boiled eggs served must match in color.—*Department of Agriculture Bulletin*.



LOCUST TREES ON STEEP GROUND.

ON a farm in Westmoreland County, Pennsylvania, eight years ago this fall, the seed from a row of locust trees (planted along a fence some thirty years previously), was scattered by the wind over about two acres of one of the fields, containing five acres. This field is almost a perfect rectangle and extends from a valley to the top of a high hill. The lower part of it is very good soil and easily worked, but the upper part is very steep and rocks outcrop in several places. The seed, for the most part, was scattered over the latter portion of it. The field was sown in rye that fall, so that the seed easily became imbedded in the earth.

As if by magic a luxuriant growth of young locusts sprang up. After the rye was cut the field was used as a pasture and for two years very little attention was paid to the young trees. The third year, however, the owner determined to plow the field again, but he discovered that this course would be impossible without first grubbing out the trees, so firmly had they become established.

His first impulse was to proceed with the grubbing, but after giving the matter some thought (with the appreciation that locust timber is very scarce in that section) he decided to allow the trees to remain, and cease cultivation of that portion of the field. He had confidence that in fifteen or twenty years timber could be cut that would equal many times the profits that would be derived from the land in any other way.

There are now between 750 and 800 trees in the grove, the largest of which are five inches in diameter and twenty-five feet in height.—*Farm Journal*.

Nature Studies



A MUD-DAUBER.

N. J. MILLER.

It is too windy today for an invalid to take a walk for health. But once have I seen its equal, at Boulder Canyon, when the wind blew the paint off the box-cars standing on the side-track, *i. e.*, the moving sand chipped off the paint. This storm is strong enough to interfere with walking, for an invalid. However, I'll risk the walk to an outbuilding not far away. It is a cozy place a day like this, guarding the wind and yet giving enough room for exercise to make one's blood rush warm. On its rafters are one, two, three, yes, a score of bunches of mud made of clay, the work of a particular wasp.

Now, I recall that the wasp family is counted as the earliest paper-maker and amongst some of the earliest potters the world has seen—skilled in that corner of the professional world before the advent of man.

A little inspection shows the bunches of clay are fashioned after some definite plan or symmetry, adobe houses, if you please, consisting of several vertical tubes or jars arranged side by side. On the surface are bits of dirt drawn out in ropy layers giving the adobe home a corrugated coat. These give a hint as to how each tube is built. The mother-wasp begins with a small load or bit of dirt—sandy clay—cementing it to the wall or rafter. Other loads are brought and cemented together with her saliva so as to form a single tube an inch or two in length and about a half inch across. A tube being closed and completed, another is added, another and another until quite a number are built side by side forming a modern adobe flat.

What of the inmates of the adobe? Crushing it opens the secret. Here are a few cells apparently containing nothing but spiders and—spiders six, eight, ten, twelve, fifteen of them in a single cavity—all paralyzed. Some of the tubes are half filled with dead spiders infested by some sort of pest, showing something has gone wrong. Yes, I remember now the story the books tell about this part of the Mud-dauber's world and recall some former observations merely corroborative.

When the mother-wasp completes a tube, all but the closing of it, she sets about to capture spiders to

provision that home. Having found a spider, the wasp stings it in a ganglion of the nervous system on the ventral side of the body. Its slender body is remarkably adapted to reach around to the under side of its captive to sting it at the desirable point. The spider is not killed outright by the sting but paralyzed, the paralysis being due, perhaps, to the formic acid injected by its captor. The preservative effect of the acid is sufficient to keep the insect from decay even if it should die before the provision is needed. When the wasp considers the cell sufficiently provisioned with fresh paralyzed food she deposits her egg, seals the tube or cell and leaves the developing young to work out its own fate.

The small egg soon develops into a worm-like form, a larva, which, as it grows, feeds upon the paralyzed spiders. J. M. Faber, a French naturalist, gives classical work in observation and experiment concerning this phase of the wasp's development, more particularly of the Mud-dauber's close relative, the Fraternal Potter Wasp, which builds its cemented homes not under cover but in the open. I quote from "Weed's Nature Biographies": "Like the egg it (larva) hangs suspended, attached to the thread by the hind part of the body. But the thread is longer: in addition to the slender filament that held the egg there is a sort of ribbon. The larva is feeding: with lowered head it is devouring one of the caterpillars (the Fraternal Potter eats caterpillars instead of spiders). I touch another of the waiting victims with a spear of grass. It moves . . . and the eumenes larva instantly withdraws from the melee. But how? To my surprise I find that what I took for a bit of flat ribbon attached to the thread, is a sheath, a scabbard, into which the larva retreats. And this is simply the empty egg-shell, transformed into a refuge for the larva when the writhing caterpillars below become dangerous."

The larva develops into the pupa stage of which the protecting coat or cocoon consists of a capsule made of chitinous and fibrous layers and the enclosed individual is a fat and Indian-club-shaped form. The majority of cells constituting the adobe flat I break open contain one of these brown cylindrical cocoons which, after a few warm days have come, are broken open by the individual within. It now appears as a

mature wasp, the imago stage, almost black with light yellow bars across its abdomen. Its life cycle then is—the egg, larva, pupa and imago. And the easiest method for me to capture the imago is to put these adobes into a screened cage and await what will happen next spring. I am tempted to do it.

Rocky Ford, Colo.



THE WHISTLER.

THE "whistler," or "hoary marmot," is one of the most numerous of the inhabitants of the Rocky Mountains. In the Selkirk Range it is more common than in the Rockies proper.

Its common name of "whistler" is conferred upon it because of its custom, when alarmed, of giving utterance to a shrill, piercing whistle, which echoes and reëchoes through the lonely valleys in which it lives. Early explorers, unfamiliar with the sound, have mistaken its whistle for the call of a fellow traveler.

It makes its home in cracks in the rocks, generally near the edge of the timber line, about six or seven thousand feet above sea level. Here it lies on the rocks, basking contentedly in the sun, or gathering grass to prepare its bed for its long winter sleep.

The whistler belongs to the same family as the ground hog, or woodchuck, with which so many of us are familiar, and resembles it closely in appearance. It is about the same size and build, and in most cases the color is nearly the same, a light grizzly brown. Some members of the species appear almost white around the head and shoulders, but whether this is merely the result of old age, or the sign of a different variety, the writer is unable to say.

In August, 1905, we spent two weeks in the O'Hara Valley, a spot where whistlers abound, and it was here that we caught our baby whistler. It was a wet morning, and in the afternoon one of the boys went out for a walk. Toward evening he returned carrying something in a sack, and, of course, we all went out to see what he had found.

"Bobs" was taken out, and deposited on a pole some distance from the ground, causing great excitement in the minds of two dogs, who thought that whistlers were created solely for their amusement. I think the dogs and the novelty of the proceedings excited the whistler also; but being shy he said nothing about it, and seemed inclined to make the best of things.

A little later he was taken down and tied to a tree with a chain around his neck. His first performance

was to start for some underground habitation, where there was less company, and, had it not been for the restraining influence of the chain, he would have succeeded in reaching there. When unceremoniously brought back to the surface by means of the chain he expressed his disgust by two or three shrill whistles. The first difficulty was to persuade the dogs that Bobs was a visitor and was to be treated as such. In a day or two one of them became quite affectionate, and would spend two or three hours at a time watching him. He also took care that the second dog did not do any harm. In a short time, the second dog also became quite friendly, and then Bobs' troubles in that direction were over.

At first he was too frightened to eat, but hunger soon remedied that, and he displayed considerable ability in the disposing of a dish of bread and condensed milk. After that, he quickly became quite tame, and would readily take things from our hands, or, if not noticed would sit up and whistle to attract attention. On one occasion, feeling particularly sociable, he climbed up and sat on the shoulder of one of the boys.

When we moved from O'Hara Lake to Hector, a distance of about eight miles, Bobs accompanied us, and selected an old stump, under which he made his home. Here for one week he seemed perfectly happy and contented, then we moved again and Bobs was left behind to join his own tribe once more after his brief but, I trust, happy sojourn with human beings.—*Selected.*



INSECT MIMICRY.

THE mimicry and protective coloring of insects is well known, and many of the caterpillars of that section of the moths known as the "Geometers" form excellent examples.

Resting on a leaf or stem, they support themselves by taking a firm hold with their claspers, their bodies sticking out rigidly at an angle. The lower part of the body being, as it were, wrapped round and closely fitting to the branch, they look like nothing so much as a short piece of stick, a leaf stem, or a rolled-up leaf, according to their color.

The buff-tip moth is another good instance of mimicry. The moth when at rest wraps its wings closely around its body. Its head and the tips of the wings, which form the opposite ends of a small cylinder, are of a buff color, which gives it the exact appearance of a short piece of stick broken at each end.

—*The Wellspring.*



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WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

WHAT is to be the end of the inordinate love of wealth, the bargain-hunting craze, the desire to get something for nothing, which in so large a measure characterizes the people of America today? We may be sure that the sowing of such seed is bound to bring a harvest after its kind. And what will that be—a generation of beggars? The following statement from one of the wealthiest men of our country forces one to this conclusion: "Four-fifths of the great mass of letters I receive appealing for money are requests for money for personal use, with no other title to consideration than that the writer would be gratified to have it."

There! Who can say how far removed these money-begging writers are from the whining beggars of some countries in Europe and Asia who stretch out dirty palms to every person suspected of having more than enough money to buy his next meal? How long will the boasted independence of our nation continue to find a response in the independence of the individual? Could there be anything more incongruous than a nation of beggars in America—the land of opportunity?

Of course we know we shall always have people in our land who will never descend to the level of the beggar. They have them also in the countries referred to, but that does not prevent the countries from suffering under the curse of beggarhood as long as the number of beggars is noticeable or in any way representative. An evil that is bound to add large numbers to the beggars of the next generation is the custom of tipping which is gaining such a tenacious hold in this country. The individual who has been hired to do certain work at a certain price and who in discharging his duties is polite or impolite, helpful or indifferent, to the third party in the case, according to whether this party has or has not crossed his palm with an accept-

able sum, is scarcely a step removed from the fawning beggar in the street.

We need to guard ourselves that we do not fall victims to the mania for trying to get something for nothing. We need to square our shoulders and stiffen our backbones so that the taunt of being a beggar may never be flung at us. And we need to teach our children the same principles of independence and self-reliance.



LOOKING AFTER THE CHILDREN.

IN the issue of January 19 we gave a brief account of the calling of a meeting by the President for the purpose of discussing ways and means of caring for the dependent children of the country by a better and more systematic plan than those now followed. The meeting took place at the time set for it, January 25. It was a good meeting, as it was bound to be, made up, as it was, of men and women who are deeply interested in the welfare of our children and who have given proof of their interest by actual work in that field.

The President took an active part in the meeting, but he did not exhaust all his zeal for the cause. It is one of his characteristics not to let go of a movement until he has good evidence that something is to be accomplished by it. Three weeks after the meeting the President sent a message to Congress, recommending legislation along the particular line of helping dependent children. In his recommendation he especially urges, "the establishment of a federal children's bureau; the enactment of such legislation as will bring the laws and practices in regard to the care of dependent children in all federal territory into harmony, and certain legislation in behalf of dependent children in the District of Columbia."

In urging a children's bureau, one of the duties of which will be to look into and report upon all matters relating to the welfare of children and child life, the President declares that "the national government is the only agency which can effectively conduct such general inquiries as are needed for the benefit of all citizens. It is not only discreditable to us as a people that there is now no recognized and authoritative source of information upon these subjects relating to child life," he continues, "but in the absence of such information as should be supplied by the federal government many abuses have gone unchecked, for public sentiment, with its great corrective power, can only be aroused by full knowledge of the facts."

In his message the President enlarges on the point which he emphasized in his invitations to the conference of January 25, namely, that the best way to care for dependent children is in the family home. This is what he says:

"Parents of good character suffering from temporary misfortune, and above all deserving mothers

fairly well able to do the work, but deprived of the support of the normal breadwinner, should be given such aid as may be necessary to enable them to maintain suitable homes for the rearing of their children. The widow or deserted mother, if a good woman, willing to work and do her best, should ordinarily be helped in such fashion as will enable her to bring up her children herself in their natural home.

"As to the children who for sufficient reasons must be removed from their own homes, or have no homes, it is desirable that, if normal in mind and body, and not requiring special training, they should be cared for in families whenever practicable. The carefully selected foster home is for the normal child the best substitute for the natural home. Such homes should be selected by a most careful process of investigation, carried on by skilled agents, through personal investigation, and with due regard to the religious faith of the child. After children are placed in homes, adequate visitation, with careful consideration of the physical, mental, moral and spiritual training and development of each child, on the part of the responsible home-finding agency is essential."

The President has done a noble part in the matter. It now remains to be seen whether congress will second his action. The fate of the movement for the present, at least, will have been decided by the time our readers have this paper, since this congress comes to an end March 3. But even if congress should not take any action on the subject at this time, that can hardly interfere with our doing all we can for homeless children. Let us watch the opportunities and if enough are not presented to us to satisfy our desires to help in this work we can easily make them come our way.



WITH OUR READERS.

Most of our readers, as teachers, patrons, or scholars, are interested in the common schools. We endeavor to keep this fact in mind and will do what we can to increase this interest and add to the uplifting power of the schools. We now have on hand four articles dealing with this subject which we shall give our readers soon. They are written by one who has spent many years in the schoolroom. We shall be glad to have other articles along this line.



UNDER THE LEAVES.

Thick green leaves from the soft brown earth,
Happy springtime hath called them forth;
First faint promise of summer bloom
Breathes from the fragrant, sweet perfume,
Under the leaves.

Lift them! what marvelous beauty lies
Hidden beneath, from our thoughtless eyes!
Mayflowers, rosy or purest white,
Lift their cups to sudden light,
Under the leaves.

Are there no lives whose holy deeds—
Seen by no eye save his who reads

Motive and action—in silence grow
Into rare beauty, and bud and blow
Under the leaves?

Fair white flowers of faith and trust,
Springing from spirits bruised and crushed;
Blossoms of love, rose-tinted and bright,
Touched and painted with heaven's own light,
Under the leaves.

Full fresh clusters of duty borne,
Fairest of all in that shadow grown;
Wondrous the fragrance that sweet and rare
Comes from the flower cups hidden there,
Under the leaves.

Though unseen by our vision dim,
Bud and blossom are known to him;
Wait we content for his heavenly ray—
Wait till our Master himself one day
Lifteth the leaves.

—Selected.



THE SCHOOL GROUNDS.

WHILE planning for the home grounds this spring do not forget the school grounds. The school-buildings may be as much in need of soap, paint, white-wash, hammer, nails, hatchet and saw as are the home buildings. It is useless to try to cultivate a love of the beautiful in children if they are obliged to spend all their school hours in a dirty, unpainted, unsanitary building, the surroundings of which are little better than those of the stable or the hog house. And this is the condition of many of our country schoolhouses. The glass in the window is seldom washed, the floors rarely scrubbed, the walls dingy with smoke and checkered with pencil marks, the furniture chipped and whittled by careless hands, the walls blank and bare and the windows shadeless. If there are trees or flowering plants near, they are of Nature's planting. If there happens to be any fence, it is usually an eyesore, even to the children, and no sort of protection to the grounds.

It would be but little trouble for the taxpayers to get together and give a few hours' work to this spot where the children are sent daily to be "educated," but where the conditions are such that no self-respecting child will be proud to claim it as his "alma mater." If the hard work of clearing up the grounds, plowing, spading, fencing and grading were done by the fathers, the children would take a pride in beautifying the place, and the mothers would become interested. If nothing better can be done, the inside should be given a coat of paint or whitewash, the windows cleaned, shades hung, and hardy vines planted about the entrance. What is to hinder having an old-fashioned "bee" some day, and making the old building "a thing of beauty" and the grounds a source of pride to the children? Teach the children to respect the property by remembering the fact that it belongs to them, individually.—*The Commoner.*



The Home World

GERANIUMS AND OTHER FLOWERS

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"Oh, what a lovely window," I exclaimed as I saw Aunt Ellan's geraniums. She had six small plants but every one was in bloom. Her window looked like a bower and not unlike a rose bower at that. The blossoms were large and perfect, and brilliantly colored. "Almost anybody could raise geraniums if they cared to," said Aunt Ellan.

And that is true, the geranium is essentially the flower of the people. This is because it is so abundant, and so easy of growth that it is within universal reach. A red geranium blooming in the window always seems to be a pledge of sweet content and happiness within doors. Numbers of flowers have pretty legends concerning them or a curious bit of history connected with their origin. But the geraniums have no family traditions, but can we not appreciate the beauty of the commonplace?

These flowers bravely stand neglect, and repay every slight care with a luxuriance of bloom which is surprising. We glance from the scarlet blossoms in the window to the trees outside. The apple tree just outside the window glitters so white and sparkling in the morning sunlight, that the eye objects to following the outlines; its branches are encased in crystal, the twigs and buds are ice-sheathed. The geraniums carry a message of hope and cheer to the human heart, the promise of springtime—new life and growth.

Many a housekeeper of a humble home reads with envious awe of millionaires' tables being loaded with hothouse flowers at every meal. What is to prevent her having such plants as are within her means in her own home? A few slips from her neighbor's flowers will give her a start and after that she can care for them and raise others. In the country there is a bewildering variety to choose from all the summer through. And she need not wait for summer. In May she can find trailing arbutus or deep-tinted violets.

After the snow and storm of winter these are doubly welcome; they remind us that the time of the singing of birds has come. Then we find daisies in June, and

the pretty wild parsnips' flower, called queen's lace, and black-eyed Susans.

If there are children they will spend many happy hours looking for these flowers; then do not tie them into bundles but arrange them loosely in a vase or glass. In autumn we have the flaming mallows, the purple asters and glowing leaves. When the cold winds blow over barren fields, there is yet the red-berried fruit of the wild rose and dogwood. Then we have Christmas greens, the myrtle wreaths. And dear me, how soon after that we begin to talk about the first snowdrops and pussy willows in the early year.

Flowers do much more than simply beautify the world. Their mission is to refine and purify, and no matter where they are grown, their wide and helpful influences are felt. It is only when we try to imagine what this world would be without flowers that we can appreciate their value.

The love of flowers is inherent in children. No matter how wretched may be the surroundings, a child will love and admire a posy. We remember the case of one poor woman whose husband was a drunkard and the eight children who should have been a comfort were only a care, the oldest one bidding fair to walk in his father's footsteps. It would seem as if all love for the beautiful must have been crushed out of this woman's nature, but a lady at whose house she worked noticed her admiration for the most beautiful plant she possessed. So at the close of a hard day's work, she said, "Come with me into the conservatory." Then she gave her an azalea covered all over with magnificent bloom.

"And where am I to take it, missus?" she inquired.

"It is for you to keep," answered the lady.

"For me!" she gasped. "Not that—not the very purtiest one in the whole lot! Oh, I'd love to have a bloomin' plant but I can't take your purtiest!" But when they convinced her that it really was hers she said: "I don't know how to thank you, ma'am," and

she struggled to keep the tears back as she went home with her plant.

A week passed by, and she came back to work. "O missus, I can't tell how much it has done for us. The children are keepin' the winder clean so's it can git the sunshine, and they's ashamed to have the room dirty with them blessed blossoms lookin' on." Another time she said, "The old man don't have the room full of smoking men no more. Lorrie asked him not to, she was afraid the smoke would hurt the flowers." And so the silent, fragrant blossoms continued their silent ministry.

No one can raise flowers, live among them, love them and not be better for their influence. By their springing up out of hard, uncongenial soil they show us how out of things hard and forbidding creep forth beautiful results. A flower is never misunderstood. They sometimes speak for us when we know not what to say. They adapt themselves to a funeral or a wedding; they are messages of love speaking of him who considered the lilies of the field.



THE BEAUTY OF PLAIN LIVING.

WE love to see people live well, says a thoughtful writer, and to dress respectably, and enjoy themselves, but there is a happy mean in all these things, and when that is passed in the direction of extravagance, the people distress and enslave themselves and diminish their ability to do good. For the sake of keeping up the styles, people live far above their income, harass themselves with debt, wear themselves out, and keep in a constant nervous strain by giving fashionable dinners, fashionable entertaining, and making fashionable calls. How much better is a plain, quiet, Christian home where all is peace and cordiality, the neighbors heartily welcome to come and go at will, and freed from the pestering, senseless conventionalities of fashionable life! Why should our earthly years be fretted and burdened and worn out prematurely by vain efforts to ape the manners of the idle, irreligious, self-seeking, rich devotee of pleasure? God has put us in the world for a nobler purpose than this, and those do well who strive to place his service above all else.

—*The Glendora Gleaner.*



MOTHER PATCHING.

Mother sits beside the window
Fixing up the children's clothes;
Mending overalls and dresses,
Darning holes in stocking toes,
Pressing here a little wrinkle,
Patching there a little tear,
Sewing up each rended garment
For the boy and girl to wear.

Mother knows that they are near her—
Knows that every care or pain
She can soothe in just a moment,

Making smiles come back again—
So she does not heed the patter
Of their feet upon the floor,
Does not hear their childish clatter,
For she thinks of something more.

She is thinking as she patches
Of the dreaded future day
When the boy she loves and watches
Will be gone from her away;
When the girl she guards and blesses
Will have met the stress of life
Far from mother's fond caresses,
In the world's unfeeling strife.

So with every little button
That she fastens on the clothes
There's a thought most sad and tender,
And a little prayer that goes
To the God of good who's near her,
To the King of love and joy,
Asking that he guide and cheer her
As she rears her girl and boy.

—Clara Cooper Burton.



WHAT IS YOUR WEIGHT?

IT seems needless to say that all drugging for the relief of superabundant weight is dangerous. We know of no harmless drug that will accomplish this purpose. The effervescing salts and sodium phosphate for its action upon the liver, are very generally employed. They are useful in some cases, but they have a decidedly depressing effect upon others, and furthermore the body is likely to become "waterlogged" from the large quantity of water which must be taken with the salts.

The following familiar table of heights and weights may be lowered with advantage fully five to ten pounds in every instance in the weight of women:

Height	Weight
5 feet 1 inch	120 pounds
5 feet 2 inches	126 pounds
5 feet 3 inches	133 pounds
5 feet 4 inches	136 pounds
5 feet 5 inches	142 pounds
5 feet 6 inches	145 pounds
5 feet 7 inches	148 pounds
5 feet 8 inches	155 pounds
5 feet 9 inches	162 pounds
5 feet 10 inches	169 pounds
5 feet 11 inches	174 pounds
6 feet 0 inches	178 pounds

The body-weight can be reduced to normal proportions without going on a starvation diet or completely cutting out such articles of food as fats, starches and sugars. The diet should be restricted to plain fare, which must be taken in moderation, eating only when hungry and then only sufficient to supply the needs of the body.—*Selected.*



"FORETHOUGHT is coin in the pocket, quiet in the brain, and content in the heart."

SPRAYS, SPRAYING, AND INSECTS.

BEFORE the buds burst is the last opportunity to use the lime sulphur wash, which is the surest means of fighting San José scale. If you have only one or two trees to bother with, it would probably be more convenient to use some of the miscible oils. Even if they may not be quite as efficient, their convenience is a great recommendation; but the "ready for use" lime-sulphur preparations have given good results.

Destroy all diseased twigs and any branches infested with eggs of plant lice, tree crickets, and buffalo egg hoppers. Make a clean sweep now and lessen the intensity of the fight in the summer.

The fall web worm is always a pest, but its cocoons can be found and attacked now.

If the canker worm is troublesome, put greased bands on the fruit trees that were attacked last year.

The eggs of the caterpillar can be seen in masses;

clean them off with a wire brush dipped in kerosene or crude oil.

Scraping off the loose bark from the trunks of trees will destroy the hiding places of hosts of insects. A sharp hoe may be used for this purpose.

Wherever soft scale is present use sprays of kerosene emulsion, and do not use strong sprays on stone fruits, because they are more susceptible to injury than any other orchard tree or ornamental shrub.

Encourage the birds. Even if they do eat some fruit, you will find they will eat many more insects, and the great prevalence of insect pests is very largely due to the upset of the balance of Nature in the destruction of our native birds.—*The Garden Magazine*.



An apple kept in a cake box will keep a moderately rich cake moist and fresh. The apple should be renewed when it becomes withered.

BETTY BURTON, HEROINE

CLARA NORTH RULEY

SCHOOLDAYS had begun. It was the strangest thing, so Betty thought, that one should be so very happy when schooldays ended in the spring and then so happy again in the autumn when school begun. But then, as Papa Dan said, there was nothing wonderful at all in such a state of affairs, for Betty was so constituted that she was happy all the time.

Directly in front of Betty sat the new girl. Her clothes were not so very pretty and she had freckles. Betty experienced a throb of sympathy for her as she remembered the tiny brown spots that decorated her own little nose.

She resolved to be very good indeed to the new girl.

When recess came one always wished to be the head one in the long procession of children that marched from the schoolhouse to the playground. It gave one a little more time to play, but Betty was not the head one by any means, she was quite far back in the line, and by the time she had put her own cup under the pump spout the new girl was nowhere to be seen. So Betty found Mary Belle and together they went to the playhouse they had made under an oak tree in the corner of the schoolyard.

Soon Betty had quite forgotten about the new girl. But when the recess bell rang, and the children, flushed and panting from their play, sought their seats, Betty saw that the new girl's eyes were red. This made Betty feel very guilty for she knew she should have kept to the resolution she had made before recess. In vain something said, "You were not bad to her, you did not tease her or treat her badly." Betty well

knew that active goodness was often demanded of us when passive goodness was not goodness at all.

In the afternoon recess she found the new girl after a little search, the center of a jeering crowd of boys and girls. Her face was red and she was very angry indeed, and just as Betty was about to speak she heard the new girl say, oh, such a dreadful word. The very thought of such a thing made her turn pale. Betty felt that if she ever, ever soiled her mind and her lips with such a word she would never dare kiss mama again.

She half turned to go away when she remembered the "inasmuch" verse. "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto the least of these." Perhaps the new girl was one of the "least." One could never tell, so Betty tremblingly pushed her way through the noisy crowd and said the first thing that came to her mind, "Won't you come over and play in our playhouse, Mary Belle's and mine?"

The new girl's face paled and softened and without another word she went away with her little rescuer.

Betty almost regretted that she had been so rash, for bashful little soul that she was, she hardly knew what to say, but soon the ice was broken and the three girls had a delightful time. Betty discovered that the new girl belonged to a family that had lately moved into the Flats, and that her name was Phoebe Ann Bagley, that is, that was her truly name, but the girl herself called it "Fe ban," at least that was the way it sounded to Betty.

The girls came to be very good friends and twice

mama gave Betty permission to have Phoebe Ann down to tea. Papa Dan remonstrated, saying that it was too bad to let Betty associate with such trash, but mama's pretty mouth widened into such a coaxing smile that before ever she could say a word Papa Dan succumbed and murmured, "Oh, well, Alice, have your own way; it generally turns out all right." It was a little way mama had of managing Papa Dan.

Phoebe Ann even went to Sunday school with Betty nearly every Sunday, but once she had lost her hair ribbon and even Betty when appealed to by the afflicted Phoebe Ann could not truthfully say that a piece of yellow wrapping twine looked as well as a pink hair ribbon.

And in the course of time Betty's protege came to be a very good little girl indeed, but alas, now and then she would forget and some dreadful word would pass her lips. She was always very repentant, but she hadn't quite been able to break herself of the habit.

Now and then the school practiced the fire drill. It was great fun, the children thought, because it always came so unexpectedly, for all the world like a real for sure fire would.

But one day Miss Hickman, the principal, came in hurriedly and spoke excitedly to Miss Russell, Betty's teacher. The school building was on fire and neither Miss Hickman nor any of the upper teachers could trust any of their pupils who could play the piano not to become hysterical in such a crisis, and demoralize the rest. "Had Miss Russell any one she could trust?"

That lady put her finger on her lips and thought hard and rapidly. There was Betty Burton. True, she was small, but Miss Russell believed she might be depended upon in such an emergency. So Betty was called to the desk and the situation was explained to her. Miss Hickman assured her they would take care of her. Betty turned white. Could she? She was a very little girl and it looked to be a dreadful thing to sit at the piano and play while all the children marched to safety, leaving her in the burning building. Then she thought of her friend, Phoebe, who was trying so hard to be a good girl. What if she could not have another chance? That decided her. A pale but determined little face was turned to the anxious teacher's. "I'll do it." And she did. She sat at the piano and played a little march over and over until six rooms were vacated.

"It was for Phoebe I did it," she sobbed out on mama's comforting shoulder that evening, and mama said, "Yes, dear, I know, and now go to sleep," wondering if after all her shy little Betty were not of the stuff out of which martyrs are made.



MARY AND TROT.

WHEN I lived in Colorado a little girl named Mary who attended the school near my home lived two miles

away. There was no road nor path to guide her across the plain, not even a bush or tree. Mary was about eight years old. She had a shaggy shepherd dog named Trot that came with her every day and waited for her until school was over.

"Mary," I said to her one day, "why do you bring your dog to school? He cannot learn to read and write."

"Oh," said Mary, "I do not bring Trot; he brings me. I could not find the way alone."

"How did Trot learn to find the way?" I asked, "and does he never get tired of waiting and go home without you?"

"The first time we came," replied Mary, "father came with us. When we reached the school I gave Trot a piece of meat, and when we reached home I gave him some more. No one ever feeds him but me. The first two or three days we had to tie him. If he should go home without me father would bring him right back, and that night he would have no potatoes for his supper. But we have no trouble now. He likes school as well as I do."

One day about twelve o'clock the wind clouds began to gather. Children who have never seen a western windstorm can hardly imagine what it is like. In Colorado it does not rain at all during the winter, so the sand is very dry and light. The wind lifts it up from the ground and whirls it round as if it were raining sand. It chokes and blinds you.

On this day the teacher saw the clouds gathering. She closed the school and sent the children home, thinking they could reach shelter before the storm broke. I, too, noticed the darkening skies, and thought at once of brave little Mary as I hastened to the school. I found that Mary had already started for home.

Soon the storm came; the wind howled; the sky grew dark and the sand whirled. Poor little child, alone on the vast prairie! How would she survive the fright, even if she were not entirely lost? As soon as the wind subsided I got on my horse and rode to her home to find if she had arrived. Mary met me at the door.

"Well, I am glad to see you safe," said I. "Do you not think," said Mary's mother, "that dogs know as much as some people? Mary and Trot were about half way home when the wind commenced to blow. There is an old dugout some distance to the right of the way they always take home. Trot took hold of Mary's dress and led her, for the sand blew so in her eyes she could not see where she was going. They cuddled down in the dugout together until the storm was over."

This is a true story of the Colorado plains, and Mary and Trot came to school together for months afterward.—*The Saturday Budget*.



The Quiet Hour

THE TOUCH OF HUMAN HANDS.

Among the hills of Galilee,
Through crowded city ways,
The Christ of God went forth to heal
And bless in olden days.
The sinning and the sad of heart
In anxious throngs were massed
To catch the great Physician's eye
And touch him as he passed.

We have not in our hearts of need
His seamless garment pressed,
Nor felt his tender human hand
On us in blessing rest;
Yet still in crowded city streets
The Christ goes forth again,
Whenever touch of human hand
Bespeaks good will to men.

Whenever man his brother man
Upholds in helpfulness,
Whenever strong and tender clasp
A lonely heart doth bless,
The Christ of God is answering
A stricken world's demands,
And leading back a wandering race
By touch of human hands.

—Woman's Missionary Magazine.



THAT WHICH COMES FIRST.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

In every man's life some one thing is first, by his permission. It may be pleasure, money, books, business, love or religion. One of these six banners is flying on the castle of his life. When he is young, all six are clamoring for the privilege of living in his castle. Perhaps he lets them all in, but one soon drives out the other, and when the owner of the mansion grows older, he finds that his guest has possessed himself of the castle.

One man chooses pleasure, almost unconsciously, and permits it to be the first thing for a while, thinking to oust it at a later day. It may be the pleasure of drink or the fun of a city winter, or the excitement of some game. Money to him is of value only to buy more pleasure. Books are dry and stupid unless they are the "latest." And as for religion, it is so inconvenient. Some church folks object, you know, to certain amusements, and besides one always wants

Sunday for motoring and a score of other things more necessary (?).

One puts money first, and everything in his life is subordinate to the making and saving of a fortune. He has no time to waste in pleasure or love-making or even in the library. It costs too much to belong to a church and help missionary enterprises.

Another man chooses books and lives among them until he is dried to everything else.

The business man says, "Business before pleasure," and unconsciously means, "Business before all other things." Sunday to him is a day for visiting other human cash registers and for talking over the market.

Then there is that other young man who puts *love* first, who is infatuated with Nellie and her curl, or Phyllis and her eyebrow, and with a score of other charmers. Money? Money is a thing with which to buy paste and Chaw's choicest bonbons for the dear girls. Books? Why, those he talks about to her when he can't converse about "love at first sight." Religion? Why, er, Sundays, especially Sunday evenings, he always has an engagement.

Pleasure-seeker, money-seeker, bookworm, busy business man, love-maker, they all agree in putting foremost anything but the first thing in life which really comes first. They trot along through life in pitiable unconcern, chasing ephemeral things when they should "seek first the kingdom of God, and his righteousness," trusting him to supply their every need. The man who does seek first the kingdom of God, and the man who seeks God's righteousness finds that these other things are added unto him. *Pleasure*, such as a worldling never knew; *money*, sufficient for his daily bread of contentment, the best of *Books* to read, one that is a new Book every time he reads it; *business* enough in extending the kingdom and in counting his blessings, and "*love* that passeth knowledge,"—all these are his. And, besides, in his castle he entertains the King of the Kingdom.

This is harmony.

Cairo, New York.



"We could not enjoy the association of heaven, if we did not love Christian fellowship on earth."

FRUIT-BEARING CHRISTIANS.

It's easy enough to rail at Christians for their lack of liberality, for their record is far from being all that it might when you measure them up against their ideal, but suppose you compare them for a minute with the rest of mankind. I notice in the papers that something like \$90,000,000 was given to various charities last year by people in the United States. Of course that takes no account of the millions contributed by Christians in the regular work of their churches and charitable organizations, nor of the great total expended in private benefactions which are never heard of by the world. These \$90,000,000 were outside all that—large gifts, important enough to get into the papers. How much of that amount do you think was contributed by the atheists? Go through and mark the sums which were given by the agnostics, if you will. It's easy to say that Christians ought to have given a whole lot more, but first show me another religion whose followers gave anything like as much. Point me out a hospital founded by Buddhism; where are the Christian Science homes for delinquent boys; where are the New Thought relief and aid societies? You can travel all through the lands where Mohammedanism has held its sway for centuries and the only hospitals you will find are those which have been established by Christian men and women. All these fancy religions can show you in a minute how much more intellectual and high browed they are, but when it comes to the real down-on-your-knees-work of saving the world, they are perfectly content to leave the whole job to the Christians. The stage coach of progress sticks in the mud and in half a minute every Christian passenger in under the wheels or speaking kind words to the horses; but when you look for the other fellows, they aren't there. The other fellows may get a much finer view as they travel along the road, but at the end of the trip God will notice mighty quick which ones have mud on their shoes. Christians are the only ones who have set up a standard of "by their fruits" and they are the only ones who are willing to be judged by it.—*Home Herald*.



THE PASTOR AND THE SICK ROOM.

THE pastor who neglects the sick of his flock ought to find some other calling or be requested to resign. When once the press of ministerial business crowds out the attention required by the sick the pastor should discard some of his business for the benefit of the sick. A prominent pulpiteer recently asserted that "the sanctimonious, sepulcher-voiced preacher who tiptoes into the sick room ought to be suppressed in order to protect the sick." Perhaps pastors of such a type had better be taught how to enter a sick room. We maintain that the minister is most needed in the sick chamber, and if he is alive to his opportunities

he can do his greatest and best work there. Many persons, when sick, are more easily touched by religious influences and to the tired, lonesome patient the pleasant smile, the chapter from the Word, and the prayer mean more and are more desired than at any other time.—*The Mennonite*.



THE HIGHEST IDEAL.

THE Christian standard of life is very high. Jesus taught that his disciples should not be as others. He said if they should lend to those who lend to them what does it signify? They will be no better than others. And if they should love only those who love them, what better are they than others? Do not even the heathen and publicans the same? Then the great Teacher mounts to a lofty height and says: Forgive your enemies; do good to them that hate you and despitefully use you. And yet higher still he rises with his words of counsel and command: "Be ye therefore perfect as your Father in heaven is perfect."

Many opinions concerning this high teaching have been uttered by men. Some say it tends to weakness. Some tell us that even Christians never attempt to put it into practice. And some have tried to explain it away, and make the standard of our Lord low enough to suit the ideas of men. An eminent English author has published an essay on "Religious Impossibilities," and another on "Moral Impossibilities," in which he seeks to find an explanation of these high teachings of our Lord in the extravagant method of Oriental teaching. But this will never do.

The glory of Christianity is that its standard of life and character is higher than any other. It is a perfect standard. The world has outgrown many ancient ideals, but it has not outgrown the ideals of Jesus, and never will, for they are perfect. It is also the beauty of Christianity that it requires impossible things of men and provides grace to enable them to do impossible things. Those who say that no Christian ever attempted to keep these lofty precepts greatly err. Men and women have both tried and succeeded. Jesus himself kept them, and taught men that he would supply to them the same divine energy wherewith he was able to do the will of his Father. We must confess our failures, but we cannot lay the blame on the New Testament standard of righteousness. We dare not explain away the exalted requirements of our Lord. We must seek that grace which is always sufficient in all things. This standard was too high for the age in which it was given. It is not too high for the measure of a perfect man. By the grace of God each one may rise to the measure of the standard of Christ.—*The Christian Advocate*.



"THERE may be things that we do not know and yet that does not prove their non-existence."

Echoes from Everywhere



The French Chamber of Deputies has granted a subsidy of 10,000 francs to the National Anti-Alcoholic League.

The Students' Total Abstinence Society of the University of Upsala, Sweden, recently celebrated its twentieth anniversary. This society has about 400 members, which is more than one-fifth of the whole number of students.

Fifty-six out of sixty-four leading fraternal orders of the United States now refuse to admit saloonkeepers and bartenders to their ranks. Such discrimination would have been thought impracticable a quarter of a century ago.

The House has passed a resolution extending by two years the limit of the provisions for the control of Niagara River by reason of the pendency of a treaty with Great Britain and other legislation. The provisions will now expire on June 29, 1911.

There are upward of 168,000 children in the United States who are being cared for in other than their homes, 93,000 being in orphanages and children's homes, 50,000 being in private homes on board or in adopted homes and 25,000 being in institutions for juvenile delinquents.

According to announcement of Dr. Henry L. Shively, Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt will invest \$1,000,000 in building tenements with special reference to warding off tuberculosis. Dr. Shively is the chief of the tuberculosis clinic of the Presbyterian hospital in which Mrs. Vanderbilt has taken deep interest.

By a vote of 20 to 8 the Oklahoma Senate passed the Morris-Brownlee joint resolution submitting to the people a constitutional amendment. The resolution forbids any railroad chartered under Oklahoma laws consolidating with another road chartered under the laws of any other State or the United States.

The practice of renewing broken or exhausted filaments in incandescent electric lamps has grown to such an extent that manufacturers have found it necessary to take out patents for its prevention, both in order to maintain their sales and to prevent damage to their reputation by the insertion of inferior filaments in lamps bearing their trademark.

Despite an adverse committee report in the Missouri Legislature, Representative Pros T. Cross succeeded in having his anti-cigarette bill ordered engrossed. The provisions of the bill are the same as those of several other States which have been upheld by supreme courts, and will, Mr. Cross says, absolutely wipe out of existence cigarettes in Missouri.

A bill was introduced in the New Mexico Legislature Feb. 19 providing for the classification of bachelors and widowers and the levying of a tax against them. Bachelors between the ages of 25 and 45 are to pay \$10 annual tax and widowers will be required to pay \$25 annual tax. The revenue from this source is to provide support for unmarried women.

A proclamation was issued March 1 by Governor Deneen designating Friday, April 23, and Friday, Oct. 22, as arbor and bird days, the two days being designated in order to meet the requirements of the season in Illinois. He asks that the days be appropriately observed with exercises and the planting of trees, shrubs and flowers around schoolhouses and homes.

The French Government's project to pension employees of the state railroad has been completed and presented to a parliamentary commission. It provides for the retiring of engineers and firemen over 50 years of age who have been twenty-five years in the service on half pay and gives pensions to disabled men who have fifteen years of service to their credit. The average wages of engineers are \$800 a year and of firemen \$500.

But few people appreciate how extensive and valuable are the sources of natural fuel represented by the peat deposits of the United States. According to Prof. Charles A. Davis, who was in charge of the peat researches of the United States Geological Survey, the bogs and swamps of the United States contain nearly thirteen billion tons of peat, representing a value, exclusive of the by-products, of \$38,000,000,000.

By a decisive vote the House refused to concur in the Senate bill increasing the salary of the President, supreme court justices and other high officials. Fifty Republicans voted with the Democrats. The House voted to make the salary of the President \$75,000 a year instead of \$100,000, the President to pay his own traveling expenses. The provisions for an under secretary of state and a fourth assistant secretary of state were stricken out by the bill.

The postoffice appropriation bill as reported to the Senate authorizes the establishment of an experimental rural parcels post system. The Postmaster-General is authorized to establish the system for experimental purposes in two counties to be selected by him and to operate it under suitable rules and regulations, including the fixing of rates. He is directed to report the result of the experiment to Congress not later than Jan. 1, 1910. The retiring Postmaster-General, Mr. Meyer, has strongly recommended the rural parcels post and has declared before the Senate committee that such a system would result in revenues amounting to at least \$15,000,000 annually.

"Snap Bean Farm and the Sign of the Wren's Nest," as the late Joel Chandler Harris styled his home, is to be purchased by the friends of "Uncle Remus" and presented to the public as a memorial to the distinguished author. The Ladies' Auxiliary of the Uncle Remus Memorial Association desires that the fund shall be secured from the children who have found delight in the writings of "Uncle Remus."

The annual report of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company for the year 1908 shows a decrease in gross earnings compared with the preceding year of \$52,446,722 and a decrease in net earnings of \$7,436,297. The gross earnings for 1908 of all lines east and west of Pittsburg were \$274,338,803, operating expenses \$203,605,335 and net earnings \$70,733,267. There were 334,429,541 tons of freight moved on the entire system, a decrease of 103,381,275 tons. During the year 142,676,779 passengers were carried, a decrease compared with the year 1907 of 10,885,192.

In response to determined protests from shippers the transcontinental freight bureau has decided to restore many of the transcontinental freight rates which were recently increased and to reduce quite a number of other rates. The meeting, in Chicago, which lasted through more than two weeks, will probably go down in railroad history as having made the largest number of important reductions in rates since its organization. The reductions, however, aggregate only about 3 per cent of the recent increases, and Pacific coast shipping organizations are going to appeal to the interstate commerce commission.

Wireless telegraphy under water is now an accomplished fact and bids fair to revolutionize marine communication, according to the statements of Francis B. DeWitt, a student of mechanics at Stanford University, where he has been experimenting with his invention. DeWitt claims to have perfected his instruments, which are radically different from those used in aerial wireless telegraphy, to the extent of establishing communication between divers and their vessels at depths up to 80 feet. He says he will make public the nature of his invention as soon as it has been patented.

The Mexican Academy of Medicine has appropriated \$25,000 for the purpose of discovering the cause of typhus, and to develop a cure for the fever. Of the amount \$10,000 will be awarded to the person or persons discovering the cure. A like amount will be given to the person or persons discovering a serum which will kill the typhus germ in the blood. In the event of any one person solving both problems, an effort will be made to have the Government give a proper reward. Five thousand dollars will be distributed among the persons who have most efficiently helped in solving the problem.

The people of Finland seem to be pretty well satisfied with having admitted women to legislative office, inasmuch as this year 25 women members are in the diet, as against 19 last year. In the diet the women and men do not sit according to sex, but according to party affiliations, so that they are scattered all over the body, and a great difference of political opinion is expressed by the women members. The women, however, seem to get together on those subjects which call for legislation concerning family life, moral questions, and the rights of women and children. In last year's diet there were three married couples.

Of the nine members of the United States supreme court two served in the Union army and one in the Confederacy. Justice Harlan raised the Tenth Kentucky infantry and as colonel of it served under Gen. George H. Thomas. Justice Holmes graduated from Harvard at 20 and was at once commissioned a lieutenant in a Massachusetts regiment. He was shot through the breast at Ball's Bluff; shot through the neck at Antietam; shot in the heel at Fredericksburg; but still served throughout the war, coming out a brevet colonel. Justice White was only 16 when the war began, but was early in the service. When White was in the Senate he and Senator Warren of Wyoming found that they had opposed each other at Port Hudson, La. Warren received a medal of honor for gallantry on that occasion.

The Lake Shore, which has for several years owned a controlling interest in the Big Four railroad, is about to absorb that road and remove its headquarters from Cincinnati to Cleveland. This is the talk of financial circles at present, and it seems well founded. It has long been recognized that the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis, which is the Big Four's official name, would eventually merge with the Vanderbilt road, and the fact that heavy buying of Big Four stock occurred in New York during the last few days demonstrated that some move of this kind was contemplated. Railroad men see in this the hand of Harriman, who not long ago entered the boards of the various New York Central lines and before whose aggressive methods the more conservative Vanderbilt policies are yielding.

The prevailing idea that the Indian is rapidly disappearing is far from correct, according to the board of Indian commissioners. The members say there are about 300,000 Indians in the country now, and that the best estimates hold there never were more than that number—even when Columbus discovered America. It is true, the commissioners say, that many of the 300,000 are not full bloods. Moreover, the ravages of tuberculosis are becoming alarmingly great. The board, in its report to the Secretary of the Interior, urges that a vigorous war be waged on tuberculosis among the red men, with increased hospital service, outdoor camps and more doctors. Late researches of Dr. Herdlicka of the Smithsonian Institution show that in some of the tribes the ravages of tuberculosis are greater than among any other people on earth. The Sioux are most seriously affected, some of the Sioux subtribes showing 34 per cent of tuberculosis.

As demonstrating the great advantages secured to the turpentine industry in the South, the United States forest service has issued a very interesting circular and report showing an average increase of 22.8 per cent produced by the application of improved methods. The report also cites an instance of two Texas companies operating in the same year under practically the same timber and weather conditions, but using different methods of turpentine. The first establishment, using the new method, known as the cup and apron system, yielded an average of 68.2 casks per crop as against 42.8 casks produced where the old methods were employed. It states that some of the most extensive establishments in Texas and Louisiana are operated by large lumbering companies who are bleeding their trees for turpentine and rosin before converting them into lumber, and the fact that the new methods of turpentine are more generally used by these companies, who have studied both methods, indicates their advantages over the old.

Among the Magazines



THE INFERIORITY OF THE CAUCASIAN RACE.

The inferiority of the Caucasian race is recognized and accepted by many of that race in this and other lands. This explains, as nothing else can explain, their fear that they will be overrun and beaten by superior races. They know they have the present advantage in numbers, and wealth and weapons of war, that the government is in their hands, but they see the danger if they allow those of superior races equal opportunities. We can hardly blame them for their fear and their insisting on excluding or suppressing those whom they dread.

This explains the California and the Nevada proposals to forbid aliens to buy and hold land in fee simple. They mean the Chinese and Japanese. They look up to these Mongolians as Tom Thumb, Barnum's white dwarf, looked up to the Chinese giant Chang. The Mongolians are their superiors, they know, in thrift, in diligence, in money-making, in all sorts of acquisition, and they tremble at a rivalry with them. If allowed they would soon own the whole western coast. San Francisco would be theirs. Hence these tears. Hence Mr. Drew's bill; he does not believe he could hold his own modest estate if a Japanese were allowed to ask for it. It is, it can be, nothing else but a sense of their own inferiority which explains the unwillingness of these men to allow Chinese and Japanese to meet them on even terms and let the best win.

To be sure, the President has no fear that these Mongolians will get the better of us Caucasians, but he is a headstrong man, full of conceit, hasty in conclusions, and he does not know as much of Japanese as he does of bears. Because he can shoot a bear he thinks he can beat any alien. But the Japanese are another sort of beast, like the Martians we have heard of, all science, all heartless, and all huge. We poor Caucasians, we puny Anglo-Saxons and Celts, would stand no chance with them; we would be pushed into the mountains or the forests as the pigmies have been driven back by the superior Senegalese and Mandingoes. In the long run the superior wins—it always does—and the Caucasians are doomed. Somehow, by wit or war, the superior race will win over the inferior race. It will be better for the world that those who lack in courage and virility should be replaced by a better stock.

And there are terror-stricken herds of cotton-tails that are trying to hide behind high fences against the advance of the black southern wolves. They talk a very different dialect from what they did half a century ago. Here is what J. Wilkes Booth left behind him in a sealed letter before he fired the shot in the Washington theater:

"The country was formed for the white not for the black man, and looking upon African slavery from the same standpoint held by the noble framers of our Constitution, I, for one, have always considered it one of the greatest blessings, both for themselves and for us, that God ever bestowed upon a favored nation."

He thought the black race so inferior that it was only

fit for slavery. He did not fear them any more than did Abraham Lincoln when he liberated them; for he thought they were only a bit more than a mule. But Senator Tillman has seen the mule become a superior man, and so has Gov. Hoke Smith, and so have the legislators of a dozen States. They are afraid of being beaten. They see how an eighth of negro blood will dominate seven-eighths of Caucasian. They shiver at the thought of probable negro supremacy if they do not, while they can, and while the school has not done its fatal work, exclude the negro from the protection of the ballot-box. There is no other plausible explanation that can be given of their terror except that they feel that they and their children will be beaten in a fair fight. It is natural for a weak race thus to defend itself, by all walls of stratagem and defense against the time when strength shall claim its own. Thus they may save themselves. Thus Ulysses put out the eyes of Polyphemus and escaped the giant's clutch.

Forgive us if we sometimes think this is cowardice, that they ought to be willing to try the arbitrament of the struggle for existence and abide its result. But that implies some hope of success. We must make allowance for the benumbing, the paralyzing effect of conscious inescapable racial inferiority.—The Independent.



SEVENTY-FIVE HUNDRED KICKS A DAY.

If you will take a big green Wentworth Avenue car from the Loop District in Chicago, you will finally reach a factory in which a young woman is affixing wooden handles to metal shanks, thereby composing screwdrivers.

Her machine, resting on a bench, terminates, downward, beneath the bench, in a curved leg at the end of which is a foot-form. She places her right foot on the foot-form and pushes forward (till her left heel rises from the floor) five times in order to get one screwdriver assembled. It is really more a kick than a push. It brings the operative nearly, if not quite, to the posture of a football player whose toe, in the starting of a drop-kick, is just reaching the ball.

The gait of the work is 200 screwdrivers an hour. So say the records of the plant. For allowance on behalf of breakdowns and other troubles, let that gait be slowed to make an average of 150. That means 750 kicks on the foot-form each hour! That means 7,500 kicks on the foot-form each day!

No medical experts are here needed. Here is a case in which women, indubitably, should be debarred from industry.

But legislation covering all such cases would mean little because, because (and on this fact all the subsequent argument of this article will be erected) such cases are rare. It is seldom, extremely seldom, that women are employed at such hideously severe, de-sexing physical toil. There are few, extremely few, "jobs" held

by American workingwomen which are in themselves inherently unsuitable and injurious to a feminine physique.

The unfortunate circumstances surrounding woman's work in America today are almost always incidental, not essential. They can be stripped away and leave the "job" itself intact and harmless.

But there is much stripping to be done.—"The Woman's Invasion," in the March Everybody's.



A GAY DECEIVER.

Some days since Assistant United States District Attorney Dennison in New York made his opening address to the jury which is to try the American Sugar Refining Company, better known as the sugar trust, for defrauding the Government in connection with the weighing of sugar that went through the customs. His catalogue of the sins and offenses of the trust make it out to be one of the gayest old deceivers that have come into the federal courts for a long time. Seven successive methods by which the trust got ahead of the Government are listed, each having been used when its predecessor was detected. The first was "rolling the ball" on the scales and getting thus a false balance. The second was putting the sugar on lighter trucks than were weighed in for it. The third was having the trust's checker put his foot on the scale beam—the scale had to be boarded up to stop that. The fourth was a water-cure method applied to the scales. The fifth operated by hanging hidden weights on the beam. The sixth consisted in rushing sugar sweepings past the customs men without weighing. The seventh—of all possible things—consisted in the use of corset springs to help out the gay deception.

The district attorney charges, indeed, that a "trained band" of deceivers was employed by the trust year in and year out. He wants \$1,250,000 refunded the Government for unpaid duty, and admires his own moderation in not demanding the forfeiture value of all the sugar that went over the scales, \$65,000,000, which he could ask as a penalty under the law.

The district attorney has begun to present his evidence, and if he makes good his case he will have offered material fully worthy the attention of some grave American Lombroso who wishes to study the signs and stigmata of degeneration on the corpus delicti of a trust itself.—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE SIN OF THE CITIES.

At the free clinics of all the other city hospitals you may see daily waiting lines of hundreds of sick, and if you listen for the word that falls oftenest from the lips of the doctors as they diagnose, you will hear, over and over again—tuberculosis.

It is the sin of the cities. There is an interesting new theory that all diseases are, in the final analysis, the manifestation of sin. This one surely is. It is undeniably the result of wrong living conditions. There was held recently at Washington and New York an international tuberculosis exhibit to show the causes of this scourge and how we may be rid of it. Of course the cause of causes back of this sin of the cities is poverty. And if we could only be rid of that at one fell swoop, we should be rid of its effects, more hydra-headed than we usually dream of. If, for instance, people only had the opportunity to earn wages enough to pay for light living-rooms and beautiful surroundings, with air enough to breathe, we shouldn't have to drive them to these conditions by legislation, and we shouldn't have to build

hospitals and endow outdoor camps to help the hurt that civilization itself has given.

But for the present, at least, there seems little prospect of being able to deal with the cause. A great many people don't even know that it exists—this insuperable condition, and they still think that, as in the good old days of a less complex industrial organization, nobody need be poor who is willing to work. And there are a great many other people still piously professing that you can't help it anyway, for it is written that the poor shall be always with us.

But if society as a whole can not yet see the primary cause, it sees the effects quite clearly. So many people have tuberculosis that it cries out for a cure. And the community as a whole is now pretty generally touched with compassion in the matter. It may well be! For this sin of the cities, which civilization is visiting on the poor man, doesn't stay there. It germinates in the slums where crowded humanity affords the most favorable culture conditions for it. Then the infection passes on, for the germ once started in activity is no respecter of persons. From the sweatshop workers it may travel to the multimillionaire, and none of us is immune from the danger that stalks among us all.—The March Delineator.



THE COMING OF THE SLAV.

The tremendous potency and still more tremendous possibilities of the Slavonian element in European nationalities have been recently brought sharply to the world's notice by the revolt of Ferdinand of Bulgaria, and the mutterings of Servia and of Montenegro, behind all three of which stands the vast Empire of Russia. The Slavs are beginning to feel their strength and to assert themselves, declares Mr. W. T. Stead in The Contemporary Review (London). Recent incidents in the Balkan Peninsula, the action of Francis Joseph, and the support which he has received from William II of Germany, have profoundly stirred the racial sentiments of the Slavs from the banks of the Volga to the huts of Cettinge. The points made by Mr. Stead are, that the Slav is prolific and rapidly increasing in population, and is united rather by a racial than a territorial tie. Hence the Slavic race is really one of the most formidable factors in European politics. The Germans, or Teutons, as represented by such sovereigns as Francis Joseph and William of Germany, do not seem to understand this. The Slavs have been a subjugated race. They are now asserting themselves, avers Mr. Stead. To quote his words:

"Of all the great races of Europe the Slavs have received the fewest favors from the fates. Providence has been to them a cruel stepmother. They have been cradled in adversity and reared in the midst of misfortunes which might well have broken their spirit. From century to century they have been the prey of conquerors, European and Asiatic. When, as in Russia, they were able to assert their independence of Tartar and Turk, they could only do so by submitting to an autocrat whose yoke was seldom easy and whose burden was never light. But for this Cinderella of Europe the light is rising in the darkness, and there are not lacking signs that in the future the despised kitchen-maid may yet be the belle of the ball."

The principal advantage which the Slavs have over the nations of western Europe is their numerical superiority, with its ever increasing volume. Mr. Stead tells us:

"The factor that governs the ultimate issue of the clash of national forces is not the statecraft of sovereigns, but the birth-rate of their peoples. If, dismissing all

prejudices, political or religious, we concentrate our attention on the birth-rate, we see at a glance that the future belongs to the Slavs. In the West, population tends to a standstill. In France it is even beginning to decrease. But the Slavonic peoples continue to increase and multiply and replenish the earth. Consequently, Slavonia grows ever more and more, and its growth renders the existing system as useless as pack-thread round the limbs of a giant."

Mr. Stead is evidently inspired by his knowledge of political conditions in this country in predicting the formation of a Slavic Confederacy which is to extend from Montenegro to the Ural Mountains. The idea of one race being dominated by another race is a monstrosity, as J. S. Mill long since pointed out. To quote further from the article in *The Contemporary*:

"The day of cast-iron empires is fast drawing to a close. The new century begins the era of decentralization and federation. In one form or another the whole vast stretch of country from Petersburg to Prague and from Prague to Adrianople will be covered by a federation or federations of free self-governing States as peaceful as the Swiss cantons, in which the Slavs, by the sheer force of numbers, will of necessity be in the ascendant. Nor will it be surprising if the despairing effort of the German to stem the tide of destiny in Posen should lead to the addition of the German Polish lands to the federation of the future."

The Slavs, however, like the Irish, are too much inclined to internal dissension and domestic treason to rise to a concerted struggle for independence and supremacy, until they have passed through a stern ordeal of political education. But the future is theirs, announces this writer:

"The chief danger, almost the only serious danger, that threatens to retard the inevitable triumph, is the fatal tendency to anarchy that has ever been the bane of the Slavonian peoples. It was this that ruined Poland. It may postpone indefinitely the coming of the Slav into his kingdom. If we had the tongues of men and of angels we would cry aloud in the ears of all the Slavonian peoples: 'In unity is your strength. United you can conquer all your foes. Disunited you will remain the despised and impotent thralls of your neighbors. Peace! Peace among yourselves! Patience and Unity, by those watchwords you will conquer.'"—*Literary Digest*.



CHILDREN AS CHILDREN.

I want to plead with the mothers of our Circle for the rights of childhood. At present what my little friend calls "fashion parties" are more numerous than when we mothers were young. We are losing much of the beauty and freshness from our children's childhood and depriving them of simple joys which cannot come again.

Watch the small girl of today, and—unless she happens to have a very judicious mother—she talks of "affairs" she means to attend, of "dances" and "fellows," and tells you patronizingly of "the box party and luncheon I attended last week." Will she not have years in which to be a society belle? Cannot we keep our "little girls" and "little boys" for a few years longer?

Whatever we may feel with regard to the "simple life" for men and women, it is undeniably the proper and normal one for growing children. Why feed them with metaphorical syllabubs and pastries while they should be taking the bread and milk of life?

To my way of thinking, the talk of "beaux" should never be encouraged in a little girl. It takes the bloom

from the peach, and develops self-consciousness where none should exist. Let the boys and girls play together just as if they were all of the same sex, only teaching the boys that, as girls are not as strong as their brothers, they must be treated more gently.

It is comparatively easy to keep the thought of sweethearts and love affairs from the mind of the healthy, normal boy. To use his own word, he regards such talk as "slush." Let us be glad that he does, for his sentimental sister, with her feminine love of admiration and romance, learns all too early of such matters.

Let us, then, try to keep our children children until they are no longer of an age when we can make their pleasures for them. Childhood is so sweet, so unspeakably precious, that we have no right to deprive our little ones of the beauty and joy which lies in its simplicity.—Virginia Terhune Van De Water in *The Circle* for February.

Between Whiles

Placing Him.

"Papa," inquired little May, after Sunday school, "was George Washington an Israelite?"

Before her father could answer this somewhat unexpected question, May's six-year-old brother broke in.

"Why, May, I'm 'shamed of your ignorance! George Washington is in the New Testament, not the Old."—*Woman's Home Companion* for February.



Captain—"In a few minutes we will cross the equator."

Lady Passenger—"Oh, won't that be lovely! I've heard so much about the equator! Lizette, go and get my opera glass!"



A Sign.

"They must be very new to society."

"Why do you think so?"

"The sandwiches that were passed around at their reception last night were so thick one did not need to take more than three of them to get a bite."



Desperate.—Heiress—"But, father, that handsome foreign Count says he will do something desperate and awful if I do not marry him."

Father (dryly)—"He will. He will have to go to work."—*The Pittsburg Observer*.



No Place for Robbers.

"A dangerous neighborhood you're living in, Colonel," said a newspaper man to Charles Edwards, of the Democratic Congressional Campaign Committee, a few nights ago, in Washington. "Been four highway robberies there in the past month. Aren't you afraid that somebody will hold you up and go through you some night?"

"Should say not," said the big Texan. "Why, Ah've got so few means on my pusson at the present time that the robber who goes through me will get hisself in debt."—*Success Magazine*.

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Arctic. Shows the "farthest north" attained by Peary in April, 1906.

Australia. Shows the new capital of the commonwealth, Dalgety.

Canal Zone. Shows the limits of the Municipal Districts and the United States postoffices in the Panama Canal Zone.

Cuba. Shows the recent changes in the names of provinces.

Japan. Shows the enlargement of the

Japanese Empire by the accession of a portion of Sakhalin Island, as determined by the Treaty of Portsmouth.

Nevada. Shows the new mining camps of Goldfield, Tonopah, Bullfrog, Searchlight, and several hundred miles of new railroads constructed in that State during the last few months.

North Dakota. Shows over 800 miles of new railroads built in this State during the last few months.

Oklahoma. Shows the correct boundary of the enlarged State on all the maps in which this political division appears.

Philippine Islands. Shows the latest railroad construction and the new cables operated by the U. S. Government.

South Dakota. Shows the new transcontinental line of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul, the new C. & N. W. line from Pierre to Rapid City and many other railroads just opened.

The Text

The list of cities includes the 1905 census figures of eleven States and official estimates for 1907 of cities of other States. There is also a list of cities of over 10,000 inhabitants in foreign countries, with population figures according to the latest official enumerations and estimates.

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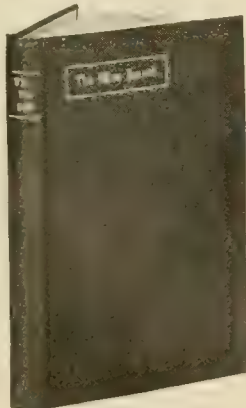
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"Second, to testify to God's goodness in protecting them.

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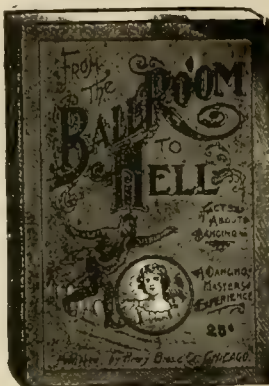
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Our next party of Colonists will leave Chicago Tuesday, March 9. Prospective Colonists and Tourists are invited to join this party. For further information write to

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

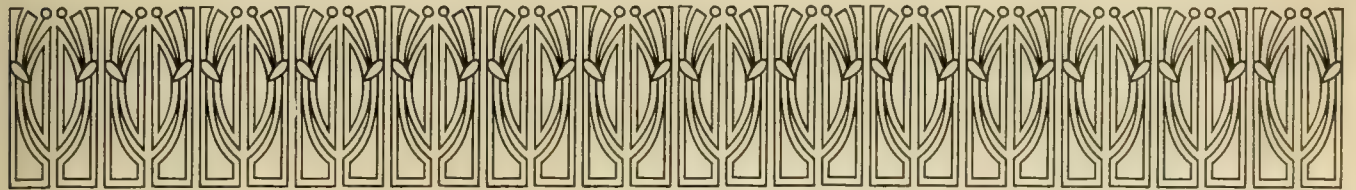
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THE INGLENOOK

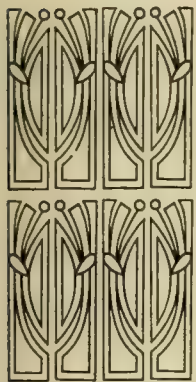
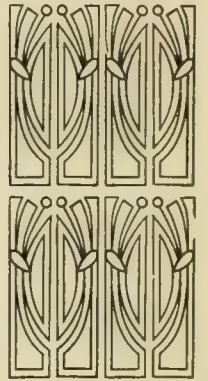
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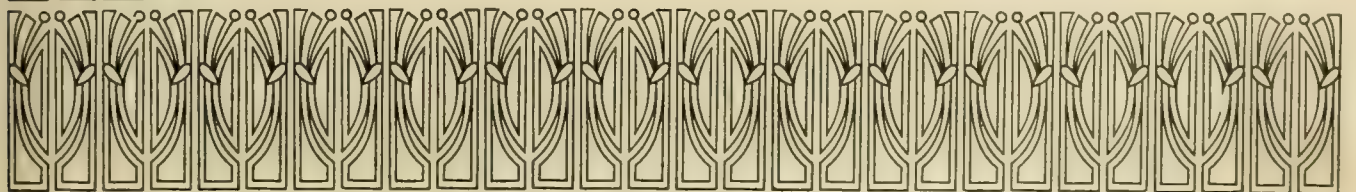
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If by a day of toil I've earned
A better thought and it becomes
A seed of good in some heart,
I count my wages by the mart,
A dividend of growing worth.



If I have helped a soul to seek
The perfect purpose of its life,
Doubly hath my wages been;
And I am rich, indeed, to win
Small dollars and a living thought.

—Amy Nickerson, Teachers' Monthly.



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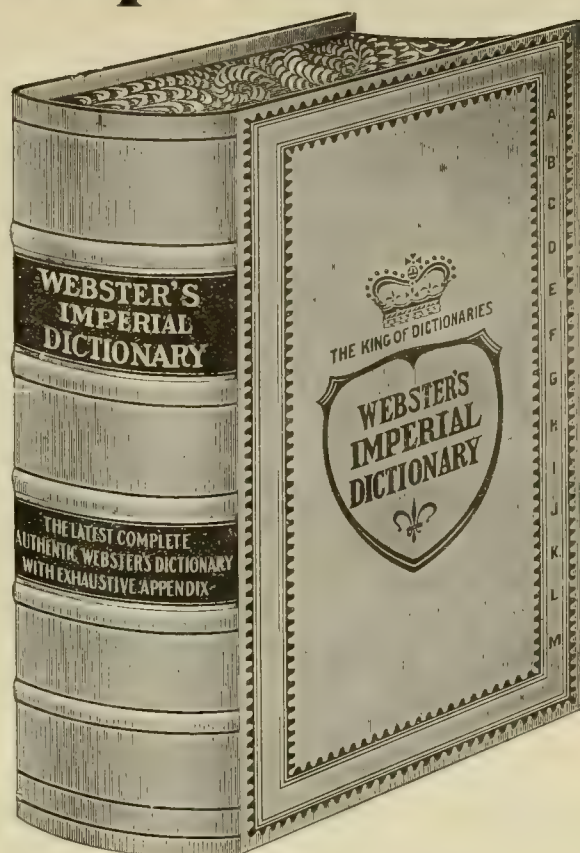
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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolei Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

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Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
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Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
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Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

March 16, 1909.

No. 11.

MENTAL PRODIGIES

JESSE D. MOHLER

WE do not know the full requirements of a good strong mind, just where oddity begins, nor what it takes to make a prodigy. We are sometimes made to think that the mind does not vary in its entire ability much more than does the body. The man who trains one part of the body to a high degree of skill usually neglects what some one else would develop. The man who exercises one talent excessively is usually found short on something else.

The writer has found companionship with various classes of men. With most of them he could readily find some points on which he was clearly the stronger. At this moment he can not recall intimate knowledge of any one who did not have traits and abilities on some other lines that excelled his own unless he would include a degenerate class with which few of us would permit comparison.

It is clear that the man was about correct who said that ninety out of every one hundred people are a little insane on some points and nine out of the other ten are not just right all the time. The question is, which one of the one hundred is exactly right? To put it a little more personally, we are very much like the man who said to his wife: "Everybody has some peculiar ways but you and me, and, my dear, it seems to me sometimes you are just a little peculiar." When we average the whole thing up there is not nearly as much difference between us as people of any community as some of us imagine.

However, there are freaks and prodigies that give us glimpses of what the human mind can become. When we put these several freaks together we see a little of what we may attain to in the future world when all our powers are developed as are the isolated powers in some of the minds that are otherwise weak. This article is to deal with a freak that was well known in the writer's home county when he was a lad, and who had one power remarkably developed, to the weakness of other abilities.

As the man is still living, and we are told is a charge in an adjoining county, and his family sensitive on the matter, we substitute the name of Mr. Reubens for his real name.

Reubens' boyhood home was but about ten miles from that of the writer; but we saw him only once. While talking with a merchant in our town a few years ago the merchant suddenly remarked: "There stands——. I had not seen or heard of him for years and did not know whether he was alive. The last I knew him he was going so fast with drink I did not suppose he could now be living."

The writer took a look at the man in question. He was of good size, stoop-shouldered, head held forward, with chin projecting and eyes half shut. His hands hung limply by his side and his general posture was that of a weakling. His clothes were shabby and old, beard unkempt and face depicting anything but intelligence. Such was the man with one ability that should have given him fame and riches.

Reubens had been a prodigy in mathematical calculation. With little general ability, almost no education, little knowledge of figures, not being able to comprehend ordinary sums in addition placed on paper, he could outdo the claims of any lightning calculator in giving quick and correct answers to problems given him verbally.

Merchants sometimes employed him in making invoices. As soon as the lists were read him the correct answer was given. Men of talent sometimes would give him test problems involving much calculation, and the answer would be so ready it could not be believed until actual calculation proved it correct.

It was claimed one man propounded this question: So many flax seed are in a certain measure. How many seed of that size set edge to edge would reach from town — to —? Without hesitation an answer was given so near correct that calculation could not disprove it. Again, being asked how many revolu-

tions a certain car wheel would make between New York and San Francisco, the correct answer was immediately given. Reubens could be waked from a sound sleep in the middle of night and give exact time by the sun or railroad time in any of the divisions called for, and that without uncertainty.

The stranger naturally inquires why such a prodigy was not rich and famous. There hangs an evidence of correctness of the claims made in the beginning of this article. Reubens' other talents were latent and did not operate with his one strong talent. He was often surly, easily offended and, when out of humor little could be done with him.

At one time a museum is said to have engaged him to travel with them, expecting to exploit his abilities. The manager, in introducing him to the first audience, made a fatal mistake. After telling of the marvelous powers of Mr. Reubens he sought to emphasize the curiosity by stating that in all other respects the man was little more than an idiot. The exhibition became one of rage on the part of the performer. "Ain't no idiot! Got as much sense as you have," and followed with a volley of abuse that drove the manager from the platform. Reubens then refused to show his ability, and would never contract for any further exhibitions.

As to methods of calculation, he had none. He said the answers just came to him. He considered it a gift subject to charm or some mysterious power. To prevent its loss he would carry pieces of soap in his pockets, we are told. One thing we have been told that seems incredible is this: He thought he was specially endowed with this gift so that in the day of judgment there would be some one who could make account of the peoples and nations there appearing. The writer is inclined to doubt the authority of this report, but understands all others given as substantially correct.

The accounting for this freak agrees with a general statement credited to *Literary Digest* in INGLENOOK of Dec. 22. In that article it is given that freaks of the mind often date back to sickness. We understand that Mr. Reubens was very much as other children. Most of us enjoyed chewing sorghum cane stalks some time in our lives. Reubens indulged that liking so freely he became seriously sick. The above freak of mind is said to have dated from this sickness.

He never regarded himself as having shortcomings on other lines. One time his peculiarities were attracting some attention in a crowd. His brothers felt somewhat humiliated and urged the bystanders to pay no attention to him, explaining that he had eaten too much sorghum one time. The boy overheard them, and retorted: "It's a pity you didn't eat a little sorghum yourself."

As to his outcome, the drink habit fastened itself

upon the man and benumbed his one great power as it does the brightest talents of any of its victims. It also increased his moodiness and destroyed possibilities of making good use of his one talent. He became a wanderer without a purpose.

In his wanderings he came one night to the home of the writer's father-in-law. He was kindly cared for till morning. On rising one of his first demands was for liquor. This not being granted he became so angry he would not stay for breakfast, but started for town to satisfy his desire. We have recently been informed the man is a charge of an adjoining county, as stated above.

This brings us back to our original proposition that there is not necessarily so much in favor of a man with certain bright talents over the man with duller abilities to all appearances. The brilliancy may be offset by a lack somewhere else. The dulness of another may be made up by a greater number. Either condition can be entirely ruined by neglect, misdirection or dissipation. The man who makes the most of what he has is the man that really fills his place in the world's make-up and is the one who comes up to the Divine measure of a man.

Warrensburg, Mo.



A WINNING FACTOR.

PUT purpose into your life. That may be the saving element in it. Life looks attractive to youth, but there is nothing in it unless it is buttressed by a good purpose tenaciously adhered to.

One of the most pleasing things is to see a young man or young woman bending his or her energies for the fulfillment of some cherished life plan. Difficulties are met in a cheerful spirit. Hardship is endured with a smile. Disappointment only helps to stimulate ambition. Nothing is permitted to obscure the goal. But all things are made to contribute toward the rounding out of the life purpose.

On the other hand nothing is quite so disheartening as to see bright, capable and useful young people turn aside from the great opportunities of life. They have no special, definite interest in the game. No vision lures them on. They are entranced by the greatness, the grandeur, the glory of life.

Commit yourself to some high purpose. Order your life in accordance with some high and useful plan. Steer for a definite point. Don't drift. The drifters are heading for destruction. Many years ago a wise and pious soul wrote this: "A life without a purpose is a languid, drifting thing." Every day we ought to renew our purpose, saying to ourselves: "This day let us make a sound beginning, for what we have hitherto done is naught."—*Epworth Herald*.



"THE lovelier a thing is in its perfection, the more terrible it becomes through its corruption."

A VISIT TO WYANDOTTE CAVERNS

J. M. COX

AT four o'clock in the evening of a beautiful day in June we left Louisville, Ky., on the steamer "Tell City," for a sixty-mile ride on the Ohio River, our objective point being Leavenworth, Ind. The trip was indeed a delightful one. The band played sweet strains of music, and the supper was par excellence. As the boat passed a certain point the captain called our attention to a massive cliff, far up the right bank of the river, where we could distinctly see the rock-cut tomb of "Old McHarry," the famous steamboat captain. Just previous to his death he requested that he should be buried by the banks of the Ohio, where, in after years, he might hear the melodious whistle of the steamers as they plied up and down that enchanting stream.

Leaving Leavenworth at six o'clock the following morning we had a pleasant drive to the caverns five miles distant. A suit of "uniform" and a competent guide were soon provided, and we are now ready for a visit to this wonder of nature.

The winding path leads us along a hillside a distance of one hundred and fifty yards. Reaching this point the mouth of the cave, six feet in height and twenty in width, looms up before us. Passing through the entrance we find ourselves in Faneuil Hall, two hundred feet in length, fifty in width, and twenty-five in height. The outline of this massive hall is dimly reflected by the light from the entrance, but its stately walls are only a faint imitation of the magnificent palaces of the mystic depths beyond. Now we stand in Twilight Hall, and gaze with admiration upon its quaint sculptured forms. Next we enter Columbian Arch—reminding us of the natural tunnel of southwestern Virginia—with walls and ceilings so symmetrical that you exclaim: "This must have been chiseled by the hand of an artist." Passing on we find the arch rapidly increasing in height. Descending through a narrow gorge we enter

Washington Avenue. Now we walk along a winding path, over and around massive stones, piled fifty feet high, and gaze upon the beautiful ceiling one hundred feet above. At our right is a giant monolith known as "Fallen Rock," fifty feet in length by about half as much in width and thickness. As we stand here, enraptured by our charming surroundings, our guide calls attention to Wyandotte Chief, gazing intently upon us from his crystal bower swinging from the ceiling. Here the visitor cannot fail to note the remarkable purity of the air, which is absolutely free from dust, and the temperature just suited to active exercise, thus enabling a person to walk many miles

with only the slightest fatigue. Leaving Washington Avenue, which continually grows in height and width as we journey onward, we enter Banditti Hall, which seems to be very appropriately named, for one could scarcely conceive of a wilder or rougher looking bit of nature. The ceiling is very high, while the jagged walls cast dark shadows here and there on the floor, which is covered with huge, rough-looking rock, making it an ideal home for bandits. Red light burned by the guide produces a thrilling effect.

Here the cave branches.

Turning to our left we observe a giant crevice reaching from floor to ceiling. Climbing fifty feet up a steep ascent we reach the entrance to "Old Cave," being the first discovered. Leaving this to be visited on our return, we walk down a steep path to our right and enter "Fat Man's Misery," a narrow passage twenty feet in length, but only about twenty inches in width, and less than that in places. Here we vividly recall Dr. Robert McIntyre's description of this spot, in his famous lecture, "Thirty Hours in a Sunless World." We could see the fat man,—the friend and companion of the doctor, using all his energy in trying to pass through this interesting place; his unkind epithets failing to make



Stalactites in Pillared Palace.

him smaller, and only succeeding by the aid of his good friends who would not permit him to "stick" more than an hour. Passing through this "twister" we enter Bat's Lodge, named in honor of the hordes of bats which dwell here in winter. Now we scale Rugged Mountain, which is composed of giant boulders, and crowned by a beautiful circular room, the Rotunda. Here may be seen Epsom salts, pure, white and sparkling, also white gypsum in abundance. Descending Rugged Mountain on the opposite side, we reach Hanover Chapel, a sparkling hall, named in honor of Hanover College. Passing through Bassinite Avenue and Coons' Council Chamber we take a stroll on Delta Island at our right. Next we stand in the center of the great Dining Room, forty feet wide and one hundred and twenty feet long. A belt of blue flint, six inches in thickness, encircles the high and remarkably smooth ceiling, giving it the appearance of a handsomely-wrought cornice.

We now enter the Drawing Room, very similar to, but not quite so large as the Dining Room. The Junction Room next attracts our attention, so called because it stands at the junction of two large avenues, forming an island known as the Continent, which is more than a mile in circumference. Turning to our left we descend into Creeping Avenue, two hundred feet in length, twenty in width and three in height. Emerging from this avenue we behold a scene of unsurpassing beauty, and recall the lines of Longfellow:

"I asked myself, Is this a dream?
Will it all vanish into air?
Is there a land of such supreme
And perfect beauty anywhere?"

We are in Pillared Palace, fifty feet in width, three hundred feet in length, the high ceiling a perfect fringe-work of stalactites; while the floor is as thickly studded with stalagmites, many of which unite with the former, making gigantic pillars of solid crystal. Here one may gaze upon every conceivable style of drapery, transparent as crystal, and ringing like silver bells when tapped with the knuckles of your hand. Now we enter the Palace of the Genii, whose delicate formations even excel what we have previously seen. Stalactites, as white as the whitest marble, abound in great profusion, many of them forming grotesque and fantastic shapes. A king could desire nothing rarer for the decoration of his drawing room. Next we

march through Calliope's Bower, a room several hundred feet in length, with millions of starry crystals flashing like diamonds from the ceiling.

Our good guide now informs us that, after having been surrounded by such enchanting scenes, we must needs enter Purgatory. We feel equal to the task, and go unreluctantly. After proceeding a short distance the lights are extinguished, and the darkness is so dense that one almost wishes for an axe to cut away several blocks of it. Here, perhaps as never before, you realize the meaning of the word darkness in the fullest sense of the term. Suffice it to say that we passed safely through purgatory and reached the Continent where the western channel, forming Charming Island, runs in from the right. Here we notice many very beautiful rooms, among the number being Fairies' Grotto, Neptune's Retreat, and Hermit's Cell.



Niagara Falls, Milroy's Temple.

Gazing into the dizzy heights we behold the Throne, one of the most remarkable formations in the caverns. We reach it by ascending a steep, rugged mountain pass. Now we are in touch with a circular projection from which hang long, transparent stalactites in rich festoons, with corresponding stalagmites pointing upward from beneath, the entire throne having the appearance of a handsomely curtained canopy of gold and silver bedecked with precious gems.

We next visit Niagara Falls, General Scott's Reception Room, Diamond Avenue, Rocky Hill, Amphitheatre, Helen's Dome, Hovey's Point, and many other

places of fascinating interest. Taking the left-hand branch, leading around the Continent, we enter the Hall of Representatives, two hundred feet in diameter. Climbing over wonderful formations we proceed to Wyandotte Grand Council Chamber, one of the largest rooms in the caverns. Here may be seen a large flat rock, called the Card Table, where visitors are expected to leave their cards, or even a photograph if desired. Instead of returning via Delta Island we enter a small hole in the left wall and, after crawling and rolling thirty-five feet, find ourselves in the main cave between Rugged Mountain and Fat Man's Misery. We have now completed the "Short Route" and are eager to start upon the journey known as "The Long Route."

Walking three hundred yards over Sandy Plain,

which is thirty feet in width, the ceiling just high enough for one to stand erect, we suddenly find ourselves confronted by a heap of enormous rocks, the roof in the meantime having arisen to a great height. This is known as the Hill of Difficulty, up which we ascend forty feet, pass through a small opening in the ceiling, and stand in a room so large that seemingly we have entered another world. On either side are to be seen deep valleys, while in front of us towers a mountain so high that the top is lost to our sight in the thick gloom beyond. This is Monument Mountain, one hundred and seventy-five feet in height, while seventy feet above its summit is Wallace's Grand Dome, arching gracefully to the slope of the massive column which looms up beneath it. When our fire-works were ignited we had a glorious view of this majestic temple rising two hundred and forty-five feet from the base of the mountain; while around us extended a circular wall one thousand feet in circumference. Within this rotunda St. Paul's Cathedral, in London—in which we attended services a short time ago—could easily stand. The dome is closed at the top by an elliptical slab, beautifully fringed by broad, leaf-like, curling stalactites, bearing a striking resemblance to the foliage of the acanthus. On the summit of the mountain stands a gigantic stalagmite, one hundred and twenty feet in circumference. Protruding from either side of this column, near the summit, is a large figure which, viewed from the mountain's base, has the appearance of three persons clad in snowy whiteness. At the base of the mountain we drank from a sulphur spring.

Next we enter the Auger Hole, an opening through the stalactite curtain, nearly closing the entrance to Lilliputian Hall, which leads to Spade's Grotto, a veritable fairyland of sparkling stalactites. Our guide now informs us that the only way to the Hall of Ruins is the shining path down Slippery Hill. This path has been worn exceptionally smooth by visitors who have merrily slid down in days of yore. We next traverse the long hall known as the White Cloud Room. This is tunnel-shaped, with towering rocks above, covered with white gypsum, giving them the appearance of moving clouds. Now we step into the Indiana Journal Office, and a few minutes later explore Calypso's Island, to which we find two passages; the one to the right being Calypso's Avenue, the one to the left Ulysses' Strait, which leads to Penelope's Chamber. Penelope was "not at home," but we found the room to contain many attractive formations of sufficient antiquity, perhaps, to have been the dwelling place of this beautiful woman. Soon we are standing in Cerulean Vault, whose high arch, presenting a blue appearance, and traversed by a belt of white gypsum, resembles the milky way.

Climbing a great hill, and walking two hundred yards beyond its crest, we reach the entrance to Mil-

roy's Temple. This was discovered in 1878, by a number of students from Wabash College, led by Mr. Milroy, in whose honor the temple was named. But before being permitted to see the glorious sights beyond we must pass through the most difficult entrance yet undertaken. The floor is solid stone, very slippery, and the ceiling about fourteen inches in height. Our guide informs us that if we now desire to see the most wonderful formations in the caverns we must lie down and "roll." After rolling a long distance we crawled through a narrow opening and stood in Bailey's Gallery, the first spacious room in Milroy's Temple. Here we are permitted to view the most beautiful "curly" stalactites that human eyes have ever seen, so far as known. Now we visit a second Niagara Falls, whose beauty and grandeur are beyond description. Next we walk through Worm Alley, one of the finest rooms in the Temple, and look upon huge rocks, draped with galleries of creamy stalactites, vermicular tubes entwined, frozen cataracts, and other formations of almost incredible beauty. We now feel much more than repaid for our efforts in reaching this enchanted palace.

How we admire Josephine's Arcade, the Parsonage, the Islands of Confusion and Grandview! Walking a mile farther affords us the privilege of hunting crawfish in Crawfish Spring. These creatures are white and devoid of eyes.

We are now six miles from the entrance to the cave and nearly four hundred feet from the surface of the ground. Returning to the Junction we dine in Frost King's Palace. Here our guide burns the Drummond Light, as he has done in every large room, and the walls and ceiling exhibit solid incrustations of gypsum, the crystals imbedded therein glittering like diamonds.

The Ice House next invites us. We find the floor covered with huge blocks of stone which have fallen from the ceiling. They are coated with semi-transparent layers of carbonate of lime, and the constant dripping from above gives them the appearance of massive blocks of ice. Next we walk through Snowy Cliffs, Frosted Rocks, Fairy Palace, Beauty's Bower, and many corridors lined with crystal gems sparkling with delight.

Having completed our tour of this remarkable cave, the guide kindly gave us several valuable specimens for the college museum, and we started on our way rejoicing.

Lordsburg, Cal.



SOMETIMES we do a thing a certain way because we think a certain way because we think it the best way, think it the best way, and sometimes we think it the best way because we are doing it that way. We frail humans often spend a deal of time in trying to justify our particular ways.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*

AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter XLIX.

"THE station is too far off," said the Armenian, when we had closed the heavy door in the high gate with a clang, and followed the gaunt Turk who acted as janitor at the college.

On my way down town at another time I found a wee little kitten about to perish from want of a friend.

In passing a solid row of low houses built right along the edge of the street, I heard the pitiful cries of a kitten in the last desperate hours of its life. I stopped still in my tracks and listened. The kitten needed assistance. There was no one else looking after its interests, and my travel schedule took no account of days of departure. I could continue my journey after the cat had been fondled back into happy life.

The cries came from a broken window in the cellar of a native house through which probably it had staggered and fallen into the darkness below.

I hung around there until an unveiled woman came along, for I did not dare to speak to the veiled Mohammedan ladies who were passing, whom I inveigled to the door by signs made toward the cellar assisted by the plaintive *meows* of the endunged feline. With this woman standing by me on the little porch as a sort of introductory preface to my impromptu call, I rang the knocker hard, and waited.

Emboldened by my "companion," a native with whom the lady inside was partly acquainted, I tried to tell the young woman who came to the door, as she hastily sought in vain to put something over her face, my mission—to rescue a kitten from the dark depths of her own cellar. Knowing how little regard these people pay to dumb animals, I knew it would take the utmost of my nerve to present this matter to her in such a forcible way as to win her confidence in me, and when my eyes met her eyes they trembled and probably looked suspicious to her. Few people show as much interest or sympathy for pets as I, and this woman, called to her front door by a strange foreigner on the behalf of a puny kitten, might well hesitate to believe in my story and allow me to come in and descend into her cellar.

But as she was not forewarned she was not forearmed. Seeing that I was determined to get into the cellar, she allowed me to enter, passing into a square room with big rugs thrown over the mosaic floor. Couches covered by rich, soft silken and woolen goods,

ran along three sides of the room, with little square windows of stained glass high above them. From here she took me through a doorway hung with heavy tasseled curtains of beads and gauze, and down a narrow passageway, from which I had a view of a side chamber much more beautiful than the first one, which I concluded was the "sparking" room. A turn to the right brought us to a still narrower and darker passage, at the entrance to which I would have hesitated had not the continued appeals of the kitten below fed my enthusiasm. "Whoap!" she said, suddenly, "nepho-skek-kek-al-yah-ba-um-bihl," as nearly as I could recall the sounds.

"Yes!" I responded, "I'm going down all right, but only Allah knows whether I'll ever come up again," which of course she did not understand, as I clung to the side of the cellarway.

What a cellar it was! Priceless rugs strewn at every angle and on top of one another above, rats and disease just below. The cellar was of little or no value. Its ceiling was low. I had to bend double when once in it. The only light that entered its damp quarters was that little which accidentally stole in through the broken glass. Coming from the flashing sun outside, my eyes could detect nothing for some time in the gloomy darkness about me. If the house had been a robber's den, a man stationed below could have easily given me my quietus.

The woman above was thoughtful, for when she heard me floundering around in her dark cellar, calling out "Kitty! Kitty!" she handed me a little lamp to help me in my search.

As it mattered little what I called the kitten, whether I spoke in the language of its country, or my own, it understood my tones and accent, its misery found an answer in my voice. The kitten had been struggling toward the window, opaque with dirt, except in the hole made by the broken glass. When it saw the lamp it turned, staggering and falling, dropping exhausted into my hand. At the stairway I set down the lamp, for the woman had gone. She merely took a peep at me from an outer room as I left the house and showed my rescued kitten to the woman still standing on the porch.

With the kitten in my hand I went to a few houses on both sides of the street, asking if it belonged to the ones I met, and not finding an owner I gave up my sight-seeing about town and carried it straight back

to the college. Left in the narrow street it would have been speedily trampled by the camels or people.

In my room I washed its face and placed before it a saucer of goat's milk. When I pushed its little pink nose into the milk to encourage it to drink, its little tongue could not lap it fast enough, so hungry and famished was its condition. From the first taste of this warm, rich milk, it showed its gratitude by sticking its short bushy tail straight up, curling it at the end in "thank you, thank you, thank you," nestling in my lap immediately after its breakfast, for an undisturbed sleep. When I saw its need for a home I regretted that my travel would prevent me from becoming its permanent "mammy." I wanted to help it and all other motherless creatures to a life of joyous comfort. So I kept it in my room, feeding it regularly.

I was surprised to learn that a prayer meeting was to be held in the city one evening of my visit here and took utmost delight in attending. It was held in the prayer-meeting and Sunday-school room of the church controlled by the Greek Protestants. The pastor led the service in Greek, just the same as any American leader. The first hymn sung was "Nearer, My God, to Thee," to the tune used by us, only the Greek words of the sentence above were: "Eggutteron, Pros Ton Theon." The novelty of trying to join in the hymn with these brethren,—using the Greek language,—was inspiring to devotional emotions. I did not remember whether Paul or some other Christian had established the church here long, long ago, but I felt the solemn joy it caused me when I sat here in a Christian prayer meeting in Smyrna, where a church once flourished and then lost its power, a church made up of heroic men and women who were arrested, thrown into dungeons and publicly executed, for daring to follow their Master,—the same church immortalized in John's vision on Patmos. "Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life," he had said to them. Some of them had been faithful. Their names are known in heaven. Though they saw their beloved church die out in Smyrna, their loyalty to the pure doctrine carried it across the waters that washed into the bay, lodging fragments of its precious truths upon the soil of every land, to return at last, after nineteen hundred years, to establish its permanent force upon the people in a college and church organized solely to do those things which had put into manacles the city's first disciples. The bread—a single loaf—that had been cast upon the waters, had after many days returned,—a whole bake-oven and wheat field, with modern machinery and modern methods and modern men to multiply a thousandfold the first few grains that seemed to have been lost in useless toil.

The leader probably made a good talk, the people

were intent. But it was too long—a fault of ninety per cent of prayer-meeting leaders. He gave too little time for discussion or testimony. Several led in prayer and a few others spoke, just as is done in our American services. When the meeting had closed I was introduced to the pastor and invited to his pleasant little home. He was very cordial and lovable.

These Christians still have a hard fight in Smyrna. They have their fears from enemies that never worry Christians in this country. Their merchants and mechanics are boycotted. Their children are often in danger and find no social response in the children about them. Living in spiritually arid soil, with no influence in politics, or popular leadership in any enterprise, their strength is not in numbers or in favors falling to good people in our own land. From day to day they must draw their Christian vitality from the original source and know almost nothing of big conventions or meetings called to inspire enthusiasm and plan progressive schemes of enlarging the power of the Gospel.

Being so entirely dependent upon the exertions and outlays of their little congregation, they find this resource unable to meet the many requirements demanded by the True Prophet. To help them lift their burden, and to make the preaching of the cross count for the most telling success, they require the financial help of those whose lives have been blessed by salvation in the country that flows with milk and honey. Any money which the Protestant churches of the United States might wish to send, through accredited sources, either to them or to the International College, or to any other worthy body of Christians seeking to do religious work here, would be appreciated by them, and also, I believe, by the Giver of all good.



THE BLACKSMITH'S SLEEVES.

AN aged woman was standing before a beautiful picture of a blacksmith in a local department store. The picture was a remarkable painting and had evoked so much praise that hundreds of visitors thronged around it. The figure was that of a village blacksmith standing at his forge, which was blazing with a light that illuminated the whole room. The woman came to the canvas with several younger women, apparently her children. All stood with rapt attention before the work of art, contemplating the light effects and the beautiful shadows. One of the younger women asked of the elderly one what she thought of the picture.

"Well, it's all right but the sleeves," she replied. "I lived in the country a long time, and I know something that the painter with all his knowin' didn't know. That blacksmith's sleeves are rolled out. Now, they don't wear them that way. A blacksmith always turns his sleeves in so the flyin' sparks won't catch."—*Indianapolis News*.

A NOTED INDIAN

GERONIMO, the noted Apache chief, who has been characterized by General Nelson A. Miles as "the worst Indian who ever lived," died Feb. 17 at Fort Sill, where he had been confined as a prisoner of war for a number of years. The Indian warrior, to capture whom cost the government \$1,000,000 and whose record was that of 425 settlers killed in Arizona alone, succumbed to pneumonia after two days' illness. He was eighty-six years old. One daughter, Lola, who lives in Oklahoma, survives him.

The career of Geronimo, last of the famous Indian chiefs, began when he was only sixteen years old. Son of an Apache war chief, Mangus Colorado, who had devastated Arizona, New Mexico and Sonora, Mexico, for half a century, he himself was crowned a war chief at that age, having successfully led a band of braves in battle. After the deaths

successively of Cochise, who had succeeded Mangus Colorado, and of Natchez, son of Cochise, and of Nana Victoria, in 1882, he became chief of all the Apaches. For more than one hundred years the name Apache had spelled nameless atrocities. Geronimo, in the four years of his active chieftaincy, added new terrors to it.

His leadership extended from 1882 until 1886, when he made his last surrender and became at last a prisoner of war for life. Cunning and treachery, no less than fiendish cruelty, transcending even the traditional ferocity of the red man, marked his entire career.

In 1883 Geronimo and his band ambushed between Silver City, N. Mex., and Clifton, Ariz., Judge McComas, of the former city, and his wife and son, six years old. Judge McComas and his wife were murdered after enduring horrible tortures. The boy was carried a few miles and his brains dashed out against a rock because he cried for his mother.

Sweeping the territories of Arizona and New Mexico and dashing into Mexico, the war bands left trails of bleaching bones behind them until General Crook at length forced Geronimo's surrender and installed him and his band as

prisoners of war in camp near Fort Apache, Arizona.

Geronimo's solemn promise never again to go on the warpath soon was broken treacherously. Leaving camp May 17, 1885, he led his braves toward the mountains of Mexico, their progress marked by rapine and death. Again General Crook made war on the chief, but, failing to capture him, was relieved,



Geronimo as He Looked in War Attire.

Courtesy Chicago Record-Herald.

and Nelson A. Miles, then brigadier general, took up the chase. With General Miles were officers destined to become famous, among them then Captain W. H. Lawton and Assistant Surgeon Leonard Wood.

Lawson trailed the wily chief a total of 2,000 miles, and Aug. 20, 1886, located the band near the Mexican border. The final surrender was made to General Miles in Skeleton's Canyon.

Geronimo and his braves were sent to Fort Pickens in Florida. His squaws were sent to Fort Marion, Fla. Two years later, because consumption was decimating the prisoners, they were sent to Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala. There they stayed ten years. Geronimo at last succeeded in obtaining an order transferring him and his people to Fort Sill, Ind. T. Soon after the transfer he professed conversion to the Christian religion and joined the Methodist church.

In 1904 Geronimo emerged from his retirement to participate in the inaugural parade of President Roosevelt. His spirit had been broken by confinement, and as he rode in the parade, hideously ugly, and his low, squat figure hunched low in his saddle, he fell far short of the mind's ideal of a famous Indian chief.

Early in 1908 Geronimo again made a trip to Washington in an effort to interest President Roosevelt in his case and gain his liberty. The old Indian was unsuccessful, however, and to the last was full of bitter hatred for the white man.—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



OLDEN TIMES ON SEACOAST AND OCEAN.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

HERODOTUS described, in the fourth book of his history, how the Phœnician navigators, 550 years before Christ, by command of Pharaoh Necho, sailed from Egypt down the Red Sea, across the Indian Ocean, round Libya, now Africa, up the Atlantic to the Pillars of Hercules and through the Great Sea, now the Mediterranean, back to Egypt, and the great historian thereby added another jewel to his crown as "the father of liars."

Even Herodotus himself was inclined to doubt the statement of the navigators, that when near the southern extremity of Libya the sun was north of them, and when sailing westward he appeared on their right hand. These conditions, now understood by even the younger pupils in our grammar schools, seemed incredible even to the philosophers at a time when the whole known world was north of the equator. Many even doubted if the voyage was ever made or was possible, although Herodotus wrote less than a hundred years after its occurrence.

But hieroglyphics now in the museums of Europe prove that the voyage was actually made and the details substantially as told by Herodotus. The vessels in which the voyage was made were but little if any larger than those in which Paul made his famous

missionary journeys on the Great Sea, and were small and crude as compared with those in which Columbus crossed the unknown Atlantic two thousand years later.

But doubters did not cease to exist in those ancient days. In the early part of the nineteenth century, after Fulton had demonstrated by actual trial that vessels could be propelled by steam power, some of the ablest scientific men of the world argued through the principal magazines and newspapers that steam vessels could never be made profitable in the ocean carrying trade, for the reason that a vessel could not carry coal enough to run her engines across the Atlantic. As vessels and engines were then built the argument was not without force, but improvement along all lines has been the order and we see the result in the so-called ocean greyhounds and the monster freighters that ply on all the waters of the globe.

The *Great Eastern*, built in England in 1858, was a wonder for size, and proved an unprofitable investment on account of the expense of running her and her comparatively small carrying capacity. She was 680 feet long, her engines developed 7,650 horsepower, and her best speed was fourteen knots. She was propelled both by side wheels and screw propeller, and was fully rigged as a sailing ship, with seven masts. The only contract in which she made good, to use a modern expression, was in laying one of the Atlantic telegraph cables. In her day she was a monster of marine architecture, being many times larger than any other craft afloat. Today vessels of her size and larger are to be seen on all oceans and their carrying capacity is many times greater than hers, while their speed is nearly or quite double her best efforts.

The U. S. Government was early to adopt steam as a motive power for war vessels. Fulton made his first successful trip in a steam vessel from New York to Albany, in 1807, covering the one hundred and ten miles in twenty-four hours. Seven years later the steam frigate *Fulton the First* was launched in New York, the launching being made the occasion of a great celebration. She was described in the newspapers of the day as being 145 feet long on deck, 55 feet wide, and drawing 8 feet of water, and as mounting thirty 32-pound carronades and two columbiads, the latter each to carry a 100-pound red hot ball. She was commanded by Commodore Porter, whose achievements in naval warfare are familiar to all readers of American history. A comparison of this fighting craft with any of our modern battleships or cruisers will prove an instructive lesson in the advancement of modern science along this line.



"IRRATIONAL ambition drags more of its disciples down than it uplifts to realization."

Nature Studies



THE STORY OF GOOSEY.

J. O. BARNHART.

THE affection of various animals for man has often been talked and written about and that of the dog and of the horse is well known. Even the lion is loth to part from his keeper and many anecdotes have been related of the love of the king of beasts for his master.

Birds also become closely attached to those who take care of them and their love is often manifested where least expected. Even geese become so fond of their owners that they will follow them everywhere indoors and out, up hill and down dale, never permitting them to get out of their sight.

A friend of mine had such a goose. All of the flock but this one had been destroyed by vermin and by the various hardships to which young poultry is exposed. It of course became the special object of his care and Goosey, as it was called, was very appreciative of its master's attentions. It became so attached to him that it would not permit him to get out of its sight during waking hours.

When the dawn called Mr. K— from his bed and he would start for the barnlot there the goose would be waiting at the door to guide him across the lawn and through the gate to the barn and to the stock pen. To the pig sty or to the water tank, or the haystack it followed, fearing neither horse's hoofs nor swine's tushes. If Mr. K— was there his protege was there too. Then back to the house and into the porch, when his master went, Goosey would try to follow, and if, when company was present, or for other necessary reasons, he was shut out, he would wander round the house till he caught sight of his master through a window and there he would stand or sit while Mr. K— was enjoying his breakfast and if the weather was warm enough to permit the window to be opened he would manifest his delight in every conceivable manner.

But Goosey's notion that by his master's side was safety at last proved his ruin, for through his ubiquitous attendance upon his master, Mr. K— became the butt of all sorts of jokes among his acquaintances so that to end them Goosey was sold to the poultryman, and he found like many people have found before him that misplaced confidence brings disaster.

But this is not the only lesson that we may learn from our feathered friend. Goosey recognized the source from which all his comforts came and manifested his gratitude by refusing to part from his benefactor. Therefore he should be classed with other birds mentioned by the prophet to teach Israel their ungratefulness to God.

"The stork in the heavens knoweth her appointed time and the turtle and the crane and the swallow observe the time of their coming, but my people know not the judgment of the Lord" (Jer. 8: 7).

Isaiah also says, "The ox knoweth his owner and the ass his master's crib, but Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

As Israel was to learn from these so we also in our day may learn many lessons even from a goose.

Arcola, Ill.



CLEANLY INSECTS.

BEES give careful attention to a matter which is often neglected by human beings. Every one knows how difficult it is to induce many cottagers to open their windows. "Why, sir," said a woman to the writer the other day, "that winder ain't a-been opened for twenty years," and my nose whispered to me, "I can quite believe it." Bees insist upon proper ventilation, and long before doctors began to insist on the value of fresh air were careful to cool and purify their dwellings by the vibration of their wings. Even in such matters as the position of graveyards insects are in advance of public opinion. Ants never dream of burying the dead in small areas surrounded by living apartments, or under the floors of sacred buildings. With proper regard for the laws of health and the claims of decency, and at the same time with an eye to the respect due to their dead, they seek some sequestered spot, "far from the madding crowd," and there lay them to rest with all reverence and fitting ceremony. The departed are honored and the living are safeguarded.

Insects are exemplars of cleanliness in their persons as well as in their homes. The care taken by bees and ants to keep their young clean and sweet is too familiar to need repetition; suffice it to say that no human babies receive more washing or are more carefully

brushed. Creatures to which we attach mental labels bearing the inscription, "Unclean," are not less tidy in their toilet than we are ourselves. "The common cockroach," says Dr. Sharp, "is a rather amusing pet, as the creatures occasionally assume most comical attitudes, especially when cleaning their limbs; this they do somewhat after the fashion of cats, extending the head as far as they can in the desired direction.



A Quiet Retreat for the Timid, Wild Things.

and then passing a leg or antenna through the mouth; or they comb other parts of the body with the spines on the legs, sometimes twisting and distorting themselves considerably in order to reach some not very accessible part of the body." Grasshoppers, which belong to the same order as cockroaches, pay particular attention to what we may call their hands, giving them a cleansing lick whenever they have a moment's leisure. They also clean their long, graceful antennæ, by drawing them between the jaws and smoothing them by their palpi or feelers.

The toilet of a fly is a subject for admiration and astonishment. The insect hardly ever alights but it sets about the business of brushing up, taking care always that the brushes are themselves clean. The two front legs are carefully rubbed against each other until every atom of dust is removed, and are then applied to the back of the neck with a care and a thoroughness which fond parents vainly look for in the average schoolboy. The hind legs are cleansed by mutual friction, and then used as brushes over the upper and under surface of the wings with a skill which a man trying to remove the dust from the tails of his coat might well envy. Finally, the middle legs receive a touch over in turn from the front pair, and the fly is at last in a state to receive visitors.—*Selected.*

A FLORIDA paper describes a strange creature known as the "vanishing spider." On the borders of the Everglades you often see a large, yellow spider. He swings a strong web from two pliant twigs on each side of a path or clear space of ground and waits for his prey. The web is in the shape of a hammock and tapers at each end to a fine point, though quite broad in the middle. The bright color of the owner seems to mark him out for destruction—he is clearly defined against the white sand or dead leaves, and you wonder what he would do for defense in case of attack. Approach quietly and he watches you intently. Now raise your hand suddenly, and he will disappear! While you are wondering what became of him, you see a blur where he had been, then several spiders, then you catch sight again of the yellow ball that you noticed at first. Repeat the

performance, and the stage effect is renewed. The disappearance is absolute—there can be no doubt about it, and the little magician trusts to it entirely for his protection. How is it done? As soon as he is threatened he starts the vibrations of his airy hammock. These become too rapid for the eye to follow, and he vanishes. As these become slower you see a blur, and then several spiders as the eye catches him at different points of his swing, until finally he rests before you.—*Glenwood Boy.*

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THE COMING OF SPRING.

ONE commendable thing about the climate, in which most of the Nook readers live, is that there is not much chance for one to become sated by the continuance of one kind of weather. Almost every day brings a change—something different from the day before, with the promise of a new feature for the succeeding day. It may be that much of this weather is not at all to our liking, but we can put up with it with very good grace, for we are safe in the assurance that "it can't last."

Then after the variations to which we are treated in one season there comes the wide difference of the seasons. If we do not like the warm weather of summer, or if we tire of it quickly, we have only to exercise a little patience, do a little dreaming and planning about the pleasures of our coming favorite season and, lo, the dreaded days are past! If we dislike the cold of winter the same method will presently find us in the lap of spring.

No one needs any advice as to how to put up with spring, with all its fanciful moods, for it passes much too quickly as it is. What we really need at this time, more than anything else, perhaps, is a little advice as to how to make the most of this season which is so rich in possibilities. If any one is impatient for the passing of spring it is because he is going about with his eyes on the mud and the disorder, blind to the deep blue of the sky, to the fresh green of the sod, blind to the wonders of bursting bud and unfolding leaf and blossom, deaf to the joy-notes of the birds and other living creatures, and unconscious of the sweet breath of the earth, laden with the incense of countless millions of fragrant, growing things. For the one who is really awake to these things which constitute so large a part of spring, the days pass on swiftest wings. Every attraction deepens the nearer we approach to it and the more we know about it. If at any time we

would stop the hands that mark the passing of time it would be at this time when nature is in her friendliest mood, when she even invites us to an intimate acquaintance that will increase many times the power and breadth of our lives.



"AN HONEST CONFESSION."

ONE man has been found, who stands with the liquor forces, who is honest enough to confess that prohibition is hurting his business and the business of brewers in general, in other words, that it does what it aims to do. This honest brewer lives in Ohio where under a local option law one county after another has voted out the saloons during the past few months. Here is what the brewer says, as given in the *American Issue*:

"Our business has been hit hard. We are not selling our goods. Most of the counties about us have gone dry, and our production is greatly curtailed. I am convinced that prohibition does prohibit, regardless of what the circulars say which we send into counties in which contests have been and are being made.

"Here is the situation! A county votes to abolish the saloons. In thirty days the resorts are closed. The business is outlawed. A few of the old-timers will go any length to get their drinks. They will journey to the neighboring city, if they have the money, or they will hunt the bootlegger in the back alley, or in the old barn. But these are exceptions and not the rule.

"A large part of the drinking is done by men who drop into a saloon with a friend or friends. It is a social custom, nothing more. With the saloon gone, the custom is discontinued. Many men who take a glass of beer or a nip of whisky will not walk around the corner for it; most certainly they will not hunt a blind tiger or a bootlegger. They do not care enough for it, and, besides, they refuse to countenance that which public sentiment and a majority of the voters condemn.

"There is no incentive for the average moderate drinker to drink clandestinely and alone. He will not do it. He does without and soon gets over the habit of using it at all. There is no more social drinking. That's cut out, and that's where we brewers lose out.

"And it is a fact that these moderate and social drinkers hit the business hard in these local option campaigns. Of course, many of the hard drinkers vote dry because they want it out of their reach, believing it will be better for themselves and their families. But the other fellows vote against the saloons for various reasons, and I have been surprised at reports brought in by our men to the effect that scores of our patrons are out openly for the dries in these county contests. They have turned the tide against us in more than one instance, I can tell you.

"I am frank to admit we are up against a hard proposition. Our common stock is down to five cents,

and our preferred is worth only twenty-five. The county fights are expensive and almost unanimously disastrous. These contests have developed an army of dry organizers who have become experts at the business, and they go from county to county, until it is almost impossible to make any headway against them. In many of these Ohio counties the temperance people have organizations which I have never seen equaled in politics—and I have mixed with politicians for a good many years.

"What the end will be I do not know, although it looks to be in sight for us. I suppose that in a measure we are to blame, for it is true that we have pushed the business for the money there is in it without much regard for either law or decency.

"Some of us would willingly agree to a stringent license law, but I doubt very much if the people of Ohio will stand for it. They think they have us on the run, and even now are talking of bringing on elections in Montgomery, Clark and other counties containing large cities.

"I am getting tired of this losing fight and nothing better in sight. If I had in cash the money I have invested in the business I would place it where it would yield better returns in a line not condemned by the public. I am frank to say I have had enough."

We have no doubt there are many other brewers who feel just as this one does,—that they have had enough, but they are not as frank to admit it. There are others, of course, who never will lose heart till the last saloon in the country is closed. They have so long gone on their way unhindered, so long ministered to unholy appetites, they cannot understand that the people would ever have it otherwise. But even these will get awake by and by. As they see their strongholds one by one fall into the hands of the temperance forces, they will have to confess in deeds if not in words that their nefarious business does not pay, and that prohibition is a word with mighty meaning.



ADVERSITY NO OBSTACLE.

It is natural to hate poverty, misery and oppression—but it is an open question whether such handicaps do not strengthen worthy men in the race for success, instead of retarding them. Envy not the rich man's son, for instead of having advantages over others he starts out with the odds against him. As a rule the men who are eminent in public affairs today are the sons of lowly working parents; the names of our millionaires very generally become in the second and third generations names without honor, or dishonored. Review the history of your own town and you will find that in most cases the "old families" have run to seed, while new names, many of them alien, monopolize the local columns of the newspaper. This is right, for otherwise there would be no compensation in this life at all and there is little enough at best.

No person need be ashamed because of his low origin or his poverty, or discouraged because of so-called lack of opportunity. There is no race more oppressed than the Russian Jews, yet Mischa Elman, the young violinist who is now captivating this country, and who is the great sensation of the times in the musical world, is a Russian Jew. The wonderful spirit that he throws into his music tells not of ease and plenty and self-indulgence, but of privation and longing—and it was his very lack of the good things of earth that made him the artist that he is.

Sons of rich men are born, live, and die without often winning recognition in any field of high endeavor, for, having plenty, they will not sacrifice themselves for achievement, but the way is always open to the poor and humble. It would be silly to claim that every poor boy can become great before the world; the world is whimsical in bestowing its favors, and merit does not necessarily win success nor lack of merit forbid it. In the evolution and selection of greatness that element that we may call chance plays a large part. Nature is lavish with her material; she makes the trees produce a million seeds for every one that is destined to reach maturity, and for every man who attains position and fame she has a thousand others that could take his place if occasion called.

But it is inspiring to think that oftenest the one who is called for great deeds is one who is a product not of luxury but of hardship. Think of the most illustrious characters in history, the men and women who have won fame by doing great labors in the cause of humanity and progress, and with few exceptions they are those who rose out of obscurity and not those who were favored by fortune.—*The Pathfinder*.



HELD IN MEMORY.

THE eleventh anniversary of the "home going" of Frances E. Willard was observed by special service at Willard Hall, The Temple, Chicago, February 17. Rev. A. H. Harnley delivered the memorial address. The announcement of the service contained a tribute by W. D. Nesbit having for its text Miss Willard's dying words, "How beautiful to be with God."

"How beautiful to be with God!"

How beautiful today it is

To mark the pathway that she trod

And know that its design was his.

She found her work; she did not know

The finding was a wondrous deed;

She only saw the deathless glow

Of the white light far in the lead;

By an unresting impulse urged

She gave herself, her mind, her hands,

Until with her work she was merged—

Now heart and soul of it she stands.

"How beautiful to be with God!"

We know when now we pause and gaze

At the brave path whereon she trod

She had been with him all her days



The Home World

HER OVERDONE HOSPITALITY

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

MIRIAM STANNARD came down the stairs just as her sister Ethel, divested of cap and apron, hurried in from the kitchen to answer the doorbell. There was a tiny dab of flour on the flushed cheek of the house-mistress. She kept no cook or maid.

A gushing greeting followed the opening of the door. Mrs. Lorimer, leader of the ambitious Clyde Avenue set, had brought an out-of-town friend to call. She was very gracious over Ethel's embarrassment at not yet having made her afternoon toilet, effusively cordial to Mrs. Stannard, and sweetly interested in everything. Presently she waxed eloquent over her enjoyment in entertaining her own guest, glibly enumerating the places at which they had been invited to lunch or dine.

In the significant pause which followed, Miriam glanced at her sister, and sudden consternation seized her. The red in the younger woman's cheeks deepened; she swallowed as if at something tangible, and said with forced heartiness:

"Then, since your friend is staying so long, I shall be pleased to have you both lunch with us on Thursday, if you have no other engagement."

Miriam repressed a gasp, for she knew the little housemother's time for a fortnight was full to overflowing. But Mrs. Lorimer's face instantly became illumined with delighted surprise(?); then it fell theatrically, immediately clearing with relief.

"My dear!" she exclaimed, rapturously, "how perfectly lovely of you to think of such a thing! I was going to say that we could not possibly accept, as we had planned to visit the Art Institute on Thursday. But we can postpone that. Thank you very much, my dear Mrs. Warren. We shall be most happy to come,—shall we not, Isabel? Most happy indeed!"

She smiled herself and her friend out, with assurances of her delight in the prospect of becoming better acquainted with Mrs. Warren's charming sister, and also of meeting whatever mutual acquaintances she chose to ask for Thursday. Ethel shut the door, and went back to the living-room, where her sister stood

with a blank face. She dropped wearily into the nearest chair.

"However on earth am I to do it all?" she groaned, "with the Weavers coming tonight, David's party tomorrow, and Maud's dress to finish for exhibition day?—I won't slight that, if I never do another thing!"

Miriam raised her eyebrows. "Are those callers particular friends of yours, Ethel?" she inquired.

"Indeed they're not!" her sister rejoined, somewhat resentfully. "Do you suppose I'd choose people with such assurance as Mrs. Lorimer, for my intimate friends? She came on purpose to worm an invitation out of me, just because she hates the bother and expense of giving a luncheon herself. She always does that way, when she has visitors."

"Then why need you entertain them?" Miriam asked, in astonishment. Ethel shrugged her shoulders.

"Mrs. Lorimer is president of the Ladies' Social Club," she replied. "When its members fail to live up to her ideals of their duty, she invariably makes her disapproval felt. I don't want her giving me a character behind my back."

There was a moment's silence. "Are they all like that?" Miriam asked, at last, with a queer note in her voice.

"Oh! dear, no!" her sister answered. "Some of them are nice and sweet as can be. It is only a small clique that rules, and they are Mrs. Lorimer's satellites. Nobody really likes them."

"Then why do the others stay in the club?" queried Miriam. "Why don't they choose their own friends and be happy with them?"

Ethel stared.

"Why, you never could do such a thing!" she expostulated, helplessly. "But oh!"—with a sigh of longing—"wouldn't it be heavenly! No jealousy, no criticism, and not half the work preparing for them. I'm always sick abed after I entertain the club."

"Then why in the world do you still entertain them?" Mariam persisted.

Ethel laughed in an embarrassed way.

"You would not have me give up society entirely, would you?" she asked dubiously. "For the children's sake, as well as my own, I must not allow myself to grow rusty. If I fail to keep in touch with the best people, how will Maud and David get a place among them?"

Miriam smiled, "Like Mrs. Lorimer?" she asked.

"I didn't mean her sort," Ethel stammered, wincing.

Miriam laughed outright, and crossed over to kiss the tired face.

"Little girl, you are too nearly worn out to reason consistently," she said. "You want your children to come up in the Lorimer atmosphere, yet your secret heart would be broken if they grew into the likeness. Now, Margaret Weaver is lovely, and all David's friends that I've seen are dear. Why can't you let that sort suffice, and not cast the pearls of your time and strength, which rightly belong to those you love, before—er—well, before people like Mrs. Lorimer, who certainly seem perfectly ready to turn again and rend you?" The droll tenderness in her voice robbed the criticism of its sting.

"I just don't know how to get out of it," Ethel mourned, almost in tears. "I've neither nerve nor tact."

"One way to get out, is to go out," Miriam responded, drily. Then she added, more gently: "Women like Mrs. Lorimer are more to be pitied than blamed. They are living in a world rich with all the beautiful things that real friendship means, yet their blind eyes miss the wealth, their foolish hands gather only husks. One does not help them in the least by catering to their selfishness, but rather the reverse. There is no pursuit in the world more belittling and unsatisfactory than the chase for social popularity, because no matter how high one climbs, she is sure to find another a round higher still, to provoke her envy. Our only guests should be those who love to come because we love to have them, Ethel dear; or at least those who need—"

"Oh!" shrieked Ethel, suddenly springing to her feet with a panic-stricken face, "my cake!" and fled kitchen-ward.

A cloud of smoke floated out, incense-like, as she opened the oven door and lifted a blackened mass from within. It was the feather that broke the camel's long-suffering back. Setting the cremated offering on the table, she sank into the nearest chair and burst into hysterical weeping.

"Ethel," said her sister, with mock solemnity, as she opened the outer door to let the stifling fumes escape, "in this overdone cake, fit symbol of your overdone hospitality, I have an inspiration. May I telephone a message for you to Mrs. Lorimer?"

"Anything!" Ethel consented, in a voice stifled by sobbing.

"Upon maturer consideration," she heard Miriam's polite tones at the telephone a few minutes later, "Mrs. Warren is obliged to recall her invitation for Thursday. She desires to be kindly remembered to your friend."

"It is a wonder," Miriam laughingly commented to Ethel, "that the frost in her answer did not snap the wire"

A month after her return home, Miriam received a letter from her sister, part of which ran thus:

"Several of us have withdrawn from the Social Club, and twice a month we meet at each other's homes. As we do not care for cards or gossip, we decided to read aloud some good book, and discuss it at our leisure. Everything is delightfully informal, and we have a rigid rule prohibiting more than two articles on the menu. The children are invited to drop in after school, and they enjoy it as much as we do."

Miriam smiled. "I'm glad I lectured," she said to herself, whimsically.



THE EFFECT OF COLOR ON CHARACTER.

WE are learning how to live. As an evidence of this, take the discoveries that have been made concerning the effect of wall color upon the occupant of a room.

For some time we have had actual proof of the effect of color on cancerous and other diseases. Now we know further that color has a potential value upon the health and happiness of the occupants of the room.

For instance, blue walls, if they are of light sky-blue tints, have a most cooling, delightful effect upon the occupants, but this cooling effect carried to the extreme in cold weather becomes chilly. On the other hand, the soft, warm tones have the effect of making happy, warm characters.

This is carried out every night and every day in stage settings. When the trained actor desires to produce the effect of passion, of melodrama, he sets his stage in red or orange, those being the colors that depict those conditions as well as arouse them.

That red does arouse the passions, take a red rag and wave it before a bull or a turkey, and note the excitement of the beast or of the fowl.

When it was desired to produce the cool calculating villain—a Becky Sharp of humanity—steely colors were used to indicate her greed and avarice; and conversely, it is said that the steel cold colors are apt to produce avaricious characters; so it is not a far cry to realize that the presence of certain colors is quite sure to produce certain characters of similar nature.

Take the lives of those who live in bare walls and they are quite apt to lack a wide variety of character. Their vision is limited, their aspirations are few. On the other hand, those who are more fortunately sit-

uated, having a wider range in the chromatic scale, have also broader culture and more infinite variety to their lives.

An observing physician in the East, who has noted that red produced discordant effects in animals, rightly reasoned that it might produce similar conditions in human beings, and having a patient with a fixed sense of irritability—excitement growing into a more and more pronounced hysteria—wisely concluded that perhaps the elimination of the red on the walls of her home and the substitution of a softer, more peaceful color might have the effect of overcoming the disturbed conditions. Green was used—green which is said to be the color of hope, the color with which nature clothes its verdure. Green is a soft, restful, harmonious color with which we associate the most delightful associations. The effect on this disturbed woman was immediate; sleep came, and then rest, and finally complete restoration to the normal condition. So the use of color is not a mere gratification of the idle whim of a vain woman, but is rather the expression of a desire for a need in our life to express that which we lack.

Color is also of use in expressing form, for, without it, it would be impossible to have any idea of that which we see. The whole world would be flat; as evidence, suppose everything were green, we would see green houses, green sky, green leaves, green people, our vision would be extremely limited and we would not be able to differentiate the house from the sky, the trees from the people, yet each would possess individual form.

Change in color gives us opportunity or facility in recognizing the difference in form, so we use color in our wall to differentiate the wall surface from other objects in the room.

It is needless to say that the wall being the largest portion of the room, requires the quietest, most subdued colors, and the best artists and the best decorators today are a unit in favor of the softly-colored alabastined wall; this because of its intrinsic value as a background for the home, as well as a background for furniture, pictures and bric-a-brac; and more than all this, as a background for the activities of the occupants of the home.

The medium of color is of importance because it must be of durable quality as well as softness in color and harmonious in tone. Colors that fade, colors that rub, colors that check, peel or blister are thoroughly unsanitary and exceedingly undesirable. Alabastine is fortunate in being a natural cement, so the colors are harmonious and cannot rub off the wall, and are always flat, soft and subdued.

In arranging the color scheme for any house it is a very simple matter if we start in the right direction, just as it is a very easy matter to arrive at any destina-

tion if we select the proper road; so in the matter of selecting decorations, if we just remember a few fundamental things any one can have a color scheme that is desirable and original.

First of all, the conditions in the house must be considered. If the carpets that are in the rooms are to be used again the color scheme for the walls must have some degree of relevancy to the carpet color. If the carpet has blue tones, the wall color must either harmonize or contrast. If the color is of a brown tone, then again the colors for the wall must have a hint of brown or a color that harmonizes with them, but never an antagonistic shade.

We usually build color schemes from floors, choosing the color of the carpet as a base, the heaviest color on the floor, lighter color on the wall, and the lightest color on the ceiling.

These things are simple, easily followed out, yet sometimes we omit the simple things in life, not realizing that the things that lie at our door are sometimes the most essential things we have; we overlook them in searching into some distant future for that which lies at our very hand.

The decoration of a home is more a matter of taste than of expense. It is not necessary to employ skilled city decorators, for every woman in every home has a sense of harmony of color; she has but to look at the sky and trees, at the grass, at the wheat in the fields, and growing things, to get her ideas of combination of color. What more beautiful combination can one see than the soft browns in the fall against a background of blue sky? Nature knows how to arrange color schemes, so also woman.

The sky never presents a mottled surface such as wall papers present, but rather a softly tinted delicate hue, and these things can be carried out on the wall with the greatest ease and the most perfect results.

The wall color in the average home must necessarily be of a material that is sanitary in its nature as well as artistic in effect, for unless a wall is clean, intrinsically clean, clean of itself, it is a failure.

Materials that are made so they have to be stuck on the wall with hot water glue can usually be decided to be the very reverse of the hygienic sanitary conditions which the good housekeeper mostly desires for her home.

So also with wall papers which are stuck on the wall with paste; they become inert and form a most desirable lodging place for bugs and insects, for cockroaches and bacilli. They are dangerous breeding ground, and are better consigned to the fire and flame.

The housekeeping of the future is going to be better housekeeping, for it is going to include a more intelligent sense of our present need and a better appreciation of the existing materials.—*Exchange*.

A BIT OF WISDOM.

ONE can imagine nothing so unbearable as having all one's wants gratified. You have no reason to envy the idle rich lady whose big, grand house is next to your little one. Struggling with difficulties is the finest mental exercise in life. This state is a sure cure for stagnation and dullness and ennui. You will notice that those women who have nothing to do spend a great deal of time quarreling and complaining, which are conceded to be the worst and most profitless occupations on earth. Fanciful ideas of pleasure are a part of youth, but adult years will prove to you that work well done and charity well distributed are the real joy-makers.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*

**MEAT STEWS.**

ONE recipe will answer for all meats. Cut two pounds of meat into cubes of one inch; put them in a hot pan, and shake the pan over the fire until each piece of meat is thoroughly seared; put two tablespoonfuls of either butter, oil or suet into a saucepan and add two tablespoonfuls of flour and mix thoroughly. Add one pint of stock or water and stir until boiling. Add a level teaspoonful of salt, a bay leaf, a slice of onion and one teaspoonful of kitchen bouquet. Add the meat, cover the saucepan and cook slowly, just below the boiling point, for two hours. Garnish the dish with squares of toasted bread or with dumplings.

To make the dumplings, sift one pint of flour with one teaspoonful of baking powder, and half a teaspoonful of salt, two or three times. Then add to the flour sufficient milk to just moisten the flour. Mix quickly. Drop the dough by teaspoonfuls all over the top of the meat fifteen minutes before it is done; cover the pan; put it over a moderate fire and cook the dumplings slowly for fifteen minutes. Do not lift the lid during this time. Then dish the dumplings around the edge of a platter and put the meat in the center. Garnish with finely-chopped parsley.

Irish stew is a light stew garnished with potatoes; the neck of mutton, cut in even-sized pieces is the best for this purpose.—*The Commoner.*

The Children's Corner

THE OUT-DOOR PUSSIES.

Hundreds of pussies are out in the rain,
 Playing, playing, playing;
 Up in the air, and then down to the ground,
 Swaying, swaying, swaying.

Wet are their little gray coats of fur,
 Sopping, sopping, sopping;
 Drenched with the rain from the soft April clouds,
 Dropping, dropping, dropping.

Why don't the pussies run into the barn,
 Leaping, leaping, leaping?
 Why don't they cuddle up snug in the hay,
 Sleeping, sleeping, sleeping?

Just because all of them live in a tree,
 Willow, willow, willow,
 Always the branches their pillow must be,
 Pillow, pillow, pillow!

—Janet Hay.

**THE COUGHING BEAN.**

WOULDN'T you be surprised if you went into the garden some warm summer day and the cabbages or potato vines or berry bushes commenced to laugh? You don't think such a thing would ever happen outside of Fairyland? Well, perhaps not just that, but there are plants that do things just as wonderful—plants that eat insects, some that eat animals, others that tumble about wherever they want to go, and now a traveler tells us of running across one that gets influenza and coughs just like a boy or girl who has a very bad cold.

"I heard a cough and looked behind me nervously; for I was stalking gazelles in that lion-colored waste, the Sahara Desert; and, having gotten rather too far south, I expected at any moment to become a pincushion for the poisoned darts of the dread Houaregs," says the traveler.

"But no one was there. The flat desert quivered in the sunshine, and here and there a dusty plant stood wearily. But, though I commanded the landscape for a radius of fifty miles, not a living creature was in sight. Another cough. I swung round quickly. The same plant, yellow with dust, drooped in the dry heat. That was all.

"'Hack! Hack!' It was at my left this time. I turned again. A like plant met my eye. The thing was growing rather ghastly. As I regarded this last plant, a cough came from it. It shook all over, and then, tightening up as a man does when he is about to sneeze, it gave a violent cough, and a little cloud of dust arose.

"I learned afterward that the plant is the coughing bean, which is common in many tropical countries. In the long, dry heats, this weird growth's pores become choked with dust, and it would die of suffocation were it not that a powerful gas accumulates inside it, which, when it gains sufficient pressure, explodes with a sound precisely like the human cough. The explosion shakes the plant's pores free of their dust, and the coughing bean is in health again."—*Selected.*



A PIECE of flannel dampened with spirits of camphor will remove stains from windows or mirrors.



AN onion cut up in a saucer and placed in a room will absorb all the odor of fresh paint.



The Quiet Hour

MORAL WEAKNESS—SPIRITUAL STRENGTH.

S. S. BLOUGH.

IN a former article, the question was put, what is thy life? If you have answered the question with a firm purpose that your life shall be an honor to God, an inspiration to your fellow-men, and a satisfaction to yourself, you have done well. You have, however, discovered the difference between forming and keeping a purpose. The great difficulty has been a lack of strength. But be not discouraged, for your experience is common to all men. The apostle realized that, when he said, "To will is present with me but to do that which is good is not." Rom. 7: 18. This sad deficiency has often led to disaster. Patriarchs, kings and apostles resolved to do excellent things but failed, and their failure affected the family, the kingdom or the church. If all the good purposes formed could have been put into effect, earth would be almost heaven.

Must this always continue? Is there no way out? There is. He who gave us life is also the source of strength. What kind of character will we have if we do not receive moral strength from him? But coming to him we have the assurance of abundant strength of the right kind. Men may think it is sufficient if they but will to do good by their own strength. Is that sufficient? Too often has the need of outside strength been demonstrated by those who failed in spite of their strongest resolutions. The psalmist realized this when he said, "God is our refuge and strength." Psa. 46: 1. Also Paul, "Wherefore let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall." 1 Cor. 10: 12.

There can be no true manhood except it be built upon the morality of Jesus Christ, through his strength. Christian manhood full of Christian strength is the highest type of character, fashioned after the Christ ideal. "Finally be strong in the Lord, and in the strength of his might." Eph. 6: 10.

But again, a knowledge of our weakness is not all. To know that God through Christ is the source of strength is not sufficient. We are then in much the same position as a man who has a machine close by

a dynamo without knowledge to make the proper connections. The strength of the dynamo to turn his machine does not avail.

He must know how to connect with it. So we must know how to appropriate Christ's strength to ourselves. But how?

There must be first faith in the source. There must be second a firm will to take hold of what faith shows us. The prayer of faith is the connection by which we turn Christ's strength into our own weakness. As Christ while on earth gave bodily strength to the sick and feeble who exercised the proper faith, so he will give those mental and soul strength who realize their need and come to him.

All things that are worth while have a value. If they are to be possessed the price must be paid. God's things are no exception to this rule. He who would enjoy the highest degree of moral or spiritual strength, the deepest joy in Christian service, the greatest degree of power to do good, must be willing to pay the price.

Farmer, mechanic, artist or professional man, if he would possess a high degree of efficiency, must sacrifice many things. He must go through a severe apprenticeship or course of study and training before he becomes efficient, a model in his chosen field. This is what I mean by paying the price. Are you willing to have your worldly friends forsake you, to bear persecution, to forsake many worldly pleasures, to come often close to the Lord in prayer? This is the price of spiritual strength.

Are you conscious of weakness, you have a good foundation for strength. Emptying of self-confidence prepares the way for the filling with that better strength. This weakness does not sit down and give up the struggle. It makes humble acknowledgment of insufficiency and willingly comes to receive divine strength for any worthy purpose.

When we feel weak in the presence of temptation the Word says again, "God will with the temptation make also the way of escape." 1 Cor. 10: 13. Success or failure with work or in temptations always depends on our relation to the Divine, and our willingness to use his strength.

If strength has its cost, it also has its reward. The Word is full of promises to those who live the over-coming life. When strength to accomplish a worthy purpose is received it becomes a talent from God. When we use it to do our full duty, all needed strength will be given and a blessed final reward is assured.

"I can do all things in him that strengtheneth me," Philpp. 4: 13. This will be the constant motto of those who believe a life of strength is worth while.

Batavia, Ill.



MORBUS SABBATICUS.

MORBUS SABBATICUS, Sunday sickness, is a disease peculiar to church members. The attack comes on suddenly on every Sunday; no symptoms are felt on Saturday night, the patient sleeps well and wakes feeling well; eats a hearty breakfast, but about church time the attack comes on and lasts until the services are over for the morning. Then the patient feels easy and eats a hearty dinner. In the afternoon he feels much better, and is able to take a walk, talk about politics, and read the Sunday paper: he eats a hearty supper, but about church time he has another attack and stays at home. He retires early, sleeps well and wakes up Monday morning refreshed and able to go to work, and does not have any symptoms of the disease until the following Sunday. The peculiar features are as follows:

1. It always attacks members of the church.
 2. It never makes its appearance except on Sunday.
 3. The symptoms vary, but it never interferes with the sleep or appetite.
 4. Never lasts more than twenty-four hours.
 5. It generally attacks the head of the family.
 6. No physician is ever called.
 7. It always proves fatal in the end—to the soul.
 8. No remedy is known for it except prayer.
 9. Religion is the antidote.
 10. It is becoming fearfully prevalent and is sweeping thousands every year prematurely to destruction.
- Ephrata Reporter*.



TAKE TIME TO THINK.

If some people would but think more they would say less and act better. Everything nowadays seems to go on a rush—even the ride to the graveyard. In many towns and cities trolley lines and funeral cars carry the corpse and the mourners to the cemetery. People live fast and die quickly. From morning till night it is one round of duties and pleasures and bustle and stir and rush and crowd and push—no time scarcely for reflection, for sober thought. Even the Christian Sabbath is so filled with social visiting and pleasure seeking that practically no time is given for sober thought of the present or of the future. Mrs. Harriet L. Hastings, in the *Christian*, has given expression

to the following sensible remarks upon the subject:

"Southey was explaining once to a Quaker woman how he filled up his time, studying Portuguese grammar while shaving, reading Spanish for an hour before breakfast, studying till dinner, and so having every hour and minute occupied with studying, reading, writing, eating, talking, exercising and sleeping.

"'And *when dost thou think?*' inquired the placid Friend, after listening to his long account.

"Sure enough, when do some people think? They talk, they rattle, they clatter, they gossip and gabble, they study, they read, they learn, they teach, but *when do they think?*

"There are persons whose lives seem to be filled up largely with assemblies, conventions, conferences, camp-meetings—anything to be in a crowd and in a rush. They go and hear three sermons a day for ten days in succession, fill up the interstices with social meetings, each sermon crowding out the one before it, as one wad in a popgun crowds out the other, until at the end they probably could not, without taking notes, remember enough of what they had heard during fifteen days, to occupy them in repeating it, fifteen minutes, and are just as ready to hear the same things over again the next week or the next month,—and all this while they perhaps have not real godliness enough to pray in their own families or ask God's blessing at their own tables.

"People need time to *think*. A quiet hour, a quiet half hour, a quiet moment, is sometimes worth more than a large amount of rush and noise and hurry. People need to get alone with God, find out his will, learn what he requires of them, and then strive to do it. They need time to think. Great men, men of brains and mind, must have time for silent meditation. They grow weary of perpetual clatter. They are tired of hearing over and over things which they have heard before, or things which perhaps they never care to hear at all. Thus musing and meditating they grow strong and full of faith and courage.

"The world is full of thoughtless people, people who rush headlong, who drive and rave, and hardly know right from wrong, until they have involved themselves in difficulties and snares. They need more time to think, and pray, and wait on God for wisdom, and guidance, and help, and then they will save themselves from much of the rash folly of restless men who are 'ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.'"—*The Free Methodist*.



We prepare ourselves for sudden deeds by our reiterated choice of good or evil.—*George Eliot*.



You have greatly ventured, but all must do so who would greatly win.—*Byron*.

Echoes from Everywhere



The physicians of Hancock County, Ohio, wishing to assist in the maintaining of the prohibition law there, the county medical association has determined to issue no prescriptions for whiskey except at the bedside of patients.

Exclusive of President Cleveland's messages vetoing private pension claims President Roosevelt sent more messages to Congress than any of his predecessors. In his seven years of incumbency President Roosevelt sent 423 messages and 40 veto messages to Congress.

A book published in Germany in 1906 contains the names of twenty or more fraudulent "cures," so-called, for alcoholism. The mere existence of these widely advertised preparations refutes the false assertions of the American brewers that there is no alcoholism in beer-drinking Germany.

Representative Tawney, chairman of the House appropriations committee, severely criticised the executive branch for submitting unwarranted estimates. He says the appropriations for the last eight years amounted to \$7,007,839,183 and at the end of the present fiscal year the deficiency would be \$150,000,000.

Noting that in Georgia the closing of the saloons, which were the chief venders of cigars, has so diminished the sale of tobacco products that many cigar manufacturers have been compelled to shut down, the cigar manufacturers and dealers of New York city have banded together to wage war against the prohibition movement.

Executive traffic officials of western roads have decided to continue the present low rates of less than 2 cents a mile for special occasions until November 1. As the case now stands no rate less than 2 cents a mile may be made after November 1 next. All the roads but two favor abolishing all low rates, making the minimum 2 cents, including the Alaska-Yukon exposition.

At the request of Chief Forester Gifford Pinchot, President Roosevelt recently set aside 450,000 acres of land in the Olympic Mountains, Washington, for scientific purposes. The land is a dense forest, and contains some of the largest standing trees of fir in the world. These forests are the haunt of the Roosevelt elk. In addition to this the land is a rich field for geological studies. This step is preliminary to the establishment of a national park in the Cascade regions of Washington.

Consul Frank W. Mahan quotes from a Nottingham newspaper the fact that inventions by British women are broadening very much in their scope, and are now including many articles with which one would suppose women would not be intimately acquainted. About 600

patents are now granted to British women annually. Formerly these patents were confined to the dainty order of things, but they now cover the broader sphere of mechanism. Some of the more effective recent improvements in sewing machines, automobiles, and even in marine engines and motors have been patented by British women. Patents for inventions relating to flying machines have been applied for by British women, and they have also directed inventive attention to railroad cars and to wireless telegraphy.

Prof. W. F. Durand, head of the department of engineering at Stanford University, has invented a device which will doubly increase the ability of man to know and harness the earthquake. It will enable scientists to register and measure the force of seismic disturbances which, used in conjunction with the seismograph, is expected to greatly increase human knowledge of quakes. The seismograph registers how far a particle of earth moves during a disturbance. Durand's device will register the speed with which each particle moves.

Secret service men in San Antonio are very much exercised over the apprehension of a number of Chinamen along the Rio Grande border and expect orders from Washington for another drastic campaign against this kind of smuggling of undesirable citizens into the United States. It is believed that an underground railroad for bringing Chinamen to Texas from Mexico has sprung into operation again. In years past this practice met severe treatment and the secret service men will doubtless be massed along the border for vigorous action.

The United States and Canada have decided to limit the amount of water that may be taken from Niagara River for power purposes. The average discharge of the river is 250,000 cubic feet per second; and if the total fall from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario were utilized, it would represent about 7,000,000 horsepower. The total available horsepower at the Falls is estimated at about 4,000,000. According to the treaty, the power companies on the Canadian side are to be limited to 36,000 cubic feet per second, and those on the American side to 20,000.

Assemblyman Oliver of New York has introduced a bill at Albany providing for a graduated inheritance tax to range from one to 25 per cent on all property inherited by will of more than \$5,000, although such inheritance is not liable to tax when it is of a value between \$5,000 and \$10,000 and is transferred to one of the immediate family of the decedent. Otherwise such inheritance of more than \$5,000 and less than \$25,000 is subject to a tax of 1 per cent of its value. The rate then gradually increases until it is 25 per cent for an inheritance of \$20,000,000 or over.

The Senate of the State Legislature has decided to continue county local option in Indiana for the next two years by killing, by a vote of 26 to 23, the enacting clause of a house bill to repeal the county option law, which was passed by a special session of the Legislature last September. County option repeal was a Democratic platform proposition in the last campaign, but since the election so many counties have voted "dry" under the new law that public sentiment had an influential effect on a number of Democratic legislators.

A novelty in correspondence, recently inaugurated by the French postoffice department, has met with such success that it might be tried all over the world. This is the telegraphic letter. The hours between 9 P. M. and 4 A. M. are not busy ones for the French telegraph lines. So the postal authorities decided to turn these hours to some use. Therefore, if one misses the post for a provincial town in France today, one can at the rate of 100 words for 20 cents, have the letter telegraphed and delivered by the first post the next morning. The scheme is very simple and is working well in Paris.

The blizzard which cut off the national capital from the world March 4 and forced a change in the plans for the inauguration will mean that this is the last administration to be inducted into office on March 4 if the plans of the leaders of both Houses of Congress are carried out. Men prominent on both sides of both Houses declare that a bill submitting to the State Legislatures a constitutional amendment providing for a change in the date of inauguration to the latter part of April or the first of May will be rushed through the special session so as to be submitted to the various States in plenty of time for action before the next inaugural.

The English Government will open negotiations with Wilbur and Orville Wright for the English rights to their aeroplane when the famous brothers come to London this month for the aero exhibition. This fact was learned positively, though the Government is still evasive as to its intentions. Ever since the Wrights sold their French rights to their aeroplane for \$100,000 there has been an increasing demand that England take advantage of their wonderful invention as a war measure. Germany is also considering a proposal to buy the Wright machine, the purchase by France making it almost obligatory that the other powers follow suit.

A wonderful instrument is that which has recently been invented for the purpose of measuring the sense of touch. The device consists of a series of little disks suspended by fine, delicate thread from wooden handles, the last being stuck into holes around a block. The lightest disk is taken out and brought into contact with the skin of the subject, the latter having closed his eyes. If nothing is felt, a heavier disk is employed, and so on till the pressure becomes noticeable. Through the medium of these disks, it has been found that the sense of touch is acute on the forehead and temple. A touch of a disk weighing three-hundredths of a grain was observable on the temple; one weighing five-hundredths on the nose or chin, and one weighing nine-hundredths on the inside of a finger.

The situation at Harbin, Manchuria, arising from the apparent determination of the railroad authorities to control the local administration has become a live issue in Russian politics. The protests of China and the United States are claiming public attention and it is believed

that the aggressive stand of the railroad authorities in Manchuria will bring about foreign complications. The negotiations with China are at a standstill until such time as the policy of the Government shall be determined. The foreign office outwardly supports General Horvath in closing the stores of the Chinese merchants who refused to pay taxes to Russia, but privately it is most dissatisfied with the situation. The "Novoe Vremya" sharply criticises the foreign office for its stand in this matter, and says it believes Germany is stirring up the question for the purpose of diverting attention from the near East. The paper intimates that Fred D. Fisher, until recently American consul at Harbin, has been acting in the interests of Germany.

New President Defines His Policy.

Mr. Taft, in his inaugural address, outlines his policy as chief executive of the nation, the following being a summary thereof:

RAILROADS AND TRUSTS: Advocates relieving railroads from "certain" anti-trust law restrictions. Urges proper federal supervision to prevent excessive issues of bonds and stock by railroads. Advises reorganization of certain departments of government to effect better co-operation and obtain more rapid and certain enforcement of laws affecting railroads and industrial combinations.

TARIFF REVISION: Announces that he will call a special session of Congress for March 15 at which Congress will be advised to consider only tariff matters. Urges revision of Dingley act to provide adequate revenue and adjust duties so as to afford labor and the industries tariff protection equal to the difference between the cost of production abroad and the cost of production at home.

REVENUE: Urges economical management to meet big national deficit. Advises adoption of graduated inheritance tax for revenue purposes.

PEACE: Favors promoting every instrumentality for the maintenance of international peace, but protests against foolish idealism and declares we must remain armed as long as other nations do.

IMMIGRATION: Declares foreigners in this country must be protected and asks that the President be empowered to enforce our foreign treaty regulations in the States and cities of the Union.

FINANCIAL SYSTEM: Urges changes in monetary and banking laws and insists that postal savings banks must be established.

FOREIGN TRADE: Asks Congress to promote establishment of direct steamship lines between North and South America by providing mail subsidies. Lays stress on importance of developing oriental and Philippine trade.

PANAMA CANAL: Insists work is progressing satisfactorily, declares lock system is feasible and urges that we coöperate with, instead of harassing, those in charge of the work.

COLONIES: Urges free trade between Philippines and United States.

THE SOUTH: Advocates State laws to prevent domination of an ignorant electorate. Says negro must be encouraged and that recognizing distinguished colored men by appointing them to office is evidence of appreciation of their conduct, but expresses doubt as to advisability of insisting upon such appointments in communities where racial feeling is strong.

LABOR: Favors employers' liability laws and general adoption of good safety devices. Upholds use of injunctions in labor disputes, but would place limitations on power of court in issuing temporary restraining orders. Denounces secondary boycotts.

Among the Magazines



THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

It is Sunday morning, the day of peace and rest. The blatant, bulky newspapers are unfolded. The children pounce upon the colored "comic" supplements. They spread them out upon the floor, and soon their innocent laughter resounds through the rooms. The parents beam upon them; it is a sort of new "children's hour," though it be not Longfellow's. The parents turn to their own sections of the paper. They feast upon Macbethian banquets of the world's assorted horrors. The little ones are engrossed in the mishaps of Happy Hooligan or Alphonse and Gaston or in the demoniacal ingenuity of the Katzenjammer Kids.

Yet while the minds of the adults have been dwelling upon the murder, dishonesty, unhappiness, and vice so entertainingly supplied by the papers, the impressionable minds of the children have been saturated with a debauchery of fancy, a harmful travesty of Life and Truth as baneful in its effect as the black news of reality. They have been feeding upon a hypnotic moral poison—the clownish crudities of the supplement. But how few parents seem to realize the insidious effect of these coarse and malignant horrors perpetrated as jokes upon their tender children!

It has been said that in America every story or play ends with a marriage, while the European novel or drama usually begins with one. So it appears that in America all serial jokes must end in some one being maltreated, blown to pieces, or battered to a jelly. These silly and pointless creations sink to lower and more fatuous extremes of absurdity week by week. The climax is unvarying and always disastrous—some wretched human being or animal torn to shreds or whirled about like a rag. The older folk are always the victims of the younger; they are always blind, deaf, and dumb imbeciles, the youngsters always marvels of resource and invention, with a sense of the ludicrous tremendously developed.

Years ago a hue and cry was raised against the evil influence of a book called "Peck's Bad Boy." It was wretched stuff, and soon forgotten. Very young children were unable to read it, so its power for tutoring them into disrespect or rebellion against their elders was insignificant. But the wide-reaching evil influence of these cheap and crude pictorial representations of cruelty, cunning, trickery, and brutality is momentous and immediate. It is, in fact, a national peril, and students of juvenile crime can no longer ignore its influence upon the receptive infant mind. It is a well-known biological and psychological law that the mimetic tendency of children is particularly strong in the domain of the reprehensible. To laugh at the discomfiture of an elder person to whom affection is owing, to seek revenge by underhanded means, to betray guileless and trusting confidence, to be selfish, untruthful, brutal, and crafty, these are the qualities of the heroes of the comic supplements.

Were a person to enter a household and induce the young people to indulge in malicious practical jokes, he

would soon be shown the door by the irate master of the house. Yet every Sunday morning such a visitor is received by the parents, nay, even welcomed, for it "amuses the children."

Proper pictorial amusement is easily and cheaply obtainable. The child should never be permitted to be merely amused. That which induces his laugh should also impart a lesson, however mild or subtle. The comic supplement is not comic, it is incipiently criminal. It appeals to one of the basest traits in human nature—joy at another's misfortune. It wrecks the conceptions of right and wrong in the unformed minds of the young. You parents who say these things "amuse" your children, can you afford the price you will hereafter pay for this indulgence? Pause and ponder.—Herman Scheffauer in March Lippincott's.



ENGINEERS REPORT IN FAVOR OF LOCK CANAL.

In the course of his message to Congress accompanying the report of the engineers who inspected the Panama Canal with President-elect Taft, President Roosevelt hit the nail squarely on the head when he stated that any criticism on the present lock plan "is merely an attack on the policy of building any canal at all."

The President's statement is literally true, for the experience already gained in building the very much less costly lock canal proves that the cost of a sea-level canal would be prohibitive. The estimate of the Taft Board of Engineers places the total cost of the lock canal at \$360,000,000. Some of this increased cost is due to improvements and enlargements of the original plan, and much of it to the steadily increasing cost of labor and material. To complete the canal at sea level would take, we believe, nearly twice as long as to complete it on the present plan. It is likely that the cost of labor and material will continue to increase as the years go by; and the greater length of time, coupled with this ever-increasing labor and materials expense, would bring the cost of the sea-level type up to at least \$500,000,000. It is an open secret that the compelling motive in the construction of this work is the possibility of an acute crisis in the world politics of the Pacific Ocean and the Far East. So swiftly do matters move in this present age, that an international crisis of the first magnitude might easily have arrived and passed, long before the ten years necessary to complete a sea-level canal had gone by.

Furthermore, a sea-level canal carrying a bottom width of only 200 feet for the greater part of its length, would be impossible of safe navigation by the ships of the future, which, many of them, will be not less than 900 feet in length by 110 feet in beam. This would leave but 40 feet of clearance between the ship and the side of the canal; and should a vessel of this length take a sudden sheer in the four or five knot current which would prevail at certain times, due to the 10 feet difference of level of the oceans at each end of the canal, she would be into

the bank before she could be controlled. The lock canal will have but $4\frac{3}{4}$ miles of narrow channel (a sea-level canal would have 40 miles), and for 20 to 30 miles of its length, the ships will be traveling in channels from 500 to 1,000 feet wide and from 45 to 75 feet deep. Because of the higher speed possible in the deeper channels, it will take less time to traverse the lock canal.

The report of the engineers, all of whom are specialists of high reputation in hydraulic work, is a unanimous and unusually strong indorsement of the present lock canal in every feature of its construction. Indeed, the report goes so far as to state that greater caution has been exercised than is strictly necessary, and it suggests lowering the crest of the dam by 20 feet, or from 50 to 30 feet above the level of the water against the dam. The engineers also favor increasing the minimum width at the bottom of the canal for a distance of 4.7 miles through the Culebra cut. In the opinion of the Board, "the work is well organized and is being energetically conducted," and they "see no reason why the canal should not be completed by January 1, 1915."—Scientific American.



BREATHING DUST.

A woman, essaying work in certain rooms in certain cordage factories, has, for initiation, an attack of "mill fever." It is a cold, a temperature, a loss of voice, a lassitude. It keeps the patient to her house for a few days. Passing off, it yields in time to a hoarseness, an asthmatic habit, enfeebling, chronic, in many cases.

These facts, long familiar to older countries, were substantiated for this country in 1905 through the extraordinarily painstaking investigation conducted by Miss Mabel Parton on behalf of the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston and the Federation of Women's Clubs of Massachusetts. Eleven of sixteen doctors elaborately interviewed by Miss Parton stated, from wide experience among cordage factory operatives, that chronic asthma, chronic catarrh, and chronic bronchitis were unduly prevalent among them.

This is certainly bad. But is it because of something inherent, something irremovable, in the making of cords, ropes, twines? Not precisely. Precisely, it is because of dust, extremely removable dust.

When we see men metal-polishers dying by the hundred of throat and lung diseases, because of the dust which rises into their nostrils when they press metal objects against whirling wheels of emery, corundum, carborundum, we do not say: "Industry is bad for men." We say: "Dust is bad for men." So, sometimes, we put hoods over the whirling wheels and attach pipes to the hoods and place suction fans in the pipes.

On top of one of the buildings of a big manufacturing company in Chicago there is a pipe through which, thick as cinders from a smokestack, come hurled, swirled, scattering, pattering, fine metal particles, drawn up from the rooms beneath, sifted to rifted drifts all over the roof by the wind, lying there a heavy, hell-hued snowstorm of lead, iron, brass. It was all of it in the air of the rooms beneath, breathed by the men, two years ago.

A suction fan can carry metal. It can carry flax fiber. Neither men nor women really need breathe a harmful quantity of any kind of dust, metallic or vegetable.—From "The Woman's Invasion," in the March Everybody's.



FOR REAL AND COMPLETE EDUCATION.

In the great movement for educational reform or readjustment the Religious Educational Association has an

important function. It devotes itself to those aspects of education, public and private, which the advocates of industrial training only incidentally touch upon.

It has often been pointed out in these pages that many of the sweeping and violent attacks on our educational system are weak on their constructive side. But the work of the Religious Educational Association is open to no such criticism. The association has definite, positive aims, and they are aims with which every thoughtful parent or teacher cannot fail to sympathize deeply. If education is to be vital and complete, if it is to train citizens and members of society, if it is to form character, it must attend to the emotional as well as to the intellectual needs of the school population. The three R's are fundamental, but they are only tools, after all. They may be used for immoral and criminal purposes, and they may give the evil-minded advantages over the ignorant and simple. It has been justly said that manual and industrial training has moral and disciplinary value, but the child requires more direct emotional and moral education.

It is the privilege and duty of the association to awaken the country to the full meaning of the ideal in education, "a sound mind in a sound body." A sound mind is distinguished by reverence, by loyalty, by a strong sense of social duty and human worth. No child is born with these qualities; they must be cultivated and developed.

How to cultivate them in an essentially secular system of education is the great American problem. At national and even international conventions the best educators and genuine moral leaders of the world are discussing it, together with allied and secondary topics, and the earnest discussion is bound to bear fruit. Lincoln week was itself an object lesson in the need and possibility of spiritual and ethical education. Fidelity, moral courage, appreciation of beauty of character, charity and good will can be inculcated in various ways, both in the school and the home.—Chicago Record-Herald.



SUCCESSFUL MARKET GARDENING.

WE are situated about twenty-two miles from New York city on the north side of Long Island. Have been in the truck business from boyhood. We have about thirty-seven acres of nearly level land; good soil, a little heavy but well drained; underlaid with clay, and hard pan under that. About four acres are in yard and orchard, from which we receive little or no income. The rest (with the exception of about six acres which is in hay) is under the plow, comprising about twenty-seven acres,—quite a small piece for this section where farms average about 100 acres.

Through the winter we haul home manure which we purchase in New York. It is landed at the dock, about one and a half miles from our place, in large scows carrying from eighty to 150 cords. A cord consists of about two and a half tons. It costs from \$2 to \$2.50 per cord. It is carted during the winter on wagons or sleighs, and spread as carted. About April 1 we begin to plow it under for potatoes.

The ground is then harrowed, followed with a machine potato-planter. We use about 1,200 pounds of high-grade fertilizer. We plant twelve inches apart, the rows being twenty-eight inches apart. Just before the sprouts appear we go over the field with the

weeder once or twice. As soon as we can see the rows we begin cultivating deep with a riding cultivator. Then they are worked at least once a week, but not deep, either with cultivator or weeder. With the weeder we go across the rows, as this way does not pull out so many potatoes.

About June 15 we commence to spray with the Bordeaux mixture, and if necessary add Paris green or white arsenic for bugs. We continue spraying about once in ten or twelve days until vines are dead.

The potatoes are dug with a machine digger which elevates the dirt and potatoes and shakes the potatoes out on top of the dirt.

By the time we finish planting potatoes we begin to plow under manure in another field for early sweet corn, and by May 1 we are ready to plant. We plant in hills four feet apart each way, using about 800 pounds of fertilizer per acre, putting it on top of the hill after the corn is planted and working it in with the weeder. We plant five grains in a hill. The corn is worked both ways with cultivators until it is taller than a man. Sometimes when it gets weedy we hand-hoe it, also. When it is breast high we pull off the suckers and thin it to three stalks in a hill. Of course, as the ground is rich there are a good many suckers (sometimes ten or more in a hill), and if we did not pull them out, the ears of corn would not be salable. As it is, the corn grows very large and commands the best prices. We plant, for early, Early Champion; followed by Long Island Beauty and Late Mammoth. We make plantings up to July 4 so as to have a succession until frost.

Early in August we seed about six acres of corn with clover and timothy and cultivate the seed in, both ways. In the spring we roll the stalks down and sow about 150 pounds of nitrate of soda per acre, and generally get a very heavy yield of hay the next year. This sod is plowed for sweet corn or cabbage.

About June 1 we commence to set out tomato plants for late. We raise no early ones. The plants sometimes are raised under glass, but often we grow them in the open in a sheltered spot. The variety is Stone. When frost time comes we pick off the large unripe tomatoes and ripen them under glass or in sheds.

About July 1 we set cabbage plants on well-manured land (with about 1,500 pounds of fertilizer drilled in with a potato planter and cross marked). We set them two feet and a half apart. Of course we have to set them after a rain. The varieties are mostly Purple Top and Danish Ball. We also grow some red and Savoy cabbage.

The first part of August we commence to pull sweet corn and dig potatoes for market. Having good macadamized roads and heavy market wagons weighing about 2,800 pounds, we can carry from four to five

tons on a load. We drive away in the afternoon, take ferry, and get to New York market in six or seven hours. The horses are stabled and we go to bed; and in the summer are up at three o'clock to sell our load. The market wagons stand in an open square in long lines. The lines are about forty feet apart, giving room for the grocers and peddlers to drive through and buy. It is a sight well worth seeing on an early morning in the summer time during the corn season. The long lines of farmers' wagons, the street full and blocked with the buyers (sometimes four abreast), everybody shouting and talking, and every one in a great hurry.

Now the financial part of this. Of course much depends on the season, how the crops grow and how the prices are. I will give you a statement of 1906 yields and prices:

10 acres potatoes, 900 bbls. @ \$1.90	\$1,710.00
Potato culls, 50 bbls. @ \$1.25	62.50
2 acres tomatoes, 815 crates	857.00
5½ acres cabbages, 19,400	796.00
½ acre Savoy cabbages	25.00
8 acres sweet corn, 52,800	694.45
Hay	162.00
Cabbage seed	100.00

Total receipts\$4,406.95

You can see from this statement that the potato crop was above the average that year, but the price was much below. The tomato crop brought an unusual price. But our cabbage crop was very poor, one-third of it rotted in the stump, and that which we kept until spring brought almost nothing on account of the glut in the market, caused by new cabbage from the South.
—*Farm Journal*.



The Theory.

The single eyeglass is worn by the dude. The theory is that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.—United Presbyterian.



A Request.

A parent who evidently disapproved of corporal punishment wrote the teacher:

"Dear Miss: Don't hit our Johnnie. We never do it at home except in self-defense."—Sacred Heart Review.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—494 acres in Mexico \$950. On Southern Pacific Railway in Sinaloa. The New California and Coming Country. Rich soil. Level. Bank and Government References. W. S. Hunt, Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

The International Sunday-School Lessons

FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

EUREKA INDESTRUCTIBLE POST

FIELD POST (Cheap as cedar. Made where used. Great inducements to agents. Address, with stamp, W. A. DICKEY, North Manchester, Ind)

Your Children

speak in the language of the twentieth century. In school, they are taught the language of the present day. Is it natural then, that in their Bible study, they should be expected to understand the English of the seventeenth century? The



Edited by the American Revision Committee

is for you and your children. It is the Bible truth revealed in the clear, simple language of the twentieth century.

24-page Booklet Sent Free

This book tells about the previous translations of the Scriptures and shows how, by the growth, change and development of the English language in the past 300 years, the American Standard Bible became a real necessity. The booklet tells also of the thirty years of effort spent in producing the American Standard Bible and gives many endorsements from prominent clergymen and religious writers of all denominations, with names of colleges and institutions where it is used.

A postal will bring the booklet—write for it to-day

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

Holmes' Green Prolific Pole Lima Bean

Grows Green—Dries Green—Stays Green—Most Prolific

Equals the Early Jersey or any other variety for earliness. More productive than any other Pole Lima we have ever seen grow. Every Bean has that true, distinct, deep grass green color, and this color it retains when the Beans are shelled for market. The large pods hang in clusters of from five to eight, each pod containing from five to six beans.

Stock extremely limited. Positively only three papers will be sold to any one person. Pkts. containing six beans, 25 cents; 3 pkts., 50 cents.

Holmes' Delicious Early Sweet Corn

Entirely new and distinct. Very early. Ready for market in 55 days. The most delicious Early Corn grown. Has twelve rows to the cob, and each stalk bears two or three well-developed ears.

Stock extremely limited. Pkt. containing enough seed for three hills, 25 cents; 3 pkts., 50 cents. Positively not more than three pkts. sold to any one customer.

Fuller description of both above Novelties will be found in our Hand Book on Seeds which is sent free for the asking.

No other seed house can offer these two sterling novelties this year

HOLMES SEED CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

TAKE NOTICE

Are you seeking for health, wealth, happiness, beautiful scenery, fine weather, good schools, and splendid church privileges? If so, come to Reedley, Fresno County, Cal. Located in the famous San Joaquin Valley, where you can enjoy yourself all the year around. Land is not so high yet but what you can get a home. Land is worth from \$10.00 to \$1,000 an acre and steadily advancing in price. It so happens that Reedley lies at the intersecting of two great railroads, the Santa Fe and the Southern Pacific. This gives us an excellent train service and good shipping facilities. Reedley soil under extensive irrigation has proved remarkably productive and the location, near the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains, is a location that cannot be surpassed for the raising of almost any kind of fruit and nuts and all kinds of vegetables. You can raise some kinds of vegetables every day in the year. The "Square Deal for All" is our rule. For further information address

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Reedley, California, Box 602

NEFF'S CORNER

I used to deal in books, and in clearing out some plunder today I found a few left-overs I had forgotten I had. Now, I'd like to give them away and I propose the following plan. The Lord's work in New Mexico needs finances and if you will help me, we will give these books to the Lord for the support of his work in New Mexico. I have 19 copies of "Daniel the Fearless," by G. B. Royer, my price, post paid, 20 cents per copy; 13 copies of "Path to Wealth," a large volume bound in red leather, an excellent work on financial success from the Bible standpoint, former price, \$2.50, my price \$1.00, post paid; 2 copies "Mr. World and Miss Churchmembers," 60 cents each, post paid; 2 copies Pilgrim's Progress, 15 cents each, post paid; 1 copy "Life and Work of Dr. Talmage," a large illustrated, half-morocco bound volume, former price, \$3.50, my price, post paid, \$1.00; 20 copies of my own little book, "How About Your Bible?" 25 cents each. Send for some of these books. You have neighbors who will join you in making up an order if you show them this announcement, and every cent you send me, over and above cost of mailing the books, I will put into the New Mexico mission fund. Don't wait long. You know we soon forget. Remit any way you like. Address:

JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis,

New Mexico.

Buckeye Pure Home Made

APPLE BUTTER



is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all.

Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

The Home Model Washer

Contains new features that should concern all who are in need of a washer. By means of a thumbscrew, the lever can be quickly set for long or short leverage, for light or heavy work, a good feature.

The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address:

WM. S. MILLER,
Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.



OWN A HOME

In the Land of Health and Wealth

Here's an opportunity to make a fortune. It's not a chance—not a risk—but a **positive opportunity**. And combined with this opportunity of wealth, is an offer of culture, education, pleasure and health—for your family as well as yourself.

Clear blue skies, pure air, mild winters, comfortable summers, beautiful scenery, together with excellent church privileges, good schools, pleasant neighbors and **big crops**—they're all to be found at

—Miami Ranch—

18,000 acres of land in Colfax County, New Mexico's choicest farming section. Not a lonesome, dreary tract of land in a boundless desert, but a rich, cheerful valley surrounded by picturesque mountains.

Elk, deer, bear and other game can be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild ducks and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through the ranch, is famous throughout the Central West for its mountain trout.

The MIAMI RANCH is specially adapted to the raising of wheat, oats, barley, sugar beets and fruit. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's

Fair in Chicago; and apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to MIAMI RANCH won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 per acre.

At the National Irrigation Congress Interstate Exposition held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October, Colfax County won the \$400.00 Silver Cup for the best showing in varied resources, embracing agriculture, horticulture, minerals and live stock. Conditions in northern New Mexico for stock and poultry raising and dairying cannot be excelled.

WONDERFUL IRRIGATION SYSTEM

Although the average annual rainfall at MIAMI RANCH is 13.92 inches and the heaviest fall is during June, July and August, when it is most needed, the owners of the MIAMI RANCH have constructed ditches and storage reservoirs which give such an abundant supply of water to all lands which they offer for cultivation as to insure the biggest crops possible for any soil to raise. The irrigation system is in charge of an expert who furnishes instruction in irrigation to the farmers. Every opportunity possible is offered you to make your life a success on MIAMI RANCH.

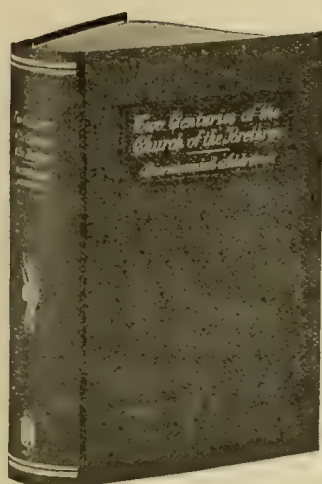
Less than half fare rates can be secured to MIAMI RANCH via the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railroad, the first and third Tuesdays of every month. Write for more information regarding these excursions and also ask for our free booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about MIAMI RANCH and shows illustrations of actual scenes on the ranch.

Prompt action is necessary if you want to take advantage of the present bargain offers being made. Write today—right away.

Farmers Development Company SPRINGER, NEW MEXICO

Two Centuries of the Church of the Brethren

Or the Beginnings of the Brotherhood



This book is a fitting souvenir of the Bicentennial conference and is enjoying the large sale it so well deserves.

The introduction is written by Prof. M. G. Brumbaugh. The arrangement of the twenty-four addresses is the work of Eld. D. L. Miller. The book is embellished with Twenty-five Full-page Photogravure Effect Portraits.

These illustrations consist, for the most part, of portraits of the speakers who delivered the Bicentennial Addresses at the Des Moines Annual Conference. The frontispiece presents a splendid likeness of the five men composing the Bicentennial Program Committee.

SUBJECTS AND SPEAKERS

The Church in the Fatherland: (1) The Conditions in Germany about 1708. M. G. Brumbaugh, Pennsylvania. (2) The Birth of the Schwarzenau Congregation and its Activities.—T. T. Myers, Pennsylvania.

The Church in Colonial America: (1) The Mother Church at Germantown and her Children.—G. N. Falkenstein, Pennsylvania. (2) The Church Before the Revolution.—J. W. Wayland, Virginia.

The Church in the United States: (1) The Growth to the Mississippi.—J. G. Royer, Illinois. (2) The Growth to the Pacific.—Edward Frantz, Kansas.

The Voice of God Through the Church: (1) What the Church has Heard from God.—L. W. Teeter, Indiana. (2) What the Church has Done with the Message.—J. W. Lear, Illinois.

What the Church Stands For—Her Doctrines.—H. C. Early, Virginia.

Church Polity.—I. D. Parker, Indiana.

The Higher Spiritual Life of the Church.—A. C. Wieand, Illinois.

The Church and the Great Moral Issues of Civilization—Liberty, Temperance, Divorce, Peace, etc.—Daniel Hays, Virginia.

The Work of Women in the Church.—T. S. Moherman, Ohio; Adaline Hohf Beery, Pennsylvania.

The Sunday-school Work of the Church: (1) The Importance of the Sunday-school Work. I. B. Trout, Illinois. (2) The Growth of the Sunday-school Movement.—Elizabeth Myer, Pennsylvania.

The Missionary Work of the Church: (1) The Development of Missions in the Church.—Galen B. Royer, Illinois. (2) The Influence of Missions on the Church.—William M. Howe, Pennsylvania.

The Educational Work of the Church: (1) Early Educational Activities.—S. Z. Sharp, Colorado. (2) Present Educational Activities.—J. S. Flory, Virginia.

The Publications of the Church: History of Growth and Development.—H. B. Brumbaugh, Pennsylvania.

The Philanthropies of the Church: (1) The Church's Care for the Aged and Orphans.—Frank Fisher, Indiana. (2) The Gish Fund and the Care of Superannuated Ministers and Missionaries.—J. E. Miller, Illinois.

Our Pioneer Preachers.—J. H. Moore, Illinois.

BINDINGS AND PRICES

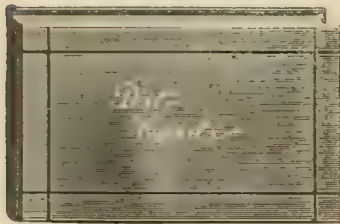
The book is printed on good stock and substantially bound. Back and side titles are printed in white foil on cloth book, and in pure gold on the half leather binding. Four hundred pages.

Price, in artistic cloth,	\$1.50
Half leather, gilt top,	2.50

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Post Card Albums

Our albums are of the most popular size and shape and will please you. They are of the substantial kind and yet neat in appearance. All we ask is that you send us a trial order.



No. 1101.

No. 1101.—Handy Style. Bound in black silk cloth, plain, side title stamped in white. Size, $5 \times 7\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Holds 100 cards, 1 to the page.

Price, prepaid, 45 cents



No. 2201.

No. 2201.—Small quarto style. Size $7 \times 9\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Bound in black silk cloth, plain side title stamped in white. Holds 200 cards, 2 to the page.

Price, prepaid,70 cents

No. 2202.—Same as No. 2201 only bound in olive green cloth, with assorted stamping.

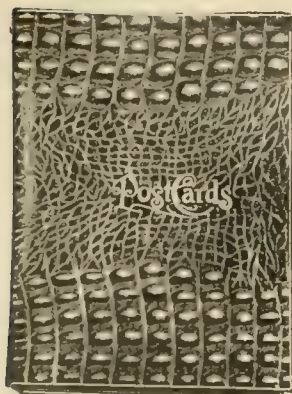
Price, prepaid,70 cents



No. 3301.

No. 3301.—Medium quarto style. Size, $9 \times 11\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Bound in black silk cloth, plain, side title stamped in white. To hold 300 cards, 3 to a page.

Price, prepaid,\$1.15



No. 7101.

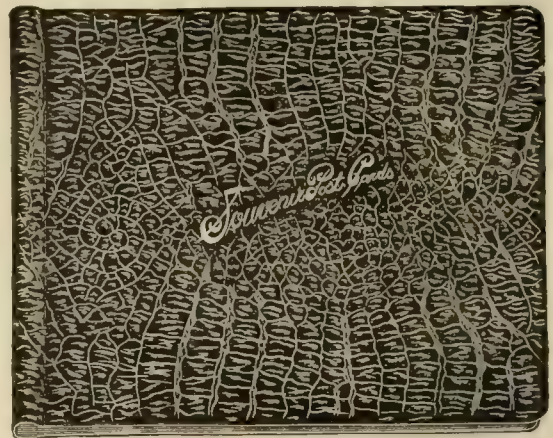
No. 7101.—Royal Post Card Album. Bound in black "Viennese" Imitation Leather. Walrus Grain. Holds 100 cards, 1 to a page. Size, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches. Gilt title on side.

Price, prepaid,65 cents

No. 4922.—Royal "Viennese" Post Card Album. Bound in black Viennese Hornback Alligator Grain Binding. Holds 200 cards, 2 to a page. Size, $8\frac{1}{2} \times 10\frac{3}{4}$. Gilt title on side.

Price, prepaid,\$1.25

No. 4922½.—Same as 4922, only holds 300 cards. Price, prepaid,\$1.50

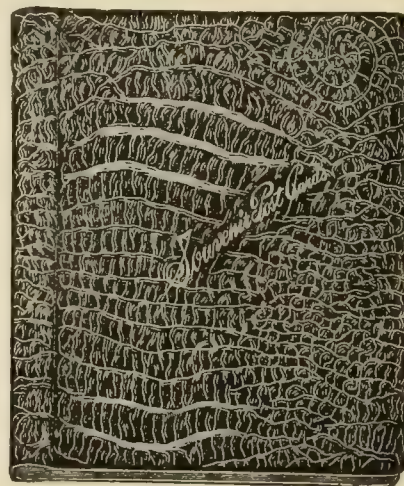


No. 7004.

No. 7004.—Royal Black "Viennese" Post Card Album. Bound in imitation leather—Sea Lion Grain—with Gilt title on side. Size, $10\frac{1}{4} \times 15\frac{1}{2}$. Holds 500 cards with 4 to a page. "Viennese" looks like Genuine Leather and wears better.

Price, prepaid,\$2.50

No. 9101.—Royal Padded "Viennese" Cover Post Card Albums. Bound in "Viennese" Imitation Leather, Black Walrus Grain. Gilt title on side. Size, $9\frac{3}{4} \times 6$. 100 cards to album, 1 to a page. Artistic "Deckle Edge" leaves. Price, prepaid,\$1.00



No. 9102.

No. 9102.—Royal Padded Cover Post Card Album. Viennese Covers. Imitation Leather. Black Walrus Grain. Size $9\frac{1}{2} \times 11\frac{1}{2}$. Gilt title on side. Holds 300 cards, 2 to a page. "Deckle Edge" leaves. New and artistic.

Price, prepaid, \$2.

POST CARDS.

We list a very complete line of first class post cards. All are excellent values and sure to please. We purchase in large quantities and offer you our goods as cheap as many inferior lines. Ask for our general catalog in which we list all our post cards.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.



A Sample of the Oat Fields in the Nanton District.

BOUNTIFUL HARVESTS

The prosperous settlers of Sunny Southern Alberta have harvested and threshed enormous crops the past year. The wheat yield on some fields was as high as fifty bushels per acre. The oats yield was as high as one hundred and thirty bushels per acre. The crop on one acre brings enough money to buy two acres! Could you want anything better?

We have just secured, and are now offering for sale, 50,000 acres in the Nanton District where already there is established a large and prosperous settlement of the Brethren.

Our prices are \$9.00 per acre and up, on easy terms—ten years to pay for land when the purchaser settles on the land. Excursions every week. Cheap rates and railroad fare refunded to purchasers of 320 acres or more.

For particulars, address,

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO. (R. R. Stoner, Pres.),

430 Temple Court

MINNEAPOLIS,

- - -

MINNESOTA

\$25 TO CALIFORNIA, From Kansas City.

\$33 TO CALIFORNIA, . . . From Chicago.

A NEW COLONY

After an extended tour of investigation and careful consideration the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY decided to locate its first colony in the famous San Joaquin Valley, California, near the center of the State. This is a fine section of country, with mild, short winters. Grains, grasses, fruits, berries and vegetables of about all kinds are grown here successfully, from oranges, and other citrus fruits, to the most hardy plants of the more northern climate.

EMPIRE

is the name of the new Town and Colony. It is located on the main line of the Santa Fe railroad, in Stanislaus County, five miles east of Modesto, the county-seat, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

This is not a new, undeveloped country. All the colony lands are under cultivation, wheat, oats, barley, etc., being the principal crops, until the installation of the Modesto-Turlock Irrigation system, one of the finest in the State, since which the more intensive methods of farming have been followed, because of the greater profits.

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

LOW RATES FOR COLONISTS.

During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal.

Our next party of Colonists will leave Chicago Tuesday, March 9. Prospective Colonists and Tourists are invited to join this party. For further information write to

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind., Modesto, Cal.

Or S. F. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK

March 23, 1909

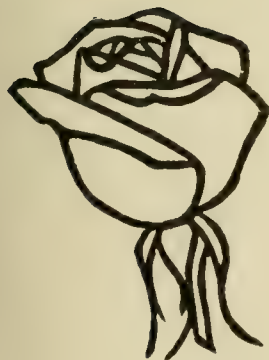
One Dollar Per Year

A Hymn of Peace

Breath of the Lord that moved of old
Through chaos of the quickening earth,
Till the wide heavens in light unrolled,
And the sun and star and flower had birth,



Breathe on this warring world of men,
To bid its strife and tumult cease;
Till stars of morning sing again,
With Sons of God, the Song of Peace.



Still on the waters broods thy power;
Through all our discords echoes still
The music of that later hour,
"Peace on the earth! in heaven goodwill!"

Teach thou our hearts that nobler song
Of nobler souls by truth set free,
Till the full chorus, sweet and strong,
From thy glad earth goes up to thee.

—Emily Huntington Miller.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Low Rates to Pacific Coast

One Way Colonist
Tickets Only

\$25.00 From Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma

\$33.00 From Chicago

Via

Union Pacific

Every Day in
March and April

Great opportunity for CHURCH EXTENSION
BY COLONIZATION.

All points in California, Oregon, Washington
and Idaho reached by this route. Write for rates
and stop-over privileges.

There will be specially conducted excursions
to California, March 1st and 11th.

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.

Isaiah Wheeler, Oklahoma City, Okla.
or Cerro Gordo, Ill.

"Mention Inglenook When You Write"

"Real Art" Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Eight designs and fourteen texts as follows:



No. 54. (Greatly reduced.)

- 50. The Lord is Thy Keeper.
- 51. He Careth for You.
- 52. In Me Is Thine Help.
- 53. Shew Piety at Home.
- 54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.

- 55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
- 56. Looking Unto Jesus.
- 57. Ye Belong to Christ.
- 58. God Is a Refuge for Us.
- 59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
- 60. God Is Our Refuge and Strength.
- 61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
- 62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
- 63. Who Daily Loadeth Us with Benefits.



No. 60. (Greatly reduced.)

Price, each, postpaid, only 25 cents; Set of eight designs, postpaid, \$1.50.

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

The Busy Man's Friend

By PROF. J. L. NICHOLS, A. M.

Author of the Business Guide, Household Guide, Search Lights, Farmers' Manual, Safe Citizenship, Etc.

and

H. H. GOODRICH, A. M.

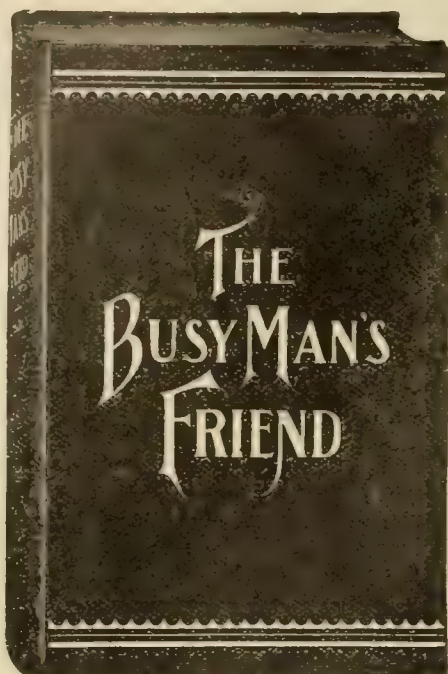
Attorney at Law.

PARTIAL TABLE OF CONTENTS.

THE HOWS OF BUSINESS. NOTES, how to write, collect, and transfer; RECEIPTS, how to write; different forms; ORDERS, how to write; DUE BILLS, how to write; CHECKS, how to write and present; different forms; DRAFTS, hints and helps on writing; BILL OF EXCHANGE; BANKS, how to do business with; DEBT, how to demand payment; MONEY, how to send by mail; ARBITRATION; AGENTS, how to do business with; POWER OF ATTORNEY, DEBTS, how to collect; POINTS OF LAW AND LEGAL FORMS; THE BUSY MAN'S DIGEST OF LAWS; PRACTICAL INFORMATION FOR BUSY MEN; COMPUTATIONS AT SIGHT. A cloth-bound book of 256 pages.

Reduced Price.

In order to close out the few remaining copies of this valuable book we have reduced the price one-half. Post-paid, 25 cents.



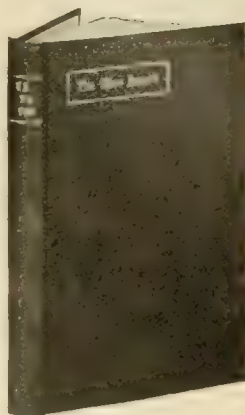
Size 4½ x 6½ Inches.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

OLIVE BRANCH OF PEACE

AND GOOD WILL TO MEN

Elders S. F. Sanger and D. Hays



An interesting history of what the Brethren and Mennonites endured during the Civil War period because of their Anti-war principles.

“Upon the whole, the object in publishing this little volume especially as it relates to the Civil War is threefold: ‘First, to give a true and faithful record of the sufferings and experiences of these Christian People.

“Second, to testify to God’s goodness in protecting them.

“Third, to strengthen the faith of Christians who may yet be required to suffer persecution for the sake of Christ and his Gospel of good will to men.”

One of our agents reports: “I took 12 orders for the book in one hour. It sells on its own merit.” Ask for terms to agents.

Bound in cloth. Two hundred and thirty-two pages. Back and side title stamped in gold. Illustrated. Do not fail to order a copy.

Price, postpaid,75 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE BRETHREN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Prof. John S. Flory, Ph D.

Every one who has read this book is ready to speak a word of commendation.

"I have read with much interest Prof. Flory's book, 'Literary Activity of the



Brethren in the Eighteenth Century.' It is, no doubt, one of the very best contributions to our historical literature that has yet appeared. The style is transparent and pleasing. The most striking feature of the book is the scholarly conservatism which characterizes every state-

ment. Some of our writers have been disposed to jump at conclusions. This is not true of Prof. Flory. He always gives his readers the benefit of the doubt. The book is just what one would expect of its author, —A Great Book."—P. B. Fitzwater, Principal of Bible Dept., Manchester College.

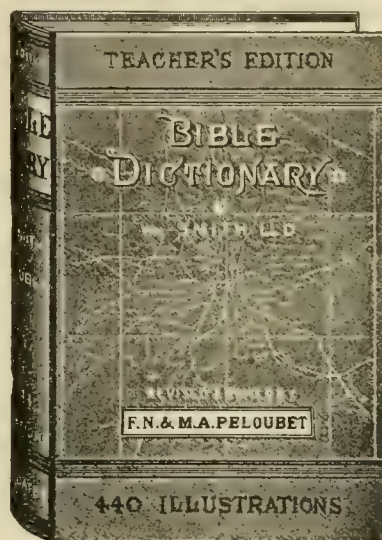
"I wish to express my appreciation of 'Literary Activity of the Brethren in the Eighteenth Century,' by Prof. John S. Flory, Ph. D. I consider it a very valuable contribution to our church literature. The author is to be congratulated for the thorough treatment of his subject. His style is easy and attractive. It is a readable book and ought to find its way into many homes." —Prof. T. T. Myers, Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

Bound in cloth, 335 pages,\$1.25

Brethren Publishing House
Elgin, Illinois

Smith-Peloubet Dictionary of the Bible

Teacher's Edition



Maps and 440 illustrations. We have no hesitancy in saying that this is one of the best Bible dictionaries. It has been carefully revised and edited by Revs. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Just the sort of book that you need.

Bound in cloth, 818 pages.

Publishers' Price,\$2.00

Our Price, 1.25

(Postage extra, 25 cents.)

Bound in sheep, marble edges.

Publishers' Price,\$3.00

Our Price, 2.10

(Postage extra, 25 cents.)

**Brethren Publishing
House**
Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

HOMESEEKER'S ROUND TRIP RATES IN EFFECT THROUGHOUT THIS YEAR

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

One Way Second-Class Colonist Fares, Tickets on Sale Every Day, March 1 to April 30, 1909 to All Points in Idaho on the Oregon Short Line R. R.

From Chicago, Illinois,	\$33.00
From St. Louis, Mo.,	\$30.50
From Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive,	\$25.00
From Milwaukee, Wis.,	\$33.00
From Peoria, Ill.,	\$30.35

From Bloomington, Ill.,	\$31.20
From Memphis, Tenn.,	\$36.00
From St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota,	\$25.00
From Des Moines, Iowa,	\$27.70
From Sioux City, Iowa,	\$26.95

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

March 23, 1909.

No. 12.

THE COMMON SCHOOL TEACHER

D. D. THOMAS

THE profession of the teacher cannot be valued too highly. In these American schools he wields an influence that for elevation of character in integrity and power is excelled by none. His work, it is true, deals only with the "moral duties" of life. The Christian "positive duties" are left to the minister, the Sunday-school teacher, and the workers at home. How well they perform their work does not come within the scope of this paper to assert.

The teacher lives within a sphere of trust to the guardian of the child's life. "Here," says he, "you take my child and mold his life, direct his way to usefulness and happiness. I give you full control. Do your work well," and the teacher realizes that a great work is before him. His responsibility is threefold, to the parent, to the child and to his God. But he knows from the start that his greatest responsibility is to his God, and his greatest power comes from him.

He takes up his work with a song. To brood over the affairs of life, to become peevish or morose is not within the sphere of a teacher. His is a song. He who cannot be influenced by the happiness and gayety of children had better go chop wood, or do something to give his blood circulation; at least, there is stagnation somewhere. His is a song, duplicated, enlarged, made grander, and becomes immortal.

The mind of the teacher is creative, using the material there is at hand. This implies resourcefulness. He does not come to his wits' end. He builds a castle for each prince and princess and bids them step in, showing them the glory of the kingdom and the power of the king. He nips the bud of vanity, pruning down the shoots of pride, shows them the beauty of humility and the transcendency of virtue. And at every turn the picture is changed that their eyes may feast thereon.

The teacher is the normal reformer. He begins where the reform becomes a growth. A true reform is accomplished in no other way. The plastic mind of

the child is filled with clear ideas of right and wrong, and strengthened with the growth of years.

The adult may have right ideas but wrong practices. He admits what is right but does what is wrong. Or if he succeeds in overcoming he is not assured that he will not go back to his old practices again. His reform has come late. Not so with the teacher's work. One is reminded of this in the history of the temperance work. Hardly is the teacher fully credited for what he has done here. The knowledge of the effect of alcohol on the system faithfully taught by the teacher for twenty years is literally crowding out the liquor business. It is the grown up knowledge of its evil that has helped them to see that liquor was making tax, not paying it, was breeding poverty, not supporting it, was cherishing crime, not destroying it, and was a curse upon humanity in every way; and the ranks from such teaching are daily growing larger.

A few months ago in Indianapolis a couple were about to be married. The affair was to be celebrated with considerable pomp and expense. The ceremony was to be performed in the church. The wedding robes were donned. The happy pair were on their way to the church when the bride scented the fumes of whisky on the breath of the groom. Everything was stopped. The wedding was called off and the bride went back to her home. Wealth and high standing would not affect her. She preferred a single life rather than a husband whose lips touched the vile stuff. Her early teaching made her willing to stand forth in that critical hour for the right. Here is something noble. A bride who has the strength of character to stand out against the man she loved even at the very steps of the hymeneal altar, such fruit is a glory to the teacher's work.

Much of the teacher's work has been done with poor pay and unfavorable surroundings, though now one can see that his efforts are being crowned with better success. He is placed in a room better suited to the

health of the pupil, and more nearly furnished with proper apparatus needful to facilitate his work, and the spirit of the times seem to indicate that there are better things in store for him. Here again his teaching is shown but it is only through hard labor and self-sacrifice that he has accomplished his ends. The old barriers are slowly being broken down, and he seems to be stepping forth as the child's friend and a benefactor of the age. A teacher's work may be hindered but he still remains. The stocks of Philippi did not destroy a good preacher though his work seemed hindered. Like the dungeons of Rome with a Paul, so adversity with a true teacher should only brighten his work and intensify his glory.

A true teacher's life shines forth in his pupil. He prefers to be hidden away. He sits in the shadow and rejoices to see the pupil step forth into the sunshine of useful deeds and bright prospects. And when the pupil goes into the arena of life and wins laurels or shows bravery in defeat, this is the glory of the teacher. He thanks his Maker in his inmost heart that he has been accounted worthy to do so much for the bettering of the world. The world may not know but his God knows and that is enough. Why should not the last hour of the teacher's life be the most peaceful? He no doubt has made mistakes, an uncalled for rebuke, a correction unjustified, but he meant it well, and the child mind more readily forgives. He has been dealing with the purest epoch of human history. Their faces are nearest like the angel's. Their souls are most like the lilies for whiteness. His life should set as the evening sun, for the great Teacher has said of the child, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."



WE BOYS.

A. G. CROSSWHITE.

EVERY farm and every home, for that matter, has had some well-remembered spot that the grown-ups and scattered children look for on their return to the home of their childhood days.

Ours had several that were really more sacred to me than even the little bedroom north of the dining room and facing the winding brook that flowed through the meadow whose rippling, laughing waters so often sung us to sleep or waked us in the early morning as they dashed and foamed over succeeding ledges of rocks, waving back a stranger, sadder farewell than ever fell from human lips, for they told us that they were headed for the great boundless sea, and that we should see them no more.

We were taught that the farewells spoken by our departing friends, whether to a distant land or the "invisible beyond," would one day be exchanged for smiles and words of welcome when we cross to the other side, but not so this, for neither the little murmuring wavelets nor the message we send upon its

trembling, sparkling bosom shall ever return, nor shall we ever recognize "the water that has once turned the mill."

This condition of revery suited the quiet hour but there were days when the patter, patter of the summer shower drove us to the family sitting room where our ears were often greeted with the low hum of mother's spinning wheel. This was just as sweet as the murmuring stream, to be sure, but it was entirely too slow for growing boys. The creek was now rising and the big murky waves had turned the little fairy voices of the night into a big bass solo of commercial importance. Before the big drops ceased to fall or the rainbow appeared the boys had donned their old clothes and were ready to "shoot the rapids." There were other big (?) boys along the stream who liked the sport as well as myself. You see a boy counted himself big anywhere from twelve to sixteen years and big boys didn't miss a little patch of skin that was knocked off by the protruding rocks here and there, just so they caught hold of some object before they made the final plunge into the swimming hole. Pig troughs, rails and slabs that lay along the banks of the creek—in fact anything that was loose and possessed floating qualities went down with the tide either with a boy on top of it or it on top of a boy. It mattered little which just so the boy showed up at mealtime.

This swimming hole was not of large proportions but it looked big and deep to boys who had never been far from home. On the side of this pool was a smooth table rock large enough for a nice sunning place for several boys at a time or in their absence for snakes, turtles, and frogs in abundance, and being admirably shut off from public view by a fine lot of friendly willows it was a paradise for either class of animals above named.

But one thought of the old swimming hole brings a tinge of sadness. One evening we had company and everything was joyous and mirthful until it was suddenly discovered that a storm was approaching. All speedily assembled in the sitting room. The doors and shutters were closed and everything in readiness for the worst when the alarm was raised that our little brother was missing.

Every nook and corner was hastily searched but no account could be given of his presence for the past hour. The storm was now quite forgotten and all else in fact save the missing boy.

The news soon spread to the nearest neighbors, who came with lanterns and torches to assist in the search.

The little creek was thought of as his burial place, and every pool that could possibly conceal his precious little body was minutely examined. It seemed quite improbable that his tottering feet should have carried him as far down as the swimming hole which was

some forty rods from the house and the child less than that many months old. But to that point father led the way with the one sad thought that our precious little brother was at the bottom. His feet stood on the rocky platform a foot above the invisible depth of that watery grave that must forever be the tomb of all our happiness. But Providence overruled, and at his feet wrapped in sweet slumber was the object of his search. Scarcely had he reached the house when the storm came in all its fury and at daylight next morning not a trace of his rocky bed was to be seen, for the maddening stream had covered all.

Somebody has a brother, sister or dear one who is on the verge of a darker abyss and the storm is sweeping on. Will they be rescued in time? What will the morning—the morning of eternity—reveal?

Flora, Ind.



CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLES.

T. H. FERNALD.

THE two obelisks known as "Cleopatra's Needles" were erected at the entrance of the Temple of the Sun, at On (Heliopolis), Egypt, about 1600 B. C. by Thothmes III, and were cut from granite from Syene, near the first cataract of the River Nile. Two centuries after their erection Rameses II had the stones nearly covered with carvings setting forth his own greatness and what he had achieved.

23 B. C. Augustus Cæsar moved these obelisks to Alexandria and set them up at the Cæsarium, a palace which now stands a mere mass of ruins, near the station of the railroad to Cairo. In 1801 one of these obelisks was presented to England by the Egyptian government, but as no one knew how to move it, it was not taken to London until 1878. When it was erected on the Thames Embankment. Subsequently the other was presented to the United States, and now stands in Central Park, New York City.

The work of moving this great obelisk from Alexandria to New York was in charge of Commander H. H. Garringe, of the U. S. Navy, who reached Alexandria October 16, 1879, and at once began work, assisted by one hundred Arabs, who completed the

excavation of the pedestal by removing 1,730 cubic yards of earth in about twenty days. The machinery for lowering the monolith was then attached and the block laid in a horizontal position. Inside the foundation, and steps of the pedestal, were found stones and implements engraved with emblematic designs, and some delay was caused so that these might be taken up very carefully so as to be placed in exactly the same position in the pedestal when re-erected in New York.

The obelisk was moved to the wharf and put upon the steamer awaiting it by means of cannon balls rolling in metal grooves. The pedestal, steps and shaft were moved separately, the entire mass weighing 1,470 tons. The steamer with this load left Alexandria, June 22, 1880, and arrived in New York, July 20. The iron tracks and cannon balls were put in place after some delay, and on these the obelisk was unloaded September 16. Then the rise and fall of the tide was used to float it up the North River to the landing at the foot of Ninety-sixth Street, from where it was moved by steam power, on tracks and rollers, to Central Park. This track was two miles long, and inclined, the upper part being laid on trestlework in order to bring the shaft, when raised, to a proper height above the pedestal. Pulleys, chains and ropes were then attached, and, at the signal being given, this great column was rapidly but gently raised, and in a short time stood firmly upon the base, which had previously been securely put in place.

Belfast, Maine.



SLEEPING ON A TRAIN.

"THERE is only one way to sleep on a train," said the porter of a sleeping car, "and that is with the head toward the locomotive. If I should make up my berths so that the passengers would lie with their feet toward the locomotive they would sleep little, if at all.

"The reason is that with the head pointed right the blood runs down to the feet, and the calm head invites sleep. But pointed the other way the head fills up with blood, the mind becomes excited, and sleep is almost an impossibility. It is on this account that on sleeping cars the pillows are toward the engine."—*Selected.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Richard Braunstein.

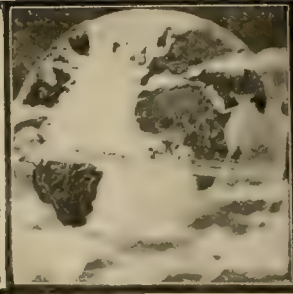
A Life Psalm, staidly sweet and simply strong
As any the dead Singer gave the throng,
Sinless to its close. But Fame will yet prolong.

In echoes clear, across two worlds wide winging,
And in all American hearts like home bells ringing
Glad memory of the Singer and his singing.





AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter L.

ON the way to the railway station I went through the camels' camping ground. Nearly all were lying down in the sand and but for their quaint trappings of shiny metal and bright leather, they could scarcely have been detected from the gate of the enclosure.

Just as I was about to "snap" the picture shown here, the Turks lying by their camels in another part of the camp arose and came toward me, making signs among themselves that sounded like money. I saw at once that the place was very dangerous for a lone foreigner and after catching the picture I made no delay in getting out on the beaten path. In fact, I am finding that "two are better than one," in travel as in home-making.

Before leaving the college I was warned by the president of the danger I might expect from the Turkish brigands. The government had issued an official warning to all Europeans and Americans to look out carefully for the coming at any moment of the brigands that then were terrorizing those who lived near the mountains. The Sultan advised them to stay in the cities, asking all those whose summer homes were in the mountains to remain in their city homes, or take the consequences that might be theirs should they dare to wander about in the hills or to inhabit their summer homes.

Ephesus was forty-one miles away. A railroad carried passengers there and back. One of the lady missionaries wishing an escort, I accepted the position, going with her by rail to visit the chief point of interest of the Seven Churches of Asia, knowing that although the greatest brigand in Turkey had his mountain haunts not far beyond Ephesus, we would have little to fear from our being captured and taken to the hills, there to be held for ransom.

The cars in which we rode were so roughly built

I forgot that a picture of a Turkish train would be interesting to the reader.

The train ran through a picturesque country, most of the way being level or of moderate roughness, on each side the track of which were small patches of raisin farming, many of them being an acre or half acre in size. The raisin grapes raised here are picked and then strewn over the ground in thin layers so that the hot sun may dry them quickly, shrivelling them into nature's sugared tidbits. Peasants looking as if they had "never been anywhere" raked the raisins together, swept the sandy ground so as not to lose any, put them into big sacks, loaded them on camels and started off for Smyrna.

The train ran slowly along a siding, stopped with a jerk at a depot on our right, when some one said, "Ephesus!"

My lady chose a donkey to carry her to the ruins, which are a mile or more distant, down the flattened valley running towards and into the sea. She also hired a guide, and while he led the donkey from the "fore," I twisted his tail from the "aft."

We passed the high aqueduct, the Roman

Castle, the Gate of Persecution, the Great Mosque and then reached the ruins of the Temple of Diana of the Ephesians. When this was reached I let go of the donkey's tail, helped the lady from her throne, and making a post out of the guide, we left the splendid steed hitched securely to it, and descended into the theater to which the mob had run and cried for two hours, "Great is Diana of the Ephesians!" The picture shows it just as it is today,—a mass of ruins.

Again I heard the voices of that ignorant mob, clamoring themselves into slavery to the money kings, fawning at the feet of the heartless grafters who made them believe they ought to buy the silver idols they



The Ships of the Desert Lying in the Harbor of Rest,
Waiting Cargoes of Rich Merchandise.

were manufacturing, not for service, but in order to get their money without a just equivalent. "Lest our profession be brought to naught." There were the round, elegantly-curved marble columns of the fountain, supporting a portico of marble, still lovely in perfection, just as when Paul drank from it and Alexander stood near. But it is dried up now. And everything that went against the gospel movement is dried up. So we are told of the Holy Land, which I shall confirm or deny in a short time. Near by I found the long marble steps leading from the splendid pavement down to the boats rocking one day on the sea that washed close by. But today the sea, as if ashamed of the contemptible people who once lived there, has parted company and receded a mile or more, leaving the place stranded in the midst of a miserable swamp, where hideous lizards dart about with the glassy eyes of little demons, and thorns and weeds grow rank and uncut.

"Ephesus" is the epitome of abject desolation. It made me feel as if I might wither up, wrinkle down and bend all over into an old man if I hung around there much longer.

The only delight springing from the ruins were the fig trees laden with the choicest ripe fruit, some of which had "cured" on the tree and tasted like the best figs we buy at home. Did I eat them? Oh, no! Right out of the rubbish of the Temple of Diana itself, a big tree drooped under its sweet load. I climbed up into it from the rocks that once graced—disgraced—that temple. And not aascal priest was there to call me down. Up I went, eating as I climbed, and dropping down into the big apron of the lady below such of the figs I couldn't eat. They hung as thick on that tree as grapes on a bunch. Only one out of five I ate, for not all figs on the same tree are good. About one out of five is as good as it can be. Some of the others are real good, some are just middlin', and one or two must be thrown away. In buying figs you have noticed this, for when you get the figs at a low price or of small size they usually are not the best, for these inferior ones, even if large in size, are packed with the small ones. I have learned how to tell a good fig without tasting it, both when growing green and when packed in the little flat boxes I always rubber at in show windows. The good ones look this way, and the bad ones look that way. You can always tell by the "way"

they look which are the good and which are bad.

The ugly hills were on both sides of us. On the south and west the hills approached mountains in size and aspect. Bare of vegetation, bleached of the glory that once blossomed forth like June's flowery splendor, they tended to make the blood run chilly in fear. More than this, the great brigand hid in the mountains not very far from here.

Although in a paradise of figs, I constantly threw my eyes over my shoulder to be sure that he with his robber band was not sallying down a gully or peering from behind a rocky covert.

The name of this brigand, feared as death by every one here, is Tchakigis. With him are six others of Jesse James' character, good with rifle, and skillful on their Arab horses as cowboys. But this is not the brigand's greatest asset.

He is an avenger of a ghastly cruel Turkish atrocity. His father was a brigand. So much feared was he the Turks were glad to secure him at any cost. Repeated attempts to capture him being frustrated, the government issued a manifesto to him, offering him the freedom of the city and entire pardon of all his past offenses if he would only come down, enter the city and lay down his arms.

Having confidence in his own countrymen and wishing to obey the wish

of his government, the father packed up his mountain treasures, left the life of dangerous thrill and surrendered, like a man, in the city and place chosen by the officials, meekly waiting for the official pardon of his murders and robberies. But instead of the pardon promised, the Turks shot him down like a dog.

Looking upon that deed of treachery was his young son, Tchakigis. From that moment he vowed vengeance upon his brutal countrymen. While the pulse still beat in the father's temples, he had determined upon his plans. Armed and provisioned better than his father had been, he fled to the hills.

It is he who is now in these mountains and who swears death to every Turk who seeks his head, upon which the government has set a price of one thousand pounds. He has already killed several officers and he and his picked band of five followers are formidable, indeed, for there is no force so great as the wrath inspired by gross injustice.



After Delivering an "Impromptu" on the Death of Mrs. Diana, the Silver Fraud, the Mission Woman "Took" Me from One of the Marble Foundation Stones.

While the father preyed upon foreigners, the son seeks Turks as well. Because of this added phase of the brigand's scheme, the Turks are interested more than usual, for they, too, are in danger of falling into his hands.

This is why right now the government has forbidden foreigners, English, German and others, who have summer resorts upon the sea along these shores, to leave their city homes. The safety of these wealthy folks is a means of no little distribution of funds, in the purchase of provisions and in the work they give to needy artisans, and any jeopardizing of their welfare would spell disaster to income of that sort by driving these away and by keeping others from investing. Securing an Englishman, for instance, and holding him for a ransom of fifty thousand dollars, the English government would act upon the Sultan, demanding that armed soldiers be sent out to recover their citizen, to capture Tchakigis, dead or alive, or convey to him the ransom money demanded. In either case the soldiers going against him, being compelled to encounter him and his band in his rocky fortress, would one by one be picked off before they got to him. Add to this the sympathy of all the people around here for the brigand, whom he has helped by gifts of charity and kind treatment, many of whom would die for him, and the added sympathy of nine out of ten of the soldiery, and you have a fair picture of the brigand problem.

On a bicycle tour in the wild regions farther east which I took with a handsome young Greek merchant and mechanic of Smyrna, I had refreshments at a rude mountain tavern where this brigand, Tchakigis, sometimes eats and drinks when fleeing for his life or when scouting for victims.

To meet either of the two men who were in charge of this rendezvous in this wild region would daze the vision of the coolest of adventurers. My picture of them will be sent in my next letter, if the Turks allow it to go through. They open nearly everything you send or receive.

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IMPRISONED SUNBEAMS.

NETTIE CULLER.

IN the study of the history of a piece of coal our teachers tell us that the fact that the coal burns and gives out flame and heat means that in the leaves of the plants that have been molded into the coal has been bottled up the strength of the sunbeams that shone upon them ages ago, for plants do work up the strength of the sun's rays into their leaves and hide black carbon in even the purest substance they contain. So it is probable that the piece of coal is made of plants, that, although greatly altered from their original form, still have much sunbeam strength bottled up in them which can be set free as they burn,

and the coal that flames still has in it much of the tar, gas and oils which the plant stored up in its leaves, and these, when they escape, again give back the sunbeams in a bright flame.

Not only do we get heat and light from the coal, but from it is made paraffine oil and also benzoline. Nor does its value end even here, for from benzoline we get a liquid called aniline, from which so many of our beautiful dyes are made. Also the essences used to flavor various sorts of sweets, such as bitter almonds and pear drops, so well known among children, are derived from coal-tar. Thus, from coal we get not only nearly all our heat and light, but beautiful colors and pleasant flavors. So, although the plants of the coal seem to show no beautiful flowers, yet we see that a very long time after their death they give us beautiful colors and tints, as beautiful as any in the flower world now.

We ought to think for a while of how much we owe to those plants that lived and died so long ago, perhaps in surroundings that were not beautiful—in lonely marshes—where they lived and died all in one spot, generation after generation, with no admirers but possibly a few croaking reptiles and crickets and grasshoppers, and then how they were covered up and away down in the dark earth they were pressed all out of shape and lost their beauty and became only black, hard coal. There they lay so long, and still no one seemed to want them; but when the necessity of more fuel became so self-evident, man dug down into the bosom of the earth and secured the black rock, and each year we learn more of its intrinsic value and prize it more highly.

If those large trees and little plants could have reasoned, they would doubtless have thought they were of very little use, and how many people reason just that way today, but how much happier we could be and of how much more use we could make ourselves, if as we go along we would just take in all the sunshine we could get and as the coal-plant, bottle it up and keep it to give out again when it can do some good. Doubtless many of us are often tempted to feel that our sphere is so narrow, our work so lowly, and that by our feeble efforts we accomplish so little good, that if we were to follow the dictation of our own hearts and minds we would give up the strife, and possibly be overcome by adverse influences. But could we but take a lesson from the bit of coal, however unseemly it may appear, we would take new courage, knowing that in our most humble and insignificant tasks we may do something that may sometime, somehow—do some good in Jesus' name.

The little child, helpless as it is, needing the constant care of those who are able to help it, is yet unconsciously casting brightest beams of joy and gladness about it every day, making lighter and happier many a weary

and burdened heart. As childhood buds into youth, the lessons learned each day and even the routine of daily life—our work and play—all go to make up the aggregate of the life's experiences, and if directed aright will surely some time bring blessings upon others that will prove to be veritable sunbeams that may have in some mysterious way been imprisoned even for many years. Then, for those of us whose earliest youth is past, may we not have it in a great measure, at least, in our own power to gather each day and year of our lives things that would have a tendency to really make us a blessing? Or, on the other side, do we not often allow ourselves to become interested in those environments whose natural and sure tendency is downward?

We can see that only the eye of the Infinite One can trace even the trend of a natural ray of sunlight, and how much less possible is it for us to trace to its limits the span of a single human life, or even a single epoch in our lives. How careful we ought to be—how necessary to be sure we are on the right way, how meek and dependent we should be in our own sight, and how securely we should rest on the strong arm of faith, clinging ever to God who can make of us just what we should be.

New Paris, Indiana.



THE PHILISTINES HAVE SLAIN JONATHAN.

J. C. FLORA.

THE Philistines did not know of the unselfish, sacrificing love that lived within Jonathan's breast—which could sacrifice the prospect of a crown rather than prove unfaithful to a friend. They knew not of the marvelous wisdom by which he remained true to his father although he was a friend to one to whom his father was an enemy. They knew not of the wealth of virtue, piety and valor of which they deprived the world by slaying Jonathan; nor did they care to know.

This is a sad picture, yet it is not uncommon to see similar pictures even in this age.

I have seen a noble youth, with manly ambitions burning in his breast, who was the pride of his mother and the joy of his father, year by year brightening their hearts with joy and gratitude. In his ambition to acquire prominence in the world he leaves his happy home and goes to the city. There by the influence of bad associates he forms bad habits such as cigarette smoking, tippling with the wine cup and visiting places of immorality. The color in his cheek fades, his health is undermined and his character is ruined. He commits some crime and is sentenced to the State prison or probably is murdered in a drunken combat with some of those who led him astray and his corpse is taken back to that broken-hearted father and mother to be buried in disgrace. And I have said, "The

Philistines have slain Jonathan and knew not what a beautiful character they have blighted."

I have known of a loving daughter, with cheeks blooming with health and beauty, whose character was as pure as the sparkling water that flows down over the rocks on the mountain-side, daily administering to the wants of her aged father and mother, thus brightening their lives as only a true daughter can.

At length she is attracted by fashion and society which lead her into the theater, ballroom and other social functions of fashionable society. On and on she goes in this giddy circle till she loses sight of all that is good, pure and innocent and finally her pure character is lost and she becomes a castaway. And I have said, "The Philistines have slain Jonathan and knew not what a beautiful flower they have trampled under foot."

I have known of a husband, strong and gentle companion of a trusting, confiding wife, in a home where love reigned supreme, gradually led away by vicious men and lewd women to a gay and wicked course, and I have said, "The Philistines have slain Jonathan and knew not what a wealth of love has perished from society."

I have seen men rise to prominence in the world, become ornaments to the State and nation and idols of its citizens till they became puffed up with pride and self-conceit and fell far below the plane from which they started. And I have said, "The Philistines have slain Jonathan and knew not what an ornament they have stolen from the nation."

I have seen men and women who were consecrated to the work of Christianity, whose motives were pure and whose only desires were to encourage the down-hearted, uplift fallen humanity, and brings souls to the Savior. They were a credit to society, an honor to the church and a glory to God. The tempter led them to think too highly of themselves and as a result they fell from their high position, bringing disgrace on the church and shame on the fair name of Christianity. Again, I have said, "The Philistines have slain Jonathan and Heaven has been robbed of one of its jewels."

"Alas, other swords than those of steel, and other men than soldiers repeat the catastrophe of Gilboa!" Go anywhere in society and you will find men robbed of their manhood and women disrobed of their virtue; wrecked characters, ruined lives, wretched homes and all is chargeable to the Philistines of sin.

Quinter, Kansas.



HOW MONEY FOR EARTHQUAKE VICTIMS WAS EXPENDED.

THE people of the United States have contributed \$1,800,626.02 to the earthquake sufferers of Italy—three times as much as any other nation, and nearly as much as all Europe combined.

The appropriation of \$800,000 made by Congress has been expended—\$300,000 for food supplies, which were on their way to the battle ship fleet at the time of the earthquake and were diverted to Messina, and \$500,000 for portable houses and extra lumber, tools, hardware, for their transportation to Sicily and for the employment of labor to set up the houses on the scenes of destruction.

The Red Cross Society has sent a total of \$916,000, and has a balance of \$84,626.02 in hand, remaining from a total subscription of \$1,000,626.02 up to and including Feb. 19. There may be additional sums in the hands of local treasurers throughout the United States to be reported later.

The Red Cross money has been sent to Italy in cash, with the exception of \$106,000, which was expended in this country for lumber and portable houses and the chartering of a steamer to transport them to Sicily. Between \$6,000 and \$7,000 was spent for forty-nine portable houses, such as are used extensively in the mining regions of the West and down on the canal zone in Panama. They can be taken apart and put together very easily with the simplest tools. The Red Cross committee was not able to obtain any more of them, but bought 555 frame houses ready to be put together in short order, with doors, windows, floors, partitions, roofs and everything else matched and numbered. They were made in the southern part of Mississippi of pine lumber and will last for several years. These houses were shipped to Messina on a chartered steamer from New Orleans and will be erected by local labor under the direction of master carpenters who were sent with them with supplies of tools and builders' hardware.

Mr. Bicknell, national director of the Red Cross, who did much thorough work in San Francisco, has gone to Sicily and will have general command. The steamer carrying the Red Cross houses should arrive at Messina about the middle of March.

The government of the United States invested \$500,000 of the relief appropriation made by Congress in 2,500 similar houses and extra lumber, tools, builders' hardware and other necessary supplies, which have been shipped in three chartered steamers. One steamer has already arrived in Sicily, the other two are on their way. Lieutenant Commander Belknap, naval attaché at Rome, was at Messina to receive the cargo and will superintend the erection of the houses. The United States government pays for putting them up, and will hire local labor under the direction of the Red Cross master carpenters. This will give employment to several thousand poor people of Sicily who lost everything in the earthquake and have not been able to earn anything since.

The government appropriations will not be sufficient to complete the erection of the houses, but whatever

additional is necessary will be supplied from the surplus fund of the Red Cross Society.

Houses were sent in preference to other supplies because they were most needed. Food could be obtained in the neighborhood, but lumber is very scarce in Italy and very expensive. It was the one thing that the relief committees were unable to obtain there. Nearly all the buildings in Sicily and other parts of Italy are erected of stone, brick and cement, which are much cheaper than wood and last for centuries, but it takes so much longer to build.

Mr. Michelson, American consul at Turin, has made a report to the bureau of manufactures concerning the plans of a society in that city for the reconstruction of Messina, Reggio, Palmi and Bagnara. As soon as the debris left by the earthquake is cleared away, engineers of the department of public works will divide the areas formerly occupied by the cities into building lots and call for proposals from both Italian and foreign contractors to undertake the construction of new buildings. Prizes are offered for a competition of designs, and steel and re-enforced concrete will be the materials used. The height of buildings will be limited to thirty-three feet, and the interior construction, floors, ceilings and roofs will be of metal, paper, wood, asbestos and other light materials. This offers a profitable opportunity for the manufacturers of construction material in the United States, builders' hardware and other supplies, and the bureau of manufactures at Washington will furnish detailed information upon application. The Red Cross Society, however, has nothing to do with this. It is exclusively a matter of the Italian government and the "Public Works Coöperative Society" of Lombardy, which has interested itself in the matter.

The first money sent to Italy by the Red Cross Society was the sum of \$320,000 which was transmitted to the Italian Red Cross officials immediately after the earthquake, and was spent in relief work among the wounded and the sick. The Italian branch of the Red Cross is admirably equipped with hospital ships, hospital railway trains, hospital wagons, ambulances, field hospitals, and has a complete organization of skilled physicians, nurses and other employes for war purposes. It was able, therefore, to make good use of the funds, which were very badly needed.

Shortly after this \$100,000 was sent to Mr. Griscom, the American ambassador at Rome, and was expended by him in fitting out the Red Cross relief ship Bayen, chartered for the purpose of carrying immediate relief. Sixty hours after the steamer was obtained it sailed into the harbor of Messina under the command of Commander Belknap loaded with doctors, nurses, medicines, supplies of clothing, a full equipment for two field hospitals and food for the starving. Commander Belknap was furnished with an adequate sum of money for the employment of labor, and to use at

his discretion in relieving the distressed. Mr. Griscom has written Miss Mabel Bordeman, secretary of the Red Cross Society, that he has been fairly buried under letters of gratitude from mayors and other officials in Sicily and from private persons because of the relief brought to them by the Bayen.

The American Red Cross Society also sent to Sicily Bayard Cutting, Jr., vice consul at Milan, with \$15,000 cash to use at his discretion to relieve the distress of any Americans who might have been caught by the earthquake. He found a few naturalized Italians, but no native Americans, except one family from Maine, who claimed to have lost everything they had, and applied for assistance to go back to their home. Mr. Cutting was making an investigation into their circumstances, but has not reported.

A Miss Davis, who has been superintendent of an industrial school in New York, happened to be at Syracuse, Sicily, as a tourist at the time of the earthquake. She is a woman of remarkable energy and executive ability, and immediately gave her attention to relief work. Mr. Cutting furnished her Red Cross funds to buy large quantities of cheap material and she organized the native women into groups and set them at work making clothing of all kinds. Miss Davis proved very capable and her work was very effective for great good.

Mr. Cutting also supplied several United States consular agents in Sicily with funds to relieve extreme cases and answer appeals that were made to them for food. He also assisted the local authorities in equipping improvised hospitals in railway stations, churches and other buildings that survived.

Mr. Griscom was given \$70,000 to use at his discretion and was also authorized to use a balance of \$17,000 remaining from the steamer Bayen relief expedition, making \$87,000 in all, which was expended in furnishing food, clothing, medicine and medical attendance to the people back in the mountains whose homes were entirely destroyed, and who lost everything in the earthquake. Many of these families were a long distance from the cities and other centers of relief, and until they were discovered in their terrible plight they were not even aware that anything was being done to succor their neighbors.

Acting upon the recommendation of the Italian government a quarter of a million dollars has been invested in American securities by the treasurer of the Red Cross Society for the maintenance of an American Red Cross orphanage at some convenient location in Sicily for the permanent care of the children who lost their parents in the earthquake. The Italian government will provide the buildings, and select the site. It has appointed agents to gather up the orphans and has employed widows who have been left dependent to care for them. The American ambassador will be a member of the board of trustees. The interest upon

the fund, which will be about \$12,500 a year, will be sent in installments to the managers of the institution and, as things go in Sicily, it will be sufficient to support a large number of children.—*William E. Curtis, in Chicago Record-Herald.*



IN THE STUDIO.

HAVE you ever realized how little you observe, even though you think you are feasting the eye upon something? In the art studio this is considered so important that one of the first rules is to be observing, to notice that which is artistic, colorful and appeals to the refined senses. The pupil may arrive at the studio, be seated with palette, paint and brush and be given an assignment, such as: "Outline a dress you saw yesterday; paint a woman's hat you saw last Sunday; draw an ink sketch of an absent friend; paint a picture you saw last week." This is extremely difficult, simply because most persons are not observing. A real artist sees every feature of the subject. Try to remember what you see and keep it in mind; aim to remember something you read and it will be helpful in general conversation. Do not go through the world with closed eyes. A young woman enjoyed the entire summer in the East and upon returning home she remarked: "I saw such a cute little mouse in the museum, and when I was in New York I went up in a high building (I forget the name of the place) and was so tired I had to come down in the elevator." That was about all she mentioned regarding her trip.—*Selected.*

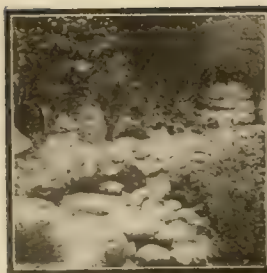


BOY BUILDS AUTO.

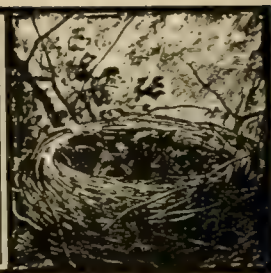
BRICE COWEN, a Los Angeles boy 15 years of age, has just completed the construction of a real automobile. He calls it the California Midget. It is built upon principles similar to those of the factory-made cars and is capable, demonstrated by actual tests, of skimming over the road at twenty-five to thirty miles an hour. It has also climbed hills of 30 per cent grade, and has carried three passengers over ordinary roads.

The car is six feet in length and weighs about 300 pounds. It is provided with a three-horsepower engine, has a friction transmission and a double chain drive. It has a three-foot tread, with nine speeds forward and three on the reverse. The machine is air-cooled, the battery control is through an electric light switch and the differential operates successfully. There are external brakes on the rear wheels, and the machine is otherwise fully equipped throughout.

Aside from the engine the machine was built entirely by the boy—and even the engine had to be rebuilt to conform with some of the peculiarities of the automobile's makeup. His other purchases consisted only of rods, wire, nails, pine boards, a few castings and such material, even the wheels representing his workmanship. The latter are equipped with motor-cycle tires.—*Woman's National Daily.*



NATURE STUDIES



"WAITING TO GROW."

" Little white dewdrop just waking up
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow,—
Waiting to grow!

" And think what a number of queer little seeds—
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow,
Waiting to grow!

" Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender brown fingers about,
Under the ice, and the leaves, and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

" No seed so small, or hidden so well,
That God cannot find it, and soon he will tell
The sun where to shine and his rain where to go.
Making it grow!"



THE COMING OF SPRING.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE very first evidences of spring's presence are to be found in wet meadows, or along the oozy borders of ponds. The grass-blades here show the first spring green. In such a spot, screened from March gales by encircling woods, or by higher land, and open to the sun, the silvery and golden tassels of the pussy willows will early cast off the sleek, brown coats which have covered them all winter.

At first all the willow pussies look alike. A little later those borne by some of the bushes are silvery green, while those on others are golden. The silvery tassels prove, on investigation, to be great groups of pistils, each individual pistil partly covered by a fringed scale. The golden tassels owe their rich hue to the massed heads of many stamens, growing close together. Early roving flies and bees carry pollen from the golden tassels to the silvery green ones, and thus enable the willows to set their seeds.

If without previous experience we could witness the passing of spring and summer, with the birds, insects, and flowers, and then see the destruction wrought by the frosts of autumn, and the apparent death of all vegetable and insect life beneath the snows of winter, it would seem that the end of all things were at hand. But we are so accustomed to the changes of the seasons that we take them as a matter of course, and miss much of the beauty and sweetness of life that a closer acquaintance with nature's wonders would yield us.

When the pussy willows are in bloom, the bees are humming merrily in the garnet-colored flowers of the red maples by the roadsides, and the elms are swaying their pendent, blossom-laden branches, and the crows are cawing as they never caw except in spring.

The margin of the pond where the cattle drink is alive with the strident-voiced frogs, and the purple swallows are skimming the surface in pursuit of insects. If we look carefully we shall find floating in the water, here and there, masses of transparent jelly, and if we look into one of these masses, we shall see that it is full of tiny black specks. This is frog spawn, and the little black specks are the eggs. By and by these eggs will grow and will appear as yellowish globes, each with a pollywog curled up inside of it. Then the jelly will become extremely soft, the eggs will break and the pollywogs will wiggle out to become real frogs later in the year. All these changes may be observed at home if one will carry a mass of the spawn in a wet handkerchief or piece of paper, and set it in a bowl of water in a sunny window.

Early in the spring across the fields flits that handsome velvety-brown butterfly, called the mourning cloak or Camberwell beauty. This is the most common of the few species of butterflies which pass the winter in the perfect or winged state. For four long months they remain securely hidden in crevices of rocks or logs. When called forth by the warm spring breezes they find ready and waiting for them the little snow trilliums with their store of honey.

This is one of the very earliest wild flowers to bloom, and is an example of that mutual interdependence existing everywhere among the various objects of nature, for never does an insect come forth until its particular food plant is ready; and on the other hand, the plant seldom blooms but an insect appears ready to aid in its fertilization.

Among the very early flowers to bloom are the anemones. Now and then one or two come out in the last days of March, but they are small and seem to shake with the cold. White is the usual color of the anemones, but sometimes they are pale purple, pink, or blue.

Another white flower among the first to bloom while yet there are almost no leaves to cast a shade under the trees, is the beautiful bloodroot, the *sanguinaria* of the botanists. It is so called from the

crimson juice of its medicinal root. This is a showy flower and a close cousin to the gaudy poppy. The beauty of this flower is very fleeting. Two or three days will mature all these spotless blossoms, and then the first breeze will sweep them all away, leaving the pistil to expand its sharp-pointed seed vessel.

There is no more delicately beautiful spring flower than the wild dicentra, known in some localities by the ugly name of "Dutchman's Breeches." A much prettier name given in some places where the botanical name is not used is "white hearts," from its heart-shaped corolla. When the warm south hillsides suddenly are covered with the waving plumes of this charming plant, we find it hard to tell which is loveliest—the tassel of white, yellow-tipped bloom, or the fine frilled bluish-green foliage. The whole plant is smooth and shining, a certain fineness and frailty characterizing every part.



A RAT THAT LIVES IN A TREE.

THE old Californian and I had just been two miles out of our way to get a drink from a spring that bubbled up at the head of a canyon in the hills, and after flowing for a few yards lost itself in the sand never to reappear. When we reached the plain again we saw hundreds of ground squirrels scurrying this way and that, and diving into their burrows, and a grizzled Mexican grubbing up roots amid the chaparral to serve as firewood. Thereupon my companion said:

"California is in some ways a topsy-turvy sort of State. For instance, in exact reverse of Eastern ways, we climb for water and dig for wood; the squirrels live underground, and the rats live in trees."

"Yes," said I, "what we have just seen proves that—all except the rats."

"Well, as to the rats," replied the Californian, "they are not so easily to be seen as some other of our curiosities; but if you keep your eyes open in your wanderings, no doubt they will come to light."

Some weeks after this when the thought of rats living in trees had completely gone out of my mind, my attention was attracted one day by the sight of some great bunches of dead leaves intermingled with twigs and sticks, fixed here and there in the forks of the branches of oak trees that grew in the bottom of a canyon. They so much resembled the débris that

is sometimes left in trees by a flooded stream, that my first thought was that they were flotsam that had been carried into these trees by some freshet and lodged there. But as I soon noticed that other oaks far up the side of the canyon and quite out of the reach of any possible flood also contained the curious heaps, that theory was abandoned. I then thought they might be nests of some big bird, yet I could think of no bird that built in that way, for each mass resembled more than anything else a heap of leaf litter such as one sweeps into a bushel basket from his lawn in late autumn.

My curiosity was now excited, and I decided that the way to solve the problem would be to climb one of the trees and investigate. As I crept out on a branch, near the tip of which one of the mysteries was fixed, I was startled by the emergence from the leaves of a small, gray body that glided quickly and quietly almost under my nose, and passing from limb to limb, stopped about twenty feet away on a neighboring tree. The animal was so nearly the color of the bark on which it rested, and it remained so absolutely motionless, that I had difficulty at first in seeing it clearly; but in a minute the secret was out. The mouse-colored, furry hide, whitish beneath the body, the beady eyes, the pointed nose and slender whiskers, the slim, hairless tail, all spelled rat, and there flashed into my memory the old Californian's remark about the rats that live in trees. So the mystery of the leaf heaps in the oaks was explained—they were nests of the California wood rat, or as my neighbor the professor will have it, *Neotoma fuscipes*.

I watched the little creature for some time, in the hope of seeing him return to his nest; but he evidently believed that safety consisted in stillness, and so long as I continued to look, he remained as quiet as if he were dead. He made a quaint-looking figure clinging there amid the protecting branches, his large erect shells of ears, which caught and held the warm colors of the afternoon sun, giving to the gray face a sort of grandfatherly appearance most touching to behold.

I left his abode untouched, and it was pleasant to reflect on sitting down to my supper a couple of hours later, that my little friend was doubtless again in his airy home, discussing his evening meal of acorns in peace and quiet.—*Sabbath Visitor*.



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WITH OUR READERS.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to the offer made elsewhere in this issue of a free copy of the "Handy Atlas of the World" with every INGLENOOK subscription sent in before April 20. "Handy" is the right name for this atlas, as it is both convenient in size and in its ability to furnish the information generally found in atlases. The fact that it is free to every person sending in a subscription at any time while the offer is in force, should bring it into many homes where such a help is needed. Combined with the INGLENOOK, with its fifty-two issues, it affords a fund of information not easily secured for the sum asked for both. Call the attention of your friends to this offer and if you have any good words for the magazine include them in your reference to the offer.

Many additions are being made to the list of good writers and interesting subjects which we promised our readers at the beginning of the year. Catharine Beery Van Dyke, of Chicago, will discuss a number of mother-problems in the thorough and pleasing manner which characterizes her writings. J. H. Harnly, of Zion City, Ill., will write of the methods of dealing with juvenile delinquents in State institutions. Mr. Harnly is especially interested in the work done in these institutions and writes from personal experience. We predict that he will give our readers much interesting and valuable information.



THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION.

ALL of us were more or less aware, during the administration of our ex-President, that we were living in strenuous times—that things were happening, not as the inevitable result of slow and natural processes, but because they were made to happen by a force that could not be repressed and would not be diverted. While Mr. Roosevelt has had many bitter enemies, and much has been done to defeat some of

his efforts, he has also had many staunch friends whose zeal and faithfulness have done much in bringing about the realization of his plans.

But it is impossible to place a true estimate upon any work while that work is in the process of being done, and so it has not been possible rightly to measure the value to our country and to the world of the work of Theodore Roosevelt while he was in the act of setting the work on foot or giving it the impetus it needed to bring it to a successful end. Only by looking through the years, with their larger view and their unerring estimate of values, can we place these seven strenuous years where they belong.

And now while the new President is buckling on the harness and getting acquainted with its workings it might be well for us to take a brief survey of the work done during the last seven years so that we may have it clearly in mind and be therefore better able to follow it up to its ultimate place in history. A writer in *Review of Reviews* for March gives such a survey, and following we give, in abbreviated form, some of the many points mentioned by this writer, with a part of his introduction relative to the manner in which Mr. Roosevelt was initiated into his work.

"Never until Roosevelt had a man stepped from the Vice-Presidency to the Presidency by reason of the death of the chief executive, and been able thereafter to succeed himself through a popular election. The effort of one man to execute the policies and guarantees of another, in a place surrounding him with so many difficulties, had seemed so nearly impossible that it had become a truism of politics that the man who inherited the Presidency thereby lost all chance of winning it. With this historic experience in mind, and with recognition of the tremendous difference between the Roosevelt and McKinley personalities, it must be conceded that, whatever success he has had, however he may have commended himself to his countrymen, one of the greatest achievements of Roosevelt has been this of succeeding in the footsteps of another. Perhaps it was better for Roosevelt and for the country that the necessities of his position as providential heir to McKinley compelled modification and moderation of the real Roosevelt during the first term. It gave him opportunity to feel out his position, to learn its powers and limitations, to study the instruments with which he must work, to test the national mind, and determine by easy advances how far the people were willing to go with him along the course which he knew was laid out for him, but on which he was not yet free to enter save tentatively and experimentally.

"Roosevelt recognized that his administration must be a continuation of McKinley's. The country had chosen McKinley's policies and his methods; twice chosen them, and therefore doubly approved them. Roosevelt kept the faith his party had pledged to the

nation, as nearly as it was in one man to do another's work in that other's way.

"Roosevelt ushered in a period of wonderfully varied and wide-reaching effort at readjustment of conditions. It has been a time in which people have thought farther into their social and economic problems than they are commonly willing to do. This is perhaps the first service of Roosevelt to the country: he set it thinking. He led it to change its mind about a good many things. He clarified its ideas, and he improved its ideals. He preached away at a doctrine, almost new when he began expounding it, of moral leaven in business. He began the movement as a citizen, urging and advising and teaching; he continued it as executive, administrator, and constructive statesman. He preached his crusade first and later he put on the armor and led the crusading hosts. His influence as the preacher of a better community and business morality is certain to be projected as a potent force after he leaves public place.

"Along with this moral contribution, President Roosevelt has made a contribution of the greatest significance to the educational movement which has been changing opinion about the proper relation of the State to its creatures, the corporations. The fact that the State cannot endow its corporate offspring with souls, has been developed into an argument for the alternative, which the President has conceived to be rigorous supervision and control of their methods. Time was when the State commissioned the corporation to go out and deal and make money; if there were complaint against its derelictions the State pleaded irresponsibility, and the public rather cynically accepted the plea and admitted that the case was hopeless. In this regard there has been a change. The corporation is not granted immunity from moral obligation, and the State is not permitted to avoid its responsibility for its creature.

"There has been much of the spectacular, the dramatic, in the Roosevelt procedure. The striking, picturesque things make deeper impression than the plodding drudgery of effort at better administration or at development of sound policies in legislation. How much of the spectacular there has been is illustrated by the result of an effort to get four students of affairs to express their opinions as to the largest achievement of the administration.

"'Reawakening the public conscience,' said one,

"'The peace between Japan and Russia,' insisted the second.

"'The movement for conservation of natural resources,' said the third.

"'Curbing the corporations,' proposed the fourth.

An effort to referee the dispute only brought out as another important achievement the acquisition of

the Panama Canal and the assurance that it will be successfully constructed.

"All the world knows how the President initiated the movement for peace between Japan and Russia, which brought the treaty of Portsmouth and ended the war in Manchuria. Not so many know the significance of his part in preventing a European war over the rival pretensions of France and Germany in Morocco. At the time when those two powers were straining at the leashes, and war seemed possibly a matter of hours, President Roosevelt tendered the good offices of the United States, became an intermediary among the powers directly and indirectly concerned, and initiated the move which made the Algeiras conference possible.

"It was the President who conceived sending Secretary Root and a delegation of appealing personnel to the Pan-American Congress at Rio de Janeiro. South American countries had long misunderstood the Monroe Doctrine, interpreting it as the attempt of this country to maintain a sort of mild suzerainty over the other nations of the Americas. Commerce with the Latin-American countries was mainly controlled by Europe, and their sentiments were far from friendly to us. The time and circumstances were propitious for an appeal to a better understanding, and Secretary Root and his colleagues succeeded in that appeal. Relations have been better, and commercial conditions have shown improvement as a result. The work done at Rio was but a beginning; its effects will go on for generations.

"When the Hague international peace movement had fallen into disrepute after the Russo-Japanese War, it was President Roosevelt who initiated the effort to reinstate it. He issued invitations in the name of the United States to another peace parliament to reaffirm the work of the first parliament, in 1899, and strengthen it. The Czar later indicated that, as prime mover in the first convention, he had been intending to call a second. Whereupon the United States' invitations were withdrawn and the parliament of 1905 was held on the invitations of Russia.

"Arbitration treaties with practically all the countries except Russia and Germany have been made, providing for arbitration at the Hague of all save matters of honor and of vital interest. These pacts are alike a guarantee of our own peace and an example to other nations. Like arrangements with Germany and Russia are under negotiation.

"It was the interest of Mr. Roosevelt likewise which started the movement for the international opium conference now in session at Shanghai. The need of prohibiting or controlling this traffic was suggested to the President by Bishop Brent, of the Philippines; the international conference was the President's idea.

"The movement for conservation of natural re-



THE HOME WORLD



THE RELIGION OF A CHILD

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

OF the seven ages into which Shakespeare divided human life, childhood is unique. The change from childhood to youth is the most critical of all that occur from the cradle to the grave. It is marked by increased physical and mental powers, by new appetites, tastes and affections, and just as distinctly by the capacity for a deep and personal religious experience.

Across the chasm which divides childhood and youth, it is difficult for the average adult mind to pass. "Childhood roads are unknown to those who have left them behind." To us poor grown-ups, the child lives in a lost and all but forgotten land. Fortunate are those who in memory or in imagination can still feel the glory and the freshness of childhood's dream. The rest of them, even if we happen to believe that "the little of paradise we still perceive is due to the presence of children," are yet compelled to say:

"Turn wheresoe'er I may
By night or day,
The things which I have seen
I now can see no more."

Yet, in spite of this great gulf which has been fixed we are commanded to become as little children if we would enter the kingdom of heaven. Often, in our ignorance, we blunder, so that in child land we appear as irrational tyrants ruling an alien people.

The child is a candidate for humanity. His life is incomplete, but ever growing. He is "the prophet of the perfect man." Just now all his powers are limited. He is dependent on his elders for his sustenance, for his habits, for his ideals, for his moral and religious life. The child has capacity for growth. He is the heir of all the ages, ready to receive his inheritance, but only able to appropriate so much of it as parents, friends and teachers have the ability and the will to bestow upon him.

The religious and moral life of a child, like his physical and intellectual nature, is limited and incomplete. Here, also, there is just the prophecy of what is to be, *the power to grow*. Only in poetic fancy can we say, "Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting."

The trailing crowds of glory are a prophecy rather than a reminiscence. Good and evil impulses are curiously mingled in the lives of children. They are no more little angels than they are little devils. Indeed they are neither, but only new in the making, and their little lives are little bundles of warring impulses, both good and bad. In these crude lives the world-old forces of right and wrong are struggling. The battle is fought over again in the life of each little child, and these imaginative, imitative, inconsistent mites of humanity need all the help we can give them to make it *easy* to do right and *hard* to do wrong. They are forming the habits of a lifetime. It is essential they should be formed right.

Children need a sound example and a wise discipline. The little girl who said, "I don't want to go to heaven, Uncle Ed won't be there. I'll stay with him," explained why so many of the rising generation go wrong. They know that a good many uncles and fathers, and other relatives, "won't go," and the result is they imitate their example. Many boys when they are old enough to be with their fathers more than with their mothers, show at once the evil effect of the change. Even good discipline will not take the place of example.

But pity the children who are one day ruled with a rod of iron and the next are allowed to run wild. Children who never can tell what is going to be expected of them next, naturally grow up into wayward, wilful youth. In manhood they lack poise and self-control because, as children, they were subjected to irregular and inconsistent discipline. Happy is the child for whom it is regularly made easy to do right and hard to do wrong. Such a child finds its moral habits early fixed, and half the battle of life won before he knows of the fight.

Before conversion the child has a real, though not an independent, religious life. Faith becomes personal in conversion, and toward this great step all the religious training of the child should lead.

The child believes what he is taught. He has no original fund of ideas about religion and God. His

puzzling questions and queer blunders are only the natural result of his efforts to explain new ideas by means of things he already knows. He is literal because he has to be. It is a necessity that he should be materialistic in his notions. His puzzling questions come because he cannot take mysteries for granted—any more than we could at his age.

In harmonizing difficulties, we must not be dismayed to find very curious notions in young folks' heads. The little girl who buried a prayer which began, "Dear devil," was more in need of advice than of punishment. Fortunately for those who teach children, their puzzles do not continue long. The young mind turns rapidly from one question to another. It is growing very rapidly. For religious growth, as for bodily development, suitable food must be provided. Simple, clear instruction in Bible facts, careful explanation of religious truth, will furnish needed nourishment. It is planting time, and *whatsoever the parent soweth that shall the child reap.*

Some hold that youth is a more impressionable period than childhood. Perhaps this seems to be so from the great neglect of the religious life of children. Really childhood is the most important time. The Catholic church recognizes this opportunity and profits by it. Judaism is a standing argument for the influence of the home upon the religious life. The important religious services of the Jews are held in the home, not in the synagogue. Israel could not have lived as it was without the careful training of the children generation after generation.

For parents, childhood is the golden opportunity. Christian parents want to see their children grow up *pure and true*. They hope to see them enter through conversion into the conscious, personal religious life and join them in the fellowship of the Christian church. For this great step the religion of childhood is the suitable preparation. It is a preparatory stage, under authority, and forms in the child's mind habits and ideas essential to the conscious religious life of its later years. The religious training of a child should be a preparation for conversion and make that crisis a simple, natural, joyful entrance into the life of faith. When the voice of God came to young Samuel he did not recognize it at first, but when he did he was ready to say, "Speak, for thy servant heareth." A child whose religious life has been properly cared for should also be ready when God's call comes, to answer quickly, "Speak, Lord, thy servant heareth."



FOR IDLE HANDS TO DO.

THE idling habit is a menace to the boys of both country and city. Every wise mother must be on her guard against it for her sons. The grocery store furnishes only too easy a lure for village boys, and hun-

dreds of idlers frequent the public squares of the great cities.

There is no accounting for the army of grown-up loafers. Most of them are able-bodied, although some are badly nourished. But the sad truth probably is that a doting mother began the useless career of each of them, and that a hard-working life continues the indulgence.

It is not easy for a mother to invent occupations for her little son. The daughter may early be taught the use of the broom, duster and needle. Then the doll is unfailing and exacting task-mistress. She always needs new clothes. But work for boyish hands and feet is less abundant. The supply of family errands is small. The coal-hod has supplanted the wood-pile. In the end the boy sees through the device of trumped-up work, and runs away from it without hesitation.

Happy the mother who discovers in her boys some taste or talent. The passion of the carpenter for tools, of the draftsman for pencil and paper, or the gardener for growing things ought to be hailed as a safeguard against the loafing disease. If no occupation of the usual boyish sort can be contrived, the boy may better be put to bread making or sweeping than given to idleness. There is scarcely a boy to whom a paint pot and brushes will not appeal, and fence and blinds and steps will bear fresh coats of paint at frequent intervals.

Every device is worth considering if it will erect one new barrier against the loafer's habit—the destroyer of every manly virtue, from industry to self-respect.—*Youth's Companion.*



THE LIGHT IN MOTHER'S EYES.

Dear beacon of my childhood's day,
The lodestar of my youth,
A mingled glow of tenderest love
And firm, unswerving truth,
I've wandered far o'er east and west,
'Neath many stranger skies,
But ne'er I've seen a fairer light
Than that in mother's eyes

In childhood when I crept to lay
My tired head on her knee,
How gently shone the mother-love
In those dear eyes on me;
And when in youth my eager feet
Roamed from her side afar,
Where'er I went that light divine
Was aye my guiding star.

In hours when all life's sweetest buds
Burst into dewy bloom,
In hours when cherished hopes lay dead
In sorrow and in gloom;
In evening's hush, or morning's glow,
Or in the solemn night,
Those mother eyes still shed on me
Their calm, unchanging light.

Long since the patient hands I loved
 Were folded in the clay,
 And long have seemed the lonely years
 Since mother went away;
 But still I know she waits for me
 In fields of Paradise,
 And I shall reach them yet, led by
 The light in mother's eyes.

—L. M. Montgomery.



FAMILY QUARRELS.

PRACTICALLY all of the quarrels that occur in this life are preventable. Nine-tenths of the disputes in which husbands and wives or other members of a family engage are silly.

In a divorce case that is expected to attract considerable (newspaper) attention when it is tried, one of the grounds on which a divorce will be sought, though this allegation is not made in the petition, is that the couple are "temperamentally unsuited." Doubtless it will be shown that the young people—for these are young people, who ought to live happily together for many years—are of "opposite" dispositions; that what ones enjoys the other does not, and that the words and actions of the one are a source of constant annoyance to the other. The real trouble, however, regardless of whether the individuals or the laws recognize the fact, is that the young people have not maintained the right attitude toward one another. The fact that they did get along well together, so far as matters of temperament were alone concerned, during the courtship, is reasonable evidence that they could, if they both so desired, get along equally well after marriage. In fact, we make bold to say that they would get along best because of being of opposite dispositions, provided they were both sincere in their determination to make allowances for one another. There is no particular credit due people of similar tastes and harmonious dispositions because they live many years together in harmony. Both undoubtedly are weaker mentally after they have reached middle age than they would have been had they not been so perfectly attuned.

If we are to have healthy minds, they must be exercised. Self-control is one of the first requisites of happy married life. We need opposition, temperamentally as well as in other respects, in order to make the most of ourselves. Temper tests are as essential to mental improvement as physical training is to muscular development. When things go smoothly, the mind grows slovenly. Opposition makes us keen because our will, in being continually pitted against an opposing will, if properly directed, fights itself. It is difficult to eradicate the bad within ourselves if we are never tempted to do wrong. The man of violent temper who goes through life without having occasion to control that temper is as violent in the end as he was at the outset. But the man who is tempted every day by the irritating

conduct of some other member of the family, if he overcomes the temper that is within him, leaves the world a better man than he was by nature when he entered it.

Hippocrates recognized four temperaments. He thought they were composed of the elements, and he classified them as follows: Blood, composed of hot and moist; phlegm, composed of cold and moist; yellow bile, composed of hot and dry; black bile, composed of cold and dry. We have long since abandoned Hippocrates' theory, but we still recognize it in the names that we give to temperaments. For instance, we have the sanguine or sanguineous, the lymphatic or phlegmatic, the choleric or bilious and the melancholic or atrabilious. To say that because a man or a woman comes into the world possessed of a bad disposition is any reason why he or she should retain a title in fee simple to that disposition is to deny that we have any mission whatever in life. The blood, phlegm, yellow bile and black bile that are in every one of us will manifest themselves whenever they are given the opportunity. No credit is due the total abstainer from intoxicants who was properly reared and who has no thirst for liquor. But the hard drinker who reforms and lives the remainder of his days a teetotaler has accomplished one of the greatest reforms of which the individual is capable. So it is in matters of temperament. If the disposition to quarrel and nag and say nasty things is within us, it is our first duty to ourselves, to our relatives and to future generations to overcome that tendency. As we are endowed with evils to be fought down, so are we endowed with weapons with which to fight them. Will power can be cultivated. And you will search a lifetime without finding a better reason for having been placed here on earth than for the very simple purpose of sending into the hereafter a cleaner soul than came to you out of the past. The little things of life, the attitudes of men toward men, are after all the vital issues. People are "temperamentally unsuited" only because they are neglecting their life mission—they are not endeavoring, as they should, to get the bile out of their systems.—*Woman's National Daily*.



"THE BEST SOAP I EVER USED."

MEASURE twelve quarts of rainwater; put six quarts of this into a large iron or copper kettle and put over the fire. When it comes to a good boil, add five pounds of any kind of grease, from clean tallow to cracklings from which the lard has been tried, and let this boil for a few minutes until it gets thoroughly warmed, stirring. Then add gradually the contents of one box of potash (concentrated lye). Have previously dissolved in one quart of water already measured, four ounces each of borax and sal soda, and when the soap has boiled until it "ropes" off the paddle on being lifted (usually about half an hour, but give it plenty of time)

add the borax and soda, stirring well, and then gradually stir in the remaining five quarts of cold water. This must be thoroughly stirred into the soap. Then pour the soap into any vessel or mold and allow it to cool, when it can be cut into chunks or bars and allowed to thoroughly dry in the air. The soap should not be used for several weeks, until it has had time to ripen.—*The Commoner*.



ASK FOR OLD KIND OF FLOUR.

THE Secretary of Agriculture has condemned bleached flour, and following his suggestion the millers' combination has announced its purpose of discontinuing the further milling of this article. It would consent to acquiesce in the yellow loaf instead of the white one. Possibly it may require a new adjustment of appetite, but the gains will more than compensate for the sacrifices. In the old days when even New Englanders raised their own wheat there was one product of the grain called "canaille," which in spite of its contemptuous title made the sweetest and most nutritious bread that came upon the farmers' table. If the millers can again exalt this humble staple, future generations of healthy Americans will rise up and call them blessed.—*Boston Transcript*.



MACARONI AND CHEESE, ITALIAN STYLE.

BREAK four ounces of macaroni or spaghetti in two-inch pieces, and boil fast for twenty minutes in slightly salted water, then drain and let cool. Bring to a boil a cupful of milk with one slice of onion. Melt in a saucepan a heaping tablespoonful of butter, stir into it a dessertspoonful of flour, and cook for a minute or two but do not let it brown, then add the boiled milk (straining out the onion) also the macaroni and a heaping tablespoonful of grated cheese (Parmesan if possible). Mix and season to taste with salt and pepper. Butter a deep earthenware baking dish and pour the macaroni mixture into it, covering the top with fine breadcrumbs, grated cheese and little dots of butter. Bake for fifteen minutes.—*Selected*.

The Children's Corner

A SPRING REVIEW.

Here on the sunny terrace
Where hyacinths are gay,
I'll look my marbles over,
And choose with which to play.

My best is Captain Agate—
I'll set him off one side;
Yet there are many others
In which I feel a pride.

How lovely in the sunshine
The greens and pinks and blues!

How soft the browns and yellows!

I don't know which to choose.

And then the pretty flakies,

So frosty-white and cool!

There's just one way of choosing—

I'll take them all to school!

—Caro Atherton Dugan.



UPWARDS AND DOWNWARDS.

VIOLA LOVE and Vera Grau were two very dear playmates. Both attended the village school and what was better still, sat together in the same seat. They were bright, industrious little girls ranking among the first in their classes.

At recess time the two girls were always partners. If the game "Old Mother Witch" was played, Vera was the "Old Witch." If "Drop the Handkerchief" was played, Vera always went round as first dropper. You see Vera was the leader.

Just how Vera came to her leadership nobody knew, only this—if the games Vera wanted to play were not played she would turn about and say, "I shan't play any more," and inside she went. Viola often coaxed Vera back after having made the girls promise to play Vera's game.

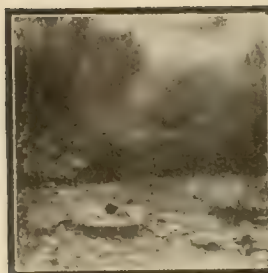
What could make such a bright, attractive girl as Vera was, so very selfish? You see, Vera was the only and petted child of the family. Her father was the banker, and from early childhood had allowed Vera to have her own way. She had a beautiful home, many pretty dresses, and oh! all the lovely playthings, but do you know children, Vera never thought of making others happy. She just enjoyed to let her playmates know, that she could buy them all if she wanted to. If she had her own way about everything she really was quite lovable but as soon as she was crossed in her plans, the corners of her

mouth would turn downward like this.

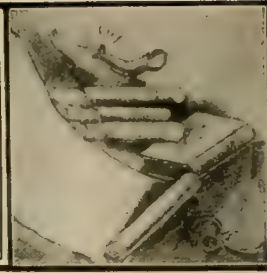
Viola, on the other hand, was the oldest of four children. Her father was the storekeeper and owned a pretty home. Viola had pretty clothes and many toys but unlike her chum, Vera, she had been taught the beauty of giving up to her little sister and brothers. She was a happy child, and even if she did have to play "nurse maid" after school when a game of "London Bridge is Falling Down" would have been so jolly one never saw that homely frown so common on Vera's pretty face. Viola was really not as handsome as Vera, but you know those who "do handsome" are the handsome ones. Viola's mouth was never seen to droop at the corners, but she always managed to smile so the corners of her

mouth always turned upward like this.

Little children, which way do the corners of your mouth turn? "Upwards or downwards?"—*S. S. Messenger*.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE HOME ABOVE.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

There's a home above,
Where all is love,
Beyond this vale of tears,
Where all the blest
Shall ever rest
Free from all doubts and fears.

In that fair home
No sorrows come;
There's where saints shall abide.
Shall we be there
Free from all care
Close by our Master's side?

That home so bright
With endless light
Is free from sin and care.
E'en death's cold chill
With all its thrill
Can never enter there.

When in that home,
No more to roam,
The ransomed all shall be,
They'll sing his praise
Through endless days
Who saved and made them free.



STRONG IN THE LORD.

PAUL MOHLER.

THE other day I had some freight to come to me at the depot. It was not heavy; only one hundred pounds; but I didn't carry it home. I was not strong enough to carry it so far. Every day I go ten or twelve miles to school; but I do not go afoot: I have not time enough to walk, and I am not strong enough to run so far. So it is a common thing for me to see things that I should do were I strong enough. Nor am I a weak man as men go. My experience is common in this country. Everywhere men are doing things that they would not think of doing by their own strength. I got my freight home all right, but not by my own strength; I got a horse and wagon to help me. I go to school in less than an hour, but I get an electric current and car to help me.

So it is all over Chicago: men are lifting and shifting the most ponderous masses; but not in their own strength. They employ the strength of steel and steam; of electricity and of gas to do all this mighty work; and it is easily and quickly done. This is so

much the case that no man among us thinks of carrying any but the lightest burdens more than a short distance; yet there never was a time in the world's history when men did so much heavy work. The secret of the whole situation lies in the use of other power than one's own.

When I said that there never was a time when men did so much heavy work; I might also have said that there never was a time when there seemed to be so much to do. Surely, never before were men so ready to undertake great works on short notice and to finish them in such short order. The ability to use great forces gives men courage to undertake great tasks. It is ever so, and will be.

The apostle in his letter to the Ephesians says: "Be strong in the Lord and in the power of his might." Nor is his advice to be ignored. When we take a good square look at the work that is laid out for the Christian we find it a staggering proposition. When the Lord said: "Go ye therefore, and make disciples of all the nations," etc., he gave us something to do: the biggest task ever set for mortal men. Just think of it a bit, and compare it with some smaller tasks.

When Alexander the Great had made his conquest of Greece secure, he started out on a world career; and he set for himself what looks like a mighty task. It was nothing less than to establish the government, language, religion, arts and customs of Greece in all the other nations of the earth. Perhaps no other man the world has ever seen was so well fitted for the task: and it is remarkable how great was his success; but even Alexander failed at last. The task was too great for any man or nation of men.

But Alexander's task was a light one; it was a boy's task compared with the task of Christianizing the world. Yet this task is given the church. It has been the work of the church for nearly two thousand years, and it is still the greatest undertaking in the world. Who of us hopes to see it accomplished in his lifetime?

Oh, I know it isn't such a big job to take an excursion through a country, and proclaim the Good News of Christ to the few wondering ears that hear but do not understand; but it is a different thing to really do what the commission requires. That means labor, and thought and care and everything else that a man can put into it; and then he can't do it by himself. I may teach ten thousand men the truths of the Gospel,

and may argue them to a standstill on all disputed points; but I cannot make a genuine heart and soul Christian of a single one of them. How then can I make disciples of the souls that fall to my share?

Well, it is just like the freight at the depot. If I can't do it by myself, I'll get some one who can. I'll get more power; enough to do the work. That's what the apostle tells me: "Be strong in the Lord." Let me remember that it is the special and particular work of the Spirit of God to *convince* the world of the truth of what I tell them of their sin, of the righteousness that may be theirs through Christ Jesus, and of the judgment that stares them in the face until they are forgiven. That is the thing we cannot do; and this is the power by which we must do the work. To be filled with the Spirit of God is to be "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might"; and it is our blessed privilege to be filled with the Spirit, the glorious spirit of God. God grant us power and wisdom and grace to keep ourselves from the evil, and to do his mighty work in the world. May his strength be made perfect indeed in our weakness.

188 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.



INASMUCH AS YE DID IT NOT.

MASTER, I have this day broken no law of the ten, have hurt no one. Is it enough?

Child, there stood one by thy side burdened with heavy tasks of lowly earthly labor. For a little help, a little easing of the burden, he looked to thee. Thou hadst time and strength.

Master, I did not see.

Thine eyes were turned within. There was an ignored one crying out in his darkness, "Will none teach me?" I have given thee knowledge.

Master, I did not hear.

Thine ear was dull. There came a guest to seek thy converse, a human friend in quest of fellowship. I marked thy sigh, thy frown. Why was thy heart not glad?

I was reading. I hate to be disturbed and be called away from great thoughts to trifling talk.

The children would have had thee some few moments in their play. Without thee they went wrong, how far wrong thou wilt not know. It is too late.

Child's play? But I was searching for a hidden truth of spiritual import.

Thou didst not turn aside to lift that lame one who had fallen by the way.

I was in haste to do what I had planned. I meant to help him when I should return.

Another lifted him. And shall I question further? Dost thou not yet see? Child, my heart yearns over thee. Dost say thou hast hurt none today? Thou hast hurt many, and thyself not least. Not one of the ten laws hast thou broken? Thou hast robbed these thy

brothers of what I did give to thee in trust for them. In all thy eager grasping to save thy life thou hast this day lost it. Thou art smaller, poorer, blinder than this morning thou wert, after all thy reading, planning, doing. Where, where this day has been thy loving? When thou dost ask, "Is it enough?" there thou dost hurt me. Enough? Dost thou then grudge? Wilt thou weigh and measure, wilt thou bargain with me? Art thou looking for a least requirement! Child, thou grieveest me much.

Master, love me still and teach me, for I have the more need.

Fear not; I will not leave thee. Thou shalt one day know what it is to love.—*Selected.*



DEVELOP CHILD-FAITH.

A THOUGHTFUL biographer has remarked, in dealing with the life of a devoted missionary, whose early manhood had been spent away from Christ, that careful observation has convinced him that when the hearts of the young "are turned Christward, although early impressions may seem evanescent, the first directions return after many days." Naturally, he has strongly deprecated that disparagement of early piety which, alas! is by no means an uncommon fault on the part of thoughtless parents. This he terms "a terrible and most awful mistake," and adds:

"The right course is, by every method, and, by a religious atmosphere of home and school, to form that clinging of faith which is natural to a child. Where there is a rich nature, there will be emotion. To disparage the emotion in such a case will be to prevent or kill the faith. The child-emotion will be corrected by time; the faith, though it may seem to falter, will, through God's grace, assert itself again." —*London Christian.*



LOVE ESSENTIAL.

Though I speak with tongues of mortals,
Or of seraphim above;
I am but a tinkling cymbal
If I have not Love!

Though I reach the heights of knowledge;
Every mystery though I prove;
I am nothing, less than nothing,
If I have not Love.

Though I give with princely bounty,
Yield my life my zeal to prove;
Vain are all my gifts and sufferings
If I have not Love.

Blessed, gentle, holy Jesus,
Blessed, holy, heavenly Dove!
Give to me the Master's Spirit,
Fill my heart with Love.

—*Selected.*



"HAPPINESS is a by-product of helpfulness."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The United States Steel Corporation on April 1 will cut the salaries of all employes receiving \$1,500 per annum or more. Deep cuts will be made in the pay of those receiving from \$3,000 to \$6,000 per year. The cut will save the company \$2,000,000 annually.

Lincoln, Nebr., March 12.—In the House today the bill to authorize the State university to accept the Carnegie pension fund on professors was defeated by a vote of 51 to 47. W. J. Bryan appeared before the House committee several weeks ago and opposed the pension fund.

The International Peace Bureau is offering a prize of \$300 for the best exposition, in the form of a textbook, utilizable for all grades of schools, of the principles and consequences of the peace movement. The book may be written in French, German, English, Italian, or Esperanto.

The port of Vladivostock has been closed by the Russian authorities as a free port, according to dispatches received at the state department recently from St. Petersburg. This, it is expected, will have a serious effect upon American commerce in Siberia and Northern Siberia.

The bill forbidding the further purchase of lands in Cuba by aliens has been defeated in the House of Representatives by a vote of 49 to 11. Congressman Arteaga, the author of the measure, made no argument for its support, saying that he knew from the first that there was no chance for the adoption of the bill.

In an interview at Montgomery, Ala., President Eliot of Harvard University not only condemned any intermarriage between whites and blacks, but said Irish should not intermarry with Americans of English descent; Germans should not marry with Italians, and Jews should not marry the French. He thinks each race should maintain its own individuality.

By an order of the interior department about 3,000,000 acres of land in the counties along the border of Wyoming are to be thrown open at once to homesteaders, who will be allowed to take either 160 or 320 acres. The land can not be irrigated and will be used, therefore, for dry farming only. Those who take the full 320 acres must make an attempt to cultivate the land.

Besides the thirty-one counties of Indiana that already have gone "dry" in option elections twenty-one have closed their saloons by local remonstrances. Forty remain "wet," but in the near future many of them will hold elections, with the "drys" in most instances having a good chance of winning. One of the bitterest struggles between the liberal and the anti-saloon elements will come in Vincennes, where a petition for an option election is being circulated. This historic capital of the Northwest Territory has seventy-two saloons, two distilleries and one brewery.

The steamer "Mauretania" is reducing the time of the transatlantic passage on each succeeding trip. On March 2 she established a new record for the east-bound passage of 4 days, 20 hours, and 2 minutes. The best day's run was 607 miles, and the average speed for the whole passage was 25.28 knots. The best previous record for the east-bound passage, made by the same ship, was 4 days, 20 hours and 27 minutes.

Mrs. Millicent Garrett Fawcett is the only woman who has ever been asked to address the University Debating Society at Oxford. At the request of the students, she took woman suffrage as her subject. At the end of her speech a resolution in favor of woman suffrage was put and lost by a majority of 16. There is a rumor that Mrs. Julia Ward Howe will in the near future receive a similar invitation from Harvard. Those who pretend to be informed assert that Harvard's majority would be many times greater than Oxford's.

J. A. D. McCurdy and the Silver Dart aeroplane are objects of unbounded enthusiasm at Baddeck, Nova Scotia, as a result of a flight of more than 20 miles across country. The Silver Dart is the machine built by the Aerial Experiment Association at Hammondsport, N. Y., of which Dr. Alexander Graham Bell is the head. Many aeronauts are inclined to think the Silver Dart's performance more noteworthy than that of the Wright aeroplane, contending that the real test of a flying machine is its ability to fly in a straightaway course.

Lansing, Mich., March 12.—Both the University of Michigan at Ann Arbor and the Michigan Agricultural College at Lansing are applicants for the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation for the pensioning of retired professors. Both houses of the State Legislature yesterday passed a resolution directing the State board of agriculture to apply for the pensions for the agricultural college and a similar application made by the board of regents in behalf of the university was approved by both houses of the Legislature several weeks ago.

Dispatches from Teheran tell of the alarming spread of the Persian revolution. An insurrection in the capital itself is imminent. The Shah is guarded only by the few native troops who remain loyal and by the small Russian detachment under Col. Liakhoff. Their position is critical. Russia is rushing reinforcements to the relief of Teheran and a detachment of Cossacks with rapid fire guns has been sent to Resht, an important Persian port on the Caspian Sea, which is menaced by the rebels. The Russian legation at Teheran has instructed the consuls at Resht and Astrabad to summon warships from the Caspian Sea fleet in the event of an outbreak. Late developments leave little doubt that it will be necessary for Russia to send a large force in Persia if the dynasty is to be saved.

Count Zeppelin will sail his new airship across the Atlantic, according to a statement printed recently in the *Berne Tageblatt*. This paper says that Joseph Brucker, formerly editor of the *Staats Zeitung*, Chicago, has signed a contract guaranteeing Zeppelin a large sum, in addition to his expenses, for the trip, the Count to follow the course of Columbus when America was discovered. The trip, according to the *Tageblatt*, will begin at Cadiz, Spain, July 25 next, and is expected to take a week. Zeppelin will be accompanied by a number of prominent German aeronauts.

Medicine enough for a regiment and surgical instruments enough to do all the work of an ordinary hospital will be carried by Theodore Roosevelt to Africa, all condensed so as to fill a suitcase. There are 15,000 doses in the tabloids, nearly 40 per cent of them quinine. The other medicines are to ward off diseases most prevalent in equatorial Africa, chemicals to make swamp water pure and palatable, cures for snake bites, stimulants, opiates, knives and bandages. These supplies, packed in unbreakable and airtight bottles of a vulcanite composition, fit into an aluminum case 15 by 10 by 8.

Much of the good work being done by us in the Philippines is little known to the people of the United States. The recently completed scheme for supplying Manila with water is a case in point. The supply is taken from a watershed 140 square miles in extent, being drawn from the Mariquina River, at a point 20 miles northeast of Manila. The works include a 42-inch steel pipe, 10½ miles in length, a concrete tunnel 4½ miles in length, and a reservoir of 50,000,000 gallons capacity. The capacity of the system is 22,500,000 gallons per day, equivalent to 100 gallons daily for each person in Manila.

The secretary of the interior has settled the suit against the Union Pacific involving coal lands in Wyoming which had been acquired through what are known as "dummy" entries. The lands are said to be worth millions of dollars. The lands involved aggregated 4,560 acres, and after numerous conferences the company decided not to defend the suit, but instead reconveyed the lands to the Government and also paid nearly \$33,000 in settlement for the coal mined from the lands. The company has discontinued mining from the land reconveyed, which has been withdrawn from entry until June 1 next. Besides reconveying the lands and paying trespass damages, the company loses the \$91,200 which was paid as purchase price for the lands.

A meeting of far-reaching importance to the cotton mill industry of the South was that of the representatives of the various textile associations of Georgia, North Carolina, South Carolina, Alabama, Mississippi and Louisiana, held in Atlanta, March 16, at which tariff revision, with reference to its effect upon cotton manufactures was considered. It is said that New England mills, which manufacture the finer fabrics, are seeking to have the tariff on this grade of goods increased and at the same time favor a reduction on coarser cotton goods, which are manufactured principally by southern mills. This was given by a prominent local mill man as one of the reasons for the meeting. He said that a higher tariff on the finer cotton goods would give to the New England mills a monopoly, whereas a reduction in the present tariff on coarse cotton goods would force the southern mills to compete with foreign countries, which have the advantage of cheaper machinery and cheaper labor.

Stanley Granger, a senior student in the Cornell Medical College, died at his home in Brooklyn from blood poisoning contracted while performing an autopsy in the New York morgue. Development of the case was most unusual. Accompanied by another student, Mr. Granger went to the morgue about a month ago to perform an autopsy on the body of a man who had died of blood poisoning. The students were unusually careful because of the nature of the work, but within three days Mr. Granger fell ill and blood poisoning developed. It was the belief of the many physicians that he contracted the disease from a small cold sore on his lip, which he must have touched while at work.

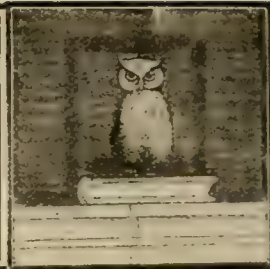
Rev. J. Wood Miller of Urbana, Ill., performed the feat of repeating the entire Gospel of St. Mark, in the New Testament, at the Godfrey Congregational church a few days ago. It was announced that Rev. Miller, who was visiting the pastor, Rev. H. A. Cotton, an old seminary friend, would tell the story of the life of Christ according to St. Mark, and he surprised the audience by repeating verbatim the whole book in 75 minutes. Rev. Mr. Miller states he has repeated the book 2,000 times in English, Scandinavian and German. Rev. Miller says that he did not begin to learn the book until after he was 35 years old.

A committee of the French Senate has drawn up a bill to establish a system of old age and invalid pensions and insurance, which goes far beyond the recently adopted British system of age pensions. It reduces the age limit to 65 instead of 70 years and incorporates many of the features of the German labor insurance laws. Laborers of both sexes who reach the age of 65 will receive an annuity of \$24 a year, but in addition to this will have an age pension if they need it and one for disablement. The annuity is formed from compulsory contributions of the employers and a part from the state and the age pension from both compulsory and optional contributions by the workers, amounting to about 60 cents a year.

Something wonderful has recently taken place in Alaska. This is the drifting away of icebergs from the front of Muir glacier in Glacier Bay, so that for the first time in nine years this famous glacier, the most noted on this continent, has been visited. In 1889 a subterranean earthquake took place at Yakutat, and ever since the approach to this glacier has been so choked with ice that boats with their passengers have turned away, with their passengers disappointed. Now, through some peculiar drifting of the ice, steamboats can enter the channel and go near the right wing and after cautiously pushing their way, get a glimpse of the left face. In the nine years away from the sight of man this glacier has shown remarkable changes. When Prof. John Muir, after whom it was named, visited it, it had a solid face, two miles long, about 250 feet high above the water line. It was a live glacier from which great ice masses toppled into the sea with reverberations like thunder. Water would splash 50 feet high. Today the glacier has a different aspect, says *Technical World*. Erosion has worked out a new bay which will soon be charted, and the glacier itself seems to have two parts, the live part, from which the icebergs break and fall with tremendous noise, and a dead arm, or one with land forming between it and the sea. The change is due to a hill which projected through the top of the ice when Prof. Muir was there. Now that hill-top is a large mountain, dividing the ice fields. The ice has also receded at least four miles in the nine years.



Among the Magazines



THE COURAGE OF THE LOSING FIGHTER.

"I know a woman who writes," says Lillian Bell, in the March Circle Magazine. "She writes gaily, blithely, helpfully. Thousands regard her as the apotheosis of easy success and envy her position and the happiness which must accompany her supremacy. Yet I happen to know that the one she loves best on earth is dying a lingering death of an illness which neither money nor human skill may even subdue the pain thereof.

"She is both nurse and breadwinner, and doing the work of two is robbing her of health and strength, yet not one complaint ever passes her lips. With her back against the wall she fights her losing fight, which, though won each day, yet loses, loses to her all that she loves best. Such courage as is in her little slender frame and blazes from her dauntless eyes! Yet her success—even though she daily wins her losing fight—brings tears to my eyes.

"The woman who scrubs for me, earning her dollar and a half a day on her knees, is kneeling, not only to her work, but before an altar whereon lies the crippled child she adores. He can never grow up—she must know this in her heart, even though we talk of what he will do when he grows strong and well—he is failing daily, and her eyes know the truth though her lips still speak brave lies. He will live, he is eating better, his lips have more color, his eyes are brighter! Yet as she lifts him in her arms at night she feels that his little frame is daily growing lighter and his feeble clutch on life is nightly growing looser. She talks to me—this poor mother! this brave, losing fighter!—of the time when he will walk, well knowing that the first step his poor little crippled feet will ever take will be in another world. Oh, the poor souls on this earth who fight blindly against the ever-dancing, grimly stalking Death!

"You who are successful in that you are not fighting your battle of life against hopeless disease or a nearby approaching death; you whose wage is equal to your necessities; you who lay by a little each month for a rainy-day fund, or you who count your wealth by millions, will you not give the right hand of fellowship, share your sympathy or in some manner cheer the heart of some proud, courageous, silent-lipped, losing fighter of your acquaintance?—grip the hand of some man struggling with increasing expense and dwindling wage?—write a note of gratitude to some one whose work has inspired you?

"Best of all, won't you pause long enough each day to bestow a helpful thought on the great and noble army of losing fighters in this world?"



JUSTIFYING RELIGIOUS JOURNALISM.

The religious press is from time to time assailed with a request to justify its right to life. In spite of the fact that statistics prove that this branch of journalism enjoys a healthy existence, it is frequently charged with being moribund or living by means of the non-religious

features it has taken over from the secular press. The modern world, says the Chicago Interior, "intimates a suspicion that it might get on very well if there weren't any religious newspapers." To such a proposition as this The Interior addresses itself with a few observations:

"All this is disconcerting enough to a form of enterprise that had in other years lived along undisturbed under a placid assumption that it existed by unquestionable divine right. Now the right is questioned, and the religious newspaper finds itself crowded to answer a harsh and rather humiliating demand for the reasons of its being—its apology for existence.

"What then has the religious newspaper to say for itself?

"Before it puts up any argument, it must—like anybody else in an argument—assume a proposition to start from. It is this:

"The world needs religion.

"If the cross-examiner isn't prepared to concede that, there's nothing more to say. A world that didn't need religion wouldn't have any use for a religious newspaper—that's plain enough.

"Granting that religion is worth while, settle next this:

"If a man takes religion, what ought he to take it for—a nice little keepsake to cherish privately in his own life, or a stir of new force in his heart to drive him out doing something wholesome for his fellow men?

"Now, if the private-individual sort of piety were all there is to Christianity, it seems reasonable to think that the religious newspaper wouldn't be so very important. As a matter of fact the religious periodical may contribute a good deal to personal piety, but the Bible and the great classic devotional books—the books that mean just the same one day and one year as they do any other day and year and so on to the end of time—would well suffice to support that side of religion.

"But if the Christian is going to live an aggressive life of service to his times, then besides his books of timeless validity—good anywhere and anywhen—he needs an inspiring and directing literature that is strictly timely—absolutely up-to-date—good just now and here. And that's where the religious newspaper comes in."

The church in the large is for action. But for the church to work together "it must be pervaded with information that makes known to individual members what to do and how it's proposed to do it." The religious newspaper, this writer believes, is the only "entirely efficient way to spread that information." He proceeds:

"There is no substitute. Books won't do; they are too slow getting out and too hard for the average man to read. Secular papers won't do; they underestimate spiritual necessities and spiritual remedies. 'Uplift' magazines won't do; they talk reform but haven't divined the secret of regeneration. Board circulars won't do; they show only a corner of the picture.

"To pack the ordinary everyday church-member—the average Christian—full of the facts that make him feel

how much the world needs his sacrifice and service; to inspire him with a vision of what it would mean for the whole church to swing in and rush its banner forward everywhere; to teach him where he can take hold with his own hands and where he can lend power to the hands of somebody else; to bring him up at double quick to the help of the Lord in a sudden emergency; to hold him steady with a constant concern in all the great interests of the incoming kingdom—the church paper can do this for militant, aggressive Christianity; and nothing else can.

"There are other factors in the problem, of course, but roughly, the corporate, coöperative efficiency of a church in big united enterprises will be in proportion to the thoroughness with which religious papers circulate information through its membership.

"Information—that's the regal franchise word for the religious journal.

"It's all too palpable, however, that the religious press is not doing this solidifying, energizing work very thoroughly in the present-day church. The blame for the failure is twofold:

"The first half of it lies with the papers themselves. They don't live up to their mission. They print too much matter that would be good any time. All the justification of a church periodical publication lies in the matter that wouldn't be as good any other week as it is the week it is printed.

"The second half of the fault lies with local church officers—ministerial and lay. They don't believe a newspaper can be divinely called into the Christian ministry. They consider it represents merely a shrewd human scheme to make money by catering to a certain easily accessible class of readers. Therefore they let it make its way like any other commercial undertaking.

"A generation of Christian ministers and elders who believed in the Christian press as a power to bring in the kingdom of God would stop the questioning of the world about the use of it.

"As to any one religious journal that you may have in mind—

"If where it goes it makes Christians want to work, help it go farther; if it doesn't do that, have the nerve to help cure or kill it."—Literary Digest.



YOU CAN OWN A PINE FOREST.

All who have had the privilege of living among the pines or in a place easily accessible to the fragrant forests will treasure two thoughts presented by George W. Wilder in the March Delineator, and the thoughts doubtless will lead to action. The two thoughts are: First: Now is the time to plant pine seeds. Second: Now is the time to transplant pine that nature has planted for you.

The next month or six weeks is the time during which to plant pine seeds, whether you pursue the "scientific" method or the "easy way," says Mr. Wilder. The "scientific" method, that is, planting the seeds in a prepared seed-bed and two years from now transplanting them, is, of course, the better way, the only sure way. The "easy way," planting the seeds just where you hope ultimately to have your pine forest, is better than no way at all. Now is the time to plant, whatever way you elect.

This spring, next spring and the following spring will be occasions on which, with practically no work, the wise man whose farm nature has blessed with a planting of pine seeds can multiply what nature has done for him.

In some sections in 1907, in other sections in 1908, nature planted lavishly of pines. They have sprung or will spring up in spots, ten, twenty, maybe even fifty pines to a square foot, and be scattered over an acre or two acres of land. The wise man who owns such a piece of land has only to take up and transplant. If he has an acre covered with young pine anywhere from two inches to a foot tall, averaging, say, ten to a foot, he can make that good for twelve to fifteen acres of pine by resetting them during the wet spring season some five feet apart. Thus it saves nature from her own wastefulness, and with a few days' work makes this acre of pine seed, which, through its own self-destruction, would some years from now be worth only two hundred and fifty dollars, show a promise of three thousand to four thousand dollars. This really seems worth while.



THE PASSING OF COAL.

It was feared at one time that the rate of coal consumption would soon outgrow the rate of production, and there was talk of curtailing the use of coal in many industries. But the inventor proceeded to make coal-mining machinery which lessened the labor of extracting the raw product from the earth and increased the output tenfold. England today bases her hope of extending the period of her profitable coal-mining upon the invention of machinery that will compensate for the added cost of deeper mining. In America coal-mining machinery has doubled and tripled the output. A coal-digger cuts and extracts the coal from its bed as fast as three or four skilled miners could formerly do; it falls automatically upon cars, which swing upward like elevators to the light of day, and deposit their contents into chutes. Down the sooty mass tumbles to the breakers, where it is pounded and broken into sizes suitable for commerce. Thence it slides on to the washery, and comes out at the other end to be dumped on cars. The cars quickly cross the country to some river or bay where canal-boats are waiting. The transference from the cars to the boats, and from the boats to the wholesale and retail dealers' coal-yards, is performed automatically. Even when the coal comes into our homes it is shot down chutes into the cellar, and not carried there in buckets and baskets as of old.

And yet for all this simplifying of labor, this invention of machines to reduce the dust and ashes, nobody likes coal, and we all pray for the time to come when its use may be abolished. It is not a popular article of commerce; it is a clumsy and dirty fuel, and in this age of invention and discovery it seems woefully out of date. It is not new machinery to increase the output that we are longing for, but the discovery of some new method of obtaining heat and power.

In part we have solved the problem by steam-heating and electrical plants, which conduct the heat and energy a long distance under the streets of our homes and public buildings. The amount of the nuisance has been reduced, and its area restricted. Nevertheless, for the majority of humanity there is coal still to be used, and there are ashes to be taken up, much to the detriment of our tempers and the appearance of our homes.

All these improvements are encouraging; they point to an amelioration of present fuel nuisances. But we belong to an age that demands magical performances. Nobody is satisfied with these attainments. The optimism of our science leads us to believe that greater things will soon happen. We are bent upon abandoning the dirty

coal for some cheaper, cleaner, and more suitable fuel. We believe that nature gave us the coal mines for a temporary use—merely to carry us over a period when we were learning to harness the tides and winds, and to unlock the secret of gases. Shall we ever realize that utopian age when a silent, secret agent will enter all our houses and yield us power, heat, and light by the turning of a knob? Very few doubt it. And that agent will not be coal, nor will its power be derived directly or indirectly from coal. When it comes, the vast coal mines will become as useless and valueless as clay pits—more so for clay will still be made into bricks.—March Lippincott's.



THE ROOSEVELT ADMINISTRATION.

(Continued from Page 301.)

sources was a logical development from the experience of the Interior Department in administering the public domain. The President, impressed with the rapid disappearance of forests and consumption of coal, called a Conservation Congress, to which the Governors of the States were invited. This gathering set on foot the practical movement for the preservation and restoration of natural forces. An international conference of representatives of Canada, the United States, and Mexico on this same subject, with the view to co-operation in a continental movement of conservation, has been held, as one of the last big accomplishments of the Roosevelt administration. Parallel to this movement and closely related to it is that for systematic development of waterways as a means of cheap transportation. Only very recently the President has informed Congress of the evidence in his possession, indicating the existence of something like a trust aiming to control and monopolize the water powers, and, distributing their energy electrically, to come into substantial control of the future power of the country. Measures designed thoughtlessly to give away control of this power have been vetoed, and Congress has been urged to establish effective national control of these powers.

"Under Roosevelt one new department,—that of Commerce and Labor,—has been added to the machinery of administration, and another, that of Agriculture, has been built up from small beginnings to large utility and practical value. The Department of Agriculture has introduced and popularized science in the industries of the soil; it has scoured all the continents for varieties of plant life which might be useful here. It has led in better farming methods, has carried on scientific experimentation in breeding and growing of plants and animals, and has gradually been invested with large powers. The pure food law is administered through it, and so is the national meat inspection law. These two pieces of legislation are accomplishments of the Roosevelt era, each being the fruit of a hard fight against determined opposition.

"The Postoffice Department has greatly widened the range of its service through extension of rural free

delivery, till now that service reaches many millions of the rural population who formerly were miles from postal facilities. Two-cent postage has been placed on an international basis as between the United States and several countries, and will be further extended so fast as treaties can be perfected. The President has given his enthusiastic backing to proposals for widening the functions of the postal department to include the postal bank and the parcels post.

"The powers of the Interstate Commerce Commission have been increased through the passage of the Hepburn and Anti-Rebate laws, and the principle of governmental power to control rates and charges and enforce publicity of accounting and financial operations has been established.

"There has been inaugurated a detailed inquiry into labor law has been passed for the District of Columbia as a model for the States; a federal employers' liability law has been passed; and another act defining the liability of the Government to its own employees who may be injured, and opening a way for them to get redress."

We have purposely omitted what this writer says about the improvements made in equipment of the army and navy under the direction of the man who believes in maintaining peace by intimidation. Mention of other improvements made during the past seven years has been omitted because of a lack of space.

"As he goes from the executive chair, Mr. Roosevelt leaves many things long to be remembered as representing his beginnings. He has roused public interest and attention in many subjects which must be disposed of without his assistance. He has had time to finish few things; but he has begun many which others must carry forward. In his determined, insistent way he has in truth piled up business for those who will come after; he has cut out work which they will not be able to avoid, even if they might wish. And his beginnings will keep his own era of personal activity in mind of legislators and administrators who for decades will be wrestling with the troubles he stirred up, but didn't have time to solve."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

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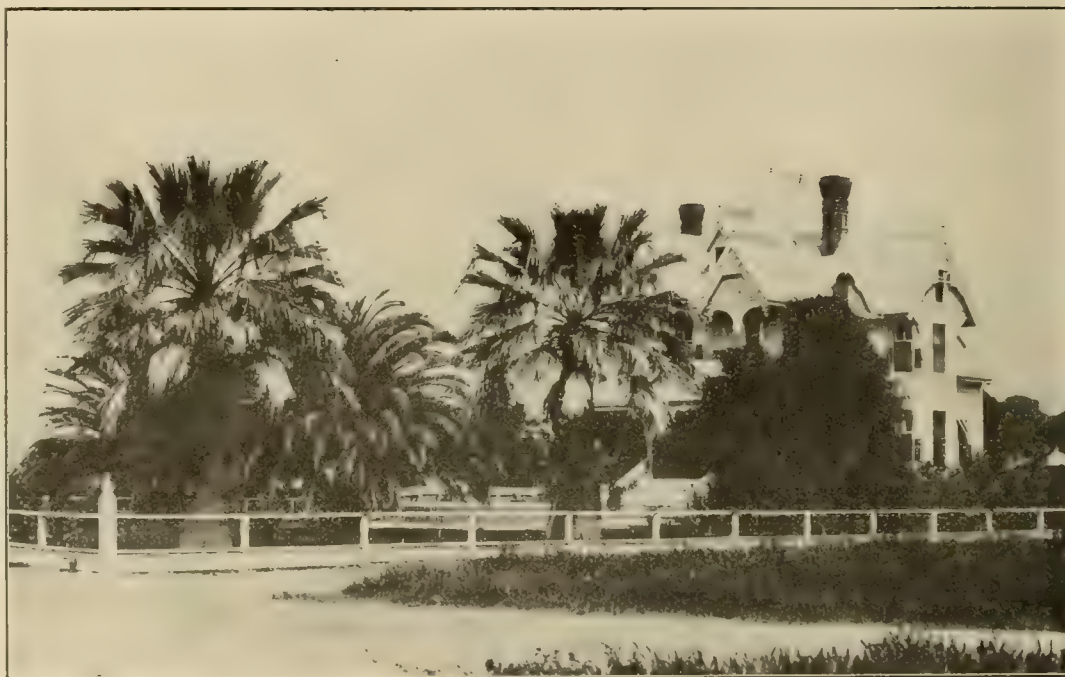
MINNESOTA

EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



Mrs. McHenry's Farm Residence near Empire.

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

LOW RATES FOR COLONISTS.

During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal. For further information address

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind., Modesto, Cal.

Or S. F. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK

March 30, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Greek Negro Turk
Where Tchakigis, the Great Turkish Brigand, Sometimes Refreshed
His Wearied Strength, Turkey, Asia Minor.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Low Rates to Pacific Coast

One Way Colonist
Tickets Only

\$25.00 From Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma

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Via

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Every Day in
March and April

Great opportunity for CHURCH EXTENSION
BY COLONIZATION.

All points in California, Oregon, Washington
and Idaho reached by this route. Write for rates
and stop-over privileges.

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

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"Mention Inglenook When You Write"

Told at Twilight; Or Bible Stories That Never Grow Old

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger



This book is written for boys and girls in such an attractive and interesting manner that they will ask you to read and reread it again to them. The author, Sister Elizabeth D. Rosenberger, has represented Aunt Dorothy as gathering the little children around her in the evenings and telling these old stories in such a way that it is bound to create a desire for more Bible knowledge.

The book is beautifully illustrated. 151 pages.

Our Price, 25 cents
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The Sunday School Calendar

Issued annually. Enlarged and improved. Beautiful cover design containing reproduction of Hofmann's famous painting of the boy Jesus.



In addition to the International Daily Bible Readings, the calendar contains International Sunday-school lesson titles and references for every Sunday in the year, also the Golden Text for each week, printed in full. Each leaf contains choice selections from the best writers, helpful thoughts for every-day living. A calendar for the entire year is printed on the back, and an extra leaf is inserted containing Scripture selections, etc., arranged for easy memorizing.

This calendar is endorsed by the leaders in Sunday-school work and has proved very helpful wherever used. As a Christmas gift from teacher to pupil it is extensively used. Many schools distribute them at the Christmas season to every scholar. They are especially valuable to Home Department members.

Price, each, postpaid, \$0.10
Price, per dozen, postpaid, 1.00
Price, per hundred, postpaid, 8.00

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By George R. Stuart.

A book of sixty-four pages. The best thing we have seen on this subject. A new book, dealing with an old question.

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"I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail to do good."—Eld. P. J. Blough, Member of Temperance Committee.

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"A bright, breezy, thought-compelling little book with not a dull line in it. Full of suggestion and inspiration for one who would have a part in the fight against the saloon, a fight that grows in strength and popularity every day."—United Presbyterian.

Every minister of the Gospel will have occasion to use some of the arguments presented by Mr. Stuart, who turns the light on in full force and lets the reader see what a monster evil the liquor traffic is.

There is enough in the book, if people can be induced to read it, to drive the saloon out of every village, town and city in the United States.

Prices and Bindings

Paper, 20 cents
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FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

NEFF'S CORNER

I have just imported from Germany some pretty souvenir post cards of Clovis scenes, artistically wrought in colors. Mailed to you 3 for 5 cents, 6 for 10 cents, or 20 cents per dozen. And, by the way, these cards are a sample of cards you can have made of your residence, favorite animal, church, court house or any other building or landscape view. Send me photographs of what you want on the cards and your orders will have immediate attention. You can get your friends to join you in making up an order, or you can sell thousands of these cards to members of your church, business men, etc., at a good profit to yourself or your church treasury. If you want to get some glimpses of Clovis, order a few cards. If you think of having some cards made, ask for prices when you order the samples. Address,

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Contains new features that should concern all who are in need of a washer. By means of a thumbscrew, the lever can be quickly set for long or short leverage, for light or heavy work, a good feature.

The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address:

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Buckeye Pure Home Made APPLE BUTTER



is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all. Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Holmes' Green Prolific Pole Lima Bean

Grows Green—Dries Green—Stays Green—Most Prolific

Equals the Early Jersey or any other variety for earliness. More productive than any other Pole Lima we have ever seen grow. Every Bean has that true, distinct, deep grass green color, and this color it retains when the Beans are shelled for market. The large pods hang in clusters of from five to eight, each pod containing from five to six beans. Stock extremely limited. Positively only three papers will be sold to any one person. Pkts. containing six beans, 25 cents; 3 pkts., 50 cents.

Holmes' Delicious Early Sweet Corn

Entirely new and distinct. Very early. Ready for market in 55 days. The most delicious Early Corn grown. Has twelve rows to the cob, and each stalk bears two or three well-developed ears.

Stock extremely limited. Pkt. containing enough seed for three hills, 25 cents; 3 pkts., 50 cents. Positively not more than three pkts. sold to any one customer.

Fuller description of both above Novelties will be found in our Hand Book on Seeds which is sent free for the asking. No other seed house can offer these two sterling novelties this year

HOLMES SEED CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

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THE GARDEN CITY LAND & IMMIGRATION COMPANY (Inc.), GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, Offers a fine selection of irrigated, sub-irrigated and diversified farming lands at attractive prices.

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

640 acres in Brethren settlement, 12 miles from County Seat, on line of new R. R. Level, fertile land. All tillable. 480 acres cultivated. 340 acres winter wheat. 3 wells fine water 50 feet. Wind-mills, tanks, etc. Good house and outbuildings. 10 acres fine bearing orchard. Good shade trees. All fenced. ½ mile of school. Near church. Telephone. R. F. D. Only \$25.00 per acre. Easy terms.

160 acres choice level land 1½ miles Garden City. Irrigated from the United States Pumping plant. All under cultivation. All high class alfalfa and sugar beet land. Price, \$10,000.00.

160 acres well improved irrigated farm. 12 miles from good town. A snap at \$25.00 per acre.

Write for descriptive literature and full information.
DO IT NOW.

EVERY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

has often heard class-members say: "I cannot understand the Bible." They could not understand any other book that was printed three hundred years ago. So many English words of that day were different.

More than forty new dictionaries have been required since then, to keep up with the changes in the English language. The



American Standard Bible
Edited by the American Revision Committee
uses the words of our day, which make the meanings of the Bible writers clear to us.

Write for Our Free Booklet, "How We Got Our American Standard Bible"
No teacher can afford to be without it.

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come to **Reedley, California** where you can raise all the oranges and lemons you want and make a fortune at the same time. Where snow is practically unknown. Located in the heart of the famous **San Joaquin Valley**, the home of the raisin, peach, pear, apple, fig, nuts and vegetables of all kinds. An extra fine place to go into the dairy or chicken business. Have fine **alfalfa** land and there are hundreds of tons raised here. Located on two railroads and on the banks of the Kings River and always in sight of the stately Sierra Nevada Mountains. Nearly perfect climate. Come to California where you don't freeze to death. We always use the Golden Rule in all our dealings and it will pay you big to see us before you locate. For further particulars address

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\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax County, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every state was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolei Olsen,	4	17 1/2
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18 1/2
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3 1/2	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

HOMESEEKER'S ROUND TRIP RATES IN EFFECT THROUGHOUT THIS YEAR

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

One Way Second-Class Colonist Fares, Tickets on Sale Every Day, March 1 to April 30, 1909 to All Points in Idaho on the Oregon Short Line R. R.

From Chicago, Illinois,	\$33.00
From St. Louis, Mo.,	\$30.50
From Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive,	\$25.00
From Milwaukee, Wis.,	\$33.00
From Peoria, Ill.,	\$30.35

From Bloomington, Ill.,	\$31.20
From Memphis, Tenn.,	\$36.00
From St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota,	\$25.00
From Des Moines, Iowa,	\$27.70
From Sioux City, Iowa,	\$26.95

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

March 30, 1909.

No. 13.

THE STUDY OF THE PUPIL

D. D. THOMAS

DIRECTLY the teacher has three things to study. He must first study himself. Then, he should know what he is to teach,—he must study his lessons, and lastly he should study the child.

A physician once said to the writer that each individual patient was a separate study, that though the diseases and remedies were classified yet there were such differences as made a separate study necessary. Now something of this kind one finds in the child applicant for the acquirement of knowledge. There are general principles upon which one may depend and which facilitate the work very much, but the especial things enter into his life so largely that make the child a constant study. Nor can the line be drawn by families. Sometimes the greatest differences exist among children of the same family, so that the teacher must make a distinction here. One pupil is interested in one thing and another in another, and where a child's interest is there is the teacher's leverage.

Not long since an old teacher related how he had helped a troublesome boy and as he thought opened up a life of usefulness by taking an interest in his "coon hunting" and thereby gained the confidence of the boy. One can afford to sit down and listen to the story of the boy or girl when by it a clue is given to some bright picture hidden down deep in the soul. And one has reason to rejoice when he can as a teacher bring forth to light that heavenly picture painted by a master heart some generations before.

In a school of thirty there is no lack of material. These thirty faces, clean, bright and with sparkling eyes produce fresh reading matter the five days of a week and the four weeks of a month. Their work is in classes and these classes must be kept together. Some are slower than others. How can they be stimulated to greater exertion? Here is a study. Others are running ahead. How can they be made to have sufficient employment to keep up interest? And here

is a study. Then there are the possibilities of a very dull pupil such as sometimes comes to the day school. How much effort should one make with him and not waste time? Some remarkable results have followed persistent efforts in the cases of very dull and idiotic minds. But, of course, in a school of thirty a teacher's individual work is limited. Primarily the weak minds and weak bodies are sent into the world to remind us of our sins. But may there not be this in it: That they are sent unto us not incapacitated but bound that we should loose them and let them go? That enlarges the teacher's mission. It is only by the loving hand of a skillful teacher that the light may dawn in many a dark corner where sin and degradation are and make the desert of life to bud and blossom as the rose.

A fruitful phase of study is the peculiar bent of the child mind,—a gift to which he affiliates almost as naturally as a duck goes to water.

A story is told of some lumbermen who dwelt in the backwoods. They had the very natural habit of gathering around their camp-fire after one of their number had died and telling of his good traits,—that he was good at some one or more kinds of work. But one day a man died who seemingly had no good trait. They gathered around the fire and sat for a long time in silence. Finally one ventured to say, "He was a good smoker." This story is likely fiction. A man without some good trait does not dwell in a world that God calls to repentance. He wants workers. So no pupil is without some peculiar bent of mind. A Paul would say, "Having gifts differing."

To note that which he can do best coupled with that which he likes best, and never to be found throwing anything in the way of any good trait, and more, always encouraging the child in the line which seems best, these facilitate the study and broaden and enlarge the work.

It is the belief of the writer that many a man and

woman are left in obscurity simply because at the time of development in the child life proper steps were not taken nor encouragement given. The teacher did not see. They went to school the allotted time and because the light did not come to them so much of their life was left in darkness. And with this belief the conscience monitor makes one very serious.

The Great Teacher came into the world to bring light. "In him is no darkness at all." The teacher's mission is just that, to bring light. How often the light that is within us is darkness we do not know, but when it is it is very great.

While it is true that there may be many a bungling piece of work done by the best intentioned and most earnest teacher, yet one should not forget the other side also and note what this integrity and zeal may do. If the lesson is difficult, that does not argue ceasing to study. The intricacy of the problem brings the more glory with the solution. It is the good will and keen efforts that count for us. Not to mourn over our seeming failures but to double our diligence and labor on is the much better way.

The study of the pupil calls for strengthening of the things wherein he is weak as well as the developing of things wherein he is strong. And by this discipline the strong points are made stronger. The

character is rounded out. His sphere of life is enlarged. A child may and does argue against the study of a lesson because he cannot get it. An aversion has grown up because the lesson seems so much more difficult to him than the lessons in other branches he studies. What device has the teacher to offer whereby he may overcome that aversion? And here again is a study.

Today, as the teacher sees them, these same thirty, pass out of the room to their homes, rushing forth with shouts of laughter, how their hope makes one think. The bright sun is sinking in the west, but they are as confident of another day as they are sure of this. They have left with a smile and a "good-night, teacher," and as the teacher sits wrapped in deep thought, they seem somewhat in this order: He recalls the prayers of last night, the beauty of today's recitations, the improvement over yesterday's work. Why, the good angel seems to have stood by him all day! He is tired with his labor but glad for its results.

In a few years they shall go forth and the world shall know. The homes shall be gladdened and the life shall be lifted. 'Tis the greatest mission of man to give life as is his strength. "I am come that they might have life and that they might have it more abundantly," so said the Great Teacher.

LA FONTAINE'S FABLES

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

JEAN DE LA FONTAINE, the son of a ranger of streams and forests, was born in 1621. It was not until he had reached his forty-eighth year that he published his first fables. Every one who has a genuine love for animals can not help enjoying these fables; they are the best of their kind and La Fontaine is easily the most famous fabulist after Æsop. La Fontaine has a real love for the animals whose doings he relates.

In the seventeenth century, especially in France, people believed that animals were only machines. Descartes said that a beast differed in no wise from a watch, or any other mechanical construction that had been wound up and set going. One man who used to beat his dog said he did not hurt the dog as it could not feel and its howls were only currents of air driven through a vibrating channel. In his fables La Fontaine proved the utter absurdity of such theories.

La Fontaine's fables are a vivid picture of the age of Louis XIV. The king appears sometimes as a lion, sometimes as an eagle. The fox is a courtier, the owl is the recluse, blind to what is going on around him, having eyes only for his books. The wolf is the outcast of society, the poor lean wanderer who might

reform, only no one gives him the chance. The cat is Tartuffe, the religious hypocrite. In one fable a cat had spread so much terror among the rats, that a council was held one day in the cat's absence. One wise old rat proposed to fasten a bell around the cat's neck, so that the sound should give timely notice of the cat's approach. "An excellent idea," said all the rats, but who was to bell the cat? They talked and talked but no one was willing, so the whole thing ended in talk. We see the same thing in human affairs, much talk, much advice, but all shrinking from the test.

Then the hen with the golden eggs is familiar to most of us. La Fontaine the author said that a certain miser had a hen that laid golden eggs. Thinking to possess himself of the whole treasure at once, he killed the hen; but on cutting it up, found it was a bird of ordinary description. There was also a lesson in the fable of the grasshopper who had sung through the summer time but grew pinched and poor as the winter advanced. Not a scrap of bread nor a drop of drink was in her larder. In her trouble she went to the ant, her neighbor, and prayed for a loan of wheat to make

herself a loaf. "I will repay you every grain," she said, "both principal and interest before harvest—on my honour." The ant is never very well disposed to lend; said she to the grasshopper: "How did you spend the summer?" The grasshopper replied: "I sang gaily day and night, to please all people." "You sang? Very well then; dance now."

In his fables, La Fontaine also refers to the reasoning power as exemplified in the partridge which pretends to be lame in order to draw the dogs away from her young ones; and to the building association of the beavers. Then he vouches for the truth of his story and asks, "What shall we think of this partridge as a machine?"

It is his love for animals and close observation of their habits which enable him to describe their outward appearance with such graphic picturesqueness. In the fable of the wolf and the fox, he describes the prowling wolf whose shaggy skin hid little but his bones when he met a mastiff dog, proud, and fat, and sleek. The wolf expressed his admiration for the dog's good looks, and the dog invites him to come with him and share his princely fare. The wolf inquires what he would have to do. The dog assures him: Only light work, bark a little now and then, fawn on friends that come or go, and then he shall have savory messes and meat to satisfy his hunger. The wolf decides to go with the dog, but as they run along he notices a galled spot on the dog's neck. "What's that?" he cried. "Oh, nothing but a speck," answers the dog evasively. "A speck?" "Yes," said the dog, "it does not pain me, it is the collar's mark by which they chain me." But the wolf decided there could be no chains for him; he ran away and he is running yet, wild and free.

Of friendship no one has written with greater truth and feeling. The fables of which the subject is friendship are among his masterpieces, and there is no wonder that the man who could write of friendship as he does, was himself tenderly loved. His rules of morality are four: Love your friends, help your neighbors, work hard, trust in God.

One fable represents the peacock as complaining to the goddess Juno, saying, "Goddess, the song you have given me is not admired; while on the other hand, the nightingale, a paltry little thing, is the glory and delight of springtime, owing to her sweet and powerful singing." The reply of Juno is worth remembering: "Jealous bird, is it for you to envy the singing of others? You who are wearing round your neck a hundred rainbow dyes; is there any bird more fitted to please than you are? No creature engrosses every gift; each has its special dower, and all are content. Cease then to murmur, lest as a judgment I rend the plumage off your foolish back."

In his knowledge of man, sympathy with man and

nature he has few rivals. It is his creative imagination which entitles La Fontaine to the rank supreme in his line as a writer of fables. His creations stand out clear against the horizon as visible, living shapes.



THAT WHICH IS SATISFYING.

THE most helpful and sacred work which can at present be done for humanity is to teach people (chiefly by example as all best teaching must be done) not how "to better themselves" but how to "satisfy themselves." It is the curse of every evil nation and evil creature to eat and not be satisfied. The words of blessing are, that they shall "eat and be satisfied." And as there is only one kind of water which quenches all thirst so there is only one kind of bread which satisfies all hunger—the bread of righteousness; which hungering after, men shall always be filled, that being the bread of heaven. But hungering after the bread, or wages, of unrighteousness shall not be filled, that being the bread of Sodom.—*Modern Painters*.



SAVIOR OF THE BLIND.

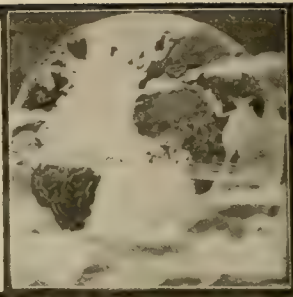
ALMOST entirely unnoticed, even on the continent, has passed the centenary of Louis Braille, the man who invented the system of printing for the blind. He was born in January, 1809, the son of a harness-maker, and at the age of 3, when playing at cutting out a strap with a knife, he put out one of his eyes. The other eye followed, and at 10 years old he was placed in an asylum for the blind. He was a remarkably clever boy and became a teacher of history, algebra and the piano to blind children. In those days the blind learned to read with the Roman characters embossed on paper, but Braille, improving on a system introduced by an artillery officer named Barbier, invented his alphabet, which, by means of six dots in high relief, provides all the letters, stops and musical notes. Thanks to this invention the blind have been enabled to read and write, and the system soon became universal. Books and even newspapers are printed in it, and Braille must certainly be considered one of the benefactors of mankind. He lived long enough to see his alphabet universally accepted, but died comparatively young of consumption, just as he had completed his forty-first year. Thanks to him, the blind are no longer cut off from knowledge, and through his system some very remarkable scholars have been educated, even among those who have been born sightless. In this year of centenaries his is by no means the least worthy of remembrance.—*London Globe*.



"NOTHING else so pollutes the springs of human action as does a good picture of a bad thing. This principle applies in the matter of word-painting no less than in that of brush-painting."



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LI.

I ATE all I cared for and filled my pockets with the finest and largest figs and climbed down upon the marble ruins of Diana's Temple.

All around us, covering many acres, lay fallen pillars, crushed pedestals and broken statues, like so many grim skeletons, mute and inglorious, victims on the battle-field of Christian triumph.

The humble worker in wood had won the day from the proud artificers in silver. But the followers of neither knew it. One went away troubled in spirit, broken in plan, but calm in conscience. The other, self-complacent and sure of popular favor, chatted at the coffee-house about the failure of the Christian fanatics. The one boasted in the speech of silver, the other hushed its pleading voice into a golden silence that now thunders its echoes of victory around the world.

Back at the little station long before train time, we bought a watermelon to eat with our lunch. As we ate, a peasant woman and her grown daughter went to the ticket window to purchase a ticket for Smyrna. Just as all oriental purchasers dicker with the seller and haggle about the price, so this ignorant peasant woman was trying to make the agent take a little less for the tickets than the price he had asked. She didn't know how comical she appeared to us,—people who had crossed two oceans to walk along her little raisin farm and who were possessed with so much more common knowledge than she herself. My mission lady understood Turkish. She told me what the woman said: "Too much," she said, and made a movement as if she would go to another

agent or take an aeroplane to Smyrna. The agent shook his head at the piece of money she showed him. "Must have more," he said.

She looked at her daughter. "We can't go, Salina, the man wants two pieces for the tickets."

The third time she laid the piece of silver, a mejidie, upon the counter. The agent moved his hand politely and stepped back, but unlike an American agent, he held his temper, acted every inch the gentleman of refined courtesy, and "staid by" the rustic travelers.

The daughter looked for money about her person.

She found a piece in a colored kerchief, and laid it down upon the window. No surprise was shown by the mother at this, for it had all been schemed out that way at home.

"Now that is all," she said. "That is all, you must take that or none. We'll walk. We can't go unless you give us tickets for that much."

Of course the agent had to refuse her again, being unmoved as be-

fore. The train was coming now, and fearing she might get left, she searched diligently everywhere but the right place, looking now and then at the agent with pitying expression. In a kerchief she, too, like her daughter, found another piece. The three pieces were now laid down and pushed toward the man inside.

"For the sake of Allah," she said, "give my poor daughter and me a ticket. There's our train. We can't go."

Both of us laughed out loud, joining the agent, who by this time was growing a little tired of the foolish deception.

The bell was ringing for the departure of the short



One of the Fig Trees from Which I Gathered Purple, Juicy, Sweet Figs.

train. In another part of the kerchief the mother found a fourth piece which made just enough to buy the ticket.

The missionary tells me that these people can be trusted in nothing,—that they do not know what the truth is. She says they are perfectly unreliable.

Add to this dishonesty of the people the fact that the Turkish money is known as "good money" and "bad money," and you see how difficult and dangerously unpleasant is travel here. A quotation or price is always made in "good piasters." If in bad money, the price is higher. The "bad" money is not counterfeit, but it is computed at a value far below par. "Bad money" is mostly in silver, the kind that most of us must carry, and hence we have to be counting it over all the time and estimating its real value in paper or gold, a task beyond the average intelligent buyer. It is difficult for the missionaries long resident here to compute bad money into good money. I don't even attempt it. I know how many pieces I have in my purse and their relative value, and I know how much French and Italian money I traded off for it. So, at the low prices here I will see to it that I get my money's worth, and I will not haggle with the ticket agent either.

The "haggling" women left the train at Smyrna as we stepped from the rude platform of the station and congratulated ourselves in having escaped the brigand. Some of the American and Grecian residents here had suggested the advisability of my going up into the mountains and being caught by Tchakigis,—that the world-wide news of such an affair would bring my name before everybody. I am not seeking that kind of notoriety, and prefer to win my way by the ladder of true merit.

A young Grecian bicycle merchant offered his company, however, in a ride along the rough and desolate shore in the direction of the brigand's mountain hiding place. Much of the distance was unfit for wheeling, and the peasants living far back from the sights of the city did not know whether our visit on the wheels should be kindly considered or not. A wheelman who tried to pass through here some time ago was stoned so that his only safety lay in his ability to

keep his wheel going at a faster pace than their feet could carry them, as they chased him out of their country with pitchforks and hoes.

On our way back we stopped at the same coffee house where the dreadful brigand, Tchakigis, has been known to take a midnight lunch here from the two suspicious men who run it. We too had coffee here and sipped the black, strong bitters with as much pretended satisfaction as if we sat in an American cafe.

I, for one, was all eyes and ears, though, and wondered what kind of weapons these men concealed in the several long pockets near the girdle.

I did not "contrary" them.

Growing in a fig orchard of several acres near this rustic restaurant was a typical fig tree, full of ripening figs. The tree is about fifteen feet high and being well branched, it is capable of producing more than

enough fruit for its owner to pay the taxes, for trees in Turkey are taxed whether they bear or not.

The figs can be seen easily on this tree. Some of them look round and whitish. The big leaf, with deeply cut edges, hides most of the fruit from view. Unlike apple and other trees that plainly exhibit their fruit, the fig tree hides it under an exuberant foliage, so that the traveler pass-



I Was Told to Help Myself to Eight Tons of Choice Figs.

ing along the wayside must turn from the path and examine the tree from close range. The Savior had thus gone over to a fig tree, desiring just as I did here, to have a lunch on figs, but when he came close to it he found there was no fruit there,—only a lot of leaves. How human he was,—just like us,—turning aside from his chums to look for figs on a tree belonging to somebody else, or at least not his own; peeping around, first the side, and then from under, this tree.

Reaching Smyrna, I visited the fig factory where the figs come into the warehouse in big sacks and baskets by camels, and from which they are shipped to Chicago and Elgin, direct. But as this firm was conducted by Englishmen, most of their shipping is consumed in England where much use is made of the fig. This is the renowned Lawson Packing House of Smyrna and a "tip" to the reader is that you be sure in buying a box of figs that the word Smyrna or Ephesus be

upon the box. Lawson Brothers are reliable fig and raisin merchants, and as I buy great quantities of figs for food at the table, using often the natural shaped ones for stewing, I look for the name of this reliable English firm.

On the floor here was a pile of figs that weighed tons. Twenty-five women sat by them, sorting them into flat baskets which girls carried to the upper floor.

When the women learned that I had ridden all the way from America, across the ocean and all, they sought to outdo one another in kindness to me, throwing to me, now and then, here and there, as they sorted, the really prime figs, the very best in the eight tons. This was a little thing on their part, but it made me to like them. Before I went to another part of the house they had filled my pockets with these select figs. Their judgment was unerring. What man dare say a woman has no judgment. Every fig they flung me was the quintessence of sweetness, and the par excellence in flavor.

Most of the women were barefoot but that did not rob the fig of its virtue, even though the girls after tramping on them, picked them up and threw them higher up on the heap, or into my own hands, to eat.

Say what you will of the rottenness of the Turkish government, we must admit that numerous of the world's best merchandise comes from her workshops and from her farms. The Turkish rug has a reputation for honesty in quality and design possessed probably by no other article used by people of means.

The vessel that is to take me up the Bosphorus is lying in the bay. I leave for Constantinople in the morning.

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A THUNDERSTORM IN THE SOUTH.

ROSA MAY MILLER.

THE day awoke calm and peaceful. The silence was broken by the song of the mocking bird.

The sun never shone on a more beautiful morning. Its rays were allowed to reach the earth uninterrupted, as no cloud was in the sky.

It was the last of June, and *very* warm. A gentle breeze was blowing from the south. At noon one could discern small flaky clouds flecking the azure sky, earth's blue canopy.

About three o'clock a dark cloud appeared at the northwest horizon. It rose higher, and higher, growing to a dark blue, then almost black.

It continued to move south, inclined a trifle to the southeast. Now it was a huge black mass with streaks and flashes of lightning. As it came nearer the low thunder could be heard.

The wind now began to blow from the direction of the cloud, which was a huge, rolling mass of indescribable blackness on flashing light.

One could hear the sharp report of the thunder and the lightning now came rapidly in blinding flashes.

Never will I forget that cloud, as it loomed up before us, rolling, tumbling like some frenzied wild being.

But then a change came. The flashes came more frequently and it seemed as if the cloud became white as the large raindrops commenced to fall. We were only at the edge of the storm so we got only a "good shower."

Thirty minutes later all was quiet, save the birds. The verdure looked brighter and greener; and I think we were all thankful for our little thunderstorm that left the heretofore dust-laden air, clear and pure.

Roanoke, La.



BE MERCIFUL.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Be merciful to erring ones
And let us not forget
That there is not among mankind
One who is perfect yet.
Some's faults are greater than your own;
But their temptations, too,
May have been many more than have
Been ever sent to you.

Their strength to help resist them, too,
Perhaps was less than yours.
You cannot judge what agonies
Another soul endures;
So if it falls, help lift it up,
And ever keep in mind
How Jesus Christ, to erring ones,
Was merciful and kind.

Oh! let our criticism not
Drive souls down to despair,
That we could lift out of life's gloom
By tender thought and care.
Forgive the erring, as Christ would,
And teach them to begin
To live upon a higher plane,
Above all human sin.



THE SCHOOL TEACHER.

"SHE is the good angel of the republic. She takes the little bantling, fresh from the home nest, full of his pouts and passions, an unconquerable little wretch whose own mother admits she sends him to school to get rid of him. The young lady who knows her business takes a whole carload of these little anarchists, half of whom, single-handed and alone, are more than a match for both their parents, and at once puts them in the way of becoming useful and upright citizens. At what expense of toil and soul weariness! Hers is the most responsible position in the whole school system, and if her salary were doubled she would yet receive less than she earns."—*Unknown*.

SOME THINGS I LOVE

FRANK B. MYERS

I love the boy who tells the truth,
And on his honor stands;
Who is obedient, in his youth,
To parents' wise commands.

I love him when he dares to do
The thing he knows is right,
Who, like a Daniel, always true,
Fights wrong with all his might.

No truer hero treads the earth;
I love him for his pluck;
His character of priceless worth
Wins for him rare good luck.

I love the girl who's pure in heart,
And word and action, too;
Who always plays the gentle part
Her Maker means her to.

The girl who's true to all the best
That in her nature lies,—
For such, within my throbbing breast,
Feelings of love arise.

Thou crown of God's creative power!
Thou queen of love and grace!
My heart's affection, hour by hour,
Blends with thy smiling face.

I love the birds of merry May,
In orchard, field and wood;
From early morn till close of day,
They praise him who is good.

Their little hearts o'erflow with joy;
I cannot help but love
Those dear, sweet songsters that employ
Their throats for God above.

To me, the rose of sunny June,
Perfection of all flowers,
Sheds fragrant love, all gone so soon;
A queen of few short hours.

Carnations sweet and lilies fair,
Refreshed with morning's dew,
Enrich the balmy, summer air,
And make my love more true.

I love to hear the rippling brook,
There's music in its sound;
Its pleasant strains, from nook to nook,
With joy supreme resound.

The little birds do quench their thirst,
And bathe their plumage here;
Their panting hearts do almost burst
In sweetest notes of cheer.

The starry sky, a scene most grand,
God's universe of light;
By love impelled, I often stand
And view the wondrous sight.

The thought of such a work displayed,
Infinite worlds on high;
Should prompt a love for him who made
Our souls, which ne'er can die.

The seasons of the year I love,
Some beauty lies in each;
Controlled by God, who reigns above,
They us good lessons teach.

In spring the birds and flowers appear,
Dame Nature then revives,
And plays her harp of love and cheer,
Which sweetens all our lives.

The beaming sun and gentle rain,
In June's long, summer hours,
With gold adorn the waving grain,
And beautify the flowers.

A sadness comes with autumn days,
When birds and flowers depart;
A farewell strain Dame Nature plays,
Which almost breaks my heart.

But deeper than this sense of grief,
The joy that comes to me
For harvests rich, from tree and sheaf.
God's goodness there I see.

The virgin-beauty of the snow,
So fair, and pure, and white,
Which robes the naked earth below,
Presents a lovely sight.

The snowball fights and merry slide,—
Oh, joy of schoolboy times!
Within my heart those scenes abide,—
Fond mem'ries' sleigh-bells chimes.

I love the Bible, book divine,
God's mind it doth unfold;
Of heavenly riches 'tis a mine,
Its truth, eternal gold.

It tells us of the one true God,
Enthroned in realms on high;
And of the way that must be trod,
To live beyond the sky.

Its altar glows with holy fire,
From our dear Savior's breast;
Oh, may this flame with love inspire
Within us all that's best.

When Sunday comes, I love to go
Into the Sunday school,
And try the Master's love to show,
And teach the Golden Rule.

The church of Christ is dear to me,—
The precious, blood-bought throng;
Through time and all eternity
Her glory be my song.

'Tis highest pleasure, thus to live
For all that's good and true,
Our lives their humble part to give,
God's service thus to do.

Great Teacher, may we learn from thee
To cultivate the art
Of loving, some bright day to be
Perfected in thy heart.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.

A BIT PERSONAL.

WHILE city ministers are worrying over the question, "Why do men not attend church in larger numbers?" perhaps one man's experience may help them reach a solution.

The writer happens to be the son of a minister (now laugh and get off the usual witty remark about "preachers' boys") and was raised to attend church regularly. In his boyhood days such a thing as a choir was utterly unknown in the country precincts. Usually the organ—if there was one in the church—was stationed about midway of the church, and everybody joined in singing the old hymns. Usually some man accounted a singer of note stood up and led the singing. But there were no solos, or duets, or quartettes in those days. Very few people really needed the hymn books that were passed around, for everybody knew the songs and loved to sing them. Some of those old songs—now seldom heard, but still the best ever written, come to mind. "Old Hundred"—with its majestic swing and its inspiring words, "Before Jehovah's awful throne!" "O, thou fount of every blessing" was another one. Usually the leader would pronounce the "every" as if it were spelled "ev-ri," with the accent on the "ri." "My soul, be on thy guard," "King Jesus, reign for evermore," "Antioch," "Hark! Ten thousand harps and voices," "O could I speak thy matchless worth," "My faith looks up to thee," "Am I a soldier of the cross?" "Come, ye disconsolate," "Nearer, My God, to Thee," "Rock of Ages," "Sweet Hour of Prayer," and scores of other old-time songs surge through the memory as one writes.

Honestly, now Mr. Tired Business Man, Mr. Fatigued Toiler from shop or factory, who happened to be raised in a village community a score and a half years ago, and who seldom go to church these days, wouldn't you like to find some old-fashioned church that had no choir, and where they sang the old-time songs instead of letting a quartette sing some new-fangled ones that are so awfully classic that not even the quartette knows what the words mean?

Don't you wish that you could walk quietly into a church like that, take a seat about midway, pick up one of the old-fashioned hymnals and join with everybody else in singing one of those old-time songs?

Bless the modern ministerial heart, these latter day sermonettes smothered in semi-operatic concerts don't grip the heart like the virile sermons and the soul-inspiring songs of other days. You used to sit for an hour while the pastor preached a scriptural sermon, and you didn't get restless and fidgety, like you do now if the pastor talks longer than twenty-five minutes. The congregation always sang two or three, maybe four, rousing songs before the sermon began, and they set your blood to going rapidly, warmed the

cockles of your heart and put you in a receptive mood mentally.

"At the conclusion of the sermon the congregation will sing hymn number 345," the good pastor would say while he was turning to his text.

You didn't have to turn to the book to see what 345 was. You knew. It was "Come, let us anew our journey pursue," or "My Gracious Redeemer I love," we've forgotten just which. And when the sermon was over you stood up and sang lustily, knowing that even if your voice was a little off the key and your tuneful abilities not exactly par no one would notice it in the grand chorus.

It's different now. You go into a church and the first thing you notice is a sort of "cock-loft" back of the pulpit, and in it is an organist and four salaried singers. The pastor announces a hymn and after the organist has performed a few gymnastics on the keys the quartette rises, and the congregation follows suit—not enthusiastically as of old, but spasmodically, as it were. Then the quartette sings, and here and there through the congregation a few faint voices are heard—sort of weak and ashamed like, don't you know. After the agony is over everybody sits down with a sigh of relief and waits while the organist and the quartette get ready to sing something "way up" in the musical line—something full of trills and warblings and broad "a's" and as empty of soul-stirring sentiment as a miser's heart is of charity. The pastor delivers a sermon on almost anything but the Jerusalem Gospel, and then the quartette sings another song that nobody else knows, the benediction is pronounced, the people depart to their homes, and all during the week the pastor is wondering how he may induce more people, and especially more men, to attend divine worship.

Mr. Preacher Man, you've experimented a lot in trying to find something to attract the average man to your church, and you are forced to confess that you have experimented in vain. Now try just one more thing—not an experiment, but a tested thing, Give the salaried quartette a vacation, pick out the old-time Zion songs that even the present generation knows by heart, and get back to the good old congregational singing style of song worship. Cut out the operatic didos, make everybody feel that they have a part in the services other than merely listening—and then watch for the results. Don't be too impatient, for in this busy age it takes time for even a good thing to become noised around. But in good time you'll get results—our word for it.

A great many souls have been congregationally sung into glory that never would have reached there by the operatic choir route.

Salaried choirs! When we get to the point where we have to hire somebody to sing our Zion songs for us we're going to hire somebody to say our family

prayers, ask the blessing at the family table, read the Good Book for us while we go about our business and act as our proxy at prayer meeting.—*The Commoner*.



THE INTOXICATION OF WEALTH.

THE apostle James, looking down through the ages toward the time when "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh" (James 5:8), speaks of a certain class of the people who live in *pleasure* and have been *wanton*, who *nourish* their hearts as in a day of slaughter (verse 5).

A recent article in the *Record-Herald* by E. P. Moxey, the noted bank examiner for the United States department of justice, who was selected to trace out the financial operations of Chas. W. Morse of New York and who has done similar duty in connection with the irregularities of thirty-nine other banks, was asked to give his *reason* for these bank failures; and his reply is a startling commentary on the words quoted above from the apostle James:

"To say that even a bare majority of the tens of thousands of men who nightly swell the crowd of amusement-crazed spenders, who live in \$5,000 apartments and whose touring cars congest the streets, are doing this with money which is honestly theirs is absurd. They are not earning this money; they are either juggling other people's cash or they are gambling with their own.

"When you can go into a restaurant at two o'clock in the morning and behold \$6,000 worth of women's gowns at the tables and \$3,000 worth of food in process of consumption, something is wrong. And when you observe half a million dollars' worth of automobiles waiting to take this one supper crowd to their homes—or elsewhere—you may be sure that there is queer bookkeeping somewhere.

"It is not only this sort of life in New York, but in a more sinister way, the sight and example of it, which is bringing about a degradation of the sense of common honesty throughout the country. That fine American asset, the New England conscience, has become an object of jest.

"Whatever the cause, there are cycles of honesty and cycles of dishonesty, and the present is a cycle of dishonesty, with its cause in modern standards of enjoyable living.

"There are many direct causes for bank defalcations, but the primal cause is the desire for luxury fostered in the great cities."—*The Lifeboat*.



GEORGIA'S COTTON CROP.

GEORGIA laments that things in its region are not properly distributed. It has an enormous cotton crop, and the value is of such proportions as to make one suppose that everyone is getting rich. Not so. It seems that too much of the money has to be spent elsewhere.

For instance, Georgia produces less than five per cent of the mules used in the State, and without a mule there is no cotton patch. Georgia produces less than fifteen per cent of the cattle used in the State, either for food or dairy purposes, and, what is of vastly more importance, less than seven per cent of the hogs. Without bacon there is no man to drive a mule. Also nearly all of the corn is imported, while about half of the butter, eggs and poultry comes from the North. No wonder there is a lack of accumulated capital when so much of the cost of production goes to other States. Every traveler through the South has noted that cotton farmers raise nothing else, although there is no reason why they should not do so.

The soil of Georgia is not favorable to wheat, but corn and vegetables as well as mules and cattle can be raised there as well as in Missouri or Kentucky—at least in sufficient quantity to meet the local demand. A State cannot grow rich in the proper way unless it makes a turnover in its own neighborhood of most of the money that comes into its pockets when it is possible to do so. The kingdom of cotton is not a stable one. It needs bolstering up.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



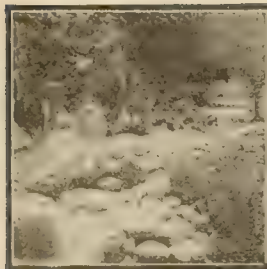
PECULIAR INDIAN MARRIAGES.

MARRIAGE among the Hopi, a tribe of the Pueblo Indians, is an institution regarding which those most concerned have least to say. When the parents of a girl find it expedient for her to get married, they look up an available man. After the matter has been arranged the principals are notified, the girl goes to the home of the bridegroom's parents and grinds corn for them, for three weeks, while the bridegroom makes a kind of sash for the bride. Then one morning at sunrise they both bathe their heads in cold water, which completes the ceremony.

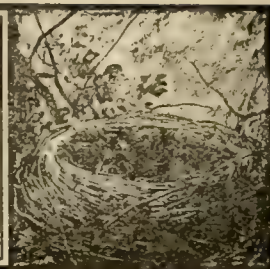
There have been instances of the bridegroom refusing to go through the performance. It has proceeded without him and been accounted valid, and several weeks later he has yielded and had his head bathed.

The Navajo ceremony is much more elaborate and impressive, but then the Navajo girls are much nicer. The regular tariff on a Navajo girl entering the port of matrimony for the first time is 12 horses. On the second occasion the tax is 9 horses, while subsequent marriages are free.

This is not purchase money, but is merely a tribute of respect to a mother-in-law and a token of appreciation of the care and expense involved in bearing and rearing the lady; a recognition not unworthy of consideration by civilized bridegrooms. On the other hand, and deserving of great condemnation, is that law of many tribes, that a man and his mother-in-law shall never meet after the ceremony.—*Woman's National Daily*.



NATURE STUDIES



MIGRATION OF BIRDS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

FOR centuries the migration of birds has been a mystery to man. Why do they migrate at all? What impels them to desert their homes and undertake a long and perilous journey? How do they find their way? Man even with landmarks to guide him, often loses his way. How then do they cross vast expanse of water with no land to guide them? Have they an unknown sense? What routes do they take on their journeys? Do they return to the same locality where reared?

These are only a few of the many questions that perplex the student. One of the reasons given is that they leave because of the failure of the food supply. Another is that the love of home impels them to return in the spring.

If the food supply induces them to leave, why do they go just at the time when it is most abundant and by far the easiest to capture? Why do the seed-eating birds leave just in the heyday of the harvest?

If it is love of home why do they go so soon? They brave the storms to return early, hence why do they not remain till winter drives them from the land they love? Besides, they are as much at home in the South as in the North. Why at all leave the balmy insect-laden air of their winter home and make a long, tiresome journey to a land where the food supply is scarce?

Another theory is that in the early glacial period they came near the ice sheet to build their nests where they could be secure from foes, then on the approach of winter retreated to the tropics to await the next nesting season. As the ice sheet retreated northward with the change of climate the journey was lengthened till it reached its present proportions.

But even this explanation fails in that it proves too much. Why do the migratory birds pass over the tropics to spend their vacation in a land no more bountifully supplied if it may be said to be as well?

How do they find their way back?

One answer is that they travel by sight. This may be true while crossing land but fails for ocean journeys.

Members of the Biological Survey were once making a voyage from Unalaska to Bogoslof Islands, a distance of about sixty miles, in a dense fog. Though it was impossible for the crew to see more than a

few rods ahead, yet they were passed by flocks of murre passing from their feeding grounds to their roosting place. They would appear out of the mists in the rear, fly parallel with the steamer, and disappear in the fog before. They could not possibly see land, yet they were flying as true as the ship sailing by chart and compass.

Land birds are often seen crossing the Gulf of Mexico from Yucatan, some six hundred miles distant. An elevation of five miles would not enable them to see one-third of the way across, while to see the entire distance they would be compelled to seek an altitude of over forty miles, which is surely an impossibility.

It has been suggested that they follow down the stream near which they nested, thus to the river and on down to the ocean. On returning they could retrace their course and arrive at the old home. If such were the case all the birds of the Mississippi Valley would congregate near the mouth of that river and then pass over to the coast. Instead, many more cross by way of Florida than by way of the Mississippi.

How far do they go? Some, as for instance the quail, round out their entire life within a few miles of the place where reared; and on the other hand some northern-reared birds winter in the summer home of their southern kindred. The robin is classed as a migratory bird, yet a few years ago one spent the entire winter at my home. Even when the ground was covered with snow he seemed to be undisturbed and greeted us with his cheery morning song.

The plovers arrive within the arctic circle the first week in June, going at least as far as 81 deg. N. By August they reach Nova Scotia going south, from which place they abandon the land and strike out to sea. The nearest land is the Bermudas, but often they are seen out four hundred miles to the east, passing on to the Antilles, the nearest of which is one thousand miles away. Soon they appear in southern Brazil, Argentina and almost to Patagonia.

Here from September to March they remain care-free while the native birds are busy with their household duties. When March comes away they go again to the North, but this time they avoid the Atlantic coast. Instead they pass by way of Guatemala, Texas, and western United States. By May first they have

left the United States and by June first are again at the arctic circle.

Why make this long journey when they could find the same climatic conditions by means of a short journey toward the south pole? Even when a reason for this is found why have *two* routes?

Many birds make night flights and pass unobserved by the casual observer. On a still night you may sometimes hear the whirr of their wings as they hasten past on an unseen track.

On the other hand some make the most elaborate preparations, gathering in great flocks, and loudly announcing that the time of their departure is at hand.

Their leaving is a deliberate affair. Not so with their return. You go to bed with not a bird in sight and are awakened at early dawn by the shrill whistle of the lark or the "cheer-up" of the robin.

We say spring has come because the bluebird and the robin have come, while the truth is they may have outdistanced spring.

The isotherm of thirty-five degrees requires thirty-five days to travel from New Orleans to the region of the Great Lakes, while the birds make the journey in fifteen days. The summer warblers that nest in the regions of the Great Lakes remain in the tropics till instinct impels them to hasten. When they arrive at New Orleans the temperature is sixty-five degrees. Speeding onward they meet colder weather till by the time the nesting grounds are reached they find a fall to forty-seven degrees.

Many fanciful theories have been advanced and the ascertained truths are almost as strange. The chimney swift is a well-known bird in the eastern part of the United States. With their young they go slowly south till on the Gulf Coast. Then they disappear. Did they drop into the mud and there hibernate as was formerly believed, they could not be more completely lost.

About the last of March they return as suddenly and mysteriously as they disappeared. Where have they been? That is their secret and they keep it well.

The bank swallows nest from Labrador to the arctic circle. Leaving there by August first they reach Chesapeake Bay by the middle of September. Then they disappear. No trace of them can be found till in April they are seen in South America moving northward. Where the interval was spent is unknown.

Thus it is with many others. Some day the secrets may be known and some bright boy or girl who reads this may assist in revealing some of them.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



THE QUEEN OF THE PALM TREES.

ON a voyage to Australia, or to China and Japan in the Far East, steamers usually touch at Colombo in Ceylon, and during the stay of twenty-four hours or so the passengers often take, as the favorite trip, a jour-

ney to Kandy, where the most glorious vegetation comes into view, for it is possible to look down on seas of palm trees in billow after billow of living green. And among them the queen of all the palms—the Talipot—is often to be seen.

It stands a tall column, with a glorious crown of fan-shaped leaves from twelve to twenty-four feet long, all pleated by nature and ready for use. The people ceil their houses with them; carry a length for a fan or an umbrella; and when they go on a long pilgrimage to worship at some sacred shrine, in forest or on mountain top, they put three or four together and make a tent to rest in during the hot noontide or to sleep in at night.

Besides this the leaves are often cut into strips twenty-four inches by two, and are then strung together to make books, the binding being strips of wood of about the same size. On visiting a Buddhist temple a young priest may often be seen using an iron pen and pricking the letters of his strange language into these lengths of palm-leaf and chanting the teaching and praises of Buddha as he writes.

Until the Talipot Palm grows old it puts forth no blossom or fruit. And then above the glorious crest of leaves a greater glory appears. There shoots forth, often with a loud noise, like that of a gun, a flower which grows and spreads until it looks like a big plume of ostrich feathers, twenty to thirty feet long, scented and yellowish white in color. Then it deepens to gold, and day by day pours down its blossoms in a shower of golden rain.

After thus proudly crowning the tree for about nine months, it begins to fade, and the tree becomes so tired with the effort of putting forth so much life that it dies, breaking off about a third of the way from the top.

During its last weeks it sheds around its hard, ivory-like nuts, from which other trees may grow. And it has pushed itself up toward the sun for from sixty to eighty or more feet, and has lived sixty to eighty years for this!

The rarest and finest show of bloom I ever saw was a dozen of these trees in bloom at once, and fifty of them within a few miles. No one ever forgets the Queen of the Palms, and there is always a feeling of sadness when she bows her head and dies.—*Early Days.*



"IN Pennsylvania practically all the remaining forest tracts are owned by lumbering companies, that are fast clearing them off in the usual wasteful way by destroying all the young trees in getting out the large ones. When the land is entirely denuded, the State buys it up for forest reserves; but as a new start must be made from seed, it will take years to restore what ruthless lumbermen destroy in a single season."

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OUR BIRD FRIENDS.

It is a familiar saying that we do not know the real value of our friends until we have lost them, and the statement holds true even though the application is made in widely different fields. Just now we are thinking of our feathered friends and how coldly indifferent we have been not only to the inspiration of their cheery presence but even to their real helpfulness in supplying us with our daily food. It is only when their decreasing numbers are unable to hold in check the ravages of our enemies that we come to realize how very necessary they are to our welfare and happiness.

Since it would seem to be a gigantic task to endeavor to make of each individual a voluntary champion of our feathered friends, the alternative is to interest our lawmakers in the cause and have them pass laws that will insure protection and freedom to the birds which will in turn protect us. It ought not to be necessary to have to ask for this protection for the many birds that furnish us sweet music through a part of the year, but the people whose love of jingling money shuts out even the sweet song of birds and the people whose love of fine feathers—for their own person—shuts out all feeling for the creatures to whom this plumage rightfully belongs, have compelled us to resort to this method. It is hard even to interest our lawmakers in the subject as a matter of sentiment and so in most cases it has been necessary to wait until it has been actually demonstrated by their absence that their presence has been of more value to us than merely that of a summer touring concert company. And often by that time relief is well-nigh too late—both to save our feathered friends from total extinction and to spare us the losses we must suffer without their aid.

Many of our States have seen the wisdom of protecting the insect-eating birds and have passed laws to that effect, but because of the lateness of any such ac-

tion some of them realize that it is necessary to do more than simply to protect these birds. "In the New York Assembly a bill has been introduced not merely to protect but to recruit a bird army to defend the State against an invading army of gypsy moths headed that way from New England, where millions of dollars' worth of damage has been done. Information as to exactly how the army is to be obtained is not at hand, but serious attention is being given to the matter of obtaining and organizing, as it were, regiments of robins and woodpeckers and others of the insect devouring kind.

"Nature has a reason for everything, and whatever the reason for the existence of certain moths and insects may be, one for the existence of birds is to keep crawling depredators from becoming overpopulous. The ornithologists, who with sadness have watched the birds becoming greater strangers with each passing year, undoubtedly would welcome a moth plague that served to arouse the public conscience so as to bring the songsters back and encourage them to multiply with guaranties of unmolested life and domestic happiness."

Our former President showed his interest in this subject of the preservation of our birds by having bird preserves established in certain remote sections of the country. It is to be hoped that many will follow his example by doing all in their power to insure the protection of our friends, the birds.



DIVORCE A CANCER.

THINKING men and women are coming to see that if we are to stop anywhere on this side of ruin for the home and family life it is high time a check is given to the divorce mills which are seemingly running over time in recent years. Within the last three months we have in these pages given the opinion of two well-known people who look upon our loose divorce laws as a menace to our country and a disgrace to society. We here give the words of Bishop Donahue, of Wheeling, W. Va., as he recently expressed himself on the subject at a benefit given by the Catholic Woman's League of Chicago:

"Divorce is eating into the very vitals of the land. Unless this cancer is cut out of this nation, it, together with the greed of wealth and the mad craze for pleasure, will wreck the United States and we shall fall back into the paganism of old.

"The marriage tie held by the founders of our republic as sacred has now become almost a joke.

"But where, I ask, is the warrant in God's Word for the numerous causes of divorce considered sufficient by legislatures and tribunals—drunkenness, desertion, cruelty or nonsupport? No State law yet provides for divorce for 'general cussedness' or being 'just

ornery' or for being 'no good,' but they are getting pretty close to these delectable goals.

"I have heard of a wife seeking a separation from her liege lord, not by reason of cruelty to herself, but to her poodle, by throwing him in the fire. The poodle, and possibly a canary, represented the whole family of another who sought a separation because her husband would not allow her to go to the St. Louis exposition, and a husband quite recently in New York sought his freedom through the intervention of the courts because madame insisted on letting her pet dog first taste of the various dishes before they were set on the table. Every frivolous, childish, trifling cause conceivable will soon be alleged as good ground."

One is made to wonder where the wise people of the land were when these divorce laws were enacted. Most likely the measures won their way by the argument we have all heard—if not on the divorce question then on some other—to the effect that times and people have changed since Christ gave the law on the subject. People fail to consider that Christ made no arbitrary rules, but that he simply reestablished or emphasized laws that were from the beginning and that shall last throughout all time, regardless of the insignificant changes of people's nature and customs. The awful results following on our loose divorce laws as the inevitable punishment of God's broken laws are just beginning to open the eyes of many to this fact. Let us be careful that, because of its commonness and general acceptance, we do not look upon the crime of divorce with a degree of allowance inconsistent with our claims as followers of Christ.



NOTICE.

THE offer of the "Handy Atlas of the World" free with each INGLENOOK subscription, expires April 20. Make up your mind to profit by the offer before this date comes around. Urge your friends to do the same.



CORPORAL PUNISHMENT.

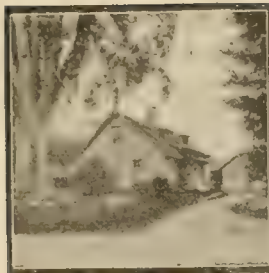
LET us look at the general proposition, "Should corporal punishment be eliminated from the schools?" The average child has much of the animal in his make-up. Since "the child is father to the man," we may judge how much he has by a study of the man. Punishment and reward make up the sum total of that eternal code which is decreed for the evolution of man in his transition from the animal to the spiritual. If my baby should pull at a flower-pot as he first gathers himself together upon his tottering legs at the window ledge, I should say, "No, no," and take the inquisitive hands away. If he reached again, I should repeat the injunction and emphasize it with gentle physical admonition increasing the dose as necessary. I should look for good results in proportion to the persistence which I employed. Further, the memory of this transgression, and the impression of the inevitable in it,

would, in human reason, give an effectiveness to the simple "No" that would happily influence all future dealings. Is the child's affection estranged? Ask the sensible mother who has tried it. But his will power is weakened! Is will power the power to act upon impulse unguided by intelligence? But the child loses respect for the higher things of the human heart if compelled by superior force to do what he does not will to do! No, not if the representative of this superior force is dominated by unchanging love and superior intelligence. . . .

If authority and obedience shall continue to exist, the foundation of human society then with them and before them must go respect for authority, and this implies and necessitates punishment for the violator, corporal punishment, when other forms fail and sometimes before other forms have been employed. I have been told by competent physicians that corporal punishment with the average or normal child is merciful as compared with the mental torture of other forms usually employed,—that the one is ultimately sedative where the other is an extreme irritant. Scolding, threatening, ridiculing, excluding from common privileges, keeping after school, these and other well known forms of punishment are the curse of school life—or home life. But a good, healthy, rightly administered spanking under proper conditions will usually clear the atmosphere like a thunderstorm and the sun will shine cheerfully thereafter for days to come. I am loath to leave this subject without adding another comment. Children who have learned obedience in the home, who believe that *no*, means *no*, that properly constituted authority must be respected, are not the ones who question the teacher's requirements, and get into trouble. To go a step further after a careful investigation of this subject covering over twenty years, I have found not a single case of insubordination in the schools which cannot be traced directly to parental indulgence, mismanagement, and folly. It sounds a little crude and barbarous to hear a parent say to the child, "If you are punished at school, look out for more trouble at home." But verily there is in it a righteousness that exceeds the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees.—*Selected.*



WHAT an unfortunate thing that the idea should be dinned into the ear of youth everywhere, that it is a disgrace to fail—that is, to fail to make money, to accumulate property. If a man has gotten a fortune, but has left his manhood on the way to it; if he has bartered his good name in the process of getting it, he is still a failure, no matter how much money he may have accumulated. A clean record is the greatest kind of success. And how few men who make big fortunes manage to save their good name, to keep their record clean!—*Success.*



THE HOME WORLD



THE BUSIEST ORGAN OF SPECIAL SENSE

DR. O. H. YEREMAN, UNIVERSITY MEDICAL COLLEGE,
KANSAS CITY, MO.

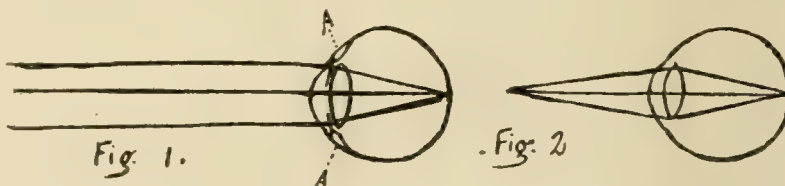
THE human eye is the most wonderful external organ of the entire body. Mechanically it is the most intricate of all the special senses, and yet it seems to withstand more abuse than most of the others, for we must remember that it is used more than any of the others. This little organ is on duty every moment of your waking hours. Not only when you read or write, but while you eat, speak, play or engage in any kind of work, your eyes are busy.

It is surprising how little the average person knows about this important organ; and many who would give to tired limb or back the needed rest, or nurse a leg with tender care, will goad on their willing but disabled or overstrained eyes, in the most reckless way. While many persons can tax their eyes for long periods and experience no immediate discomfort, there are quite a few others who have a great deal of trouble with them. Although we can not exactly tell why there is this discrimination, still it is safe to believe that every transgression of the laws of nature must be paid for, and straining the eyes is no exception to this rule. As a preventive measure it is well to know the following few conditions which lead to imperfect action of the organ of sight.

The eye is very much like the photographer's camera. It has a lens to focus the rays of light passing through it, and a dark chamber for the formation of images. With the camera, however, you can change the position of the lens. When photographing a small object you approach it, and in taking a large range, you move away from it; but the eye can not change the position of its lens, hence it changes its convexity. Rays of light coming from a distant object reach the eye as parallel, and require little refraction to make

them focus or come to a point on the retina. See Fig. 1.

But rays of light coming from a near object enter the eye as divergent and require much refraction or bending, to bring them to a point on the retina. (Fig. 2.) To do this the ciliary muscle (A, Fig. 1) is employed which presses the lens together from above and below, and thus increases its convexity. Therefore, normally, every moment of the time that you have your eyes fixed on some close object, such as a



book, sewing, painting, etc., the ciliary muscle is on tension. When we remember that this muscle is a very small one, and its task arduous, we can begin to realize how much we have abused it, by compelling it to remain in one position for hours at a time. When after continued application at close fine work your vision blurs, the print runs together or stitches disappear, then you may know that your ciliary muscle has given up from sheer exhaustion. And is it a wonder that it should? Supposing that you hold your arm out in one position for five minutes,—it gets tired; but oh! how often we compel our ciliary muscles to hold the lens steady, in one position, for that many hours instead of minutes. Do you want to save your eyes? At the end of every hour's close work, rest them by changing their focus from near to far objects.

This constant straining of the ciliary muscle makes a great leak in the nerve force of the individual and frequently results in various forms of headache,

neuralgia, tic douloureux, chorea, hysteria, epilepsy and even insanity. There are also optical defects of the eye, wherein the ciliary muscle is brought into action both for near as well as distant vision, but the explanation of that requires the discussion of the subject of refraction and the use of glasses, which I will take up in the next article.

The suggestions and hints given here are for the purpose of prevention rather than cure. It is advisable for every person to understand the care of this delicate organ and exercise common sense in preserving its usefulness; but the treatment of it must be entrusted only into the hands of the individual who is skilled and of unquestioned integrity. For as the lawyers say, "The man who pleads his own case has a fool for a client"; and the person who undertakes to treat his own eyes is subjecting to peril an organ which plays an essential part in the labors and pleasures of life. While in Chicago, some ten years ago, two ladies who were complaining of loss of vision, came under my observation. The first had used medicine which an oculist had prescribed for a neighbor of hers. These drops dilated her pupils and caused dimness of vision, which alarmed her and made her seek medical advice immediately. The drops were discontinued, and when their effect wore off her vision returned to normal. Had she continued their use longer, she might have lost her sight.

The second lady had used a home remedy suggested by a friend, which produced an infection and inflammation of the eyes, ending in irremediable blindness. Both of these ladies were cultured and intelligent and should not have attempted to treat themselves; but that is being done daily by all classes.

The kind and source of light is of great importance in this connection. Our present-day civilization is necessitating thousands of persons to labor all day long with artificial light. Only today a young lady was telling me that she saw very little of the sun or natural light except on Sundays. She went to work early in the morning, finishing late at night, and as they used electric lights at her work in the factory, and gas light at home, practically all her seeing was done by artificial light. It is well known that artificial light is not as good for the eyes as natural light, and a flickering gas light is not as desirable as the steady electric light; but perhaps the least objectionable of any artificial light is the mellow, soft, yellow light of a good kerosene lamp.

The light should come from behind the person, and preferably stream down his left shoulder. It is a mistake to face the glare of the light. If the source of light has to be facing the individual, a shade should be worn on the forehead to protect the eyes. The common habit of reading while lying down is universally condemned, but this need not necessarily be injurious to the eyes, if the source of light is from a favorable

direction, and attention is paid to holding the print parallel with the face. Holding a book in the lap while sitting, or on the chest while lying down causes the rays of light from the page to reach the eye obliquely, and to get them to focus at the posterior part of the eyeball, the ciliary muscle must increase the convexity of the lens more than usual, thus taxing its powers. In fact it is desirable at all times to hold our work or reading on a level with the eyes and directly in front of them. If this measure was generally carried out, it would materially decrease the disease due to eye strain.

Washing the eyeballs in cold water is not to be recommended as a routine practice. Where there is an inflamed condition of the eyes due to dust, smoke, vapor, cinders or cold winds, it is advisable to use hot or cold applications as they prove agreeable to the patient. By cold applications we mean pledgets of absorbent cotton or small squares of soft clean cloth, taken off a block of ice and placed over the eyelids and about the temples. For remedies I believe it is always best to apply to a physician, for even such simple remedies as boracic acid drops or "borax water" have been known to cause infection of the eyes, because of not having been aseptically prepared.

The eyes are always congested and reddened during the early stages of an attack of measles, scarlet fever, influenza and even a common cold in the head. Few mothers realize that during these so-called "mild" diseases of childhood the foundations are laid for life-long trouble with weak or sore eyes. At such times the patient should be kept in an airy, clean room, and the blinds so arranged as to give a subdued light. The eyes should be bathed several times each day with warm soft water, so as to relieve congestion and remove all secretions. Smoked glasses could also be used during this period with advantage. Above all things remember that the sore eyes of measles are not a light thing, and that the strictest cleanliness and skillful treatment are necessary to keep them from leaving evidences of their existence after they are cured.

The fact that what is commonly called "granulated eyelids" is contagious is known by comparatively few people. This ignorance leads to the spreading of the disease throughout entire neighborhoods, being generally transmitted from one child to another in school, or from one member of the family to another in the home. The United States government, recognizing the virulence of this disease, and its obstinacy in yielding to treatment, has the eyes of all immigrants examined. I well remember the experience which a Japanese traveling salesman had, who crossed the Pacific on the same boat with me. The government quarantine officers, who boarded the ship before it reached Seattle, detected the faintest sign of granular lids in this pas-

senger, and in spite of the entreaties of the ship's doctor, refused to allow the passenger to land.

In such cases separate wash-basins should be provided for the afflicted one, and all towels and linen used by him should be kept away from the rest of the family. Such an individual should not be allowed to occupy the same bed with a person having healthy eyes. When we realize that this is a very obstinate disease, requiring prolonged and tedious treatment, no pains should be spared to prevent its occurrence or spread. Such diseases could be wiped out of existence if the people would co-operate with the doctors and the government.



THE STEPCHILD.

When I was little, papa used to tell
Long stories to me every night,
And mama, 'cause she wasn't very well,
Would lie by me and hold me—just as tight!
But mother says I'm most half grown
And ought to go to bed alone,
And making fools of children isn't right.

When I was little, papa used to be
A growly dog, and then I'd be a cat,
Or else he'd be a bear a-chasin' me,
Until I'd run to mama, where she sat,
But papa doesn't want to play
Since mama went and went away,
'Cause mother says I'm much too big for that.

When I was little, papa used to hold
Me on his lap and cuddle me, and let
Me cuddle him, pretendin' he was cold,
And mama never seemed to mind or fret.
But when I go to kiss him now,
He tells me not to make a row,
'Cause mother hopes I'm not a baby yet.

Once mother went away, I don't know where,
And papa was alone, just him and I,
And so I went and climbed up on his chair,
And then got on his knee, and by and by
He cuddled me, and rocked me, too,
Like him and mama used to do,
And then I felt so good I had to cry.
—Edmund Vance Cook, in *Appleton's Magazine*.



THE REAL ISSUE.

IN our eagerness out here in the Middle West to herald to the world the magnitude of our corn and wheat crops, the superiority of our beef cattle and thoroughbred swine, and the tremendous productiveness of our domestic hen, we are prone to lose sight of the real issue, namely, the splendid crop of strong sons and fair daughters that the country is producing. In their joyous natures we behold at once the bright sunlight of hope and the beautiful bow of promise of our future greatness and glory. Drouths and deluges may destroy our growing crops, disease and degeneration may play havoc among our cattle on a thousand hills and our treasured porkers in the alfalfa fields; yea, our boasted domestic hen may even occasionally

cease her productive labors—all these calamities might conceivably come upon us each in turn, and yet our glory not be dimmed; provided only, that our growing boys and girls be so trained and safeguarded in the home, so educated and disciplined in the school, the church and the other institutions of the country, that they will develop into well-rounded, magnificent specimens of manhood and womanhood.—*Interstate Schoolman*.



SEA FOODS.

THE ocean has its flora as well as fauna. We Westerners use the carrageen and dulse infrequently as side dishes or as gastronomic curiosities. On the New England coast the Yankee housewife gathers the pink dulse at low tide and converts it into a delicious blanc-mange. The poor Galway peasant boils his Irish moss as a substitute for cabbage. In Japan the algæ are the subject of a big industry. One class, resembling the pink dulse of New England, is made into jellies, or is dried, ground into flour, and treated like corn-starch. A second class of seaweeds is washed, ground to pulp in a mortar, and again washed so as to separate the woody fiber from the starch and pectin. This is dried into cakes or bars, which make a valuable addition to the resources of the kitchen. One variety consists of long threads like vermicelli, which, when thrown into boiling fat, expands into crude crystalline "pipestems" which are crisp, brittle, and dissolve in a few seconds when held in the mouth. A third class is macerated, boiled, and strained. The clear fluid is evaporated and then cooled, when it becomes the popular pulp, "agar-agar." Than this compound nothing is better for invalids, children, or old folks. It is as digestible as malted foods, without the slightest irritating influence upon the stomach. It is a highly useful material to the cook, who thickens with it soups, stews, and sauces. Nearly all these preparations retain a mild but very pleasant flavor of the sea. It is not fishy, but has the same bouquet as an August wind blowing over a salt meadow.

So far as is known, the Japanese utilize all the salt water bivalves and univalves. The extravagant American confines himself to the oyster and clam, with an occasional departure into scallops and mussels. The European adds to this list the limpet, cockle, periwinkle, and sea snail. The Japanese, wiser in his generation, gratefully accepts all of nature's largesse, and transfers to the kitchen every mollusk upon his coast.

In crustaceans, the mikado is not so rich as Uncle Sam. There is a species of lobster on the Japanese coast, but it is exceedingly rare. Its place is taken by a giant crawfish, which an Irishman defined as "a lobster with no claws, but four-foot cigar lighters on the end of its nose." There are crabs, and a plethora

of smaller crustaceans, which range from tiny shrimps to prawns six inches in length.

In the Japanese markets are more than four hundred kinds of fish. Upon these the chef expends his genius in a thousand ways. He may serve fish raw, with a garniture of parsley, chopped onion, red ribbons made by peeling radishes, and green ones from cucumbers, or a salad in which the fish flavor is partly if not wholly concealed beneath a rich aromatic dressing. There is a prejudice among Americans against eating raw fish, although, paradoxical as it may seem, they take eagerly to raw oysters and clams.—*Twentieth Century*.

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SETTING THE HENS.

EVERY poultry place should be provided with a hatching pen, separate by itself, in which to set the hens when they become broody. Let them remain on their usual nest for a couple of days; then, after night, remove to their new quarters. Place a "dummy" setting of eggs under her, make her next box dark by mean of a gunnysack or board, place feed and water before her, when she comes off, see she goes back on; if necessary, fasten her on, and in a couple of days she will get down to business and will become as firmly established as a mule that doesn't want to draw.

Leave the chicks in the nest for twenty-four hours; thirty-six hours will not hurt; then remove and feed small grit and water. In a little while after, feed some dry bread steeped in sweet milk and squeezed dry. Some advocate hard-boiled eggs. I do not find it necessary. I like a Johnny-cake made as follows: One pint water, two eggs (infertile), one-half teaspoonful salt, one-half teaspoonful saleratus, corn meal to thicken. Dissolve salt and soda in the water, add the milk. Stir well and add meal and bake.

This Johnny-cake will crumble fine. Recipe is enough for one hundred chicks. Do not bake any more than will last for two days, as it may become sour, and that is fatal to young chicks. They can be fed this three times a day, up to three or four weeks old, when cracked corn, cracked wheat, and wheat screenings may be substituted.—*Selected*.

The Children's Corner

THE BIRDS AND FLOWERS.

"WAKE up! Wake up! Ver-y, ver-y beautiful!" sang Mr. Robin one morning in spring.

"Here I am!" answered a daffydowndilly, as she playfully poked her yellow head through the ground.

"I'm here, too," said a lavender crocus.

"So am I," said a sleepy violet.

"Look! Look! Look over under that tree!" sang a little sparrow.

And, sure enough, over by an oak tree was a baby fern, with some of its fronds still tightly curled up, fast asleep, while a few of them were waking up and gently unfolding.

"Ver-y, ver-y beautiful!" sang Mr. Robin again.

"It is a beautiful world to live in," continued the little crocus.

"And to *work* in," added Mr. Robin, as he thought of the busy summer ahead of him.

"And to *play* in," said daffydowndilly, as she swayed and nodded in the breeze.

"And to *love* in," sighed the little sleepy violet.

"And to *grow* in," said the baby fern.

"And to *sing* in," sang a little bluebird near by.

"And to *trust* in," said a tiny blade of grass.

And so they thought. And each one tried its best to be all that God meant it to be.—*Round Table*.

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"WASTE NOT, WANT NOT."

"JAMIE, you must eat your crusts," said mother, as the little boy carefully laid up the crusts of his bread around the edge of his plate.

"Don't like 'em, mama!" snapped the boy.

"That makes no difference," said mama.

Jamie pouted.

"They're hard."

"You have good teeth, my boy."

Jamie wanted another good slice of bread and butter, but there were those tough crusts. He knew his mother would give him nothing more till those were eaten. He sat still a few moments, and then, as if a new thought had come to him, he broke out, half laughing, half crying: "Did you eat your crusts, mama, when you were as big as me?"

Mama smiled at the "as big as me," but very good-naturedly answered: "Yes, my boy, I had to. I remember that one day I tucked all my crusts carefully under the edge of my plate on the side opposite to my mother, so that she could not see them. But when I came to the table the next time there were all my crusts in a very neat little pile on my clean plate. I made up a face, and was just going to turn them out of the plate, when my mother, who had been watching me, said, quickly, 'Not so, my little lady; you can have no dinner until you finish your breakfast.' There was nothing for me to do but to munch my crusts. After that I thought it the best way to eat them as I went along."

By this time Jamie's crust had disappeared. He had learned the lesson his mother wished him to.

"The crust is the best part of the bread, my mother said; the very sweetest. If we throw our crusts away, we waste a large portion of our bread. It is wicked to waste. What we waste now we may sorely want some time." —*Exchange*.



THE QUIET HOUR



DE LAWD'S WUK.

De Lawd he hed a job fo' me,
 But Ah'd so much to do,
 Ah ast him git somebody e'se,
 Aw wait till Ah got froo.
 Ah don't know how de Lawd come out,
 But he seemed to git along;
 But Ah felt kind o' sneaken' like,
 'Kase Ah knowed I'd done him wrong.

One day Ah need de Lawd myse'f,
 An' need him right away.
 He nevah answe'd me at all,
 But Ah could heah him say,
 Way down in mah accusin' heah:
 "Ah's got too much to do,
 Yo' bettah git somebody e'se,
 Aw wait till Ah gits froo."

Now when de Lawd he hev a job,
 Ah nevah tries to shu'k;
 Ah draps whatevah Ah's on han',
 An' does de good Lawd's wuk.
 Mah own affaihs kin run along,
 Aw wait till Ah gits froo;
 Nobody e'se kin do de job
 De Lawd lay out fo' you.

—Unidentified.



THE HIDDEN LIFE.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

"Your life is hid with Christ in God." Col. 3: 3.

To no one is life so precious a trust as to the Christian disciple. He does not rely upon any ability to care for it himself, but commits it into the keeping of unfailing hands. Reposing in the depths of the Christ-life, that ministry to the soul's best interests is carried on. Self-life must die before the Christ-life can grow. Of high Christian attainment is he who is able to say, "It is no longer I that live, but Christ who liveth in me."

The hidden life is made possible by surrender. Self once capitulated, the soul takes refuge in the citadel of God's love. There it becomes the protected life, safe from the blasts of any storm. This security is maintained by keeping in harmony with the head and government of the kingdom. Prayer is the secret of unbroken harmony between the keeper and the kept.

All men need a time to be quiet. God communes with men when they wait before him to listen. No life is strong unless it affords God a chance to speak

to it. The hidden life is marked by its quiet waiting upon Jehovah. There is an intimate relation between the private and the public life of a Christian. In the quietude of his prayer closet is stored up that power which is shown forth in his activities in the midst of the populace.

The hidden life is a life of power. It is necessarily so because of the connection with the source of power. Men may possess physical strength or mental attainment and yet be incapable of swaying any soul toward higher things. Only spiritual power can move hearts toward God who is a Spirit. Conforming to God's standard of living makes any life fit to receive that power and be an instrument of its working. Living on the plane of the Christ-life means power in God, with God, for God.

Every life makes known its character by its influence, whether that be elevating or debasing. One may well shudder at the imprints upon human souls seen in the wake of ungodly living. The influence of the hidden life is holy because the power to wield that influence is God-given. This world can no longer stand when all the godly characters are removed.

The hidden life is a life of blessing. Spirituality is increased by spending. The kept life knows nothing else but to spread the joy of its security. The words spoken to Abraham are words for us: "I will bless thee . . . be thou a blessing." This is God's plan for every life. God is waiting—and a weary world is waiting—until men will allow the power of the Almighty to work the blessedness which it will when they offer themselves to be instruments of its working.



THE WEALTH OF THE CHURCH.

In the Sunday-school lesson not long ago the beggar asked alms expecting to receive silver and gold. He got far more than he asked—the power to walk. The power of the Gospel is to liberate men from the bondage of sin. If beggars are fed without requiring to work, not only is charity misapplied, but the character of the recipient is weakened and perhaps ruined. Nor is it enough to make men walk, to heal the body; they must walk in spirit and in truth—in the name of Jesus Christ. Even medical missions and all the physical help given by our city missions, are not an end in themselves; they are means by which to reach men's souls.

Peter drew a fine distinction between the wealth that consists of silver and gold, material resources; and that which consists of ability and power, physical, mental, spiritual. He had no money and still he was rich. He had pity and power to help. The strength of the church is not in her silver and gold. Pope Innocent IV said to Thomas Aquinas, "You see the church can no longer say, like Peter, 'silver and gold have I none.'" The philosopher replied: "Nor can she say, 'rise up and walk.'" "When the church became rich in this world's goods, she declined in spiritual power. When she was poor in houses and lands, she was rich in grace and truth. Her debt to humanity is not to be paid in lifeless coin, but by sympathetic service. There is none so poor that he cannot pay his debt. "It is only necessary," says Phillips Brooks, "to be good and brave and true and patient and we give our brethren gifts far beyond all value, great, generous impulses and strong, true principles." Turgeneff, in one of his parables, tells how he was besought by a beggar. Searching his pockets, he said to the man, "I am sorry, brother, I have nothing for thee." But the beggar, with joy beaming in his face, replied, "That is enough, you have given me more than money, for you have called me brother."

Yet we are not to imagine that the church or the Christian has no right to possess property and to use silver and gold in the performance of the work of the kingdom. Money is power, and its proper use depends upon the spirit of those who have it. By means of it the men who preach and teach must be supported, houses and homes and institutions must be built and sustained, and the Gospel is sent to the ends of the earth. The problem is to subordinate money to spiritual and moral ends. A passenger on a sinking boat filled a belt around his waist with gold. After the wreck his body was found at the bottom of the bay. Ruskin says, "Now had he the gold, or had the gold him?" Beware lest the gold have you, instead of you having the gold.—*Christian Monitor*.



TRY HIM WI' A TEXT.

MANY a time has Satan succeeded in his efforts to overcome frail humanity, but in no case could he have done so if always and ever his victims had known how to use the "sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." "*It is written,*" said our Savior in the wilderness, and "Satan departed from him."

"What's wrang wi' ye noo? I thocht ye were a'richt," said one Scotch boy to another, who had recently been converted, but who was still disquieted and desponding. "What's wrang wi' ye noo?"

"Man, I'm no richt yet," replied the other, "for Satan's aye tempting me."

"And what dae ye then?" asked his friend.

"I try," said he, "to sing a hymn."

"And does that no' send him awa'?"

"No, I'm as bad as ever."

"Weel," said the other, "when he tempts ye again, try him wi' a text; he canna staun that."

This is the great remedy for temptation; and we can only conquer our adversary the devil by the Word of Truth, by the power of God, by the armor of righteousness on the right hand and on the left.—*Selected*.



DWARFED CHRISTIANS.

CHRISTIAN perfection is something more than purity, something more indeed than maturity. Some people's idea of perfection is like a Chinaman's idea of an oak which he has grown in a pot, and which has reached the size of two feet, and then says to the Western visitor, "It is a perfect tree; why do you not admire it?" "Miserable two-foot oak," says Henry Ward Beecher, who uses the illustration, "I turn from it to think of God's oak in the open pasture, a hundred feet high, wide-boughed, and braving the storm. Now when a man comes to me and says: 'I do not commit this fault, or fall into that error, I have trained and schooled myself. Behold me; I am perfect.' I cannot but exclaim, 'Miserable two-foot Christian!' I have no patience," continues Mr. Beecher, "with this low standard, these earthly comparisons, this relative goodness. I must outgrow this pot of earth. God's eternity is in my soul, and I shall need it all to grow up to the measure of the stature of the fullness of Christ."—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.

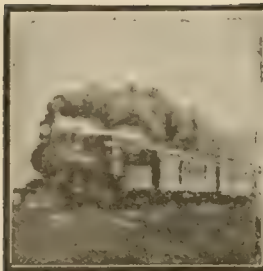


THE BIGNESS OF THE TRIFLING WRONG.

A GREAT deal that is right can be fatally marred by a very little thing that is wrong. It takes only a little thing to spoil a big thing. An outing in the finest and coolest of country air, with the best of meals, the most luxurious of houses, and the most comfortable and sleep-inviting beds, may be ruined by the bark of a dog, or the hum of a mosquito—if either one keeps faithfully at it through the night. A mere trifle like that has changed more than one paradise into an inferno. And it takes only a single serious trifle in the character of an otherwise strong, attractive man or woman to more than blot out all the attractions which might count for so much. It does not pay to overlook the little things, in our surroundings or in ourselves. It may seem an unfair principle, but it is inexorably true, that a little that is bad will more than offset a great deal that is good; while a little that is good will not offset the large evil. How it does behoove us to be vigilant against all evil, no matter how tiny!—*Evangelical Messenger*.



THE fearful never inherit the mysteries; it is the men of faith who see the invisible. To them God reveals his secrets and manifests himself in light and love and fellowship.—*Cecil H. Wright*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Before the American Society of the Study of Alcohol and Other Drug Narcotics Dr. W. S. Hall of Chicago, Dr. H. J. Berkeley of Baltimore, Dr. H. W. Wiley, T. A. Williams, A. MacDonald and I. J. Achard said alcohol could not be considered a food and was responsible for race suicide.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad is reported to have recently issued orders to its employment bureau not to accept any man for service upon the road in future who will not sign a pledge of total abstinence. The road has for years been very strict with its men in regard to drinking, as are all railroads, but not until recently has it gone to the extent of demanding total abstinence.

The Federal quarantine on account of the foot-and-mouth disease has been entirely removed from the States of Michigan and Maryland, no cases of the disease having been found in those States since early in December. The quarantine on certain portions of New York and Pennsylvania remains in effect, but covers only the particular townships in which the disease existed, together with certain adjoining townships.

Art treasures variously estimated at between \$20,000,000 and \$30,000,000 are soon expected to decorate private and public galleries here and in other art centers of the country under the provision of the proposed new tariff which permits the importation of paintings and works of art more than 20 years old free. J. Pierpont Morgan is known to have about \$6,000,000 worth of art possessions in London and it is expected he will remove them to New York.

Now that the misunderstandings between the railroads and the manufacturers have been removed and a satisfactory steel rail assured, orders for new rails are being placed in large quantities. A notable instance is a recent order of the New York Central Railroad for 101,000 tons to be delivered during the spring and early summer. Of this order, 51,000 tons are being rolled by the Lackawanna Steel Company, 42,600 tons by the United States Steel Corporation, and the balance by the Algoma Steel Company and the Bethlehem Steel Company.

The law but recently enforced by the State Legislature prohibiting the manufacture of liquors in the State of Tennessee is to be carried to the supreme court of the United States, if necessary, in a test case. Plans of the liquor interests to attack the law have been guarded with the utmost secrecy, but it became known March 17 that suits will be filed by at least five manufacturers in the State whose stockholders are largely nonresident, in order that the case may be brought in the Federal court. Six attorneys, it is stated, have been engaged—two from Tennessee, one from New York, one from Washington and one from Cincinnati—to prosecute the case. With the attack on the manufacturers' law, it is also planned to attack the State-wide prohibition law.

The frequency of accidents to passengers alighting from the rear platform of one car and walking in front of a car approaching from the opposite direction, has led an inventor to devise an alarm which is sounded by the motorman when he stops his car if he sees another car coming on the opposite track. The alarm is located on the back platform, and at night the device is illuminated, so that the sign reading, "Look out for the car on the other track," may be read.

Capt. C. E. Thomas, of Saranac Lake, has discovered an opening to a great cavern on the summit of a mountain in the Adirondacks, N. Y. He penetrated the cave for about 1,000 feet, and then returned because he had no proper equipment to continue his exploration. The cave is situated on a mountain known as "W" Mountain, several miles from Standish, N. Y. The mouth of the cave is about 50 feet wide, and the first room 50 feet long, 20 feet wide, and 30 feet high. Bats lined the walls. In the second room, which was about 40x15x25 feet, ramified passages were found.

Mrs. Mary Baker G. Eddy, leader of the Christian Science church, has just issued an edict barring all Christian Scientists from reading Rev. Dr. I. M. Haldeman's book condemning Christian Science as immoral and opposed to the teachings of God. Dr. Haldeman's book, "Christian Science in the Light of Holy Scripture," was published only a few weeks ago. Dr. Haldeman is pastor of the First Baptist church at Broadway and Seventy-ninth Street, New York. Dr. Haldeman's attack on Christian Science is particularly severe with regard to the teaching of that church regarding marriage.

The New York Tribune, one of the most conservative and reliable newspapers in the United States, says: "The drink bill of the United States is \$1,410,236,702. All the corn, wheat, rye, oats, barley, buckwheat and potatoes put together will not pay for it. The liquor traffic costs more each year than our whole civil service, our army, navy and Congress, the river, harbor and pension bills, all we pay for local government, all National, State and county debts and all the schools in the country. In fact, this Government pays more for liquors than for every function of every kind of government."

Executive and legal representatives of the railroads operating in Missouri say that they will immediately take steps to attack the 2-cent passenger fare laws of Illinois and Iowa and to urge similar contests, which are now pending, in Kansas, Nebraska and Minnesota. They will also present a strong front in the Arkansas litigation. The railroad officials said that at the recent conference in Chicago, when they concluded to restore the rate of 3 cents a mile in Missouri, they also decided to fight the 2-cent rate cases in the other States mentioned. The 2-cent rate is under suspension in Arkansas through a temporary injunction.

Between the decision written by Judge Grosscup and handed down by the Circuit Court of Appeals and Judge Anderson's interpretation of that opinion, the Standard Oil Company virtually has obtained immunity from further prosecution for accepting rebates or concessions from railroads, at least in this part of the country. Seven other indictments, found against the company in Chicago, but which have not been tried here will be dropped. This procedure was determined upon March 19 at a conference between Assistant Attorney General Wade Ellis and District Attorney Sims and Special Attorney Wilkerson in Washington.

George Thorndike Angell, the founder of humane societies and leader of the movement for the better treatment of dumb animals, died March 16 at his home in Boston after a lingering illness of several months. He was born in Southbridge, Mass., in 1823, and after being graduated from Dartmouth College studied law at the Harvard Law School. Admitted to the bar in 1851, he had for many years a lucrative practice. In 1864 he started the agitation that led to the formation of humane societies in Massachusetts, Illinois and a number of western and southern States. The Illinois Humane Society was founded by him. He established the publication *Our Dumb Animals* and wrote much, besides delivering addresses on the subject for many years.

The censorship of moving pictures recently established in New York City is to affect practically every moving picture show in the United States, according to a statement issued in New York City recently by the Moving Picture Patents Company. This company announces that it has secured an agreement from all its licensed manufacturers and importers, including a majority of the firms engaged in the manufacture and sale of moving pictures in the United States, whereby the decisions of the New York censors will be followed. "We believe," the statement says, "that this agreement means that the death knell of the cheap and low toned picture show has been sounded. We are determined to stamp out all pictures which are for any reason undesirable. The movement is national in scope and will be put in immediate operation."

A Boston inventor is claiming that he has solved the problem of storing the sun's rays and converting them into electrical energy. He has, according to Boston dispatches, succeeded in generating enough electricity by his device to light his workshop. The invention consists of a framework placed in position so it will receive the direct rays of the sun. Into the frame are set a series of short metal composition plugs, there being 61 of the plugs in the frame, which is divided into squares, each one foot square. Projecting from cement in which they are set the plugs come into contact with thick glass; and upon this glass the sun shines. A heat-absorbing material is filled in around the plugs and the plugs are an inch apart, connected in series by a metal strip. The inventor holds that the difference in temperature of the two ends of the metal plugs, one being in the sun, the other in the open with a circulation of air around it, generates a current of electricity. Should the sun go under a cloud and the voltage drop below that of storage batteries, an automatic cutoff breaks the circuit between the generator and batteries. The device, says the inventor, will store up enough electricity for an entire house. The principle is that of the thermo-battery, and is not in itself new, but is unique in its present application.

Birmingham, 25 years ago, took matters into her own hands and cleared away her slums. The city borrowed \$9,000,000, bought the 41 acres of slum section, and tore all the houses down. Then it rented the ground on 75-year leases on condition that at the expiration of the lease both the ground and the office buildings erected thereon should return to the city. The idea is paying well, for the annual rent is covering the interest and sinking fund on the \$9,000,000, the miserable slums are cleared away, the former residents there are in more sanitary houses, and in 50 years more the city will own 41 acres of land covered with buildings which will be of immense value.

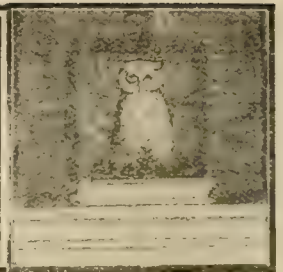
Several hundred tin plate workers held a meeting at Sharon, Pa., March 21 to protest against the retention of the rebate clause in the tin plate schedules of the pending tariff bill. A petition will be forwarded to Congress, which, it is expected, will bear the signature of every tin worker in the Beaver Valley. At the meeting the men asserted that approximately 2,000,000 boxes of tin plate are imported from Wales each year by the Standard Oil Company and the big beef packers, who reship their products in cans made from the tin, receiving 99 per cent rebate on the tariff on the tin. The men claim if the tin were made in this country it would keep all the mills busy. They will ask for a reduction of half in the rebate if they cannot get the entire rebate disallowed.

The committee of the Duma that has been examining the proposed bill for the abolition of the death penalty in Russia has been furnished by the police department with statistics regarding the activity of the military courts from Jan. 1, 1905, to Jan. 1, 1909. According to this information there were during this period 3,310 condemnations to death and 1,435 executions. There were 683 additional executions under the special drumhead court-martial law which was effective from Aug. 1, 1906, to May 3, 1907. These last figures are 461 below the press statistics published in the summer of 1907. The commission has decided it is necessary to retain the death penalty for the most serious crimes in regions still under the system of "exceptional laws."

The first few weeks of the old-age pension law developed the fact that 1 person in every 20 in England and Wales is a pauper. In London the ratio is 1 in 14, and the figures gathered tell such a story of national poverty that the Government is believed to be in danger. The Liberals are fast becoming unpopular for their forcing of the act upon the country, as it is already manifest the pensions will greatly increase the tax rate. More than 500,000 persons have been found eligible for the old-age pensions, and it is expected that this total within the next few months will reach 690,000. Figures compiled recently give a population to England and Wales of nearly 35,000,000. The number of paupers is 1,700,000, while 2,000,000 receive Government aid, either as paupers or old-age pensioners. While 1 person in 20 is listed as a pauper, with paupers and old-age pensioners combined, the figures stand at 1 to 16. One person in 14 in London is a pauper, exclusive of the pensioners. The old-age pension law has many restrictions, so that it does not reveal the full extent of the national penury. A full pension of \$1.20 goes only to those over 70 years of age, and who have never accepted charity and who have never been in prison. There are about a dozen minor disabilities, yet, despite all restrictions 500,000 persons are registered for full or partial pensions.



Among the Magazines



DE PROFUNDIS.

REGINALD WRIGHT KAUFFMAN.

Out of the deep! Out of the deep
For them that wake and them that sleep;
For them that sleep no more to wake,
And them that wake with hearts that break;
There, by the blue Sicilian sea,
Out of the deep they call to thee.

O God, so mighty is thy blow
That why they fall they may not know;
So vast the Law thyself hast writ
That they may never measure it:
Yet, though thou send this agony,
Out of the deep they call to thee.

With tongues that lie so still in death,
With tortured mouths that scarce draw breath,
In ruin dealt for no offense,
In poverty and pestilence:
When thy love seems a mockery,
Out of the deep they call to thee.

And we—through all this world of thine,
Who blindly follow thy design—
Still in each terror-mastered soul,
Though strength be shattered, faith is whole;
From land to land and sea to sea,
Out of the deep we call to thee.

Somehow, at last, the night shall fade,
Sometime the riddle plain be made,
Somewhere the broken lives of men
Be gathered by thy hand again:
O Maker, not destroyer, we—
Out of the deep we call to thee.

—From The Circle magazine for March.



THE HOUSE INSURGENTS.

Men in high places to the contrary notwithstanding, the cause of the House of Representatives' insurgents is a worthy one. The President is trying desperately in these last few hours before the convening of Congress in special session to break up the opposition to Speaker Cannon and the opposition to the adoption of the rules that governed the last House. We had imagined that perhaps Mr. Taft would keep his hands off this House of Representatives' affair, because of its strictly internal nature. From the purely partisan standpoint, and from the standpoint of selfishness, it is easy enough to understand why Mr. Taft is urging the postponement of an insurrection until December. He does not desire to block tariff and other legislation. He would like to have Congress get down to work, speedily agree on a tariff bill and thus redeem the first of the administration's pledges. Mr. Taft naturally desires to gain the confidence of the people at the outset of his term of office and he likely fears that criticism instead of praise will be his portion if the House members become involved in a serious controversy over the speaker-

ship or over the rules, or if a speaker with whom he has no understanding respecting legislation is elected.

But there is another side to the issue, and it is a bigger, broader side, because it is non-partisan. Under existing House rules, whatever House leaders may say to the contrary, the people do not have equal representation. A newly elected legislator may introduce a bill that he has pledged himself to his district to introduce, but that is as far as his membership in the House is of advantage to the people whom he represents. The bill goes to a committee and after it has once reached that committee no one except the committeemen and the speaker can get it out again. There is no rule under which that representative, although he is the chosen mouthpiece of just as many people as any other member of the House, can force action on that bill. There is not even any method by which he can bring his bill up for debate. Nor is there any method open to the newly elected member whereby he may gain anything else for his district without first winning the "consent" of a very limited but very powerful clique of House members. All power is centered in committees. The committees are appointed and consequently controlled by the speaker. The speaker alone is elected by the House membership. The individual member, unless he happens to be of the chosen few, is far from being a factor in legislation. The power that he is supposed to possess—power coequal with that possessed by every other member—is taken from him by a set of cumbersome regulations. The individual member of the House is of no more value to his district as a lawmaker, unless he has served a long time in Congress, than as if he were in a padded cell in one of his State's asylums. This is not representative government.

Mr. Taft and other leaders of the administration forces may be of the opinion that tariff readjustment is a matter of great importance at the present time. Possibly it is, for the readjustment is expected to affect in some measure the material welfare of the people. But to us it seems that the issue of representative government, on which the proposed fight in the House is based, is infinitely more important than any other that is likely to come before the present Congress. The House, we have heretofore insisted and still insist, should give us some evidence of its ability to honestly govern itself before it undertakes the task of making laws for the people. A system which effectually hushes the voice of any one of the 391 members diminishes by so much the representation of the people in Congress. And where that system nullifies the wishes of a considerable portion of the membership, as it now undeniably does, it is so faulty as to require immediate repairs. About the only privileges remaining to members of the House who are serving their first terms, or who are of the minority party, are those of drawing their salaries and their mileage, of introducing bills and of voting—probably as party leaders suggest—on such bills as their colleagues in power will consent to have reported. And this is far from valuable service.—*Woman's National Daily*, March 12.

LINCOLN DEIFIED—AND DISREGARDED.

The English and Canadian papers express the view that the present generation of Americans have fallen far behind the standard and example set them by Abraham Lincoln. The London Spectator believes that the simplicity, uprightness and hopefulness of the President who chose Grant as his sword of battle, and emancipated the slaves, have perished with him. Hence the complaint of the Toronto World that the work Lincoln began is not being carried on, and that the American people think they have done their duty when they have merely uttered a laudation of the great emancipator. Any way, we are told, these panegyrics are extravagant. "There is too much of a tendency, a set intention, among our neighbors to overreverence Lincoln," and "the 'Old Abe' of the light-tongued of his time has grown into Father Abraham of the Bosom!" But, the writer is "forced to surmise," the deification of Lincoln is merely "a cover for neglect of political responsibilities," and he remarks that those who praise Lincoln had better follow his example and carry on his unfinished work. As he says:

"The truth is that Lincoln's great task, his herculean labor, was only begun; it still cries for cure if there be any. The terrible blot is still there. See not the blot, deify Lincoln, stand idle till a Savior emerge! As if this kind would not scoff at him when he came! And other social disorders prevail, in regard to the distribution of wealth, the aggrandizement of political power in the hands of a few, of great trusts, of millions of men wearing the collars of these great aggregations who hold it crime in a man in receipt of wages that his hair is turning gray, of widespread misrule and looting of cities, of a press that has gone largely into the service of the new masters of the people, of a debased theater, of the worship of veneer as taught by The Ladies' Home Journal, and of business smartness as glorified by The Saturday Evening Post, of Frank Munseys who write of 'Mrs. Lincoln and her court,' and 'her ladies-in-waiting,' of the high finance of Wall Street and the priesthood of that finance exemplified by Harriman, Ryan, Rockefeller, and Gates—these and other things are so bad that Roosevelt, who had the courage to see them, and name them, to strike at them, to try to cure some of them, has now to make his salutation, about to die, or go out of the ring so damaged and discredited that the people will hardly summon him again! Or is he, too, some day to be another Savior?"—Literary Digest.

**THE CONSERVATION MOVEMENT.**

Three recent expressions may be regarded as signs of the times and indications of national progress.

The first was the report of the Inland Waterways Commission, approved and transmitted by the President in February, 1908. It recognized the essential unity and interstate character of the navigable and source streams of the country; recommended their improvement in the interests of the people through coöperation of the federal Government with States, municipalities, communities, corporations, and individuals; and proposed a conference of State executives with experts on waters and related resources.

The second expression was the conference of Governors with the President in May last, and the unanimous declaration that (among other interstate relations) "in the use of natural resources the independent States are interdependent, and bound together by ties of mutual benefits, responsibilities, and duties." Forty-six Governors of States and Territories took part in this unique

conference, a few only being withheld from personal attendance by illness or pressing official demands; all concurred in the declaration.

The third expression was the joint conference in December last between the National Conservation Commission and some thirty State conservation commissioners, including a score of Governors. A formal report was adopted indorsing the principle of interstate interest in the natural resources, and recommending to the respective legislative bodies the policy of coöperation between States and nation. This report, with the indorsement of the President, is soon to be published.

The conferences between Governors mark a new departure in American history. Still more significant is the underlying motive; for it marks an awakening of the public conscience to the permanent needs of the people, and a stirring of a sense of trusteeship in the guardians of public interest. Viewed broadly in the light of national progress, the first expression was a call to action; the second was a declaration of interdependence among the States, worthy to rank with the Declaration of Independence by the Colonies; the third was a proclamation of union among the States, one breathing full life into the perfectly modeled form of the Constitution.—From "The New Union Among the States," by W. J. McGee, in the American Review of Reviews for March.

**A SUCCESSFUL POULTRY WOMAN AND HER METHODS.**

If the grain a hen eats in a year is measured, it will be found to be about a bushel, but this need not all be expensive wheat. In addition, she will need considerable green food, bone, and grit. The yearly cost of a hen's board in the East runs from seventy-five cents to one dollar. The Utah Station and my own accounts give sixty cents for the West. To get at cost, a poulterer cannot watch every pint, but must measure a considerable quantity of grain, etc., and put it in bins, boxes, or barrels by itself. One woman who did so, told me her husband muddled her by feeding the preacher's horse from her hens' portion.

A hen's four stomachs show she is meant for variety of food and bulky food. Nor would the Lord have given her four stomachs to pour slop through, one stomach, like the pig's, answering that purpose as well as more.

Neither a glutton nor a hungry hen is our ideal, but a compact, active one. A hen to produce a great product needs an eating capacity, as good cows do. She must show room for food, have length, like Spanish fowls, or depth, like Wyandottes. She should have prominent breast and lungs, pliable neck, and velvety comb, the last indicating a soft skin and good health.

Corn is the grain which gives most value for its price. It can be fed winter nights, especially in cold locations, to active fowls and by a skillful feeder who balances its fattening qualities by meat, etc. It is reported that the Amherst, Mass., Agricultural College poultryman said corn was the best grain for poultry. When I got his bulletin, what he did say

was that corn was the best for Leghorns. One glance would show you they could be differently fed from lazy cochins.

Green food colors egg yolks, makes them hatch well, furnishes shells, keeps fowls healthy, and is cheap. Herbs of all sorts, catnip, spearmint, horseradish, nettle, plantain, dandelion, etc., when chopped and added to their pudding, are relished by chicks that would not eat the pungent things clear.

Where meat is not available, some may be glad to have their attention called to the protein foods. A teacup of either bean or linseed meals added to a four-quart pudding of mixed grain, furnishes chickens an excellent builder. Beans can be ground at any feed mill, or can be cooked and mashed. Ducks, however, must have an animal builder, like cheese or meat, to agree with their natural fish-eating nature. My hens laid nearly one and one-half dozen eggs apiece in January, aided by a homemade condition powder of mashed beans, Venetian red (a form of iron), and red peppers of my own raising. This was when "red albumen," that fake of oyster shells and common red clay, was selling at sixty cents a pound.

With large flocks, I have succeeded in getting one hundred and forty-five eggs apiece a year, and that is good work. The only hens I was ever acquainted with that did better were very small flocks, carefully selected, fed on table scraps, petted, studied, etc. But the 200-egg-a-year hen is as possible as the 12,000-pounds-milk-a-year cow.

There are different ways of making averages. Mine are made monthly, each hen counted for each day, or part of a month, present. After half are sold, I do not say those left laid all the eggs. One man, when closely catechised, admitted his total was what the hens would have yielded, had every hen done her duty.

The old theory that brown eggs are better than white ones is exploded. Individual eggs in the same breed differ more, so you can keep the kind of fowls you fancy. The proportion of solids to each other is always about the same with any hen's egg, but she puts in more or less water, as she has it. Like a dairy cow at her normal, which can add flow, but no more richness, so a well-fed hen at her normal can simply add water. It is distilled, flavored water, desired and sold at a high price, an honest watering of stock. Each fowl needs five to eight ounces a day, in dishes easily and regularly cleaned, or she ceases to drink.

A house large enough for days is bleak at night. If snug at night, it is crowded days. Therefore, build a good lodging room and a cheaper day affair, a scratching or shed room, according to the protected or non-protected situation. The value of a south exposure I know in figures. A tank-house is south

of one hen-house and between it and another previously constructed. In winter, when the sun "runs low," the right-hand house is shaded about three hours in the late afternoon. The left-hand house about an equal time each morning. Repeated trials with thermometer showed whichever house was then in shade was seven to twelve degrees colder than the other house.

Two divisions of parasites are the main affliction of hens, namely, lice, which are true insects, and mites, of the spider family. Some lice breed in filth and are scavengers only. Most of them breed on the fowls, and many are bloodsuckers. Mites live in roosts, nests, walls, coops, etc., coming out at night, to feast on blood, then retiring to their haunts through days. To avoid lice, clean the hens. To avoid mites, clean the house. A shallow box, in a sunny spot, with mellow dust inside, assists the hens in their care of themselves. Every bit of poultry-house furniture should be simple and movable to facilitate easy cleaning, a thing not true of some expensive outfits.—*Vick's Magazine*.

Between Whiles

Hirum: "Was yer house damaged by that there cyclone?"

Ike: "Dunno. I hain't found it yit."

The following extract from a letter of thanks is cherished by its recipient:

The beautiful clock you sent us came in perfect condition, and is now in the parlor on top of the book-shelves, where we hope to see you soon, and your husband, also, if he can make it convenient.—*Youth's Companion*.

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We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

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Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

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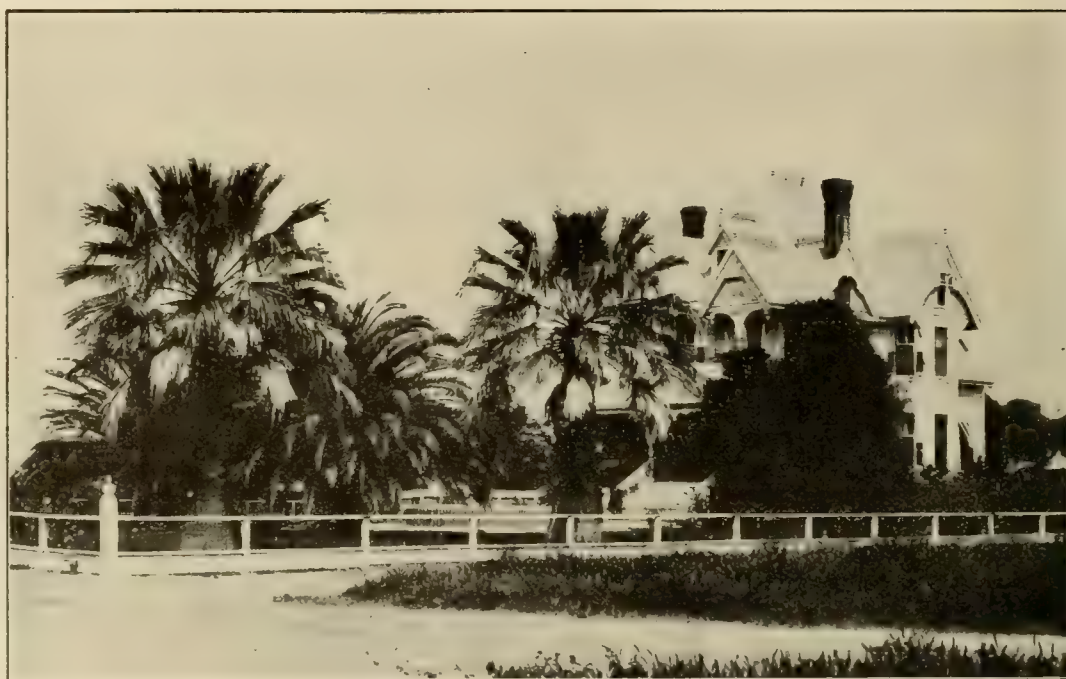
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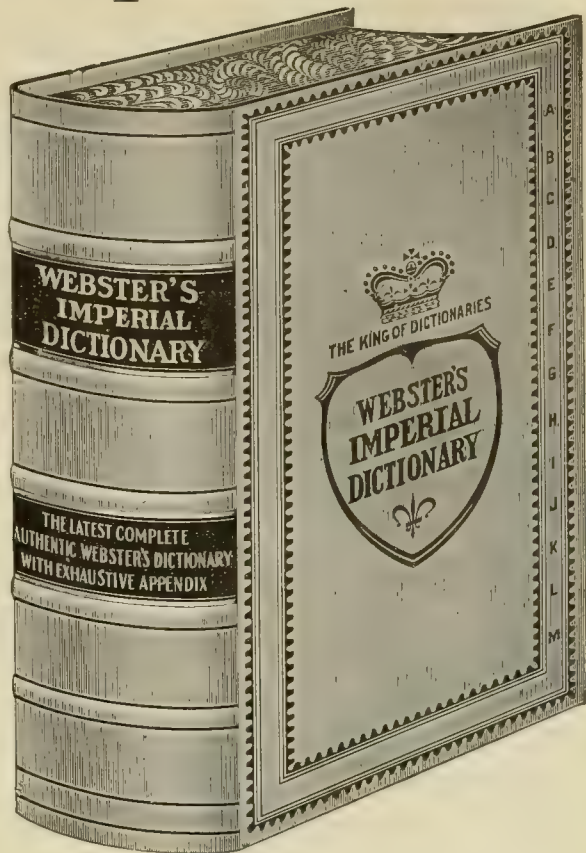
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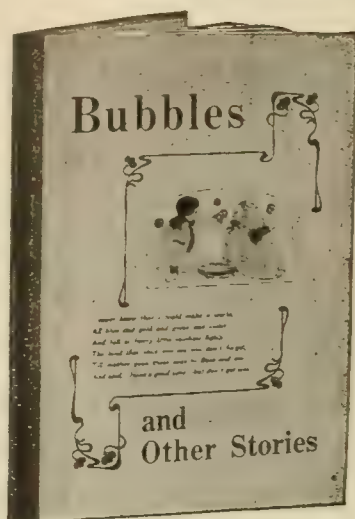
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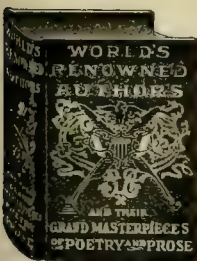
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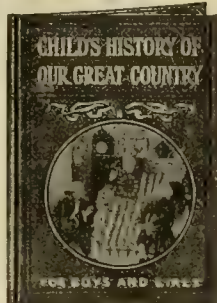
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JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis, New Mexico

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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

HOMESEEKER'S ROUND TRIP RATES IN EFFECT THROUGHOUT THIS YEAR

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

One Way Second-Class Colonist Fares, Tickets on Sale Every Day, March 1 to April 30, 1909 to All Points in Idaho on the Oregon Short Line R. R.

From Chicago, Illinois,	\$33.00
From St. Louis, Mo.,	\$30.50
From Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive,	\$25.00
From Milwaukee, Wis.,	\$33.00
From Peoria, Ill.,	\$30.35

From Bloomington, Ill.,	\$31.20
From Memphis, Tenn.,	\$36.00
From St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota,	\$25.00
From Des Moines, Iowa,	\$27.70
From Sioux City, Iowa,	\$26.95

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,

Dayton, Ohio

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Salt Lake City, Utah

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THE PARSON'S LAD

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

"It's not the heart of him that's bad," said Mrs. Murray, leaning her brown elbows on the gate through which her caller had just passed. "All young critters be frisky."

"Granny McDougal will have it that Parson Bryce himself was a lively lad, in his young days," chuckled the other, slyly. "She telt some things as would na bear out his stern doctrine. For mysel', I believe in the rod o' correction, but—"

A clatter of hoofs rang suddenly out, and down the village street a coal-black pony tore at a mad gallop, ridden by a red-haired boy of fifteen years. The apparition passed like a flash. Thirty rods farther on an old bridge spanned a sluggish stream. The Parson's lad made an effort to pull up as he neared it, but the pony's flying feet struck a rotten plank and it gave way. Instantly there was a hideous crunching of breaking bones, and an almost human scream. The Parson's lad was sent headlong into a clump of hazels, while the pony crouched in a groaning, quivering heap behind him.

A crowd gathered quickly. Some one mercifully put the brute out of his misery. Then the dazed boy was helped to his feet, scratched and shaken, but uninjured. When he saw the pony's fate a sharp sob escaped him; refusing all friendly offers, however, he turned and hobbled away toward the parsonage with a white, set face.

"Gi'n the Parson had seen the look the puir lad cast on the dead beastie, he'd reckon punishment was a'ready meted out," said good Mrs. Murray, with much concern.

"A sound thrashing 'll help him forget that same sight!" the blacksmith retorted, grimly. But neither of them guessed the sequel. That night, while Parson Bryce knelt in his dingy little study, his prayerless lips shut, and great beads of sweat dropping from his

seamed face, a slim figure swung itself from the window above, and stole away into the gloom. Toward morning the Parson's lad lay down to sleep under a thick hedge; but his troubled dreams were not of that stormy parting, only of Black Prince lying lifeless on the broken bridge with his slender leg crushed beneath him.

Corrigan's lumbermen of Camp 3 came plodding home through a blinding snowstorm, wet to the skin. Big Dan of the swampers was the last to enter the sleeping-quarters, but he wormed his way through the crowd gathered about the roaring stove, and crouched there, blue and shivering. Some of them swore at him, without effect. When the men had got into dry clothing and filed over to the mess-room, however, big Dan was not among them.

McDermot the cook was setting huge pans of baked beans on the table, when they came in. At one of the great ranges, a red-haired, slender boy was filling tin cups with steaming, fragrant coffee. He noticed less rough joking than usual, as they crowded to their places.

"Where's Danny O'Sullivan?" the cook asked.

"Takin' a vacation for the good af his jaw muscles," spoke up one of the cant-hook men, quickly. "'Tis your grub is that hard chewin', Mc."

"That same is strengthenin' to the cheek o' some, though, Patsy," retorted Mc, good-naturedly. "Where is Danny?"

"Gone to his bunk," the man answered, between huge mouthfuls of beans and bacon. "He wor a-shakin' loike."

McDermot set the remnant of coffee back on the big range.

"There's to be no cossetin' in this camp; them's the orders," he muttered. "But there's no law agin keepin' a hot cup in case it's wanted."

When their meal was finished, the men filed out.

warmed and satisfied. At bedtime Patsy Sheehan returned with a grave face.

"'Tis a bit of ginger I'm wanting, and some hot water," he said to the cook, who was just turning into his bunk. "Danny is shakin' again, and the bones of him near crackin' wid pain."

"He's been gallivantin' up river once too often," the cook answered, as he got the required condiment. "Two men at Garry's has the smallpox. Was Danny there?"

"Give me an aisy one," Sheehan objected. "I ain't big Dan's guardian angel."

He went out, carefully covering the cup, and the cook shut the door, muttering:

"He'll watch all night with the poor fool, though. Guardian angel, indeed!"

"What's the best way to doctor smallpox?" asked the red-haired boy.

McDermot turned, staring. "Who said smallpox?" he snapped.

The red-haired boy grinned, suddenly, widely.

"I did," he answered. The cook chuckled.

"The best way to doctor it, is not to doctor it," he replied, drily. "Keep 'em warm and still,—if ye can, and give 'em plenty o' water to drink and nothing much to eat."

Next morning the men poured in to breakfast agog with excitement. A dozen of the hands had taken French leaves before daylight. The boss had issued orders that the men should bunk for the present on the mess-room floor. Sheehan had been detailed to nurse the patient, and the bunk-house was quarantined.

"Shure, 'tis the plague, an' we'll ketch it av the blankets!" wailed Tim O' Shaughnessy. He stared when the men laughed.

"Shut up!" said the cook, savagely. "The first man that mentions smallpox 'll go out of that door like a bullet!"

Nevertheless, before next morning four more men were stricken. But, short as the force was, only Sheehan could be spared to nurse them. Late that night, as the superintendent came across to give an order, he surprised a slim figure stealing to the bunk-room door.

"Go back, Bryce!" he said, sternly, to the red-haired boy. "Don't you think Sheehan has his hands full enough now?"

A lump rose in Aleck's throat. A year ago, he had nursed his father through a severe attack of pneumonia. The horror of those long lonely nights was with him yet; and Sheehan had been kind to him.

"I wanted to share his handful, sir," he explained, hesitatingly. "I'm strong, and I'm used to sickness."

The dusk hid a queer look in the superintendent's keen eyes.

"I've sent to Camp 4 for help," he said, briefly. "Go back; at least, till you're worse needed."

Aleck obeyed. But at dawn word came that Camp 4 itself was turned into a hospital. Two half-breeds from the Sault had brought the contagion. Panic prevailed. Some preacher from down the river had stopped over, and was helping nurse the sick.

To Aleck's great disappointment, Barney LeDuke was detailed to Sheehan's assistance. But Barney himself fell ill, along with a dozen others, before nightfall. Then Aleck, with scarlet cheeks, walked across to the log office.

"You'll let me help Sheehan now, sir?" he questioned, eagerly.

The superintendent's searching gaze seemed age-long.

"I'm afraid you won't do," he said, deliberately. "You don't know what you're asking."

Aleck went blindly out, his face white and his heart burning.

The dim rays from the bunk-room window drew him like a magnet.

Obedience had always been a hard lesson for him. Twice he approached the door. But he went back, at last, and rolled himself in his blanket on the mess-room floor, never dreaming how the superintendent slipped out after him, following the uncertain line of his foot-prints. There was a grim smile on the great man's lips when he gave the curt order next morning:

"Send Bryce to the bunk-room to help out Sheehan."

That night all but four of the remaining men succumbed, and the mess-room itself was turned into a hospital.

The next three weeks stayed in Aleck's after-memory like a dream. Day and night he tended fires, brought water and made gruels. The plague ran hard; but he seemed to bear a charmed life, never refusing one fever-crazed petition or shrinking from any service, however repulsive. The most desolate night of all he and McDermot dug a shallow grave in the drift behind the bunk-house, and laid O'Shaughnessy there, wrapped in his blanket. And through the long, terrible hours new thoughts came to the lad, even when his hands were busiest, gentle thoughts of his father, and a clearer realization of his own boyish heedlessness.

The tide turned at last; the men began to sit up, and walk feebly about. Then the cook sent Aleck to his bunk, with orders to sleep till he had permission to get up. But the lad turned big, shadowy, imploring eyes upon him.

"I can't sleep, Mc, till you've promised to send this," he said, huskily, holding out a soiled note.

"It's a long day or ever his daddy 'll get it," Mc said to himself, ruefully reading the superscription as Aleck moved away. "No mail for a month yet. I'll keep it, though."

Before morning Aleck was in a raging fever, and babbling deliriously of a hundred things he had never mentioned in camp. The convalescents, who had come to look on the slip of a lad as their good angel, took turns at watching by him, shaking their heads dubiously as they pieced his poor little story out. Then one day a big, grizzled man presented himself at the mess-room door.

"I've come to help out wi' the nursing," he stated, tersely.

It was the preacher from Camp 4. McDermot drew him inside. But before his greeting was finished, Aleck's wistful voice rose suddenly from behind them.

"I'm sorry, father, so sorry," it pleaded. "I'll be careful, next time."

The big man started as if struck a blow. His face blanched.

"Who's yon?" he asked, in a curt, strained voice.

"It's Bryce, the lad who has helped nurse," McDermot answered, his own eyes bulging. "He's down with fever, being clean played out."

The big man crossed the floor with long, unsteady strides, and before the astonished convalescents dropped on his knees beside the bunk.

"Aleck! Aleck! My bairn!" he sobbed. "God above us! Have I found ye at last?"

One bright, wind-swept April Sabbath morning, Aleck awoke to find a familiar face bending over him, its rugged outlines softened with a glorifying tenderness. He opened his lips to utter some weakly-bewildered words, but that moment the mess-room door swung back and big Dan came in, carrying a huge bouquet of gray-blue, silver-hooded hepaticas gathered from some sunny-faced knoll. Their mellow odor floated about him like incense, as he crossed over with elephantine cautiousness and laid his offering on the blanket close to Aleck's nerveless hand.

"'Tis the blessed Easter day, back in God's country, I mind," he said, with reverent dignity that made the lounging listeners suddenly sit up. "They do bring flowers at Easter," he added, shyly indicating his gift.

A glow lit Aleck's pale face, as he glanced at his father. But the preacher got up, with a look such as his congregation had never seen.

"'For this my son was dead, and is alive again,' " he repeated, in an unsteady voice. "'He was lost, and is found.'" He paused a moment, and only Aleck understood the struggle behind those working features. "Aleck, lad,"—he turned and held out shaking hands to the amazed boy, "I was ower hard on ye that night. Ye have asked my pardon again and again in your raving, as well as in your letter,—tell me, bairn, do ye forgive me?"

The men, with one accord, rose and stole softly out into the bright Easter sunshine; and only big Danny, sending back one curious glance, saw Aleck and his father clasped in each other's arms.

SPRING.

Through the casement softly blowing,
Breath of spring!
In the woods the wild flowers growing,
Sure to bring
Wealth to nature, throbbing, waking,
Joy to man just in the taking.
Even robin's notes are making
All our hearts with rapture sing
As we welcome thee, sweet spring.

Like a baby's smiles and glances,
Moods of spring—
Fretful first, then makes advances,
While you sing.
Heartfelt praises in your gladness—
Not a care for winter sadness.
Even storms that rage with madness
Seem to lose their smart and sting
As we hail thee, gladsome spring.

From the skies the warm sun shining,
Life of spring,
Makes the heart cease all repining—
Care to fling
From you as does mother earth
As she gives to life new birth.
Blossoms bright and notes of mirth
Seem to make the breezes sing
As they herald genial spring.

—Unidentified.



HOW TO SELL CHICKENS.

PAUL MOHLER.

I HAD to go down town today and buy some stuff at one of the big department stores. While I was waiting my turn at the meat counter, I noticed a lady buying a chicken. The chicken the salesman brought her did not suit her very well. "Why," she said, "that chicken looks old." "Oh, no," said the salesman, "it's only a little over a year old." Then, to satisfy her, he look carefully *into the chicken's mouth* and said, "It is just two months over a year old."

"But I want it to be tender."

"Well, that's all in the cooking, you know."

"Well, I can cook it all right."

"Then this is a good chicken."

Still she objected; so he said, "Why, this is one of the best chickens we've had today. It is better than the others. It just came in, and it's just the same price as the others, only fourteen cents a pound." Then she took it. But wouldn't that open your eyes, to see what liars men are? Just think of a man's telling four lies to sell one little chicken!

"What does it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

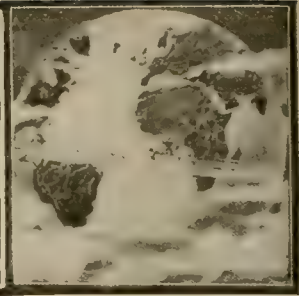
Chicago, Ill.



HERE is a pretty caustic characterization: "He can do less work in more time than any one else I know." The worst thing about a case of this kind is that he thinks he is busy—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LII.

THE figs were sorted into four different grades. Your dealer seldom or never carries the first grade, and you usually pay him a first grade price for the third grade fig.

On the second floor of the packing house two hundred men, Greeks, Armenians and Turks, sat on both sides of long, narrow tables extending across the length of the house. Only men skilled in sorting as well as in packing are employed in this department. The women below this floor who sorted four grades of figs from the eight tons that lay in the center of the building, while skillful themselves, threw occasionally a second rate fig into the first rate basket. Once so sorted, however, the men above, with keener appreciation of what was required in each box, made a reassortment, while only the most skillful and experienced of these packed the twenty-five-cent grade of fig in the long, one or two or sometimes three or more rowed box.

The fig when dried and cured is nearly round, wilted and wrinkled, wrinkles being a good sign of quality in a fig, if not on a pretty face. Its appearance is a little like a worthless pear dried up on the tree.

On the table before these men are the baskets of figs. Between every two baskets is a two-gallon pail of sea water. Before them their empty wooden boxes.

The fig is taken up and held between the fingers of both hands, washed and one side of the fig broken open by tearing. It is then pressed out flat, the broken opening being turned downward in the box. This is done so as to make the fig as flat as possible, keep well,

and look well, for as its lower side has been broken, the two edges are pressed apart giving the appearance of a fig of much larger and superior kind. As the fig is flattened into the box, each side is deftly indented or creased by the fingers, the thumbs holding it from above.

In the pails on the table was sea water for a purpose. As each fig was being pressed and flattened, the hand of the workman had moistened it with the salt water which they told me was not only to preserve it but to give it a better flavor.

I thought it so ridiculous—this putting of salty sea water on the delicate fig. I would not believe it until I tasted the water and found it as they had said. This salt water makes the fig pliable, gives it a shiny look, keeps it from souring, and makes it weigh more.

To these six reasons they gave me for using the salt water, they added a seventh: to keep their hands from getting sticky.

I wanted to know

who discovered such a simple remedy for seven good points about packing the fig, but I did not like to increase my queries that had by this time reached a climax of interest.

The men handed me the best figs they could find and to compel me to keep them they broke them so that if I gave them back they could not use them for packing. That was a fine compliment paid to my modesty, for I would have kept all they gave me, anyway.

They were too careful not to offend by the slightest cause and so did not say "eat" for the word in Turkish "to eat" is pronounced "dog," but made signs of eating.



Turks, Greeks and Armenians Packing Figs.

The men were reluctant to tell me all the processes of curing and packing the fig. The salt water bath especially they considered a secret to the success of their trade. Some of them became alarmed and discussion started among them. The interpreter with me told me that they were afraid I would go back to my country and tell my people about the process used by them, which just as soon as known, would create a revolution in the fig industry in the United States. This would bring the American fig up on an equality with the Turkish fig, more men would grow figs, the price for the better product would be higher, and a great market for American figs would be made, not because of a higher price, but because of a much improved quality which would make the American fig more profitable than to export the Turkish fig.

But such international secrets should not, cannot, be kept. What is good for one people ought to be known to all other peoples.

No sooner had I spoken of this Smyrna fig industry and of the use of salt water on them than the tourist told me he lived in one of the fertile valleys of California—Butte or San Joaquin (my notes will give it)—and that he or some fig grower there had discovered—listen! it's almost too good to tell—how to make the California figs taste as good as the Turkish figs. Like the enemies of Luther Burbank, the people around him growing figs they could sell only at a low price, laughed and said:

"You can't import the Turkish climate, it's the sun and air and soil of Turkey that make Turkish figs so much better than ours."

"Admitting that the climate in Turkey is better for figs than our own, which I do not believe," he replied, "I have found the real secret that if applied to our own figs will make them look and taste almost exactly like the Turkish fig. When this is done," he added, with confidence that compelled faith in his words, "when this is done, we farmers and fruit growers in California, studying our soil, applying to it the required fertilizer, or rather, growing upon it that vegetable or cereal that will unlock the mysterious sweetness, locked up till now in its treasure vaults, and bring about a fertile atmosphere and increase the sun's influence,—we farmers, planting the ordinary fig-orchard by our house, will grow on the trees figs that will be as good,—who will not say *better*—than ever came from the barren hills of a soil worn out by the ignorant farming of a thousand years in Asia?"

"What is that?" I asked, excited at the prospect of hearing some new discovery in an industry that has produced a fruit I have liked so much, and jubilant over the idea of some day being able to have an orchard of my own in California.

"It is this," he said. "There is a certain kind of insect, a wasp, native to Turkey. This wasp stings the fruit (or the blossom I have forgotten now which he said), and it is this bite or sting that gives the Turkish fig its great superiority over our own. Well, we have imported that insect and have made trials of it in the valley out there, and we find that those trees visited by it produce a fig so much better than the same trees bore before that we have sold them in packages in the Chicago market as figs equal to the Turkish."

"What do you call the new fig?" I asked the man from California.

"We have named it the 'Calimyrna fig.'"

"I see!" said I. "The best figs in the world come from Turkey. These figs are shipped from the sea-

port town of Smyrna, and are raised, mostly, near Smyrna. Hence the boxes in which these figs are packed are stamped usually "Smyrna," a trade mark very valuable to these Turks. You, now, produce a fig half American and half Turkish. It is raised in California, and you call it *Calimyrna-Calimyrna!* Good!"

I shall with great interest watch for the Calimyrna fig.

These men were kind to me and they knew how to

pack figs. But when I took their picture, they were so ignorant of the laws of photographic optics that fully ten of them stood in studied pose *behind* me. I told them that unless they got within "range of vision" of my camera they would not appear in the photograph. Still they stood where they were, directly behind me, not being able to see my camera. But they thought they were "taken" just the same as the others who stood or sat in front.

The Greek on the left pretended he was smoking a long pipe. It was a jolly factory crowd for Turkey but the seriousness of life in dark Asia tells on even these faces attempting to show a smile.

Turkey is reputed to be the most lawless, dangerous mismanaged government on the earth. Like many other anomalies of human nature, it is queer that we must go to the land of the brigand for the sweetest fruits that grow, the fig and the Sultana seedless raisin.

In a corner of this warehouse a lot of men, barefoot



Although the Exposure Was Insufficient, the Big Figs in Two and Three Rows Are Visible in the Boxes.

and grisly, shoveled the best Sultana seedless raisins about on the floor like dirt. It seemed impossible to bring so many raisins to one heap,—twelve tons,—and though I had eaten all the figs I could care for, I still had an appetite for these. I dugged down into these with my fingers, picking up big handfuls, eating mouthfuls of them at a time. One Sultana raisin smells good. Imagine the fragrance of rich aroma of this newly-cured raisin on a heap of *twelve tons* in one room!

The men, working among them for so long a time, had little taste for them, and when they saw my hunger



A Hill of Sultana Raisins, Twelve Tons,
Over Which Barefoot Men Tramped
at Pleasure.

for them, they worked with greater zeal, believing that others, like me, in far away lands, would like them so well as to pay the fancy price asked for such exquisite goods.

When I was about to leave the packing house the Lawson Bros. gave me *twenty* pounds of finest boxed figs and *twelve* pounds of their finest Sultana seedless raisins to eat at on my way by steamer. These were worth about twenty-five cents a pound. If I were running a grocery or fruit store I should most assuredly write to Messrs. Lawson Bros., Fig Packers, Smyrna, Turkey, for my supply of figs. The English have good taste, are capable of producing the best on the market, and of all nations I have met, they are the most reliable. They have not the ingenuity or native skill of the Yankee or Jap, but they will not cheat you so quickly as either the American or Japanese. They are known to be thick-headed, slow, easily offended. They can't make self-binders, shoes or toys, but what they do make, in field or factory, is pure, clean or durable. I have the greatest respect for the Englishman's code of business honor. They are scrupulous and painstaking in every detail.

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THOUGHTS ON EASTER.

D. Z. ANGLE.

EASTER Sunday this year of 1909 comes around on the eleventh of April. The day is commemorative of the ascension of our Savior, but the date on which this festal day occurs varies year after year because custom or science decrees that it shall be the first Sunday after the full moon which happens upon or next after the 21st of March, and if this happens upon a Sunday, Easter day is the next Sunday after. An early Easter is said by some to signify an early spring, but whether that always invariably follows, we are not prepared to say. Neither does an early spring bring unusually abundant crops, though crops would naturally be earlier, but that might be offset by lack of rain or suitable growing weather later on in spring or summer.

Easter, Ascension day, and Christmas, our Lord's supposed birthday, have been celebrated more or less by all Christendom since the time of the apostles. While each and every day is good, and proper time for doing good deeds and accomplishing something in the line of duty, still it seems fitting and proper that the birth and resurrection of the Savior of the world, the Son of the Living God, should be marked and recognized by a God-fearing mankind as special days for rejoicing in remembrance of events foretold by the ancient prophets of God, many centuries before those great important events took place. The civilized nations of the world recognize as a holiday the birthday of Jesus the Son, who came to us in the flesh. The Christian celebrates Easter as a day which finished the fulfillment of much prophecy. For by his resurrection he proved his divinity, and that men might too arise and live in a future happy state. His ascension to his Father, he said was to prepare a place for his followers, "that where I am there ye may be also." Then while we may eat some of the good things earth furnishes us on Easter day, feasting is not necessary to properly observe it or any other holiday, but over-indulgence in life's necessities or dainties is to be condemned. We should live simply and righteously, looking forward also to a final resurrection and ascension to the beautiful home prepared for those who love and serve him.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.



SALOON MAN VOTES "DRY."

A CHICAGO young man who is traveling in the South writes home to his father of a conversation he had with a Memphis saloonkeeper, the proprietor of one of the largest and finest saloons in that city, which, under the new State law, is to become "dry" on the first day of next July.

The young Chicagoan incidentally fell into conversa-

tion with the man at the hotel breakfast table, and asked him what about the new prohibitory law.

"Well, sir, when that law goes into effect I will be a ruined man financially," he said. "Everything I've got will go and I will have to start all over again in some new business."

Being asked if he didn't feel rather sore about it, he replied:

"No, sir, I don't. I am a whisky man; have sold it all my life, and I know that it is the root of all evil. It ruins more lives than any other thing. It is the curse of this country. Though I am not a married man and

have no family, yet when I go to the polls I vote for prohibition."

His new acquaintance seemed surprised at this, and he went on:

"I have sisters and brothers who are married and have children. Do you think I am going to vote for a thing that may ruin the lives of those children and drag them down to destruction? No, sir; I've seen too much misery caused by alcoholic liquors to do a thing like that."

This saloonkeeper predicted that in ten years we would have nation-wide prohibition.—*The Illinois Issue.*

THE CONTROL OF THE SCHOOL

D. D. THOMAS

A MISSION of more than ordinary importance obviously calls for more than ordinary care. The public schoolteacher has such a mission. The dollars and cents vanish from his mind when he "is made to realize the nature of his "high calling." The proper control of the school is a question of interest not only to the teacher but to every one concerned in the future generation. What restraint for character building and soul strengthening and guidance as well should be brought to bear upon the life of the pupil! The control or government of the school prepares the mind and heart as a receptacle for the more direct teaching process. It is the appetizer, the mental stimulus that causes the pupil to love to master his lessons and to exert his power.

The methods are varied somewhat, depending upon the relation of the teacher to his pupils. But this variety is within bounds rather narrow, only affected by peculiar circumstances of the pupil and the natural adaptation of the teacher. A teacher's mind should be drawn out to the fact that his work is eternal. In the substance of his teaching may lie the germs of tyranny or it may be such as to hasten the millennium. He may plant such that shall bring forth in generations to come households of sorrow and strife or it may be peace and joy. Yes, a teacher should be made to feel that the results of his work are eternal.

One cannot pass by, on the very threshold of this subject, natural adaptation. "Apt to teach" is rather a gift than an acquirement. Some have too great a tendency to concentrate their attention upon any subject and lose sight entirely of the pupils under them. They may have excellent knowledge of what to teach and how to teach it, but fail because they are not naturally adapted to it. Others lack power of command. They cannot make their word to be respected;

excellent men every other way but the one fault is fatal. There is a great work for them to do no doubt. Every man has his work, and every one should know himself sufficiently to choose that work. Living under a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people," that spirit predominates in every institution. The rigid goading of former times was a relic of monarchical days and may God hasten the day when the burden of corporeal pain shall be banished from both school and state and the principles of proper government may be planted in every home and practiced around every hearthstone. How that would facilitate the teacher's work!

The question is approximately solved by the self-control of the teacher. A wavering teacher unfits himself for his work. For if he cannot have confidence in himself and control of himself, how can he expect others to have any confidence in him? It is not meant in this that a teacher should not admit his mistake. When he finds himself wrong that is the right thing to do. The occasional making a wrong right gains respect from his pupils, but it should not occur too often. There ought to be no hurry. A fussy, flustering teacher causes levity and draws attention in such a manner as to militate against study. Work should be done but not hurriedly. Rather allow a class or two to go unrecited in the daily routine than bluster over class work. It is a good thing, when the teacher is inclined to hurry, to stop in the midst of the recitation, tell a story or talk of something else until he has full control of himself; always remembering that a little done well is much better than a great deal only half done. One ought to be able to conquer his own empire before crossing the borders to conquer others. To be sure of his strength when he goes forth is only the

part of wisdom. His home strength is the measure of his power abroad.

A teacher should be pleasant. He should not take his sorrows or joys with him in the schoolroom, but be uniformly pleasant. He may help himself to this condition by taking an interest in each pupil. Every child's life is an open book that he who runs may read and gather knowledge and power for the uplifting of those under his care. I believe much in coöperation with the pupils. Let them have a hand in the affairs of the school. Consult them, commend their good judgment. If a cause for dissent is apparent make it appear as little so as possible. The pupils will take most interest in that which they have had a hand in arranging. The expression of their opinion also gives the teacher a better chance to see things from their point of view and to sympathize with them.

When one can do it without too greatly increasing the burden of their work, give them a class to hear. A class in a lower grade or even in their own grade may be heard with profit to themselves and good to the school as a whole. A morning exercise is unifying and pacifying to a school when conducted aright. A teacher has this plan which works quite well: When the bell is rung he quietly takes his seat behind his desk and remains there until the pupils have taken their places and become quiet. He then rises, reads a scripture or tells a story with a moral. At a signal the school rises until a short prayer is offered. A pupil taps the tardy bell. Two others step forward and distribute song books. Another pupil goes to the instrument, makes a selection and the school sings. One or two songs are sung. The books are gathered by the same pupils that distributed them and carefully put in their places, and the school is ready to go to work. All this is done without a word from the teacher.

A rule is rather a trap for the teacher than a law to the pupils. It puts him to more trouble than it does the pupil good. The gradations of its violation make it so often difficult to tell whether the offense is serious enough to come under the rule. And whatever way he may decide he is still open to censure. Interest is the thing to be gained for the pupil,—enough pleasant work to keep him busy under the direction of the teacher. The more that work can be filled with useful thought and drill, or rather the more utility that can be carried in that pleasure the better is the teacher adapted to his work. When interest is once raised the teacher should not do much work for the pupil that he can do for himself. Just enough to keep him from being discouraged. His employment satisfies him, and his tasks strengthen him. He is a law unto himself and a fine example to others. The teacher should let go the exercise of authority as much as possible. He has struck a happy mean when he can constantly deal

with his pupil as his equal; when he can tactfully lead his pupil without the latter knowing it; when he can teach him to want to do the best thing for his advancement.

Lastly, the teacher's life should be hid in that of the pupil. The writer has knowledge of one who is constantly seeking to be hid away. A sort of sacred recluse. One who seems to have no relish for social functions. Whose hands simply do their duty and go their way. Whose feet walk where need is, and whose heart dwells where love is. And everything touched takes on new life, new hope. Should human tongues keep still the very stones would cry out. What must a class of hopeful youths and maidens be under such surrounding? The most powerful weapon that can be wielded. The most far-reaching in its results. Out of the valley is the blue of the sky, the most beautiful and the brightest glory is the soul gems saved by patient hands and made fit for the Master's use.

Lafayette, Ohio.



THE CIGARETTE.

IT seems there could be no greater harm done to childhood than to sell poison to take away its brains. I have never taken statistics on this matter, but we know that the testimony from every State, town and school shows that the cigarette is a bad thing for childhood, and if it is, why not eliminate it? I am looking forward to its entire abolishment. All doctors agree that it is poisonous and dangerous. I have never heard anyone who had the courage to apologize for the cigarette.

You know our most common prayer contains the plea, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." How think you we ever can be justified in tolerating in this nation anything that will lead children, let alone all others, into temptation?

I have found in my experience many boys in court whose difficulties could be traced directly to the cigarette. I have also had many boys who did not use the cigarette, but because they do not this is no proof that their difficulties are not the result of the cigarette. A boy may get into trouble by association with boys who do smoke, so there is no estimating the evil that comes from this habit.

We are all bundles of habit, and character is so much matter of habit. Just so far as we can strengthen the character of the youth of this nation just so far we can strengthen the nation. Everything we permit that causes bad habits, to that extent weakens and damages the citizenship of the future. How long will we permit it?

No man can sit in the children's court among the weak, the miserable, the helpless, unless he is an optimist. I see light ahead. Seven States have outlawed the cigarette, and others will do so soon.

Did it ever occur to you how thoughtless we are when a number of our children are in peril? There is always the hero to rescue the child from before the rushing train; and how the nation is aroused when a schoolhouse is burned down and the children are sacrificed to the flames, and how investigating committees are formed and perhaps prosecutions are inaugurated against the careless! And yet when we know that the brains and souls of children are being burned out by this evil alone, could there be any greater commentary upon the thoughtlessness of this nation, I would say almost selfishness? But it is because our people do not understand, they do not know.

Now, my friends, what is the *remedy*? Education, agitation, facts, facts. Facts are the most valuable engines in reform. It is facts constantly pounded into the ear of the people that will arouse them to work for legislation. Therefore the agitation of a movement of this kind always results in good in the end. Let us continue telling the public and legislatures about this evil of the cigarette until it is entirely eradicated from this nation.—*Judge Lindsey.*



WHICH WAY?

SAY something good when you say anything, or else don't say anything.

A little chap I know of once went visiting with his father and mother. Two places were on the list. One had been visited and the call at the other was in progress.

Somehow things did not go right at this latter place, there were some harsh words; the folks did not look pleasantly upon each other. When they spoke it was with a kind of a growl.

The little chap stood it as long as he could, and then he went to his mother with this appeal: "Let's go back to the other place; it's healthier up there!"

Dear little man! He felt homesick down there, where there were no kind words, and where everything seemed to go wrong. He longed for the "healthier" climate on the hill, where men and women and little folks had a smile and a cheery word for one another.

Sometimes I think that a good share of the failures men make in this world are due to the unhealthy words and looks and acts of those they meet from day to day. Whiplashes cut; old Bill knows that. None of us likes to be stung by hornets. Give me the sharpest kind of a cut with the lash, or let me be set upon by a thousand hornets; but spare me from the man and woman who always carve me to the bone when they speak!

Now the farm is one of the best places in the world to learn good manners,—better by far than any school of culture. A boy and girl may learn how to bow and

scrape and say polite things in a school of manners, and yet be perfect torments in their own homes.

Manners are not kindness. Kindness is a thing of the heart, while manners may be solely of the head.

How do you speak to the boys when you wish some little thing done? Is there something about your tone that makes them spring to do the task? Or do you speak so that for days, and maybe for a whole lifetime, there may be a sting in the heart?

Some things last a long time. You can get the nail out which has been driven in hard and clinched on the other side; but you can't pull a harsh word out with a tenhorse team. It will stick for ever and ever.

Getting in the wood for night is a thing that must be done in every home; busy times come just at dusk. The chores are to be done, things must be put to rights for the night; Billy boy and sweet Nellie can lend a hand now. How gladly they will do it if you go about it in the right way.

And then, how is it at your house between you and your wife? Are there as many kind words and helpful deeds as there should be? Ah, how that question strikes home—doesn't it? It is so much easier sometimes to send a bouquet when some one you love as you do your own life lies on the other side of the door, than it is always to speak kindly!

Did you ever notice how sensitive horses and cows are to such things? They fairly shrink from you when you are cross and say harsh things. The dog takes a bee-line for the woods on days when his master is down in the mouth, and the cat goes on a long hunt when the voice of her mistress strikes the minor tone.

Hearts are such queer things, and everything that lives on the farm has a heart. A strange thing about it, too, is that one heart acts and reacts on another.

Strike a string on a harp anywhere, and all the rest feel it and give back some kind of a note.

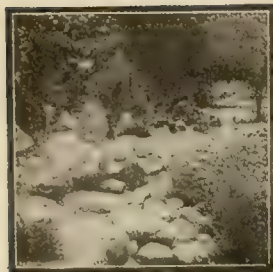
One man with a heart set edgewise can set the whole farm household to jangling.

How now, fellow farmer? What shall be our way of doing the things which need doing? With a whistle and a smile and a cheery word? Oh, yes; that's the best way. It is the way that makes the world brighter and better, it is the way that leaves no sting afterward.

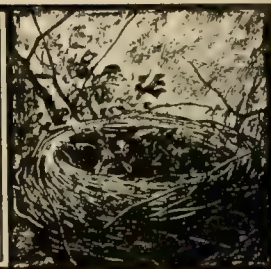
Let's take that way! Will you do it?—*Farm Journal.*



"If I were to give you an orange," said a well-known lawyer, "I would simply say, 'I give you an orange'; but should the transaction be intrusted to a lawyer to be put in writing he would adopt this form: 'I hereby give, grant, and convey to you all my interest, right, title, and advantage of and in the said orange, together with its rind, skin, juice, pulp and pips, and all rights and advantages therein, with full power to bite.'"



NATURE STUDIES



A TRAMP ALONG A BANK.

N. J. MILLER.

THE last days of March are here and yesterday's tramp along the snow-touched shrubbery covering the bank wasn't dull distance. The snow storm of thirty minutes' duration threatened to hinder my ease, yet afforded some study of the big flakes as they fell on my coat sleeves.

However, that study was interrupted by a loud, ringing chatter of red-winged blackbirds—a large flock that had been hanging round the farmers' feed-yards all winter. I think it was the largest flock I had ever seen, easily covering half an acre or more of alfalfa stubble, making the area black as plowed ground. The whole flock seemed to move and yet to stand still. Every individual was restless and excited. From all sections of the area dozens would fly upward three or four feet, chattering and fluttering, only to settle to the ground again. This procedure was indulged in for perhaps twenty minutes when the flock began to half run and half fly, a foot or more above ground,—rather to stream from the main crowd due westward, facing the storm and into the road leading to an oat-stubble field. The stream of black pouring from the flock was much like the straw and chaff pouring out of an old-fashioned blow stacker. Finally the roadway was well covered. Then, the chattering and fluttering reached its maximum and the entire flock, lifting itself slightly, formed a long cylinder—its axis parallel to the road and wind—revolving and rolling, always touching the ground, slowly southward until reaching the bank of the high line. Here they settled quietly until the storm ceased.

Never before have I observed such a procedure by the red-wings. I presume the storm, catching them so suddenly, disconcerted the flock's action and that after confidence and order were restored they determined upon this capable method to reach shelter and safety.

The snowstorm was making my walk tedious. Suddenly the flakes ceased falling and old Sol shone brightly. How fresh the atmosphere! One just couldn't help make deep inspirations. But what were those tracks in the snow? Unmistakable evidence that birds were there recently, at least since the storm ceased. A short distance ahead was a bevy of California quail, two, ten, fifteen, twenty-three of them. Their shyness, of course, showed they were responsible for

the tracks I noted before. I could not help but contrast them with the quail of Iowa and Illinois. I noted they are highly colored and beautifully crested, the crests being nearly an inch in height and plume-like, not dissimilar in shape to a wooden tobacco-pipe, the larger end extending vertically and forward from the head. A few years ago, I am told, the birds were introduced. Now, protected throughout the year by game law they have become very plentiful.

Yelp! Yelp! Yelp! Across the alfalfa fields one hundred rods to the south was a race for life—a jackrabbit chased by five hounds. Each was doing



Snow-touched Shrubby Along the Bank.

its best, the hounds slowly gaining in the race directed toward me. I felt certain the rabbit would lose before the contestants reached me. No doubt the dogs were even more certain of their prize. They were ready, it seemed, to make the final leap but, when near me, something happened. Mr. Rabbit stopped quick as thought: four of the dogs leaped past him and the fifth—being in the rear—having time to slacken speed, tried hard for the prize but failed. Mr. Rabbit turned squarely about, ran low between and beneath the dogs and bounded to the southwest. The race began anew, the hounds far in the rear. Pluckily they labored, gaining for the first one hundred rods, when the rabbit bounded across the weeds and tangle along the fence. The latter so delayed the dogs that they gave up the chase.

"Good!" I shouted. "Well done, old rabbit! I

expected to find you along this bank sitting beneath a bit of weeds—sitting stock-still, the image of personified fear: also to see those big eyes staring at me and then suddenly your long ears become pendant and a 'confused mixture of legs' (producing the familiar alarm sound) carry you across the field like the winds. This time, however, you were racing for life! When your best instincts, running, leaping and the like, wouldn't save, you used reason, stopping instantly and running low and beneath your enemies. You verified what David Starr Jordan said of your race, 'But the same animal is capable of reason—that is, of a distinct choice among lines of action.' Not long ago a rabbit came bounding across the university campus at Palo Alto. As it passed a corner it suddenly faced two hunting dogs running side by side toward it. It had the choice of turning back, its first instinct, but a dangerous one; of leaping over the dogs, or of lying flat on the ground. It chose none of these, and its choice was instantaneous. It ceased leaping, ran low, and went between the dogs just as they were in the act of seizing it, and the surprise of the dogs, as they stopped and tried to hurry around, was the same feeling a man would have in like circumstances.

This walk wasn't dull distance. Caught in a snow-storm, peculiar behavior of a flock of red-wing black-birds, a bevy of California quail, and a jackrabbit racing for life wouldn't allow time to be heavy on my hands.



SWIMMING BIRDS.

WHEN we say "swimming bird" we always think at once of ducks and geese as familiar examples. How well their boat-shaped bodies and long legs are suited to living on the water! They, too, are web-footed, which makes swimming easy, and their short legs are placed far back on their bodies. This position is well suited to swimming, but is awkward for walking on land. To "waddle like a duck" is an old expression and certainly true.

We notice what thick, close plumage these swimming birds have. Nature has provided this because of the sudden changes of temperature the birds have as they dive into the water and fly up into the air. Not only are their feathers warm, but the down next to the skin. The oil glands supply an unusually large supply of oil, which makes the plumage have a beautiful gloss and keeps it from getting wet also.

Ducks and geese have an odd way of eating; they gobble up their food, taking water and mud at the same time, but in their flat, broad bills are round plates at the edge, which serve as a strainer. This strainer is able, in some way, to select the foods and keep them in the mouth, allowing the mud to run out.

More graceful than ducks and geese are the swans.

No bird is prettier when swimming, their long necks gently curved and their wings parted to catch the wind. They are not so peaceful as they look, however, for when disturbed they make an ugly, hissing sound and strike violently with their wings.

Swans, geese and wild ducks are good fliers as well as swimmers. They can be recognized at a long distance by their wedge-like flocks. They fly in two lines, coming together in front and separating at the back in the wedge shape. When the leader at the head of the line grows tired of his post he drops back, another bird takes his place, perfect order being kept all the while. They fly thousands of miles at the change of the seasons. In summer they make their nests in the lakes and marshes of cold northern countries.—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.



PAINTING THE LILY.

RECENT investigations have shown that for all fruits and flowers only three coloring substances are furnished by nature. One of these is the familiar "chlorophyll," which paints the beans and peas, the watermelon and the leaves of the trees so vivid a green. Another is "xanthophyll," which exhibits its intense yellow in the carrot, for example. The third is "erythrophyll," which shows its rich red in the beet. The last two are only modified "chlorophyll," however. But it is quite wonderful to realize that all of the varied hues of flowers and fruits are due to these three substances, mixed in different proportions.

Beets contain enormous quantities of "erythrophyll" (as might be judged from their intense redness), and their juice was formerly employed to some extent as a coloring agent. But vegetable dyes, which were extensively used in earlier days, have the disadvantage of lacking permanency. There are some exceptions, it is true—such as indigo, which is a definite chemical compound stored in the plant; and the same may be said of madder. Turmeric and saffron, too, yield important pigments, which are commonly utilized for dyeing.

Several kinds of dyes, by the way, are obtained from trees. In the South the brown juice of "butternut" bark is used to this day for staining cloth.—*Selected*.



A USEFUL PLANT.

THE fibers of the leaves of the American agave, or "hundred years" aloe, are made into thread ropes, and an extract of the leaves is used instead of soap. The flower-stem, which sometimes grows to a height of forty feet, when about to burst into blossom, yields a sap which makes a Mexican drink rather like cider; and the same stem when withered is cut up into slices to form razor strops.—*Selected*.

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NEW LIFE.

SEVERAL months ago all growth in the vegetable world was cut short by blighting frosts. The leaves of the forest came down like a shower of gold. The luxuriant grasses took on a deathly hue and settled back upon their stalks, protectingly covering the tender shoots, just pushing forth, with their graveclothes. The delicate blossoms shriveled in the grasp of the icy hand and the short-lived annuals bound up all their hopes in their tiny seeds and meekly submitted to their cruel fate. Over all there was death, or the deathlike sleep.

Then winter came in earnest. The biting wind howled through the naked branches of the trees. The snow drifted over the bare fields and covered deep the ravages of the frost. The sun withdrew and its slanting rays scarcely reminded one of its warm, life-giving smiles of a short time before. The clouds hung low and often fulfilled their threatenings with fierce storms of snow and sleet.

All the while the earth lay silent under the hand of winter. She made no complaint—no effort to defy the elements. She patiently bided her time and gathered strength and vigor. And now that winter has spent its strength and finds that the sun no longer encourages his rule, the earth begins to show signs of life and returning consciousness. Millions of tiny roots stretch their grasping hands through the moist soil. Millions of tender shoots push up into the light of day. Millions of little seeds burst through their coverings and unfold their secrets. After the storm and stress of winter the deathlike sleep, we have life—new and abundant life.

How like to this was the life of our Lord! First, there was the period of blessed service, when every act and word blossomed into a deed of love and helpfulness. Then the vigorous life was struck down by

the cruel enemy and death and the silence of the grave followed. Finally the germ of immortal life, which no enemy could destroy, burst asunder the bands that confined it and our Lord again appeared among men, all his former loveliness enhanced by the glorified form he bore.

Every year we have enacted again this tragedy of life through death. Every year when bursting bud and unfolding leaf reveal the life hidden in stem and stalk, so long dormant, we are reminded of the One who burst the bars of death and came forth with increased power and glory. And every year this reminder gives us new inspiration for the present and new hope and brighter anticipations of that time when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption and this mortal shall have put on immortality and we shall be changed!



INDIVIDUAL LAW-BREAKING.

OUR respect for law as a people depends upon our respect for law as individuals. So long as we excuse or overlook a disregard for law by individuals in matters that are considered trivial or insignificant, just that long will we have to suffer from the crime of lawlessness in corporations and large businesses. It is the prevalence of this idea of individual immunity that brings our laws into disrepute and threatens us with a generation of anarchists. The immune individuals, of course, are, as a rule, those who are able to purchase their immunity with the almighty dollar if the show of wealth and influence is not enough to secure it.

Just now our speed laws, which are for the protection of our citizens on the street, are broken every day by automobilists, and in many instances an innocent life is made to pay for the broken law. When expostulated with the automobilist either makes his escape by breaking the law again, or pulls out a fat purse and pays the fine and then rides away at a law-breaking speed. "Who cares," says he, "if the law is broken?" and yet this same man cares very much and stands out and shouts anarchy at others who trample the law under foot.

But the automobilist and the wealthy man are not the only ones who think they should belong to the immunity class. The respectable man thinks he should be accepted on his respectability. The law, of course, was made for the vicious and depraved and therefore was not meant for such as he, and any little disregard for it on his part should be passed over as though it did not exist, since it is simply a matter of convenience and does not come from a base motive.

Have any of us ever put up such argument as an excuse for breaking the law? And is the reasoning sound? Is a motive free from baseness which has its root in selfishness? For it is easy to see that selfishness dominates all law-breakers, whether mil-

lionaire, respectable citizen, or wicked outlaw. In trying to solve the problem of America's disrespect for authority, let us begin close home. Let us be sure that we ourselves have at all times the regard for constituted authority that we think everyone else should have.



THROUGH DEATH TO LIFE.

Have you heard the tale of the aloe plant,
 Away in the sunny clime
 By humble growth of a hundred years
 It reaches its blooming time;
 And then a wondrous bud at its crown
 Breaks into a thousand flowers.
 This floral queen in its beauty seen
 Is the pride of the tropical bowers.
 But the plant to the flower is a sacrifice,
 For it blooms but once, and in blooming dies.

Have you further heard of this aloe plant,
 That grows in the sunny clime,
 How every one of its thousand flowers,
 As they droop in the blooming time,
 Is an infant plant that fastens its roots
 In the place where it falls to the ground,
 And fast as they drop from the dying stem
 Grow lively and lovely around?
 By dying it liveth a thousandfold
 In the young that spring from the death of the old.

Have you heard of the tale of the pelican,
 The Arab's Gimel el Bahr,
 That dwells in the African solitudes
 Where the brides that live lonely are?
 Have you heard how it loves its tender young,
 And cares and toils for their good?
 It brings them water from fountains afar,
 And fishes the sea for their food.
 In famine it feeds them—what love can devise!—
 With blood of its bosom, and feeding them dies.

Have you heard the tale they tell of the swan,
 The snow-white bird of the lake?
 It noiselessly floats on the silvery wave,
 It silently sits in the brake,
 For it saves its song till the end of life,
 And then in the soft, still even,
 'Mid the golden light of the setting sun
 It sings as it soars into heaven;
 And the blessed notes fall back from the skies,
 'Tis its only song, for in singing it dies.

Have you heard these tales? Shall I tell you one,
 A greater and better than all?
 Have you heard of him whom the heavens adore,
 Before whom the hosts of them fall?
 How he left the choirs and anthems above
 For earth in its wailings and woes,
 To suffer the shame and the pain of the cross,
 And die for the life of his foes?
 O Prince of the noble! O Sufferer divine!
 What sorrow and sacrifice equal to thine?

Have you heard this tale, the best of them all,
 The tale of the Holy and True?
 He died, but his life now in untold souls
 Lives on in the world anew.
 His seed prevails, and is filling the earth

As the stars fill the skies above.
 He taught us to yield up the love of life
 For the sake of the life of love.
 His death is our life, his loss is our gain,
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

Now hear these tales, ye weary and worn,
 Who for others do give up your all;
 Our Savior hath told you the seed that would grow
 Into earth's dark bosom must fall;
 Must pass from the view and die away,
 And then the fruit will appear;
 The grain that seems lost in the earth below
 Will return many-fold in the ear;
 By death comes life, by loss comes gain;
 The joy for the tear, the peace for the pain.

—Author Unknown.



COLLEGE BARBARICS.

SOME days ago it was reported that a contest known as a cane rush took place between the two lower classes of a Massachusetts college and that, while the "honors" of the "scrap" were about evenly divided, one young man was so injured that paralysis of the lower part of his body ensued. That that injury was intentionally inflicted no one believes; nevertheless, it was a result of a superheated contest for a victory in which brawn alone is the winner for the party that can muster the larger aggregate of flesh and muscle and the smaller amount of consideration for the bodily welfare of the other fellows. Every year presents a number of young men disabled for a long period, and some crippled for life, in rough-and-tumble engagements into which they were drawn by foolish college sentiment or were moved by a desire to participate in something spectacular for the amusement of the campus or sidewalk audiences. This species of college custom is near kin to that direct descendant of barbarism known as hazing. Parents who have boys to educate are becoming more and more pronounced in their determination to send them to colleges that are free from barbarous annexes wholly foreign to the educational functions for which such institutions were originated. It is a hopeful sign that the list of colleges placing the ban upon such unnecessary and unmanly proceedings is growing from year to year. The sentiment of the entire country should concentrate in an emphatic demand for their elimination from all those institutions. Why any of the good men in authority in college management sanction things that endanger the physical well being of their students and weaken the sense of fairness and manliness and humaneness, is something that is puzzling to onlookers who believe that such principles are of great importance in forming true character.—*The Universalist Leader*.



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THE HOME WORLD



AN UNCROWNED MOTHER

CLARA NORTH RULEY

IN a little obscure town in Indiana there lives a woman who is the ideal type of mother. God saw fit to leave her childless, and those who know her and her good works in this world are quite able to see his hand in it all.

For she has mothered many. There has never been a hired man on her husband's farm but has gone away a better man for her influence. She has never had a maid in the kitchen but that can trace some good qualities in her after life to the lessons inculcated by that wise woman. Her name was Mary and indeed inwardly she was the type of that one who was blessed among women, but perhaps owing a merry twinkle in her ever-youthful eyes and the cheery insouciance of a little nose slightly tip-tilted, the Mary soon degenerated to Molly and "Aunt Molly" she has been to every one who has ever known her.

One child was adopted by the couple "just to ease the pain in our hearts when we found that we weren't likely to have any of our own," she told me simply. This boy has grown to be the blessing and the mainstay of the house; indeed, he has put many a natural son to shame with his loving care and attention to his adopted parents. But those who have been helped, who have been given an impetus toward right living, number more than a score. No child was left homeless and friendless for miles around but that the question of "What shall we do with the poor little thing?" was solved by the answer, "Oh, take him to Uncle Jeff and Aunt Molly, they'll take care of him until some one will adopt him." And so it always happened. There was never one turned away.

Aunt Molly told me that often they became so attached to the temporary charge that they were tempted to adopt him, but "we thought as some one *did* want that particular one we had best let him go for perhaps there would be one some time that nobody else would want and then we would keep him."

However, that never came to pass, for no matter how poor in body and lacking in all that goes to make a child desirable in character, after they had been in

Aunt Molly's care for a time they attracted the attention of some one who was looking for a "bright, healthy, intelligent child." And so that one went on while his benefactors prepared the way for some other little poverty-stricken waif.

One should not think that Aunt Molly's cheerfulness was the effect of her being without sorrow. Once she left her own home for many months to go back to the home of her childhood and care for a poor bedridden father. And then when she had seen him die after suffering intensely for a long time, she took an invalid mother back home and cared for her until her death. Then, after years of happily-married life, her husband was taken with an incurable disease and one exceedingly disagreeable for those who cared for him. She with the adopted son cared for the husband and father until he was laid to rest. Since then she has spent most of her time nursing. Her cheery presence in the sick room is a veritable elixir of life in many cases.

Aunt Molly is a Christian, and a practical one at that. While the prayer meeting seldom finds her absent, and the revival service would lose its savor for many, without her presence, yet more than once she has missed the church service to finish a dress for some poor child or to keep a family of children so their mother to whom an occasional religious service was indeed a boon, might attend the meeting.

I happen to know personally one of the women the saving of whom will no doubt be the bright particular star in Aunt Molly's crown. She—we will call her Jennie, though that isn't her name—lived in the village near by the farm of Aunt Molly and Uncle Jeff. Her father was not much force and her mother was, if I may be pardoned for the expression, "as bad as they make 'em." Two of the older girls had already followed in the footsteps of their mother, and Jennie bid fair to follow them, when some good angel attracted her to Aunt Molly. Jennie was then about twelve years of age. She was absolutely untaught when it came to domestic affairs, though she could and did swear fluently. In spite of her ignorance Aunt Molly

took her for the summer. She clothed her, and taught her, and I have no doubt Jennie got much the best of the bargain that year, but before the summer was over Jennie's mother demanded her help at home and there was nothing to do but to let her go. Aunt Molly congratulated herself, however, on one thing, the child had good clothes and enough of them to last her through the winter if she were careful.

About Thanksgiving Uncle Jeff came home from town and said, "Molly, you just ought to see Jennie. She had nothing on this cold day but a thin calico dress, that is, I feel quite sure that was all she had on. If you say so I will go back and get her and we will keep her here for the winter and let her go to school." Of course Aunt Molly agreed. As she said, she "couldn't sleep o' nights with that poor child in such a state." Back came Uncle Jeff with the poor little detrimental. He had been quite right about her lack of clothing and Aunt Molly's eyes filled with tears as she gave her the necessary bath before installing her between the clean woolen sheets. Her sisters and mother had helped her wear out her other clothes, so she said.

So Aunt Molly started all over again, and this time by dint of persuasion and sundry threats from the officers, the child was allowed to stay in her new home. She went to school in winters and helped with the work in summers, and under Aunt Molly's capable teaching came to be an excellent housekeeper. There came a time, however, when the dawning womanhood in the girl made her want what her good protector called "company."

Up to now Jennie had been a good girl, and to the credit of all the boys and girls who attended the same school and Sunday school she was treated as one of them. But Aunt Molly and Uncle Jeff both knew that in a place where every one knew so well about her mother's and sisters' characters, no young man would pay her any attention that meant honest intentions. But they couldn't find it in their hearts to tell Jennie. So one day they made a trip to another part of the county and found the girl a place for the summer. They told her future mistress all about her, and why they didn't want to keep her themselves, and as the good housewife was, one might say, the "Aunt Molly" of her neighborhood, she promised to do the best she could for Jennie. Aunt Molly told the girl that she didn't intend to keep help that summer for as was natural she did not wish to go among strangers. But she did go, and proved herself such a satisfactory housekeeper that an honest young farmer in the neighborhood asked her to be his wife. She consented, and since has brought up his children of a former wife besides one of her own. They live in a thriving town where they own a nicely-furnished home, and are sufficiently well to do to maintain a horse and phaeton.

Jennie's associates are good people and Aunt Molly

said when speaking of her not long ago, "I feel repaid for that summer's hard work. You see I told the child I didn't intend to hire any help that summer so I could get her to go and work for Mrs. Hubler, and I nearly worked myself to death keeping my word to that poor dear."

One time Aunt Molly was heard to say to a group of young mothers, "Oh, you mothers, you will have all the rocking-chairs reserved for you in heaven while we childless women will have to be contented with something not so good." One of the women spoke up. "Ah, Aunt Molly, if you get your just deserts, as I believe you will, you will enjoy the very 'cushionest' rocker there is."

Milford, Ind.



DON'T MAKE THE WRINKLES DEEPER.

Is father's eyesight growing dim,
His form a little lower?
Is mother's hair a little gray,
Her step a little slower?
Is life's hill growing hard to climb?
Make not their pathway steeper;
Smooth out the furrows on their brows,
Oh, do not make them deeper.

There's nothing makes a face so young
As joy, youth's fairest token;
And nothing makes a face grow old
Like hearts that have been broken.
Take heed lest deeds of thine should make
Thy mother be a weeper;
Stamp peace upon a father's brow,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

In doubtful pathways do not go,
Be tempted not to wander;
Grieve not the hearts that love you so,
But make their love grow fonder.
Much have thy parents borne for thee,
Be now their tender keeper;
And let them lean upon thy love,
Don't make the wrinkles deeper.

Be lavish with the kindly deeds,
Be patient, true, and tender;
And make the path that ageward leads
Aglow with earthly splendor.
Some day, the dear ones, stricken low,
Must yield to death, the reaper;
And you will then be glad to know
You made no wrinkles deeper.

—Selected.



AN OLD-FASHIONED SUNDAY.

I KNOW a family of grown up sons and daughters who look back upon their childhood's Sunday as the happiest day of the week, and its blessed influence has never left them. During the mornings when their parents were in church they were under a careful nurse's supervision; but immediately after an early dinner the servants were allowed to leave for the entire

afternoon, and the children enjoyed the company of father and mother for the remainder of the day.

Immediately after dinner the father and children went off for a time to the garden and to view the "stock," as they called the horse, pony, dogs and chickens, returning after the mother had rested. Then the groups divided, the mother taking the little girls apart for Sunday school, while the father told stories to the boy, who was younger.

The books selected for Bible study were those delightful and never surpassed little volumes, "Peep of Day," "Line Upon Line," and "Precept Upon Precept." One question in the catechism was learned, which though not understood at the time, was a bulwark in after years. For this difficult achievement a prize was offered. An entertaining story followed; then books were closed for the day, the family reunited and a scramble was made to find the Sunday "treat," which was always a secret. It was hidden away downstairs and was never the same twice. Sometimes the parcel contained maple sugar, or dates, or figs, fruit, candy, nuts, as the case might be; but it usually was something these simply brought up children did not get during the week. They had a merry time over this, for these wise parents knew little folks required variety and that restless feet and hands must be employed.

The treat finished, coats and hats were put on, and the whole party was off for a long country walk, only returning in time for half an hour's singing before tea. If the day were stormy, other employments were found—the most enjoyed being that of making a Scripture scrapbook for the children's ward in the hospital. The prettiest pictures to be discovered were cut out by the children very carefully, and texts were chosen to be written under the pictures when pasted in the book. For instance, if the picture were a lamb, the text was, "Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world," or "He shall gather the lambs to his bosom." If flowers were used, "I am the rose of Sharon and the lily of the valley," or "Consider the lilies of the field." If the pictures were animals, something about mercy and kindness would be chosen. The children cut out the pictures, the mother arranged and pasted them in, and the father wrote down the texts. The verses naturally were never forgotten either by these children or the little sufferers for whom the book was designed.

After tea the mother took the little ones off to bed, and this hour she counted the most blessed of the whole week. It was the time their little hearts were most tender and susceptible to influence. After they were ready for bed she explained to them that God had promised to listen to and answer prayers when two or three asked for something, and then she reminded them of some one who was in trouble or sorrow, and knelt down and prayed with them. Then with arms en-

twined the three little white-robed figures said in unison their evening prayer, and so ended a happy, holy day.

Some one will naturally ask whether the father and mother had not a too strenuous day, and if they did not need rest on Sunday. They would have answered that they never begrudged a moment of their time so spent, and that they looked back upon it with as much pleasure as did the children.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.* ❀ ❀ ❀

"BEFORE TAKING."

THE real business of house-cleaning is generally a pretty big dose for the mother of the family, yet the spring medicine must be taken, and it is well to begin with a gradually increasing measure until the final plunge must be taken. Now is the time to weed out the attic, overhaul the closets, bureau drawers, cupboards, boxes and bundles, and other storage places, and get all the tangles out of the edges during the dull, dark days the month always brings. Undesirable, or useless things should be given away or cremated; the bane of most households is the spirit of hoarding of useless things. Things that are to be made over in the way of clothing, bed furnishing, table linens, carpets, curtains, etc., should be got ready now for the renovation at an early date. The ripping and brushing out of seams will keep little hands busy and little heads interested if the mother goes at it right; and the wise woman will get all the help she can, by filling the idle hands of the adults with some of her daily duties. Get the "gude mon" interested in burnishing up things indoors, or make the job attractive to the big boy who will be only too glad to earn the proud title of "mother's helper" by "tinkering with tools." —*The Commoner.* ❀ ❀ ❀

EASTER RECIPES.

GRANDMOTHER'S FAVORITE EGG DISH—A tablespoonful of butter was melted in the frying-pan, then covered with fine bread-crumbs. Over this she laid thin slices of cheese; well-beaten eggs seasoned with salt and pepper came next, then the cover was closely adjusted and the dish cooked either in the oven or on top of the stove.

SCOTCH EGGS—These are delicious served hot or cold. The ingredients called for are one cupful lean cooked ham, chopped very fine, five hard-boiled eggs, one-third cup stale breadcrumbs cooked to a smooth paste in one-third cupful milk, one raw egg, one-half teaspoonful mixed mustard and a half saltspoonful cayenne. Add ham and seasonings to the bread and milk paste, together with the raw eggs. Mix well. Take the shells from the boiled eggs and cover with the seasoned ham and bread paste. Have ready a kettle of deep fat smoking hot, drop in the eggs, fry two minutes, drain, and if to be served hot send at once to the table. When served cold, cut in two lengthwise and arrange on lettuce or parsley.

EASTER EGGS COLORED AT HOME—While dyes for coloring eggs can be purchased cheaply, beautiful colorings can be obtained at home without money and without price. The skin of onions, boiled for a few moments gives a good shade of red or orange, saffron gives yellow, and spinach or parsley a delicate green. If a flower pattern is desired, a piece of new calico wrapped smoothly around the egg and then boiled will leave color and pattern behind. If a different name or motto is desired upon the tinted egg, write with liquid fat on the shell of the egg, and let it stand long enough to "set," before putting in the dye. This keeps the shell from taking the color wherever the tracing was applied and the motto, name or picture comes out in pure white.—*The Delineator*.



MOVING BOXES.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

FAMILIES who live in rented houses and move frequently will find this idea valuable: Permanent packing boxes are economical, both of time and money. Buy the large-sized packing cases from your retail shoe dealer, and strengthen them by adding a few nails. For heavy goods, such as books, dishes, etc., the boxes should be further strengthened by putting a strip of hoop iron around each end. Put in each end of the box a rope handle, or becket, long enough for the hand of the person carrying the box to come above the top, cleat the cover, and you have a box that may be used for many movings. When not so employed the boxes may be piled in a back room, open side outward, and serve admirably as shelves, after the style of sectional bookcases.

The Children's Corner

THE OLD UMBRELLA.

"MAMA, I don't want to carry that old umbrella," whined Ned. "All the boys make fun of me because it is so big."

"But, dear, it looks like rain," said Mrs. Graves. "Some day, maybe, I will be able to get you a new umbrella, but you must not get wet because you dislike the old one. Be my brave little man, and don't mind what the boys say."

"I am sure it is going to snow, and I don't mind that a bit," went on Ned. "Please don't make me take it."

But at last he went to school with a frown on his face, and the big, old umbrella in his hand. He had gone only a short distance when Rob Turner came along and grabbed the handle of the umbrella.

"Got your roof along, haven't you?" he said. "Why do you carry a whole shed to school with you, Ned?"

"Mama makes me," said Ned.

"I'll tell you what to do," said Rob. "Let the wind tear it to pieces, and then you won't have to carry it. Mama used to make me carry a horrid old one to school, but I got rid of it one day in a high wind. It isn't going to rain today, but the wind is blowing just right. I'll show you how to do it."

"I'm afraid mama wouldn't like it," said Ned, holding onto the umbrella. "She said she couldn't afford to buy a new one just now."

"Of course she wouldn't like it if she knew, but you needn't tell her, baby," sneered Rob, who was taller than Ned. "Here, let me have it. The big drops are beginning to fall, and you can let her think it was an accident."

"O Ned!" called a voice behind them, "will you let me have your umbrella when you get to the schoolhouse? Robert had an accident with my last one, and I must take the baby to the doctor."

"Of course you may have it," said Ned, handing it to Mrs. Turner. "Rob and I will run to the schoolhouse, so you take it right now."

"I'm glad you didn't do as I said," panted Rob when they reached the schoolhouse, and the rain pattered down. "I don't know what would have happened if little Bess had got wet. I'm going to tell mama what I did, and ask her to take the money out of my bank to buy a new umbrella."

Mrs. Turner brought back the old umbrella that day, and said the baby did not get a bit wet. "The doctor said she would have been very ill if she had not been protected from the cold rain," she said gratefully. "I am so glad you had it with you, Ned."

"I didn't want to carry it, but I'm glad mama made me," said Ned. "After this I'm going to try to mind without pouting, for she knows best."—*Herald and Presbyter*.



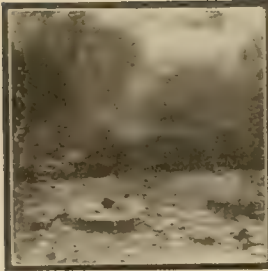
THE JAY.

The jay is a jovial bird—Heigh-ho!
He chatters all day
In a frolicsome way
With the murmuring breezes that blow—
Heigh-ho!

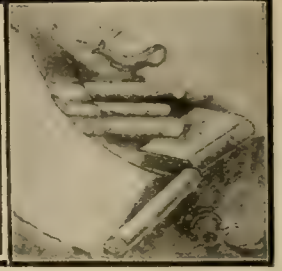
Hear him noisily call
From the redwood tree tall
To his mate in the opposite tree, Heigh-ho!
Saying: "How do you do?"
As his topknot of blue
Is raised as polite as can be—Heigh-ho!

Oh, impudent jay,
With your plumage so gay,
And your manners so jaunty and free,—
Heigh-ho!
How little you guessed,
When you robbed the wren's nest,
That any stray fellow would see!
Heigh-ho!

—St. Nicholas.



THE QUIET HOUR



COWORKERS WITH GOD.

"The day is long and the day is hard;
We are tired of the march and of keeping guard;
Tired of the sense of a fight to be won,
Of days to live through and of work to be done;
Tried of ourselves and of being alone.

"And all the while did we only see,
We walk in the Lord's own company;
We fight, but 'tis he who nerves our arm;
He turns the arrows that else might harm,
And out of the storm he brings a calm.

"And the work that we count so hard to do,
He makes it easy, for he works too;
And the days that seem long to live are his,
A bit of his bright eternities,
And close to our need his helping is."

—Susan Coolidge.



LOVELINESS OF PURITY.

D. E. BRUBAKER.

I BELIEVE it impossible to overestimate the importance of purity of heart and character. This is the only open door and highway to all of the highest possibilities of the sweetest enjoyments here and hereafter. The New Testament teaching of Christ insists above all things on personal purity, and from the nature of the God of divine revelation whoever aims at high attainment in the fields of knowledge and wisdom, must follow that path of teaching or forever be disappointed.

Purity and cleanliness of heart must necessarily appear in the sight of God as does bodily purity and cleanliness in the sight of good and pure men and women. In both cases the virtue of purity is lovely and beautiful and draws commendation and favor and good will from the beholder, and brings the reward of fellowship and companionship. How repelling to all refined people to approach and behold that unfortunate class of people who for any cause have slipped into a careless, slovenly, untidy manner of keeping their person.

Heart cleanness and purity pays the highest dividend of any investment it is possible to make. And not only the highest but also the surest. Heart purity is the first and great law of spiritual health and growth. Inattention to bodily cleanliness invites and breeds disease. So the heart when kept foul with unclean and unholy thoughts becomes the breeding ground for

the fatal maladies of the soul which tend to separate it from God.

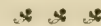
We meet with people who are scrupulously neat and clean—as to hands and face—who betray in their conversation anything but harmony between internal and external cleanliness. Impure thoughts pollute the very fountain of the stream of life and should therefore be avoided as one would a deadly plague. A pure imagination—the image-making power of the soul—is one of the very richest and best endowments of man by an all-wise Creator, but like many other good things may be converted into a curse.

This seems to have been the unfortunate condition of the race in antediluvian days. Those unfortunate people had degraded the highest and holiest endowment to the lowest and most unholy use. "Every imagination of the thoughts of his heart was only evil continually." That was a dark and gloomy day in the history of the early race. And it is a dark day in the life of any individual and bodes ruin when evil and impure pictures are the predominant stock in trade in the art gallery of the mind.

To a large degree impure thoughts are revealed in the face and countenance of their possessor; and those who have deep insight and experience can to a large degree detect the characteristic mental images cherished in the heart. The most beautiful and marvelous temple of temples, the human body, is to each of us a most sacred gift and trust. Will we not all strive to keep it beautiful and clean and pure, within and without, by right living?

"Blessed are the pure in heart, for they shall see God."

Mt. Morris, Illinois.



THE INNER HAPPINESS.

If we accept his teaching we must believe that men are not wrong in wishing for happiness, but wrong in their way of seeking it. *Earthly happiness*—pleasure that belongs to the senses and perishes with them—earthly happiness is a dream and a delusion. But *happiness on earth*—spiritual joy and peace, blossoming here, fruiting hereafter—immortal happiness, is the keynote of life in Christ.

And if we come to him, he tells us four great secrets in regard to it.

It is inward and not outward; and so it does not depend on what we have, but on what we are.

It cannot be found by direct seeking, but by setting our faces toward the things from which it flows; and so we must climb the mount if we would see the vision, we must tune the instrument if we would hear the music.

It is not solitary, but social; and so we can never have it without sharing it with others.

It is the result of God's will for us, and not of our will for ourselves; and so we can only find it by giving our lives up in submission and obedience, to the control of God.

"For this is peace—to lose the lonely note
Of self in love's celestial ordered strain:
And this is joy—to find one's self again
In him whose harmonies forever float
Through all the spheres of song, below, above—
For God is music, even as God is love."

This is the divine doctrine of happiness as Christ taught it by his life and with his lips. If we want to put it into a single phrase, I know not where we shall find a more perfect utterance than in the words which have been taught us in childhood—words so strong, so noble, so cheerful, that they summon the heart of manhood like marching music: "Man's chief end is to glorify God and enjoy him forever."

Let us accept without reserve this teaching of our divine Lord and Master in regard to the possibility and the duty of happiness. It is an essential element of his gospel. The atmosphere of the New Testament is not gloom, but gladness; not despondency, but hope. The man who is not glad to be a Christian is not the right kind of a Christian.—*From "Counsels by the Way," by Henry Van Dyke.*



A SWEET-SMELLING SAVOR.

OF all man's sources of enjoyment, none display more clearly the bounties of God than the fragrant odors of nature. The world might have been made entirely scentless, and yet every essential purpose have been fulfilled. The vegetable kingdom, which is the great storehouse of perfumes, might have performed all its functions, and yet not a single plant exhaled an agreeable odor. Fragrance seems so wholly superfluous and accidental that we cannot infer that it was imparted to the objects which possess it, nor for their own sakes, but for our gratification. We regard it as a particular blessing, sent to us directly from the hand of our Heavenly Father; and we are the more confirmed in this idea by the fact that the human period is the principal epoch of fragrant plants. Geologists inform us that all the eras of the earth's history previous to the Upper Miocene were destitute of perfumes. Forests of club mosses and ferns hid in

their somber bosom no bright-eyed floweret, and shed no scented richness on the passing breeze. Palms and cycads produce no perfume-breathing blossoms. It is only when we come to the periods immediately antecedent to the human that we meet with an odoriferous flora. God placed man in a sweet-scented garden as his home.—*Hugh Macmillan.*



ALONE, YET NOT ALONE.

THERE are, within the range of everyone's life, processes of life which must be solitary; passages of duty which throw one absolutely upon his individual moral forces, and admit of no aid whatever from another. Alone we must stand sometimes; and if our better nature is not to shrink into weakness, we must take with us the thought which was the strength of Christ: "Yet I am not alone, because the Father is with me." The sense of right can more readily indurate the tender than melt the rocky soul, and that is the most finished character which begins in beauty and ends in power; that leans on the love of kindred while it may, and when it may not, can stand erect in the love of God; that shelters itself amid the domesticities of life while duty wills, and when it forbids can go forth under the expanse of immortality, and face any storm that beats, and traverse any wilderness that lies beneath that canopy.—*James Martineau.*



PURE GOLD.

IT is said that the way to tell genuine gold quartz is to examine it from every direction. If it is the genuine article it will glisten and sparkle no matter what the position. There is a commodity that resembles gold, and under certain lights only will shine, but it is not pure. So it is with the real Christian and the nominal professor: The one will shine wherever he is and Christ will be lifted up. The other only looks well under certain lights, and will not bear close scrutiny at all. There is no shining, because the pure gold of a sincere Christian life is not there. What a sad thing it is to occasionally have a counterfeit shine, and thus deceive yourself, and those about you. Why not be a pure-gold Christian, then if looked at from any angle the Christlike life will be radiated?—*Zion's Herald.*



SIR FREDERICK TREVES, surgeon to King Edward VII, speaking of alcohol, says: "It is a poison. Moreover, it is an insidious poison in that it produces effects which seem to have only one antidote—alcohol again."



"If you never take enough interest in religion to have positive beliefs, you'll never amount to anything, spiritually."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Commencing on April 1, 1909, the reduced rate on postage of 2 cents an ounce now in effect on letters exchanged between Great Britain and Ireland and the United States was extended to Hawaii. The rate already extends to Alaska. The rate applies to letters only and not to postcards.

A resolution has been adopted by the Oregon Legislature for a constitutional amendment permitting the State to construct and own its own railroads. Supporters of the resolutions declared that E. H. Harriman, railroad magnate, had prevented the development of the central part of Oregon and that the construction of a road by State authority was necessary.

Permission will be asked of the Mexican Congress to permit President Diaz and Minister of Finance Mariscal to accept decorations from the Czar of Russia. The decoration tendered Diaz is second only to those retained for the Russian royal family. The front is almost a solid mass of diamonds. The decorations are presented as a mark of friendship between the two countries.

As a result of the successful work of the ten Belgian hounds doing police duty in Brooklyn, their working hours have been lengthened and their beats will be extended. Police records show that since the advent of the dogs, about a year ago, the number of burglaries has been reduced at least fifty per cent. They previously occurred at the rate of about three a week.

China is about to take a census of the uncounted millions within her borders. In accordance with the program for constitutional reform, an edict, copies of which have been received at the state department, has been issued directing the police at Tao Tais, and provincial treasurers to enumerate the individuals and families of the empire. The returns for the census of families must be completed by 1910 and for individuals by 1912. All Chinese living in foreign lands must be enumerated according to the prescribed method.

The theory that eight hours of sleep is necessary to the human body in order that it may best perform its labors does not appeal to Thomas Edison, the inventor. He is generally content with 3 hours out of 24 in the arms of Morpheus, and his wife takes one hour more. Wishing to experiment in this matter, the inventor during the course of two years had a number of his associates to take but four hours of sleep a day and note the effects. No change was made in their ordinary course of life save that at midnight they took a fourth meal. After a few days of weakness and drowsiness these men became normal again and noticed no ill effects from the experiment. Edison holds that in taking but the four hours of sleep one gets a more regular and uninterrupted repose than when spending eight hours in bed.

A sensation has been caused by the report of a case of sleeping sickness in the heart of Paris. The victim is a missionary of the Order of the Holy Ghost, who dropped unconscious in the Luxemburg Garden and was conveyed to the Pasteur Institute. The institute physicians state that the condition of the man is most serious. He contracted the disease on the Upper Ubanghi, a river of equatorial Africa.

An inventor has recently devised a method whereby a ship can determine its distance from another vessel, or from shore. The vessels, as well as the shore station, are provided with wireless telephone apparatus, which is used to transmit the sound of a submarine signal bell. The difference in time which it takes for the sound to be transmitted by wireless telephony and to travel through the water enables the receiver to determine the distance of the sending station from him.

March 28 Wilbur Wright left Paris for Rome. Mr. Wright expects to remain in Rome about a month in order to make some demonstrations of flying before the Italian military authorities and also to instruct an Italian army officer in handling the machine. When this work is completed he and his brother intend to return to America by way of England. Once back in America they will take up their work at Fort Myer. Again in late summer either one of the brothers will go to Berlin for the purpose of presenting their machine to the German Government.

An appropriation of \$2,500,000 is asked by Congressman Sabath of Chicago for the purchase of 20,000 acres of land in Colorado and the erection of a national tubercular sanitarium. Mr. Sabath would place the control of the sanitarium under the Secretary of the Interior, who is authorized by the bill to make regulations for the admission of patients, including the fixing of hospital charges. A board of physicians, the members of which have had at least ten years' practice in their profession, is provided for.

The suppression of sleeping sickness is only a question of efficient administration and organization, and there is little doubt that in time the tsetse fly will be conquered, with the result that the disease will cease to devastate wide districts in Africa. The disease is spread by a biting insect which is distributed in patches over many thousand square miles in Africa, the inhabitants of which vast areas are too apathetic to lift a finger to save themselves from annihilation. Moreover, the disease is difficult of detection in its earlier stages, during which period infected persons may travel long distances, affording opportunities for the diffusion of the malady. One of the first essentials in grappling with the difficulty is to instruct the African native as to the true nature of the disease and its mode of spreading.

Nineteen to five the Missouri Senate engrossed Senator Bradley's resolution for a constitutional amendment in relation to aliens. The proposed amendment would permit no one to vote who is not a bona fide citizen of the United States. Under the present law any alien who declares his intention to become a citizen may vote. Should the amendment prevail an alien would have to be a citizen of the United States seven years before voting. Many who take out first papers never become citizens and often return to their native countries.

In furtherance of what is believed to be one of the most important movements ever launched for the improvement of child labor conditions in the South, official representatives from eleven southern States met in New Orleans March 29 for a conference to extend over a period of three days. The gathering was upon the invitation of Governor J. Y. Sanders of Louisiana, who recently asked the Governors of several other southern States to name delegates for a meeting which would have for its object the adoption of a more comprehensive and uniform system of child labor laws in the South, safeguarding both the welfare of youthful laborers and the legitimate interests of the employers.

In the last annual report which he will issue to the overseers of Harvard College, and which covers the year ending Oct. 1, 1908, President Eliot again advocates a three-year course for bachelor degrees of arts and sciences, notes that notwithstanding the hard times, gifts to the university amounted to \$691,896 and once more scathingly denounces football as a demoralizing spectacle and unfit for college sport. While he admits that appreciable improvement was made in Harvard athletics during the year and he commends the general view of college athletics taken by Graduate Manager William F. Garcelon, President Eliot says that too much time is devoted daily to baseball and football.

The new cabinet: For Secretary of State, Philander Chase Knox of Pennsylvania, age 56, lawyer; for Secretary of the Treasury, Franklin MacVeagh of Illinois, age 67, merchant; for Secretary of War, Jacob McGavock Dickinson of Tennessee, age 58, lawyer; for Attorney-General, George W. Wickersham of New York, age 58, lawyer; for Postmaster-General, Frank H. Hitchcock of Massachusetts, age 44, chairman Republican national committee; Secretary of the Navy, George Von Lengerke Meyer, of Massachusetts, age 51, banker; Secretary of the Interior, Richard A. Ballinger of Washington, age 53, lawyer; Secretary of Agriculture, James Wilson of Iowa, age 74, farmer; Secretary of Commerce and Labor, Charles Nagel of Missouri, age 60, lawyer. Thus it will be seen that there are five lawyers, one merchant, one banker, and one farmer in the cabinet; the average age of the new body is $57\frac{2}{3}$ years. Mr. Knox has been a cabinet member before, having been Attorney-General under McKinley and during a portion of Roosevelt's first administration, and Messrs. Wilson and Meyer are cabinet members. Mr. Hitchcock will not enter upon a totally new field in taking up the work of Postmaster-General, inasmuch as he was First Assistant Postmaster-general at the time he was made chairman of the national Republican committee. Mr. Wilson has been a member of the cabinet since 1897. He is a native of Scotland.

On reliable authority it can now be stated that Dr. Charles W. Eliot, former president of Harvard University, will accept appointment as American ambassador to London. There will accordingly be no further indecision about the successor to Whitelaw Reid, for it is planned that the London post, the most important foreign diplomatic place within the gift of Yale's first President of the United States, shall be offered to Harvard's retiring president at a dinner to be given him by the Washington alumni of Harvard next Tuesday night. Mr. Reid will remain at London until the end of the season next summer and Dr. Eliot will probably present his credentials to King Edward early in the fall.

Roadmaking in a sandy country is attended with difficulties, but in Minnesota an experiment was tried last year which turned out so well that it will be repeated in some parts of the State this spring and summer. In order to make the sand into a vegetable loam so it might be worked into a road, freshly cut yellow clover and rye straw were mixed with the sand base, and after six months of use the road is doing well, and meets with the approval of the farmers who travel over it. The highway was graded and yellow clover and rye planted, leaving only a right of way of about 20 feet. Then rye straw was thrown on the road and worked into the sand by the passing teams. The clover was cut from time to time, thrown upon the road, and worked so well into the sand that the character of the soil was actually changed. In another part of the State four inches of sawdust were spread over the road for a quarter of a mile and worked into the sand by the teams, and as this slowly rots it is possible to work the road very much the same as if it were made of loam.

The long-talked-of bill for tariff revision, known as the Payne bill, is now in the hands of our law-makers at Washington. The distinguishing features of the new bill are:

The maximum and minimum tariff plan designed to secure fair play for the United States from other protectionist countries.

An inheritance tax estimated to bring in a revenue of \$20,000,000 yearly.

A new provision as to goods manufactured under foreign patents, designed to increase the manufacture of such articles in the United States by American workmen.

Coffee on the free list; tea taxed 8 cents per pound, and 9 cents when brought in from other than the producing country.

Iron ore on the free list. The duties on manufactures of iron and steel materially reduced. Tin plate and steel rails reduced.

Hides on the free list, and duties on manufactured leather reduced; shoes reduced 40 per cent.

Lumber and timber duties cut in half.

Reciprocal free trade with the Philippines, with a limitation on the amount of sugar and tobacco annually to be imported. Reciprocity with Cuba continues.

The internal revenue tax on cigarettes increased from \$3 to \$3.60 and from \$1 to \$1.50 per thousand.

Beer and whiskey not touched.

Nails, wire, hardware, tools, etc., reduced.

Changes in the pottery schedule are not material; some sizes of window glass reduced and others increased.

Sugar reduced five one-hundredths of a cent per pound.

The cheaper grades of wool are reduced.



Among the Magazines



THE STANDARD OIL COMPANY AND THE PUBLIC.

Because the recent acquittal of the Standard Oil Company in Judge Anderson's court on a charge of rebating has not called forth those special phenomena known as "a demonstration of popular excitement," certain people are industriously trying to prove that the "fickle public" has lost all interest in the company and in its various sins. The arguments are much too sophisticated.

The truth is of a different nature. When the Standard Oil Company was on trial before Judge Landis the case was by far the most important that had been brought against it, and probably the most important case against any offender charged with taking freight rebates. The popular interest, of that special form described as "excitement," lay in the developments that were coming from day to day as to the doings of the company and of the railroads it patronized; and this entirely without regard to the many-million-dollar fine, which, of course, had not then been imposed.

At the present time the case that was before Judge Landis and that later came before Judge Anderson has lost the unique character that once attached to it. The defendant has repeatedly been convicted of taking rebates and has been fined for it. Moreover, it has been punished in the person of one of its subsidiary companies for even more serious violations of the law by the Supreme Court of Missouri. Finally it is the defendant in a suit which will soon be tried at St. Louis, in which the Federal Government will strike at the very corporate life of the company, with the deliberate intention of putting a permanent quietus on it and its manner of offending. Clearly enough, then, the Chicago rebate case falls naturally to a minor position.

More than all this, however, the degree to which a topic is currently talked about is no measure of the degree of the real public interest in it. No men are more mistaken than those who think that the words of the mouth measure the life currents of men or of society. The people know that the Standard Oil Company and other similar offenders are harder pressed each month; that they are reforming their methods to a great extent, and that the Federal Government is as deliberately engaged as ever in its history in the endeavor to enforce the laws in just such cases. They are confident that President Taft is on the road to gather the fruits of his predecessor's initiative. And if they are not saying much they are watching the course of events with undoubtedly a greater degree of enlightenment and a keener real interest than ever before.—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE EMPLOYER'S LIABILITY IN PURSE AND CONSCIENCE.

This matter of the right of the employé to reasonable compensation in case of injury while at his labor is one of the fundamental and necessary conditions of our so-

cial life. It is necessary and right where you are building a great property, the results of which are intended for your especial delectation and gratification, that you look after those who, by reason of good will or necessity, or both, are moved to assist you. And if it is the public, acting through the States or Nation, that is building the property, then it is the public's place. All men can not succeed in a large measure. Neither are all men fitted in even a moderate way to lead. Many—the vast majority—must serve as foot-soldiers, and it is these whom the captains of industry, the great and enthusiastic conductors of material enterprise, must learn to protect.

How? The employer's liability idea does not ask much. It says that if an employé of yours in the course of his work for you, either by some error or negligence of yours, or some defect of machinery or material conditions with which you may surround and supply him, suffers some injury to his physical well-being which prevents him either temporarily or permanently from earning his way, then you must make good to him this loss. It usually is not so very much—three hundred, five hundred, a thousand, five thousand dollars. These are not so many dollars to pay a man or woman for the loss of an eye or a hand or foot. In the case of complete disability ten thousand dollars is not nearly too much, although the law does not at present contemplate a tax of this kind.

The fact is that this tax does not fall on you as an employer directly. It is intended only to make you take out insurance against accident in your factory, or on your road, or in your mine. There are plenty of great insurance companies anxious to have you let them insure you against loss from any form of accident in your company. They will guarantee, in case you comply with certain rules and supply certain safeguards, to insure against any damage. Today they do this and protect you. Only, in doing so, they fight the injured employé in the court so that he is not often able to collect from them the miserable damages which you have paid them to protect you from paying, and which should be his. Tomorrow, under the right sort of legislation and with your consent, they will pay him promptly and without question the little which he should get and which he so sorely needs. Of course, it will cost you a little more in annual insurance. And, of course, it will make you a little more careful of the manner in which you arrange and safeguard your machinery. But, of course, also, you will feel easier in conscience; and, of course, also, you will figure it in the general expenses of your business and charge it to your customers and patrons. Every other employer will be doing it. You will not be alone. And the maimed and disfigured will not then have to slink off into the shadow and suffer hopelessly; and you will be running your business, in part, at least, in accordance with the wisdom, the justice and the mercy of God.—April Delineator.

RADICAL SUNDAY-SCHOOL REFORM.

Religious education as furnished by our Sunday schools is carried on "with methods and a standard that would be more appropriate for the Middle Ages than for the twentieth century," says Mr. Joseph V. Collins, of the Wisconsin State Normal School. Nothing has come of the flood of literature poured forth dealing with religious and moral education in the public schools, he asserts, and "the vision of an oncoming irreligious citizenship has driven many a clergyman and writer wild with concern for the future." Hence the writer pleads for the most drastic measures of Sunday-school reform. Under present conditions of Sunday-school work, thinks Mr. Collins, it is "practically impossible to attain anything above a low standard of achievement." "The new psychology and the new education have hardly touched the Sunday-school except in the most superficial way." Too little time is given to the actual study of the lessons; the environment is often productive of "mischief and disorder that would not be brooked for a moment in a public school"; the lessons themselves lack continuity, "the plan followed being to hop-skip-and-jump through the whole Bible every six years"; while the great body of scholars and teachers often are guilty of failure to prepare lessons at all. Such is the analysis of present-day Sunday-school conditions which Mr. Collins, in *The Educational Review* (New York, March 1), prefixes to his definite propositions for reforms. The following, he thinks, "will meet all the requirements of religious education in the United States":

"This solution can be stated in one sentence: viz., a two or three hours' session on Sunday, instead of an hour's session as now, with changes in the administration of schools to correspond. The change in the administration would be the introduction of a study period in a main room, with classes reciting in smaller recitation-rooms, or off at one end of the main room, so as to disturb as little as possible those studying. By this plan the number of teachers needed would be greatly reduced. One teacher only would be sufficient to handle the study-room, keeping the pupils quiet, in order, and at work. The school could be divided into as many grades as desired, and one teacher could handle one or more grades, dependent on the size of the school, that is, in any ordinary-sized school. Devotional exercises, including perhaps a little sermonet by the pastor, should come in with all the school present, or all except the smallest scholars. The adult classes would be present at the general exercises and would then give an hour's time to the discussion of a lesson as now, not remaining the full time of the session. The strong incentive for the children to study would be that every one around the individual would be studying, there would be quiet, regular lessons would be assigned, and textbooks would be supplied for the pupils' use, and maps and reference books would also be at hand convenient for use of all the school.

"Since the number of teachers would be greatly reduced, presumably only the best would remain. These would have to put in longer hours, but in compensation they could be released from other church service, even that of the regular preaching service. As matters now stand, multitudes of teachers put in more hours in attendance at church services, including going and coming, than they would under the proposed plan, provided they were released from other engagements, and others took their places in an equitable division of labor.

"Of course a carefully prepared and graded set of lessons, put up in permanent book form, would be necessary. Under present conditions there is enormous waste

in the fact that the helps liberally supplied, being adapted for temporary use only, are immediately thrown into the waste-basket as soon as or sooner than the pupil is done with them."

The children, it is urged, would benefit by this change, for to them "Sunday is a long and drearish day in many homes." Saturday being the children's day of relaxation from mental work, "Sunday is extra, it is double and unnecessary measure." "If the children were kept busy on Sunday afternoon (or morning) they would be out of mischief, would be happier, and would be in much better condition for work in the day school the next forenoon."—*Literary Digest*.



TO THE WORKERS FOR PEACE AT HOME AND ABROAD.

Address by the National Council of British Peace Societies.

Friends and Comrades: The National Council of British Peace Societies desires to send cordial New Year greetings to all who are engaged in the sacred task of establishing peaceful relations between the great nations of the world and delivering them from the oppressive burden of armaments.

The year 1908 marked, on the whole, a substantial advance towards the ideal which we share. The cordial relations between our country and France continue, and the year witnessed a peaceful and welcome "invasion" of Great Britain by our brethren from France, for the purpose of visiting the Franco-British Exhibition in London.

Continued endeavors have been made, by the interchange of visits and otherwise, to counteract the mischievous efforts of those who would stir up jealousy and strife between Great Britain and Germany. It is more and more being made clear that the German people and the English people have no cause of quarrel and bear no ill-will towards one another.

There is much in recent events to encourage workers for peace to go forward with redoubled strength and courage. We may instance the democratic revolution which has taken place in Turkey without armed conflict; the relaxing of the tension between great powers with regard to Morocco; and the reference of the Casablanca dispute to arbitration. We may further mention the understanding reached between the United States and Japan, which appears likely to have the best results on their international relations, and to make for the security of peace in the Far East; the inclusion, amongst treaties of arbitration signed during the past year, of a treaty between Great Britain and the United States (ratified June 4, 1908), for a period of five years, and the renewal of the Anglo-French Arbitration Treaty for a further period.

The international peace movement continues to grow in strength and popular acceptance, and received an unprecedented recognition from the King and government of Great Britain on the occasion of the seventeenth Universal Peace Congress, which met in London in July last.

On the other hand, the oppression of the world's armaments continues. Armed peace constitutes a burden upon industry and a check to social development which is felt by all the great nations with increasing severity. Certain persons in our own and other countries continue to sow the seeds of race hatred and mutual suspicion and fear. A large and influential part of the world's press is on the side of a narrow patriotism and the doctrines of physical force, and therefore forms one of the greatest

obstacles to international solidarity and the progress of civilization.

In the name of British pacifists, and, as we believe, of the majority of thoughtful British men and women, we would deprecate in the strongest manner recent alarmist utterances, the object of which appears to be the introduction of compulsory military service into this country under cover of the fear of a German invasion. We neither share these fears nor hold the doctrines from which they flow. We appeal with confidence to our German friends and comrades to help us to repel these assaults of military fanaticism, and to demonstrate the cordial feeling of the British and German peoples toward one another.

We appeal to people of good will in all countries to endeavor to strengthen the moral forces of law and order which ought to be predominant in international relations, and to combat in their own land the efforts of those whose trust is only in armed force, and many of whom thrive on international misunderstanding and jealousy.

To relieve the world of the crushing burden of armaments, to perfect the machinery of international equity, and to establish and cement good feeling and coöperation between the peoples—these are the tasks of the new year and the twentieth century, in which we call upon our comrades at home and abroad to engage with fresh zeal and enthusiasm.

Signed on behalf of the Council,

John E. Ellis, President.

(Rt. Hon. J. E. Ellis, M. P.)

T. P. Newman, Chairman.

Walter Hazell, J. P., Treasurer.

H. S. Perris, M. A., Secretary.

40 Outer Temple, Strand, London, W. C.

January, 1909.

—Advocate of Peace.



ORCHARD BEAUTY ABOUT THE HOME.

OF course, the owner of a small lot cannot have much of an orchard on it. But he can, in most cases, so arrange matters that he can grow considerable fruit there. And in arranging for this, he gets not only some fruit, but a great amount of the beauty peculiar to the orchard in spring. We have few shrubs as beautiful as the apple tree, in full bloom, and the crab, the plum, and the cherry do for early spring what our best shrubs do for a later season. We can combine the useful and the beautiful if we set about it intelligently, in planting the home-grounds. With this end in view, I would advise the small-lot owner to forego the planting of the ordinary shade-tree, and substitute for it some of the more easily-grown fruit-trees. The apple and the crab are better adapted in size to the lot of ordinary size than the large-growing trees are, for they seldom become so large as to crowd everything else into the background, which is just what the ordinary maple, elm, and oak will do, after a little, if allowed to have their way.

If apple trees are to be planted about the house, I would advise giving them a place at the rear. This for several reasons: There they will, in most cases, have a better chance to spread themselves after the

fashion peculiar to the apple tree, without interfering with the outlook from the house. They can be so placed as to serve as a screen against unsightly out-buildings, and they will not tempt the small boy as strongly, when seen at a distance, as they will be sure to when growing close to the street. The crabs, because of more upright habit, and less spread of limbs, are better adapted to the front yard. If there is anything in the floral line that can excel one of these trees in the profusion of its bloom, I would like to know what it is. Year after year they cover themselves with thousands of white blossoms that crowd themselves along the sturdy branches so thickly that there does not seem room for one more, and everybody that goes past them has to stop, and look, and admire. For days, each tree is a veritable flower-show in itself. Then the petals begin to loosen their hold, and when the winds blows, they flutter earthward in a cloud, till the ground is again white with a drift like that of winter. Crabs would be well worth growing for their flowers alone, but the fruit that follows is extremely attractive, and the housewife will find it as useful as beautiful.

A row of blackberry bushes along the rear fence will be "a thing of beauty" when in full bloom, and again when full of ripe fruit. Raspberries are not showy as to flower, but they are quite attractive when well laden with their purple and crimson clusters. So is the grape. All these plants can be trained to hide fences that are not particularly attractive in themselves.

The plum and the cherry are not as suitable to front-yard planting as the crabs, but they can do wonderful things in beautifying the house, in spring.

I know of several small-lot places on which nearly all the fruit used by the family is grown. No doubt a good deal more would be used, if it could be afforded, but the amount supplied by the trees and bushes which have been made to take the place of ordinary shade-trees and shrubs furnishes a luxury, in its season, which the laboring man's family fully appreciates, and which it would go without, most likely, if it were not for the little home-orchard.—*Selected.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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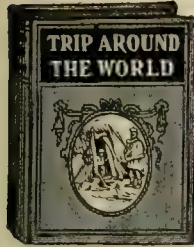
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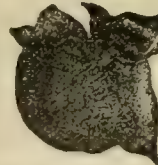
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come to **Reedley, California** where you can raise all the oranges and lemons you want and make a fortune at the same time. Where snow is practically unknown. Located in the heart of the famous **San Joaquin Valley**, the home of the raisin, peach, pear, apple, fig, nuts and vegetables of all kinds. An extra fine place to go into the dairy or chicken business. Have fine **alfalfa** land and there are hundreds of tons raised here. Located on two railroads and on the banks of the Kings River and always in sight of the stately Sierra Nevada Mountains. Nearly perfect climate. Come to California where you don't freeze to death. We always use the Golden Rule in all our dealings and it will pay you big to see us before you locate. For further particulars address

FINCH & HOLDERMAN

Employment Office

Reedley, California, Box 602

Holmes' Green Prolific Pole Lima Bean

Grows Green—Dries Green—Stays Green—Most Prolific

Equals the Early Jersey or any other variety for earliness. More productive than any other Pole Lima we have ever seen grow. Every Bean has that true, distinct, deep grass green color, and this color it retains when the Beans are shelled for market. The large pods hang in clusters of from five to eight, each pod containing from five to six beans.

Stock extremely limited. Positively only three papers will be sold to any one person. Pkts. containing six beans, **25 cents**; 3 pkts., **50 cents**.

Holmes' Delicious Early Sweet Corn

Entirely new and distinct. Very early. Ready for market in 55 days. The most delicious **Early Corn** grown. Has twelve rows to the cob, and each stalk bears two or three well-developed ears.

Stock extremely limited. Pkt. containing enough seed for three hills, **25 cents**; 3 pkts., **50 cents**. Positively not more than three pkts. sold to any one customer.

Fuller description of both above Novelties will be found in our Hand Book on Seeds which is sent free for the asking.

No other seed house can offer these two sterling novelties this year

HOLMES SEED CO., HARRISBURG, PA.

Southwestern Kansas Lands

For a home or a profitable investment.

THE GARDEN CITY LAND & IMMIGRATION COMPANY (Inc.), GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, Offers a fine selection of irrigated, sub-irrigated and diversified farming lands at attractive prices.

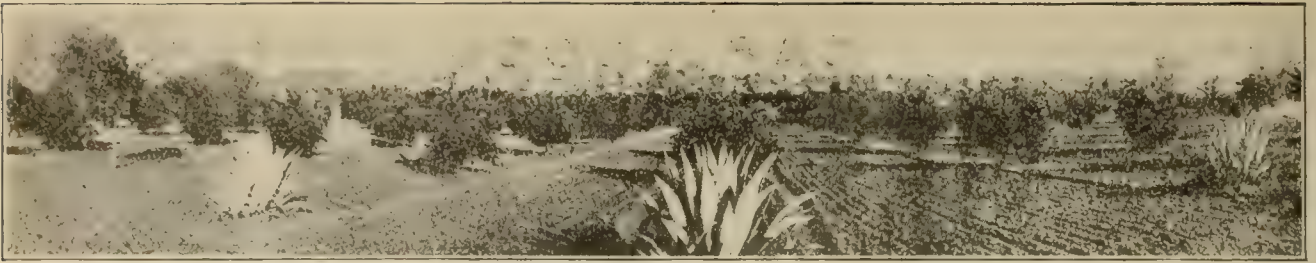
SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

640 acres in Brethren settlement, 12 miles from County Seat, on line of new R. R. Level, fertile land. All tillable. 480 acres cultivated. 340 acres winter wheat. 3 wells fine water 50 feet. Wind-mills, tanks, etc. Good house and outbuildings. 10 acres fine bearing orchard. Good shade trees. All fenced. 1/2 mile of school. Near church. Telephone. R. F. D. Only \$25.00 per acre. Easy terms.

160 acres choice level land 1 1/2 miles Garden City. Irrigated from the United States Pumping plant. All under cultivation. All high class alfalfa and sugar beet land. Price, \$10,000.00.

160 acres well improved irrigated farm. 12 miles from good town. A snap at \$25.00 per acre.

Write for descriptive literature and full information.
DO IT NOW.



Opportunities

In Northern California for Colonization Purposes

We own several large tracts of land in the very best fruit growing sections of Northern California, and can offer you unequalled opportunities for Colonization purposes. Our large land holdings give you a splendid chance to make a selection of just the sort of land you want.

We have lands in four or five different counties located near railroads and principal cities. The living conditions in this section are ideal. Fine homes, excellent schools, splendid roads, good neighborhoods, in fact, we can offer you the very best locations possible for church extension work. We ask you to investigate our different land holdings at once by writing for our books showing our lands and giving full information about them.

We are the largest dealers in Northern California Fruit Lands in the country. 10 acres of our fruit land under cultivation will bring you a bigger income than 160 acres of ordinary farm land. Your land here will be worth \$500 to \$1,000 an acre with fruit bearing trees on it. Already 2,000 small farms have been sold.

We have just purchased the famous Hearst Ranch in Glenn County. Over 15,000 acres. **AN IDEAL LOCATION FOR A NEW COLONY.** We also have large tracts of land suitable for Colonization purposes in Sutter, Yuba, Butte and other counties located in the very best fruit growing sections of California.

WRITE TODAY FOR OUR BOOKS AND OTHER INFORMATION

Telling all about our lands, prices, and liberal selling terms. California with its beautiful scenery, wonderful health-giving climate and wonderful opportunities for easier and better living appeals to everyone. All sub-tropical fruits, oranges, lemons, figs, olives, plums, peaches, apples, prunes, berries, apricots, cherries and vegetables of all sorts will grow here. Nut growing offers great possibilities. English Walnuts, Almonds and Chestnuts yield exceedingly profitable crops. Market facilities are excellent. 10, 20 or 40 acres will net you a big, steady, permanent income. Our land is selling at its lowest figures now. Prices steadily advancing.

CHEAP RATES on all roads make it possible for you to go and see our lands for yourself. We invite your fullest investigation and will be glad to show you any and all of our lands located in Northern California.

Write us without fail today for booklets and maps showing the location of our best colony lands and telling about the wonderful opportunities in this section.

Address,

S. F. ELLIS, Sales Agent

Room 318, Citizens' Nat'l Bank Bldg., Des Moines, Iowa
For BROWN-WALKER-SIMMONS CO.

Crocker Bldg., San Francisco, Cal.
 Couch " Portland, Oregon



ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



Empire Town-Site. Colony Lands and County Road.

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

LOW RATES FOR COLONISTS.

During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal. For further information address

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind., Modesto, Cal.

Or S. F. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK

April 13, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Low Rates to Pacific Coast

One Way Colonist
Tickets Only

\$25.00 From Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma

\$33.00 From Chicago

Via

Union Pacific

Every Day in
March and April

Great opportunity for CHURCH EXTENSION
BY COLONIZATION.

All points in California, Oregon, Washington
and Idaho reached by this route. Write for rates
and stop-over privileges.

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.

Isaiah Wheeler, Oklahoma City, Okla.
or Cerro Gordo, Ill.

"Mention Inglenook When You Write"

APRIL 20, 1909

is the date for the withdrawal of our popular sixty-day premium offer. Be sure to mail your order in plenty of time to reach us before the above date or you will be too late to secure a Free copy of the Handiest Geographical Encyclopedia published.

INGLENOOK 1909 HANDY ATLAS

The Inglenook Handy Atlas of the World includes 75 maps in colors. The remotest points of the far away countries are plainly depicted, and our own United States and the newly acquired American possessions are clearly shown. The book is an invaluable aid to any one who follows current happenings in the world's news.

Interesting historical sketches of all the Presidents of the United States are given—from George Washington to William H. Taft, who has just been inaugurated. Readers can glean at a glance information of the life and antecedents of any of these famous characters. A description of the White House is also included.

The Inglenook Handy Atlas of the World contains features of general interest to everybody. Pages are devoted to the United States Reclamation Service, explaining how government land may be reclaimed and acquired by citizens of the country, together with maps and a summary of the principal reclamation projects.

The Panama Canal project is always close to the people, and to be well informed on the subject is essential. The Inglenook Handy Atlas of the World contains an excellent profile map, showing every tracing of the canal's progress, together with an historical sketch and explanation of the final plans adopted by Congress, June 29, 1906.

Data concerning the principal cities of the world, with the 1905 census and the latest official estimates of population, are features that will appeal to everybody. Usually the ordinary atlas is remarkably incomplete in this respect. The cities of the United States, of course, are a feature, and a glance will determine the population and other important matters.

Beautifully colored plates showing the flags of all nations enable the reader to discern the emblem of any kingdom, empire, republic or principality in the world. A great education for old or young in its pages. Just the book for the school children to aid them in their studies.

Sixty-Day Offer

To every person sending us ONE DOLLAR for a year's subscription to the INGLENOOK before April 20, 1909, we send a free copy of the "INGLENOOK 1909 HANDY ATLAS OF THE WORLD."

If you are already on our subscription list, send us the Dollar and we will extend your subscription for another year or you can have the Magazine sent to a friend and keep the Atlas yourself.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

Revised Minutes

Contains the revised minutes of all the Annual Meetings up to and including 1896. Two hundred pages. Indexed under 1,200 subjects.

The Appendix.

This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth

The Price.

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Our price is very low, considering the size of the book, contents, and binding, but if you will dispose of five copies among your friends, and have same sent to one address, we will mail you one extra copy for your own use.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

YOUR LAST CHANCE

To secure the 1909 Handy Atlas FREE with one year's subscription to the INGLENOOK Magazine. Only one dollar if your order reaches us by April 20, 1909.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

Sunflower Stories and Lullabies

By Olive A. Smith.

A collection of stories and verses for young folks. Miss Smith is a writer of considerable ability, contributing to several young people's papers regularly.

The poems and stories found in this volume are among her very choicest productions.

In remembrance of her home in Kansas, the Sunflower State, she has called the collection "Sunflower Stories and Lullabies."

The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real



Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Bye Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful reading. The book is printed from large clear type, on a good quality of paper. The frontispiece is reproduced from a painting by David Emmert. Handsomely and substantially bound, artistic side title, profusely illustrated.

Price, prepaid,50 Cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

CRADLE ROLL BIRTHDAY POST CARDS

The phenomenal growth of the Cradle Roll Department of the Sunday School calls for constant activity on the part of the publisher to supply novelties and helps that will suit this peculiar field. Among the most useful helps are the birthday cards of which a new and beautiful line is just issued which may be mailed as post cards. The cards bear appropriate photographic reproductions embellished with exquisite floral designs and having greetings and verses in colored lettering; on the address side of the card is space that may be used for a personal message or invitation.



Form P. First Birthday—Boys.—A beautiful madonna with dainty decoration of trumpet border and lily of the valley.

Form Q. First Birthday—Girls.—Photograph of girl baby with border of snowdrops and colored leaves. One candle burns at top of card.

Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

Form U. Third Birthday—Girls.—The girl's picture on this card is bordered with delicate grasses and pansies; three candles are burning on shelf.

The cards sell at the rate of 2 for 5 cents or 25 cents per dozen, postpaid. Order any one form or assorted.

Ask about our "One Dollar Cradle Roll Outfit."

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Holmes' Green Prolific Pole Lima Bean

Grows Green—Dries Green—Stays Green—Most Prolific

Equals the Early Jersey or any other variety for earliness. More productive than any other Pole Lima we have ever seen grow. Every Bean has that true, distinct, deep grass green color, and this color it retains when the Beans are shelled for market. The large pods hang in clusters of from five to eight, each pod containing from five to six beans.

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SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

640 acres in Brethren settlement, 12 miles from County Seat, on line of new R. R. Level, fertile land. All tillable. 480 acres cultivated. 340 acres winter wheat. 3 wells fine water 50 feet. Wind-mills, tanks, etc. Good house and outbuildings. 10 acres fine bearing orchard. Good shade trees. All fenced. ½ mile of school. Near church. Telephone. R. F. D. Only \$25.00 per acre. Easy terms.

160 acres choice level land 1½ miles Garden City. Irrigated from the United States Pumping plant. All under cultivation. All high class alfalfa and sugar beet land. Price, \$10,000.00.

160 acres well improved irrigated farm. 12 miles from good town. A snap at \$25.00 per acre.

Write for descriptive literature and full information.

DO IT NOW.

ARE YOU USING THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD SYSTEM?

If your enrollment is too large; if your enrolled pupils are present every Sunday; if your pupils are always punctual; if each pupil brings their Bible every Sunday and makes an offering; Don't ask about

THE TWENTIETH CENTURY SUNDAY SCHOOL RECORD SYSTEM

This system is no longer an experiment but is in successful operation in a number of schools. ☐ It increases enrollment. ☐ It doubles attendance. ☐ It decreases tardiness. ☐ It brings the Bible to the class. ☐ It encourages systematic giving. ☐ It allows the teacher to devote all her time to the lesson. ☐ It makes possible the keeping of accurate records. ☐ It is original, unique and effective. ☐ It will pay you to ask for our Record System Catalogue. It is free.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Ill.

NEFF'S CORNER

Nookers will please remember that I do a general brokerage business. If you want to buy or sell stock in any well rated stock company or bonds of any kind, write me. I also negotiate exchanges of real estate or other property. I now have 160 acres fine land near Elida, N. M., where there is one railroad and another building in, that I can sell at about half its value. By paying off a mortgage that was on it, I got it at a bargain and will sell at a bargain. A fine homestead relinquishment nine miles from another town can be had in exchange for other property. Also a good house and lot near Brethren church in Lake Arthur, N. Mex., is offered in exchange for stock in a reliable stock company. The property is bringing a good rental income. I make a specialty of stock in University Heights Realty & Development Co., People's Savings Trust Co., and Lewis Publishing Co., St. Louis. If you have any of this stock for sale, write me. I also buy or sell Share-Purchasing Coupons of the Albaugh-Dover Co., Chicago. My little folder, "New Mexico Investments," free on application. Address, JAMES M. NEFF, Clovis, New Mexico.

WANTED

A few hundred agents to represent us in their home county. We give large commission on Inglenook Cook Books, Floral Wall Mottoes, etc.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

The Home Model Washer

Contains new features that should concern all who are in need of a washer. By means of a thumbscrew, the lever can be quickly set for long or short leverage, for light or heavy work, a good feature.

The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address: WM. S. MILLER, Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.

Late and Early Card

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. On one side may be read the words "I am Late"; on the other "I am Early." Printed in three colors on heavy card board. Size, 5½ x 8½. Price, postpaid, 10 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

HOMESEAKER'S ROUND TRIP RATES IN EFFECT THROUGHOUT THIS YEAR

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

Colonist One Way. Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

One Way Second-Class Colonist Fares, Tickets on Sale Every Day, March 1 to April 30, 1909 to All Points in Idaho on the Oregon Short Line R. R.

From Chicago, Illinois,	\$33.00
From St. Louis, Mo.,	\$30.50
From Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive,	\$25.00
From Milwaukee, Wis.,	\$33.00
From Peoria, Ill.,	\$30.35

From Bloomington, Ill.,	\$31.20
From Memphis, Tenn.,	\$36.00
From St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota,	\$25.00
From Des Moines, Iowa,	\$27.70
From Sioux City, Iowa,	\$26.95

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

April 13, 1909.

No. 15.

QUO, REGOR?

G. E. ROOT

ALL activities of those individuals of the animal kingdom that are capable of acting voluntarily are the result of mental stimuli. Of the animals that do not exhibit this volitive power, many have been found to possess a more or less highly developed nervous system. Even some plants display a sensitiveness which evidences that they have some means of receiving and transmitting stimuli. In the animal kingdom the degree to which the nervous system has been developed largely determines the position which the individual or class shall occupy among its fellows; it determines whether that individual or class shall be master or servant of those among which it lives. It is true that the physical characteristics of many animals help to make them masters over others, and this is more especially so with animals other than man; but a more important factor than bodily strength or agility is mental power. Many things done by animals for self-protection and preservation are prompted by what has been called instinct; but it matters not by what name it is known, the stimulus that excites these acts is a mental faculty.

As an illustration of the importance of such faculties to brutes, consider this example: the animals of the feline tribe, while usually larger and stronger than those they feed upon, are often not fleet enough of foot to overtake them, and could scarcely obtain enough food to live did they not know that, by crouching quietly at some place near which their prey will approach, they can spring upon it. The spider is not able to follow a fly in its flight, but it spins a web and quietly waits nearby until some unsuspecting insect becomes entangled in the trap, when the spider rushes out and seizes its prize.

The highest place in the scale of mental development is occupied by that being who was created in the image and likeness of his Maker, and given dominion over all other living things. Man is pre-eminently and dis-

tingtively intelligent. These facts warrant the statement that mind rules the world. The men who are directing the destinies of individuals and of nations, who are determining the courses and results of the activities of twentieth century civilization, are the men of mind. Since the body is ruled by the mind, conduct is an index to the mental state, and any improper act is proof that a wrong condition exists in the mind.

The various states or powers of the human mind may be classified in three main divisions: intellect, emotion, and will. The functions of the intellect are subdivided into three classes: perception, representation (or memory), and thought. All faculties of the mind figure to some degree in every complete mental act, and all are probably more or less prominent at every conscious moment, but the character of any mental state is determined by the element which is at that time predominant. Therefore the various conditions of mind and consequently the acts resulting therefrom are produced by the different degrees of activity assumed by the several mental faculties.

This brings us to the gist of our theme: which power of mind is the most potent factor in determining your acts and the course of your life? We believe that careful investigation proves a large majority of present-day evils to be due to the ascendancy of the emotions over the other powers of mind. What is it that impels some men to devote almost all their energies and spend their entire life accumulating vast, useless and burdensome fortunes, at the sacrifice of almost all the good and pleasant things that make life worth living and death hopeful? Can it be other than an unnatural and abnormal desire? There are women in our land who spend thousands upon thousands of dollars every year for dress, while there are those around them that scarce have the necessities of life. Men receiving large salaries have committed crimes that sent them behind

prison bars, to obtain money to furnish the wardrobe of an extravagant woman. Many people of smaller wealth waste just as much in proportion to their means endeavoring to keep pace with their rich neighbors in dress. Wars bring their horrors upon our nations, not because good judgement has shown them to be beneficial, but because men and nations become angry. Alcoholism, that has so long cursed our land, is a crying witness of the powerful influence that appetite and desire have upon the lives of men. Here emotion often completely tramples under both intellect and will. Emotion, it may be hatred or it may be some other passion, I say emotion and desire, certainly not intellect and reason, are responsible for the great and growing evil of divorce, which in our country alone wrecks its thousands of homes and lives every year.

Let us consider for a moment the tobacco habit. Do you realize the iron grasp that this habit has upon the American people? You can scarcely pass along the street of the smallest town or village without inhaling the foul odor of a pipe, cigarette or cigar. So universal and constant is the practice of smoking that the railroads regard the smoking car more essential than the dining car. Only trains running long distances carry the latter, but men cannot refrain from this habit long enough to ride even five or ten miles, so every train carries a smoker. I believe it would not be an extravagant estimate to say that two-thirds of the American men are slaves to the tobacco habit, and the rest of our more than 80,000,000 of people, who do not use the weed themselves, being exposed to its use by others, are not slaves but victims of the habit. There are today more slaves in this so-called land of the free than were liberated by Abraham Lincoln on Jan. 1, 1863, and often the slavery to evil desires and habits is worse than the servitude endured by the negro slave.

Do we conclude, then, that emotion is essentially an evil faculty of the mind? Certainly not, it has an office to perform. But the mental powers must be made to maintain proper relations toward each other, and emotion must not be allowed to assume the work of intellect. Intellect tells us what to do. Emotion furnishes the stimulus that makes us will to do the things intellect directs. Emotion is the energy that impels us to act. Napoleon was a successful general, not only because he knew how to lead an army, but because, from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet, he was fired with an ever-restless desire and ambition to become great, which made him will to exert every effort within his power. Each one of us is daily required to answer by our life this question, *Quo Regor?* "By what am I ruled?" Let us resolve that in our minds, reason shall sit enthroned, that emotion and will shall be her servants, and that by

proper cultivation of mind and character we *will* become not victims, but masters of our desires.

Union Bridge, Md.



OUR TINWARE.

M. M. WINESBURG.

OFTEN when I see old tin cans lying in the alleys I have wondered how many people, who pass by these cans, really know the amount of work it took to produce the tin used in those now useless cans, or the other tin vessels in daily use. I have an idea that there are not many housewives who know much about the various processes the iron must go through before it is converted into the shining tins and pans hanging in their kitchens.

As there are many persons who have neither the time nor opportunity to visit a tin mill I will try to give a brief but true description of the many processes of making tin. At a tin mill in my native town there are ten sets of rolls, or mills, as the tin-workers call them, and three crews to each mill, as they work on the eight-hour system. Thirty rollers for the ten mills.

The iron bars are first heated red-hot in the furnaces near the rolls and then rolled and paired. That is, two pieces of iron are started through the rolls one after the other, until the third pass and then both plates are caught together by the catcher and sent back through the rolls as one piece. The plates are now paired and they are thrown back in the furnace, until all the iron of that heat is rolled and paired.

When the iron is again hot each pair is again put through the rolls a couple of times, doubled and the ends sheared off and returned to the furnaces again. The pairs are now four-ply and if only four sheets of iron are wanted in these plates, when again hot they are just rolled into the required length; but if the plates are to be eight-ply the iron is doubled again and returned to the furnaces where it is again heated red-hot and then rolled the length desired and piled into a heap to cool.

Next these long plates are taken to the shears where they are cut into two and sometimes more pieces. As they are cut, the pieces are thrown onto a truck, and taken to the opening department, where the plates are opened or pulled apart by the openers. These openers have to wear large aprons and canvas gloves, for the sheets of iron cut like a knife. They also have to wear a piece of solid tin on the palm of their right hand with which they open the plates. In many of the tin mills the openers are women.

As the opener strips each sheet of iron from the plate, it is dropped on the front of the truck until the whole plate is opened. If any sheets are bad they are thrown out and the rest piled in a neat heap on the truck. When the truck is full of opened iron it is run down to the pickling department, where there are two

large tanks, one of water and the other of acid. Here the sheets of iron are stood on their edges in racks, and when the racks are filled with iron they are plunged up and down in the tanks, first in the water and then in the acid. This process is called pickling.

When the rack full of iron comes out of the acid, the iron is removed from the rack to benches, where it is sorted over to see if it has taken the acid well. From the benches it is packed into huge pots, and run into red-hot ovens where it is left for hours. This is called annealing.

When the annealing process is completed, the pots are drawn from the ovens and left to cool. After the iron is cool the pots are taken to the cold rolls. Here the iron is taken from the pots and put on benches, and again sorted over to take out the sheets that are sticking together. Then each sheet is run through the cold rolls to smooth out any dents that may have formed in it. They are then piled on a truck and sent to other pickling tanks, where they are again put through another pickling process, and afterward sent out to the dipping department.

Out in the dipping department are huge tanks of hot tin. Each sheet of iron is plunged into this bubbling hot tin and comes out tin-plate. From there it is sent to the tin house and again sorted and counted out, so many sheets to the box. This sorting and counting is done by girls; but it is put in boxes and nailed up by men, and it is then ready for shipment.

Now this is the process each sheet of iron must go through to be converted into the tin-plate from which all of our tinware is made. And thus the old tin cans, buckets and pans, that are lying around in the alleys and commons, represent many hours of toil for both men and women, and often it is almost red-hot toil, when the sweat streams from their faces and drops on their work. But it is honest toil for honestly earned money.

And then again these old tin cans teach a somewhat pathetic lesson; that all man-fashioned articles just serve for a time the purpose for which they are intended, and are then cast aside to make room for some newer invention.



THE NAUTICAL WATCH.

T. H. FERNALD

ON board a vessel the "watch is the period of time taken by each part of the crew alternately while on duty," to look after the vessel.

This period is one of four hours and the reckoning begins at either noon or midnight. In order that the same persons may not be on watch at the same time day after day, the time between 4 P. M. and 8 P. M. is divided into two shorts watches of two hours each, called "dog watches." Thus, the watch from 12 noon to 4 P. M. is known as the first afternoon watch;

from 4 P. M. to 6 P. M. the first dog watch; from 6 P. M. to 8 P. M. the second dog watch; from 8 P. M. to midnight the first night watch; from midnight to 4 A. M. the middle watch; from 4 A. M. to 8 A. M. the morning watch, and from 8 A. M. to noon the forenoon watch.

When this alternation of watches is kept up for the twenty-four hours it is termed "having watch" and "watch," to distinguish from keeping all hands at work during one or more watches. An anchor watch is a small watch consisting of one or two men set to look after the vessel while at anchor or in port.

A watch on shipboard is also a certain part of the officers who together attend to the working her for a certain time. The crew of every ship in the merchant service, while at sea, is generally divided into two portions called the "starboard watch," which is the captain's watch, and is generally commanded by the second mate; and the "port-watch" which is commanded by the first mate.

In the navy these watches are generally commanded by the lieutenants successively. There is on some ships—especially in the navy—a large bell which is sounded when the half-hour glass is run out, to make known the time, or divisions of the watch. The list of officers and crew of a ship appointed to the watch, together with the several stations to which man belongs is called the "watch-hill."

The "watch-glass" is an hour or half-hour glass used to measure the time of a watch on deck. There is also on battle ships a gun which is discharged at the setting of the watch in the evening and relieving it in the morning.

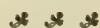
Belfast, Me.



AN INSTANCE IN PSYCHOLOGY.

J. W. WAYLAND.

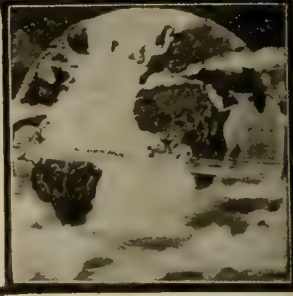
THE annual published by the students of one of the prominent southern colleges is entitled *Corks and Curls*. A young man from another institution interpreted the name as referring to "bottles and girls." A lady in the West recently wrote to one she supposed to be the editor, asking for information concerning the "Curles." She being interested in genealogy, and being a descendant of the Curles, took *Cork and Curls* to be the title of a book on two well-known families. As a matter of fact, both she and the young man referred to, while true in greater or less degree to psychological principles; were shooting wide of this particular mark. The title of the book is coined from two phrases current at, and possibly peculiar to, the institution in question. When a student fails in recitation or examination, he "corks"; when he does well, he "curls."



"COMPLIMENTS are often nothing more than gilt-edged falsehoods."



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LIII.

THE *Albania*, a Greek steamer of graceful proportions and easy curves, rides high out of the water on her way through the Dardanelles to Constantinople.

And I am on it, I am sharing the wild deck with Greeks and Mohammedans, full of gratitude to somebody and to God that I am enjoying so much more than I would doubtless be enjoying had I remained at home and waited long years before coming to this land of circus curios.

The stock of flat-loafed bread and fruit I brought on board from Smyrna, with the fresh water which the ship must furnish to its passengers, will keep me going till I reach Constantinople. Then—well, I'll not "cross bridges," I am so glad I'm aboard—just on deck, with a dry hard loaf of old bread to chew at. It tastes like cake, for being satisfied with such simple diet makes it possible for me to keep on going. I eat all of my lunches cold, for I carry no stove with me, as do some of the others traveling on deck. A party of Mohammedans

are cooking their food on a little stove which they have unpacked from a big bundle of "traps." The Moslems insist on cooking their own food, and as the smoke and odor of the cooking fill all the deck space, the other passengers raise an objection. Cooking their food thus on deck is also against the ship's rules, and the Grecian sailors, ever ready to get even with the dusky race that conquered them in battle and tore from them the Golden Gate, are showing contempt for such narrow-minded ideas in religion. One of the sailors has just emptied a big pail of sea water into the odorous mixture and over the fire, putting it out,

and spoiling the Turk's dinner. To see the ship's men thus daring to punish such Pharisaism, gives me less fear of the Mohammedans. I find that their neighbors do not like their foolish freaks carried on in the name of religion any better than do we.

But I am real sorry for the stupid Moslems who have lost their dinner. Up to this moment they had been brewing black coffee and drinking little cups of it nearly every hour in the day. They are not at all sociable, but as their curious ways make a great impression upon me I study them as if that were my only duty.

On the second day, August 29, I find that I failed to get the names of two old towns at which we stopped to take on passengers, a lot of fruit and heavy freight.

It is the finest sailing I have had—a calm sea, like glass, all the way. The shore line, indented by little bays and lagoons, but rising high in rocky hills and spurs of mountains, is distinctly marked. Over all that is seen



"Still rise the isles enchanted here."

hangs a mysterious spell of enchantment. Don't ask me to tell you what it is. I don't know. The atmosphere is veiled with a sunlit purple that quiets my nerves and inspires my best feelings.

We have now passed the island of Lesbos, leaving the Ægean Sea and entering the Hellespontus, with ancient Troas or Troy on our right, and Samothracia on our left. Right over there is the site of old Troy, whence Æneas fled to Italy. On the round hill there men called archæologists are now digging up the rusty armor once worn by the Trojan heroes. I can hardly think they are all dead and gone. Alive or dead,

I am half afraid of them and I listen nervously to the thud! thud! of the machinery below to be sure that the *Albania* will run by without a breakdown. One thousand years before Christ was preached here by Paul, Minos, of Crete, sailed into these harbors on his slow-moving vessels. Ulysses, who wandered in exile for ten years, looked upon this landscape.

On Sunday morning I was "up and dressed" long before sun-up. The shores had retreated some during the night, but the Peloponnesus over which we are steaming,—for I am fond of giving it all of its classic names I can remember,—is quite narrow in most of its length, so that a good swimmer might swim from shore to shore.

Behind us lies the Ægean, of which I sang in the following verses:

The Blue Ægean.

The glory of the past is
thine,

Thou blue Ægean Sea.
Still rise the isles enchanted
here,
Like monarchs bold and
free.

Thy breath is like a fragrant
balm,

Thy wavelets soft or wild.
Thou hast the beauty of the
dawn,

The passion of the child.
Thy gods still live, O sacred
sea!

In richer form and clime,
They dwell in temples grand
and fair,

They speak in chaster
rhyme.

O noble nurse of noble names,
The cradle long of thought.
The earth is filled with logic pure,
Which thy wise sons have wrought.

New-peopled are thy shores, O sea,
But desolate are thy fields;
More bleak and wild than in the days
Of spears and shining shields.

Thy heroes play the dead's sad role,
Immortal though they be,
Strown are the fragments of thy fanes,
Which men come far to see.

Here come three Mohammedan women creeping noiselessly along the upper promenade deck. On their heads and brought down around their faces are white shawls. I am rubbing at them as they want me to do, though they feign it to be an impertinence. By the time they reach me, these women, with their little sallown hands, have drawn the folds over the face, hiding all except the lower part of the forehead and eyes that peep out above the soft cloth, their faces looking like the slice of watermelon shape of the moon when four-fifths of it are in the shadow. I never see the moon

thus shaded without thinking how closely it resembles the often sweet and modest face of the Moslem women.

And as from night to night the moon, moving into the mellow rays of borrowed light, hangs high her lamp of silver to make of earth a dreamland of poetry and of romance and lead the travelers of night in paths of safety, and increases in brilliant splendor until she becomes night's queen, so from day to day, the light of the Gospel, shining into the lives of these women as they emerge from the penumbra of custom's rule, will radiate from faces illumined by the Sun of Righteousness the cheery light of joy and song until their sisters in all this sad empire will change their harem home and become domestic queens.

I would take their picture but I know that they would resent this and it might cause me trouble when I land in the capital city.

Boxed in a narrow crate is a beautiful young bay horse, with glossy coat, large, distended nostrils and little head. You can tell by its appearance that it is a thoroughbred. There is enough white in its glassy eyes to make us afraid to be too familiar with it. A young girl pats it on its nose and croons to it in language that the four-legged tourist understands. It is making a long journey and it is tied short so that it can

not lie down until it reaches its master. A little wheat and common straw is its food. It snaps at some of the passengers and you can't blame the knowing animal. Horses and dogs, just as do all pets, know at sight the cruelty of human nature as well as the kindness of it.

The sun is up. Before us the grand panorama of sea narrowed to a stream, opening out in a lake around which rise banks covered with beautiful palaces and shady groves, with the city of Charlemagne lying on our left.

We are in the Golden Horn. Yonder the sweet waters of Europe meet the salt waters of the sea. Behind us lay frowning men-of-war flying the Turkish crescent. When we were passing them, I looked just as meek as I could so they wouldn't challenge our vessel, take me off the boat, or fire upon us with those terrible-looking guns, sticking out on all sides of the heavy iron-clads. I wanted to get into the great city of the Sublime Porte. After that,—anything!

Some men have come aboard from a launch and are now looking furtively about among the passengers



Passing Islands in the Ægean. Bell on Deck Tolling the Hour, "Eight Bells."

as the steamer swings into the bay that is alive with boats of all kinds and shapes, little and big.

One man examines the baggage, another watches the movements of the passengers, following some of them and listening to their conversation. I suppose he speaks a half dozen languages. He looks at me but fails to "feaze" me. I'm all right, and I know it. I'm minding my business, am on a mission of good will, and my gaze doesn't flinch under his detective eye. But yet I feel different because of his look. It draws from my present strength but it will give me added force of character, for every keen experience impresses upon our whole nature a new and improved manhood or a new and degraded manhood. Innocent, we grow larger. Guilty, we grow smaller. Every "bell" on board, tolling the hour of day or night, has tolled the death of a passing experience and announced the coming of a new force in the lives of every one of us.

If there should be bombs in my luggage or bullets for the sultan, I would tremble much or little, just as I happened to be on guard or off guard. But this detective has seen too many people coming into this world port. He knows I am not a bombist. He may fear me even more, for I have a bicycle and must be a student, and a student is one who thinks. In Turkey you can't think, or if you do, you must not think out loud. So I know that I for one am a "marked" man.

I'm so glad I'm here,—to see this strange old city of so many conflicts,—that I welcome the excitement of whatever is to come to me while here.

The Mohammedans kneel on their rugs which they carry with them and pray vehemently. Bowing low they put their faces flat on the rug many times, urging Allah to bless their coming to the city only second to Mecca in Arabia. On the voyage the hour of prayer has come often to these Moslems. With complete unconcern of those who may stare at them or scorn them for their devotion to devotion's claim upon them, they have knelt, bowed, run through their picturesque motions, and uttered the prayers of the faithful.

Night by night I have slept right alongside of a Moslem. In fact he stole away bed room or space on deck which I had chosen early on coming aboard. But as he carried a dagger in his belt, and I didn't, I left him have his way. Also, he was a Mohammedan and I a Christian. I could afford to give him the nice place in which to stretch out and sleep. But I didn't do it easily. He was overbearing and simply took possession by force. At first I resented this injustice as quite natural I should. We had some loud and angry words over it, neither of us understanding what the other said, but knowing precisely what each meant to say or was saying in the jargon between us.

That first night after our dispute he knelt on his rug spread for his head in the nook of the deck selected by

me and prayed a long prayer. But I was there, too, right beside him, for I meant to sleep as close to my own quarters as possible, and also I had decided to give up to him the better place. So, when he prayed, I being ready to lie down to slumber peacefully, also knelt, on my "rug" and prayed to my God, which was his same God, but praying in the name of the Son, while he depended upon the prophet Mohammed.

During the night we lay close to each other and often I came in contact with the knife, still worn while sleeping, in his belt. I was afraid of him, for I had read most of his bible, the Koran, which taught him among other things, good and bad, that for every Christian he slew he could have thirty blooming wives in Paradise. Many times during the night I awoke, rolled round to see if I was alive, and peeped toward the Moslem.

Though I fell asleep again I was never quite certain that ere morning dawned over the water my deck-mate would not have added to his sensual paradise thirty beautiful women.

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BEFORE AND AFTER.

Sometimes I'd like to seize my pen*
And roundly roast my fellowmen;
To roast 'em to the good queen's taste,
And baste and turn, and turn and baste.
I feel that if I don't turn loose
And fairly cook some fellow's goose
I'm not performing well my work,
But rather am inclined to shirk.

But just when I am feeling mean
And start to thump this old machine,
Some friend comes stalking in my den
And lights it with a smile; and then
He says: "Hello!" and "Howdy-do!
How's this old world a using you?"
And then my grouch is gone from sight
And I am feeling right, all right.

Sometimes I feel that I am slack
If I don't rip things up the back;
That I should paw the air and rant,
And race and roar and fairly pant
In mighty effort to command
A remedy for wrongs at hand.
It seems to me I have a chance
To make all evildoers dance.

But just about that time I see
A laughing baby on my knee.
I feel a tiny hand's caress;
The touch of dimpled cheeks that bless—
And then it's "Mr. Grouch, good-bye!"
For in another minute I
Am quite content to sit and smile
And leave the "roasts" for afterwhile.

*Poet's license—I use a typewriting machine.

—The Commoner.



"If you haven't time for pleasure seek for it in your work. There is more of it there than many find."

THE TEACHING PROCESS

D. D. THOMAS

ONE of the grave questions that confront the teacher, is how to present the facts to be taught. There are two things to consider here. First, that the pupil may receive them. Second, that the pupil may retain them.

It might not be amiss to state that a great help to one's teaching ability lies in his teaching veracity. A teacher that makes many mistakes is likely to lose power and influence with his pupils no matter how tactful he may be in presenting the lesson. So that a thorough knowledge of what is taught is primarily necessary to every teacher. One can but welcome the laws that are making a more thorough education for one to be enabled to enter the schoolroom as a teacher.

The method of presenting a lesson depends to some extent upon the grade. But in every grade two things are to be considered. No work should be done for a pupil that he can do for himself, and his task should not be so great as to discourage him. It can be seen that these guard the two opposite extremes.

Two teachers come up to memory. One presented his lessons with great care and had them well analyzed. The thoughts seemed to be ready for assimilation. Not much of his teaching is retained. It was gotten with too little effort. The other teacher was different. He came to us with principles and comprehensive facts. Well, each student was compelled to labor to get the gist of the lesson, and his effort helped him retain what he learned.

A friend once complained that he liked to listen to a certain minister but he could never retain the thoughts he gave. He was too analytic. That was the secret of it. His thoughts were gathered with too little effort and hence were forgotten.

For this very reason most schoolroom helps are humbugs. Outside of a set of outline maps, a primary chart and a few others, they are not worth their purchase price, and are in the way in the schoolroom. Let the pupil dig down into the subject matter of his textbook and also the great book of nature and what he digs for he will appreciate. It will stay with him and he has a discipline that will help him to become a scholar. One of the things that should be prominent is the work. The pupil should be taught to work and to like his work. There is a difference in being taught to work and being driven to work. Being taught to work is manly but that cannot be said of the other. Let the appeal be made to the higher nature.

The pupil should not be discouraged. The bright side of the work should always be presented as an incentive. Give him a chance to see what he is working for and accumulate a vast number of facts that he may not see, so that he will be compelled to exercise faith. The larger the list the better. It is not a summing up of tasks, it is a curriculum of opportunities. It is not the laying on of burdens but the enlarging of the field from which to choose. And as the vision grows in his sight he takes up the song of a mission to fill rather than a pleasure to enjoy.

I have noticed the whistling boy in the corn making progress. When he ceases to whistle he loses his interest and lowers his standard.

The teacher's hand should ever be ready when the pupil's burden is too great. Then is the time to show his sympathy. He may solve problems, show him how to study his lessons so as to be able to know how to recite. Pupils can be found in almost any grade who have never learned the best way to study. Let the teacher do this not hurriedly and excitedly, but calmly and with warmth. If it is a problem take the time to explain until certain that he fully understands. This may give him the impetus to make a new start.

The class work calls for care lest some pupil fail to get the lesson. Frequently they pride themselves in being able to pass a good recitation grade when they have scarcely learned the lesson at all. And this is done by well-meaning pupils. It is the outgrowth of our principles of commercialism. The criterion is the bargain, fair or unfair. And herein is the value of tests. Do not have pupils recite in rotation; ask remote questions; vary the method of recitation. Put tasks upon pupils when they are least expecting it. Ask questions upon yesterday's or some former lessons.

As the grades rise the more should be included in the answer to a question. A simple hint as to what is wanted gives the mind more active exercise, and disciplines a keenness that will be very useful to the pupil. The class need not all recite. One pupil may recite the entire lesson, though this should not occur often.

From this one would gather that the class work should vary. As far as possible some new feature should enter into every recitation. The pupils should be kept alert with expectancy, and vigilant to guard against surprise. The teacher should not allow himself to be found napping on any feature of a lesson.

Any important feature should be nurtured with care even though he may think the class understands it fully.

And withal the teacher should not pose as a trickster. The pupil must be made to understand that these tactics are for his good and learn to know that the teacher is a sincere friend; that this is only a test process and that he sorrows in their failure; that he is laboring that they might be strong and might enjoy the reward that comes to the diligent. "I have no greater joy than to know that my children walk in the truth." This is the spirit of it.



FROM THE SOUTH.

J. I. MILLER.

As I have been on a vacation for some length of time, I will try to say something about what is transpiring in the South. During the great cold wave that passed over most of the North in February we experienced some of it in the great South. We had ice a few nights. The thickest the writer saw did not exceed one-half inch; some reported one inch. The cold wave lasted three days. Then we had another visitation March 15 and 16 in the shape of light frosts, —not enough to do any damage. Now spring seems to be here in all her splendor and glory. Almost all kinds of farm and garden planting are being done.

Some of the early variety of peaches are as large as a large cherry; pear trees are in full bloom; strawberries are bearing profusely. All manner of forest trees have put on their summer garb.

Rice farming is the great and leading industry in our locality, but there is more diversity in farming every year. People are learning more each year as time goes by "not to put all of their eggs in one basket." Rice as well as all other planting has been much retarded on account of excessive rains.

When people come to visit us in January and February, more particularly the latter, and find cabbage, turnips, radishes, onions, celery, lettuce, and some more of the hardier vegetables growing, it seems strange to them, while we who stay here are not satisfied without them. We often wonder how it would go with us now were we to get to a place where we would have to stow away our winter rations. I suppose we would get used to it, but it would seem very awkward after spending almost twenty-four years in the South.

It seems we have been here a good while and we have learned some things, but we have many more to learn and then we won't know it all, by any means.

The raising of stock has been much neglected by people who come here from the North, but it is rapidly coming to the front.

Think I had better stop for this time, with more to follow later.

Roanoke, La., March 22.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF HAND TRAINING.

ALTHOUGH in recent years much progress has been made in educating the public mind to the necessity and wisdom of manual training, yet there is much ignorance on the vital questions at issue in this attempt to incorporate manual training in the courses of instruction in the public schools. Some good people are shocked when we tell them that no matter how well-to-do they are and how little manual labor they ever expect their offspring to pursue, they need to have their hands trained as well as their heads; that we are dual in our natures—motor and sensory—and that no man can evolve into a real and efficient man in society unless he has had the motor half of his being trained and developed; that the real joy of living comes from living fully, participating in the things the race needs to have done. These good people raise their hands in holy horror when we tell them their children should be taught to work at something—to do something with their hands. They are accustomed to look upon work as a disgrace to those who have the means to exist without it.

Here such people make a sad mistake. It is a disgrace *not* to work when one is physically able, whether he is in immediate need of the income of his toil or not. We must teach the children of rich and poor alike in the public schools the true dignity of labor. We must point out to them the joys that come to one who is really efficient in some way and is able to maintain himself respectably by his toil. The cause of labor needs to be dignified in the schoolroom.

Besides, no one knows how soon a fortune in money may be swept away. The most miserable people in the world are those who were brought up to feel that they need not to work or ought not to work, and then were suddenly deprived of what they thought was a never-failing income sufficient to support them in luxury.

This movement to awaken the public mind to the value of manual training in the schools must continue. The introduction of manual training, elementary agriculture, home economics and the like into our public schools is viewed by a good many with alarm, because they think the schools will thus become too utilitarian in their aims. There may be such a danger if these subjects are not presented in a sane way. But certainly it is a worthy aim of education to train the young to social efficiency, so that they may not only know how to do something worth while in the world but that they may also obtain real pleasure from the doing because they have faith in the worthiness of the thing they are doing. Besides, our dual natures must be educated as dual natures, not as half-natures, and in order that the intellectual powers may achieve their full measure of usefulness the motor activities must also be trained and developed. Manual dexterity obtained as the result of proper mental direction is

more serviceable and of a higher type than the mere physical skill resulting from undirected mental effort. The mind and hand go together in their most fruitful achievements in the advancement and upbuilding of the race.—*The Ohio Teacher*.



THE PLOWMAN.

CENTURIES of tradition are behind the going out of the plowman.

Though there are no customs in honor of the event in the United States, in other countries there are many interesting superstitions and observances connected with the season.

Italy still looks upon the coming of plowing time with almost religious awe. Many of the customs of two thousand years ago survive on the plains of the modern kingdom built round the Eternal City.

Before the Roman of old put his plow into the ground, he went to the temple to pay his devotion to Tellus, goddess of the earth, one of whose priests always remained on duty in the temple at plowing time, ready to perform his rites. The signs in the heavens had to be right, or the farmer would not start his work. The time to plow for flax, barley and poppies, according to the old book of rules, was "when Balance has equalized the hours of day and sleep and halved the world exactly between light and shade." Beans were likely to get a proper start provided "Taurus had ushered in the year with flaming horns and Sirius sat facing the threatening bull." Nothing better could be asked for wheat than that the "Pleiades hid themselves from human eyes with the dawn." Thus it will be seen that the agriculturist of that primitive period had to be something of an astronomer as well as an agriculturist.

Thus to this day, before he puts his share to the earth, the Italian farmer studies the skies, and not until he is satisfied that all is well will he start. Often even when he is on the point of beginning he will permit himself to be deterred by the superior wisdom of some older neighbor who detects some unwelcome signs, to defy which means the utter ruin of the crops.

India has laws which forbid plowing on certain days. These are a survival of superstitions and traditions, centuries old, which have withstood even the efforts of the English to dislodge them. According to Indian lore, Mother Earth has a right to a certain amount of rest. During six days of every month it is proper for her to sleep, and the tiller who would be so churlish as to disturb this slumber is promptly punished.

India is perhaps the only country where one can at the present day still find employed a man whose duty is to study the times and pick out an auspicious day for the plowing. He is known as Pundit, and no one, not even the employer, knows when he will rule that the proper time has arrived. In the field the Pundit goes, taking with him a brass drinking vessel and a branch

of the sacred mango tree, whose function is to scare away evil spirits.

Then he marks off an imaginary line, five clods of earth are thrown up into the air, and water is sprinkled into the trenches five times with the sacred mango branch, to insure productiveness. On the succeeding day the farmer must continue his devotions and pray without cessation for the success of his crops. He must remain in seclusion, and eat no salt, nor give away any fire, money or grain. If the crop be a success, the Pundit takes all the credit; if it fail, he blames the farmer for having by some breach of the sacred laws undone his work and brought down the ire of the gods upon the harvest.

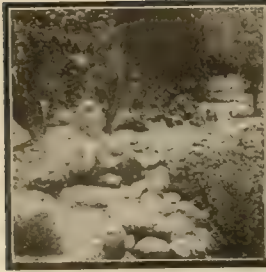
About the only survival of the ancient rites that China has to show is the fact that all plowing has to be started on a fixed day, the beginning of their solar year. In ancient times the beginning of plowing was made the occasion for the most elaborate ceremonies, which at one time included living sacrifices, but rulers have gradually enforced the abandonment of these customs.

At about this time of the year Siam is witnessing its great annual custom, the Raakua. This is an official rite, perhaps the only one in which government officers take part. On the day fixed by court astrologers, the minister of agriculture, who is always a member of some noble family, goes to a piece of ground some distance from the capital. Here is waiting a new, gayly decorated plow, with a pair of buffaloes yoked to it. The minister guides the plow over the field, while the attention of the people is concentrated on his flowing robes. If, as he follows the plow, his robes rise above his knees, there will be disastrous rains; if they fall below his ankles, there will be a disastrous drought; if they remain midway between his knees and his ankles, everything is propitious for a big crop. After the furrows have been opened old women strew grains of different sorts in them, and buffaloes are permitted to go and eat thereof. That of which they partake most freely will be scarce next harvest; that which they leave will be most prolific.

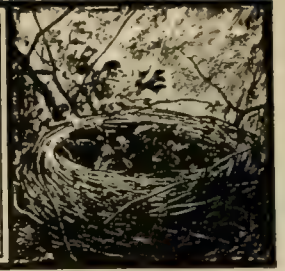
Formerly in parts of Germany the inhabitants heard mass over four sods cut from the fields. These were carried to the church and sprinkled with holy water, spells were spoken over the seed, and a "Hail Mary" followed the turning of the first furrow, when the rites had been transferred from the sacred edifice to the open field.

Even today no good Yorkshireman would think of plowing on Good Friday, and to be on the safe side and get as far away from Lent and Easter as possible, he usually waits till the first week of May.

An Irish peasant plowing will always turn the head of his horse away from a passing stranger, lest the latter be possessor of the evil eye, and put a curse upon the plowing.—*Selected*.



NATURE STUDIES



WILDWOOD MEMORIES.

Oh, the days of my childhood when all things were new,
Oh, the beautiful place where the wild flowers grew,
How I loved there to wander in bright sunny hours
And gather the fairest and sweetest of flowers.
Hepaticas, violets and adder tongues bright,
In memory, I'm breathing your perfumes tonight.
While voices of nature, so pleasing to hear,
Are now sounding sweetly in memory's ear.
The partridge is drumming upon an old log,
The woodcocks are calling away on the bog.
The wild geese are honking, while flying near by,
The henhawks are screaming, while soaring on high.
The crows are a cawing, while building a nest.
The squirrels are chattering, and never at rest.
The marsh frogs are piping way down in the slough,
And sweet birds are singing the whole forest through.
Oh, I loved the dear wildwood when I was a boy,
In memory still it is mine to enjoy.

—A. M. Johnson.



A WALK IN EARLY APRIL.

N. J. MILLER.



LAST year Dr. Jonathan brought in a bunch of wild flowers three days before I succeeded in collecting any, but this spring the tables were turned. I surprised him by bringing in my vasculum filled with flowers the first week in April! Just after that warm shower of rain I, with vasculum strapped to my shoulder, walked—half ran—across the fields one and a half miles

southwest to the old creek and the limestone bluff bordering its flood plain. Thirty yards north of the creek bank was a spot of rocky soil sheltered by oak woods, a splendid place for the heat of an April sun to accumulate. This spot never failed with early Buttercups and did not disappoint me this time. The thickened fibrous roots, narrow leaf segments and elongated yellow petals indicated clearly that the plants were the Tufted Buttercup. Without further ceremony the flowers found their way into the vasculum.

After crossing the creek and following the road past the ruins of the old mill I observed on the talus of the bank a patch of Creeping-Buttercup (H) in

bud. This plant has the habit of forming patches. Runners, similar to those of the strawberry plant, spread over the soil, each at almost regular intervals giving rise to a new plant.

Straying southward along the bank until reaching a deep, narrow channel cut by a small stream through the rock, and proceeding up the channel and climbing its wall to the top I noticed a bunch of wild poppies—Bloodroots—large, white flowers contrasting greatly with the rich soil in which they grew. The petals dropped off so easily that it seemed difficult to collect entire flowers. Slightly jar the stalk and off went the



petals. However, this behavior had an advantage,—making the pistil seem more prominent, giving a better hint of the long, narrow capsule it would finally form. The falling off of the petals wasn't the only difficulty I had. The red stain wouldn't come off my hands—a stain produced by the red juice (suggesting the plant's name) coming out of the root-stock and stem whenever bruised or broken.

A quarter-mile farther in spots the bank was blue, white, pink and purple with Liver Leaf (B). The leaves, green, leather-like, heart-shaped and three-lobed, had lived through the rigor of winter to be replaced in later spring by new ones which were mere bits of fuzz beneath the scales on the very short stem.

Two miles down the creek, near the Shaw farm, I plucked anemones, Pasque Flowers, by the score. The rather stiff appearing stalks were covered everywhere with down while the leaves and involucre, unlike those of Liver Leaf, were divided into shreds. So completely did this beautiful Crowfoot take possession of its territory that other plants were completely crowded out. In the western Rockies I have seen it

convert acres of brown foothills into a sea of blue. Next summer I hope to visit this spot again to gather some of the long plumose fruit.

Starting homeward I, by mere chance, found a new plant—new to me—in the thickets. To be sure it was



a lily, but where to place it was the problem. It recalled the large white trilliums, but the stem was but two to six inches high and the leaves petiolate (P). The leaves though smaller resembled those of the Prairie Wake-robin, but the color, form and attachment of flower very unlike. Nothing was left but to consult the plant analysis which dubbed it *Trillium nivale*, or Early Trillium. This find more than "delighted" me with the early botanical excursion—two butter-cups, a poppy, Liver Leaf, Pasque Flower and a lily, new to me.



THE CATBIRD.

THE catbird—mother's favorite songster—was a very valuable bird when I was a boy, and yet I had no idea of the extent of its work. We were surrounded with wild plums, pawpaws, blackberries, raspberries, strawberries, grapes, black and red hawes and many other varieties of luscious fruit furnished by an indulgent Father through his laws of nature. I had at that time no suspicion that if there were no birds there we should have had no fruit. But my hair is no longer red, it is now white with the snow that never melts, and I know more than I used to know.

The catbird came to us then in the springtime, wanting a home in which he and his wife might raise eight children during the summer time. He eagerly found an ideal location, for the forests were filled with underbrush. He was seeking then and does now also to have his home about seven feet from the ground among the branches of a bush where the twigs were so closely grown that when the leaves appeared they would furnish his family concealment from prying enemies.

The home was quickly built. In it were soon four beautiful babies, Isaac, Emma, Donald and Alice. Then for twenty-five days mother and father, working from sunny morn till dewy eve, gathered harmful insects and reared that happy family. I used to think they fed them ten or fifteen times a day, they seemed so busy. Now I know they fed their children more than one hundred and fifty times a day. And, but for their going into the fruit trees, the insects would have so multiplied that fruit-growing or even human living would have been impossible.

The old-time forest has disappeared. A great many trees are left in our country, but the bushes have been cut out, so that in their stead among the trees the grass may grow. And the catbird, forced by lack of homing conditions in the forest, is now a domestic

bird wanting to come about your house, children, to have his home within thirty feet of you, sing sweet songs for you in the evening time, and help cultivate the fruit trees for you. Would you like to have a pair at your home, girl or boy? If so, then help furnish him a home. Go to the syringa bush; look at it just now and see how the branches are swinging out from the center and you will know that the bird could not build on them and have the security that he wants. Go back to the house, get a rope six feet long, a quarter of an inch thick and place it five feet high around that syringa; pull the branches closer together, so that when the bird comes the branches will be so dense that he and his little wife will quickly see that when the leaves shall come upon those branches there will be the proper concealment for them. Many other bushes on the lawn may be treated in this same manner. The only thing necessary is to furnish the concealment so that the bird may see you from out his leaf-roofed home, and yet think you cannot see him. He will do you at least five or ten dollars' worth of work during the season, besides singing the sweetest music outside of heaven, and all it costs is a little kindly catering to one of your Father's creatures.—*Col. Isaac IV. Brown.*

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THIS is house-cleaning time, and one makes the discovery that he is growing wealthy, since he can haul out and burn as trash the things which he once stored away as being very valuable.

ARE we going to be the means of two grass blades growing where only one grew before? Or if there is room for only one, will we help it to be larger and more luscious than its parent? With some such resolve we ought to begin our partnership work with the soil this spring.

THE Standard Oil case, in which by one trial the company was fined twenty-nine million dollars, has been dropped by the government. The last judge to hear the case declared the defendant not guilty. The question naturally arises, How is it that our laws cannot be framed so as to catch a rich offender as easily as they catch a poor one? Is it to be wondered at that some people have no faith in the real integrity of the administration of the law?

Is irreverence becoming a notable characteristic of present-day church congregations? That is the charge made recently by a Congregational minister in addressing the weekly meeting of the Congregational ministers of Chicago. We do not know to what degree the charge is true, but we do know that in many congregations the irreverent acts of church members before and after services, and sometimes while they are in progress, are indeed shocking. And if they appear so to us, what must they appear to the One whom we have come to worship? As a means of promoting reverence, this minister advocated the bringing back of kneeling benches into the pews so that the whole congregation would kneel during prayer. This would surely be more conducive to reverence than the sitting posture which many congregations maintain during prayer.

ANOTHER minister, a Methodist, in addressing the weekly meeting of his fellow ministers, emphasized the importance of giving more attention to the rich. Most of us think the rich get more attention now than is their due, but it is presumed the minister did not mean merely more attention but more attention of a particular kind. Some of us have read of the poor rich and how their riches form a sort of wall shutting them away from the sympathy and kindness of the great majority. The rich are expected to make all advances and go more than half way and when they are of a timid, retiring disposition and cannot do this, they must suffer alone. Mrs. Hetty Green, known as the richest woman in the world, says that she is also the loneliest woman. While people should never seek an excuse for withholding sympathy, it is a fact, nevertheless, that if the rich find their riches a barrier to the blessings of good fellowship they can take it down.



WHERE ARE THE CHILDREN?

A SHORT time ago a large section of our country was much wrought up over the abduction of a child. The boy was taken away from school under a pretense that gave no cause for alarm. Some time elapsed before the awful truth dawned upon the parents that their child had been maliciously stolen from them. And then came the futher revelation that they were the victims of some one's greed for gold—that they could have their boy in exchange for ten thousand dollars and freedom from surveillance. The sum was a large one, considered in the hands of those who, far from having earned it, deserved the greatest punishment that one might mete out to another. But set over against their child it was considered a small amount by the distracted parents who were tortured with the thought of what the consequences might be if they refused to accept the conditions or if the abductors found themselves hard pressed by officers of the law.

It was a trying time and the sympathy of thousands of parents went out to the bereaved father and mother, while they counted their own little flock and returned thanks for their safety. Less than five days after the child was stolen, the requirements of the abductors were met and the child was again in the arms of his parents. But interest in the event did not die out at once, and for the protection of children and parents in the future kidnaping is being made a crime in many States, punishable by the severest measures.

We cannot explain and neither can we measure the mental torture of one who is at the mercy of conjecture and doubt as to the whereabouts and physical welfare of a dear one. One's children or dearest friends may be taken away by death and the bereaved may suffer deeply, but as a rule the suffering is not to be compared with the anguish of one who knows not whether her child is dead or alive, whether he is suffering or happy.

While this condition is as unexplainable as it is true,

yet in a larger sense it is a fact that worse things than this are happening to some of our children every day. The pure, innocent boy goes out of the pleasant, wholesome atmosphere of home into the street and away to school. He comes home every evening, it is true, but sometimes it is only his form that returns. The mind is polluted, the heart is turned toward evil, the real boy is lost and never comes back! And fathers and mothers do not seem greatly concerned—are not testing the moral atmosphere of their children as they do the physical. True, many mothers lose hours of sleep because of their anxiety for their children's welfare, and their only comfort comes from their trust in a higher Power, but some parents are seemingly indifferent and take these things as a matter of course. Would it not be consistent, as well as wise, since this incident has aroused our concern about the children, to look well into their surroundings and see whether it is not possible to improve them?

And then there is another thought. If the child away from its home needs our help and sympathy, what are we to say of the thousands of children who have *no* homes—no loving mother who would overcome mountains of difficulties to shield and protect her own? They are being cared for, it is true, in some institution, but it is a pitiable excuse for a real home at the best, where all the little sensitive minds and love-hungry hearts are reduced to the working of one individual by the machine-like order and discipline. Shall we who have homes and the power to make homes for others be held guiltless if we shut our doors in the face of these little ones?



"NEVER HAD NO SHOW."

How often you hear this complaint: "I hain't never had no show"—or words to that effect. And the very fact that a person feels he is kept down by "plutocratic" or other powers, keeps him down. The man who goes up and down in the land wailing and whining over the way he is oppressed, instead of getting busy at something, thereby mesmerizes himself into a condition where in truth he is no good. Others take us to a large extent at our own estimate; if we say we are slaves, bound hand and foot to the trusts, etc., then are we indeed such. How common is this tendency to "kick," and lay the blame for all our troubles on some mythical scapegoat.

We have a letter from one patron discontinuing his subscription in these lucid terms: "I like your readable and pithy journal, but will stop it until the authorities at Washington divvy with me. I give myself to government gratuitously and expect it to show the same free hand to me in my financial straits."

Now, what does such a man as this want? A man of intelligence, evidently, yet one with some crotchet in his head to the effect that he is being plundered by the government and that after he has spent his earnings

somebody, somewhere, should "grubstake" him until he makes another strike. What a contrast this attitude of mind offers to that brought out in a case told of by Booker Washington. A certain negro woman came to him, and on questioning her he found that she had got together considerable property, besides making a living. When asked how she got it, she answered that she had "swapped a yaller puppy-dog" for it. And here was her account:

"Well, it was this way. When I started I didn't have nothing at all but jest a little yaller puppy-dog. I took the dog over to my brother-in-law's. He had eight little bits of pigs, oh, jest so little, an' I swapped the puppy with him for one of the pigs. It was sech a little pig that it didn't look like it would live, but I nursed it good and I prayed to the Lord to make that little pig come forward to do me good, and the pig lived and grew. The first year I turned her out, and when she came back in the fall she brought me seven little pigs with her. That was my start. I've never had to buy any meat since. This winter I've killed three hogs and I've got another at home now ready to kill. I've got 40 acres of land now, all paid for, and a house, and it all come from that one little puppy."

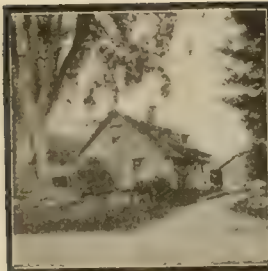
"Do you hear that," exclaimed Washington, "you men? Some of you better go back home and swap your dogs for pigs."

Now, we believe most people will agree that this poor ignorant negro woman has a better conception of her place in society and is a better citizen and better example to us all than this cranky man. This man, if he would rely on himself, put the blame for his own unthrift and discontent where it belongs, keep busy, save his money for things worth while, and, above all, learn to appreciate his opportunities, instead of despising them, ought certainly to do as well as this unlettered negro woman, but one generation removed from actual bondage. Instead of this, he is a failure, admits as much—but tries to lay the responsibility on the government. Such a man as that might appropriately go into the business of having his wife take in washing.—*The Pathfinder*.



SAY IT NOW.

IN the pages of the INGLENOOK we are endeavoring to put out a magazine that will be safe reading for every member of the family—free from the corrupting element found in so many of the periodicals of the day. We further endeavor that this safe reading shall be of the highest usefulness to the reader—full of helpful information and inspiration. If you find that we are making some approach toward this ideal tell your neighbors and friends about the magazine, and tell them *now*. The offer of the Handy Atlas free with a year's subscription may help them to decide to take the paper. The offer is good *only one more week*.



THE HOME WORLD



HOW TO EDUCATE CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF THREE AND TWELVE AT HOME

J. H. HARNLY

In Four Parts. Part One.

THE opening years of the twentieth century will be memorable for unprecedented evolution of methods in developing the faculties of children and inculcating knowledge.

It might be pertinent, however, to ask, has the effect on the child's well-being been commensurate with this more scientific effort to quicken its faculties? And if not, why not? Is the child of today as respectful to parents, and superiors generally, as was the American youth of a generation ago? Does he voluntarily and cheerfully give precedence to his elders? Has he the same veneration for sacred things, and the same reverence for preceptors, or is he insolent, selfish and irreverent, capable of little restraint? I apprehend that the latter is only too frequently the case.

Anyone who is a close observer must needs be appalled at the lack of self-restraint, and the proneness to be disrespectfully familiar, that today exist among our youth. Bryce refers to this lack of refined manners, in his "American Commonwealth"—in fact this reprehensible condition frequently attracts the attention of the more cultured foreigners who visit our country.

The cause of our predicament becomes self-evident when we note the two extremes that prevail among us in family government; that of neglect on the one hand, and of over-indulgence on the other. In the case of the latter, evil results are hastened by ever and anon parading the children in public. Attendance at public schools, where children of refined homes are thrown into society with those whose every home environment is debasing, is also likely to have pernicious effects.

The virtuous are always more susceptible to the evil influences of the vicious than are the vicious to the wholesome influences of the virtuous. Certainly, then, no one who has observed the evil propensities of our heterogeneous population will dispute that the in-

discriminate association of children, on the streets, on school playgrounds, or in public parks, unattended, is fraught with the gravest dangers. Hence the importance that attaches itself to the consideration of the question, "How to educate children at home."

THE INGLENOOK could render no greater service to mankind than to facilitate discussion and due consideration of the subjects connected with home life.

A fifty-thousand-dollar mansion, provided with all the improvements and conveniences that modern ingenuity can devise, is, at the best, only an incidental, and not an essential prerequisite of a good home. The Burghley family, which for many centuries occupied one of the most luxurious palaces in England, degenerated into profligates and maniacs. Behold the magnificent apartments of Lady Burghley, gorgeously ornamented, sumptuously furnished, walls enriched by an invaluable collection of paintings and tapestry, and windows commanding splendid views of the romantic environs, and contrast them with the plain old rooms—"heavily timbered ceilings, massive timber framework, walls filled in with brick and mortar, great open fireplace, low windows and uneven oaken floors" which constituted the house over which the mother of Shakespeare presided.

Then also compare the opportunities of the gaudy heir to titles and estates, surrounded by attendants and learned tutors, with the deprivations of the rustic lad of Stratford, perchance catching some inspiring thought from his mother's life. Now observe the titled heir, indifferent to his superior advantages, soon degenerate into a despised sot, while the youthful Shakespeare overcomes all difficulties and develops into the world's greatest literary genius—giving an impartial life and character to every passion subject to man, clothed in language at once unique for its unrivaled sublimity and precision. One, the descend-

ant of an eminent lord and statesman; the other, the son of a wool-comber! How contradictory their destiny!

But this is no exception. Most great men of history had humble beginnings. Joseph was sold to the Ishmaelites; Daniel carried as booty to Babylon; Moses abandoned to the bosom of the Nile; David a herder of sheep; Christ was born in a stable, laid in a manger, and exiled to escape the blood-stained hands of an Herod; Luther was the son of a miner; Wesley the child of a poverty-stricken clergyman; Webster and Greeley the descendants of poor New England farmers, and Lincoln born and reared in a pioneer's log hut. These were men of destiny—epoch-makers in history! They were such, the world proclaims, not because, but, in spite, of their humble beginnings.

We may, however, have been too hasty in our conclusion; for it is in rowing up stream that the muscles become rigid and manly vigor increases. Any prodigal can drift with the current, or bask on the deck of an excursion steamer while the stokers work in the sweltering heat below. But the habitual pleasure-seeking voyage dissipates vitality, and when overtaken by shipwreck life is at a low ebb with not sufficient energy left to battle against adversity. How then to provide an ideal home for one's children, and escape mistakes in their early training is a much more intricate problem than we first anticipated.

Lincoln, though bereft of his mother at the age of ten, says, "All that I am, or hope to be, I owe to my angel mother." A log cabin, a few pieces of rustic furniture, a Bible, a Pilgrim's Progress—these constituted the home comforts and sources of culture of the boy Lincoln! Yes, these alone, but hallowed by one of the world's most faithful mothers! Lincoln could have ill afforded to exchange these lowly surroundings for the sumptuous regal environments of the most favored prince. A log cabin, a wide open chimney ablaze with a hickory fire, an old oaken settle, a Nancy Hanks Lincoln, an open Bible in her lap, an attentive lad at her knee with face aglow as he drinks in the story of Joseph, of Moses, of David, of Daniel, aye of the lowly Babe of Bethlehem—what a picture for the artist! Who can paint it and portray upon the canvas the sublime influence of a consecrated mother over the destiny of her offspring? Oh for a Raphael to paint the "Madonna of Emanicipation" as she dedicates her child to true nobility, anticipating anew the world's ever-recurring need of apostles of freedom!

The mother of Lincoln found an easy solution for determining the future destiny of her son. His service to mankind was alone equaled by his opportunity for service. This is the destiny that any mother may secure to her children, if she abides under the shadow of the Almighty. Mothers, be diligent in the exercise of maternal duties, no matter what the external cir-

cumstances are, for these are likely to be fraught with opportunities in an inverse ratio to their apparent adversity.

There is certainly one particular, then, on which we can all agree—the paradoxical proverb that a child can be none too careful in its choice of a mother.

Although a few famous men have risen from slothful and depraved parentage, yet, as a rule, the world's greatest benefactors, whether in science, literature or art, whether in society, church or state, have descended from frugal and virtuous ancestors, of humble origin, but possessing lofty ideals, and a genius for looking to the future welfare of their children, that is so often wanting in the upper as well as lower strata of society. God save the child from neglect, and deliver it from over-indulgence. If it escapes these deleterious tendencies, so common in this age of free thinking, there is hope for the future.



HER EXAMPLE.

SHE was the principal of a girls' school now famous for its high standard of scholarship and yet *higher* standard of *character* as portrayed by the teachers and the pupils constantly being sent out into the world. In those days, however, the school was young, and only great as the expression of faith of its founder, who, in selecting her as the woman who should mold the lives of the students, had chosen on bended knee.

There were many things that troubled the principal; the spirit of indolence, of shirking, of deceit, seemed to be everywhere in evidence, and nothing that she could do or say appeared to be of avail, and she almost decided to give over that school for another.

For weeks the girls had been particularly lax regarding their observance of the rising bell, with the result that never a morning came that at least a third of the pupils were not late to breakfast. She addressed them somewhat severely on one of these occasions:

"Young ladies," she said, rising from her place at table after striking her table-bell for attention, "young ladies, this lack of punctuality must be stopped. There is no need of your being late; it is inexcusable; there is no excuse for your oversleeping, if that is the reason you have to offer. Your teachers do not oversleep; *I* do not. When *I* do"—a smile lighted up the strong, sweet features—"when *I* do, *I* will give you like permission, or at least will condone your tardy arrival at the table. Please do not force me to speak of this matter again. You *must* be punctual hereafter."

Impressed by her evident earnestness the students were one and all at their places next morning when the principal gave the signal for being seated, but the following morning it was the house-mother who signaled them to sit. This fact, however, occasioned the girls no surprise, since the founder of the school

was somewhat famous for making early calls which sometimes detained the principal from appearing at the breakfast table at all.

On this morning, however, the fruit and cereal course had just given way to the substantial when the principal appeared, walking rapidly down the long dining-room, her face flushed, the while she struggled with a refractory cuff-button.

As she reached her place she tinkled the tiny bell.

"Teachers, young ladies"—she was very pale by this time, although her voice was steady, ringing—"will you pardon me for being late? *I overslept.*" Then, quietly, "And may I hope that my girls will *not* think the fact of my tardiness gives them the privilege of doing likewise?"

In the corridors and rooms the girls discussed the situation. As one of them said, it *was* brave, that outspoken apology and confession.

"She didn't *need* to let us know," one said with eyes bright with admiration; "we should have thought, if we'd thought about it at all, that she had been detained just as she is so often."

Said another, "There are different ways of being honest. Belle Peters, I'm going to call in every last invitation to that blanket-spread. We can have it just as well in recreation hour. Let's go tell the girls."

In the privacy of her own room a third girl sobbed quietly, "I wish, oh, I *wish* I knew how to be good. I'm going—to ask her—how. It must be *splendid* to be so—so—*honest!*"

It was some months after this that the principal of the school awoke to the fact that a different spirit pervaded the seminary; why and how it had come about she did not know; it is more than possible, indeed, that she never suspected how great an influence for good that one incident exerted over the girls with whom she had to do. And yet the fact remains that that one act of transparent, beautiful truthfulness, reinforced by a life of as perfect, if not as striking, honesty, was the medium which has made that school for a quarter of a century a standard of excellence.—*Home Herald*.



A WIFE'S RIGHTS.

If husbands only knew the power of a little praise where their wives are concerned, there would be fewer domestic tragedies. All work is made sweeter by kindly appreciation.

It does not cost much to tell your wife that she looks pretty in her new dress, and yet how many of you fail to notice the dress at all, or worse still, if you do notice it, it is only to find fault with the cost of it.

You were glib enough with pretty speeches when you courted her. And now that she has far more right to your courtesies and attentions, why is it that you show her so few?

She of all people in the world has the first right to your interest and respect. She has given you years of wifely devotion, and has helped just as much with the building of your fortune as though she earned an actual salary.

And yet many a wife goes through agonies of indecision before she dares ask her husband for money to buy a new dress, or necessities for the children or house.

The house and children are yours as well as hers. You have no right to look grumpy when she asks for money to provide for them.

Every wife should have as generous an allowance as her husband's income permits. It is too humiliating to have to ask humbly for every necessary cent.

Just try the praise plan for a while. Give up fault-finding. Why should you speak to your wife in a tone of voice that you would not dare to use toward another woman.

A woman will work cheerfully forever if she gets love and you appreciate her efforts. You can't afford to lose your wife's love, for it is the most precious of all your possessions.

But even the tenderness and endurance of the most faithful of women wears out if it meets with nothing but neglect.—*Farm Journal*.



YOU AND YOUR BOY.

I HAVE never been one to feel that the best love was won from a child by extreme indulgence. In fact, I hold that the contrary is the rule. Observing the families of my contemporaries and predecessors it is borne in upon me that the most indulged children have not been the most devoted to their fathers and mothers. On the contrary, having had the happiness to be associated with several households where strict obedience has always been demanded and received, I feel justified in declaring that the families where discipline is observed are those whose children are most affectionate.

Be it noted that strictness does not mean harshness or severity. It does stand for reasonable rules, positively enforced, for commands which must be obeyed, and, above all, it should stand for justice.

Were I asked to put in a word the most desirable quality in dealing with boys, or with girls, either, for that matter, I would put *justice* first. It would not be a synonym for hardness, although this is a meaning often applied to it. It would mean obedience to orders and penalties when orders were disobeyed, but it would mean also an appreciation of the child's standpoint, an almost agonizing care that he should not be punished without adequate cause, a rigid adherence to promise of reward as well as of rebuke, an understanding of what led to this or that course of action which from an adult's viewpoint may seem inexplicable.

There may be well brought up children who resent a just punishment. I have never known them. But I have found injustice of reproof or of penalty resented with a bitterness which left its mark for years afterward.—*Christine Terhune Herrick in The Circle Magazine for March.* ❀ ❀ ❀

BOOK CASE.

TAKE four quarter-inch rods sixty inches long, get a blacksmith to weld a burr onto one end of each. Have a thread cut for about two inches on the other ends, with nuts to fit. Take six boards twenty-four inches long, eight inches wide and a half-inch thick; bore a hole in each corner one and one-quarter inches from the side and the same distance from the end. On the bottom board fasten an inch cleat across each end, and to these cleats fasten four table casters. Now pass the four rods through the holes with welded ends under, by the casters. Then slip eight spools—No. 24—on each rod. Then another board and eight spools—No. 40. Another board and eight spools—No. 50. Another board and eight spools—No. 60. Now the last board and three or four spools—No. 60—above it; then put on the nuts and screw tight. Nail an inch strip in front on the bottom shelf, having edge even with shelf, to hide the casters. Now it is ready to be painted. It will be pretty painted white with a narrow strip of gold or bronze paint where the spools meet.—*Selected.* ❀ ❀ ❀

SELECTED RECIPES.

CHICKEN PATTIES—Mince up fine cold chicken, either roasted or boiled. Season it with pepper and salt, and a little minced parsely and onion. Moisten it with chicken gravy or cream sauce, fill scalloped shells that are lined with pastry with the mixture, and sprinkle bread-crumbs over the tops. Put two or three tiny pieces of butter over each, and bake brown in a hot oven.

CHICKEN CROQUETTES—Take any desired quantity of chicken, chop very fine, add an equal quantity of smoothly mashed potatoes, mix, and season with butter, salt, black pepper, a little prepared mustard, and a little cayenne pepper; make into cakes, dip in egg and bread-crumbs and fry a light brown. A nice relish for tea.

HAMBURG ROAST—Have the butcher chop very fine (or run it through a meat chooper) an inferior cut from the round; for every pound of round use one-fourth pound of salt pork chopped fine, half a cupful of toasted bread-crumbs, one-third cupful of water, one egg, half a teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper and a teaspoonful of grated onion. Mix all well together, form into a shapely loaf, lay strips of salt pork over the top, and roast, allowing about twenty minutes to the pound. Macaroni, plain boiled, is a "must-have" with this dish, and onions in cream sauce, may be served with it.

The Children's Corner

IT'S FINE TO GROW.

SLEEPING in the soft protecting earth lay the little grain of corn. He lay in his dark nest, and slept on until suddenly one cold morning he awoke, when the spring sunshine threw shadows of the leafless beeches across the brown ridges of the cornfield. He felt a strange and new desire to bestir himself and to push upwards, he knew not whither. It was as if some wonderful voice were calling him, a voice which he could not help obeying and which urged him to awake and move. And as he tried to do so he became conscious that a tiny green shoot was springing from him which had the power to grow, and to force its way through the brown earth.

"Why, where are you beginning to go?" asked a fat red worm, which lay comfortably coiled near him.

"Up through the earth. Some one is calling, and I want to go."

"I shouldn't trouble if I were you," said the worm, in a slow, drawling voice. "It's much more peaceful down here."

The little grain felt discouraged. In fact, he felt half tempted to take the worm's advice. He hesitated for a moment, then, thrusting forth his green shoot more resolutely than ever, he said, "I shall go on. I cannot stay."

The soft earth parted as if to help him, and the raindrops pattering above sank lower and lower until they reached him. He drank the moisture gratefully, and felt a throb of triumph as he found his tiny shoot growing higher and stronger hour by hour.

One fresh sweet morning in early April the wonderful thing happened. The last grain of earth yielded, and the young blade had reached the light. Little rosy clouds floated across the clear sky, and then the golden sun rose slowly above the horizon.

The little blade gasped for breath. His slender stem quivered with emotion.

"What is that glorious thing?" he cried.

An older blade of corn grew near.

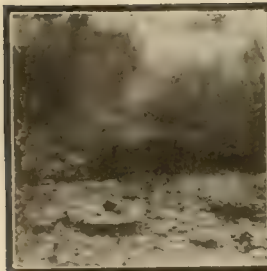
"That is the sun," he said kindly. "You have come to the upper world, and you're a brave young blade, for you've done the journey very quickly. I had a fair start of you."

The little blade was still trembling.

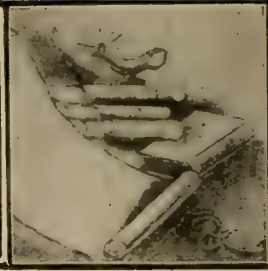
"Now I know whose was the voice," he cried. "It was the sun who called me. It is a wonderful thing to grow!"

"You are quite right," said the older blade. "Grow on higher and higher, push on, don't stop; then one day we shall stand tall and strong, crowned with yellow light, and ready for the service of man."

"I am glad I obeyed the voice," whispered the little blade. "It's a fine thing to grow."—*Little Folks.*



THE QUIET HOUR



OUR TALENTS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

If you have a talent, use it,
Be it great or be it small.
If you've one or if you've many,
Make a faithful use of all.

Can you fish with John and Peter?
Can you plant the seed with Paul?
Can you water with Apollos?
Can you do these—one or all?

Every day brings many chances
To the watchful Christian's hand.
He can plow, or sow, or water
On his Master's fertile land.

We can never lack occasion
For the labor in the field.
God has need of all the workers—
He himself will give the yield.

Can you sing the songs of Zion?
Lift your voice in holy praise;
Can you tell the old, old story?
Tell how Jesus guides your ways.

Can you teach the Scripture lesson?
In the Sunday school enlist;
Can you lead the prayer in meeting?
Never fail to thus assist.

Can you cheer the sick and lonely?
'T is a Christian's duty plain;
Can you help the poor and needy?
Do not let them want in vain.

Can you help those in temptation?
Stand beside them in the strife;
Can you warn some thoughtless sinner?
Show to him the Way of Life.

But teach all with whom you labor
That man's help at best is weak.
Lead them up through Christ the Savior
The sure help of God to seek.

Do each duty as presented,
Work in faith, and hope, and love,
For sure results are promised by
Our God who rules above.

Belfast, Me.



QUIT YOU LIKE MEN.

L. H. EBY.

MAN is a rational animal, an individual of the human race. Paul in 1 Corinthians 16: 13 by the Holy Spirit

told the faithful men of Corinth and all who follow them, "Quit you like men," present yourself manly in every caling of life; come up to the *original* idea of a man.

Jehovah describes the *real* man by the prophet, Jer. 5: 1-4. As one that executeth judgment and seeketh the truth; one who can truthfully say "The Lord liveth"; the one who "refuses not to return."

Man, when made, bore the image of his Creator, and was endowed with mental and moral powers which justly would place him in authority over all other creatures.

God said, "Run ye to and fro through the streets of Jerusalem and see now and know, and seek in the broad places thereof, if ye can find a man."

The spirit of the writer expresses doubt as to finding a *real* man roving about over Jerusalem streets, and in her broad places, expressive of the ways of evil.

Is it possible or likely to find a real man, one that executeth judgment, and seeketh the truth in such places? If so God promises, "I will pardon it" To such a man Paul said.

1 "Watch ye." Christ said, "Watch and pray."

2 "Stand fast in the faith."

But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering, for he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed.—James.

3. "Be strong."

God's ideal man is a man in the

(a) Home, regarding every domestic relation sacredly; in the (b) social circle and business; in the (c) intellectual and spiritual realms.

Michigan City, Ind.



GEORGE MULLER'S BIBLE.

GEORGE MULLER said: "The vigor of our spiritual life will be in exact proportion to the place held by the Bible in our life and thoughts. I can solemnly state this from the experience of fifty-four years. Though engaged in the ministry of the Word, I neglected for four years the consecutive reading of the Bible. I was a babe in knowledge and in grace. I made no progress because I neglected God's own appointed means for nourishing the Divine life; but I was led to see that the Holy Spirit is the Instructor and the Word the medium by which he teaches. Spending three hours on my knees, I made such progress that I learned more in

those three hours than in three years before. In July, 1829, I began this plan of reading from the Old and New Testaments. I have read since then the Bible through one hundred times, and each time with increasing delight. When I begin it afresh, it always seems like a new book.

"I cannot tell how great has been the blessing from consecutive, diligent, daily study. I look upon it as a lost day when I have not had a good time over the Word of God. Friends often say to me, 'Oh, I have so much to do, so many people to see, I cannot find time for Scripture study.' They are not many who have had more to do than I have had. For more than half a century I have never known a day when I had not more business than I could get through. For forty years I have had annually about thirty thousand letters, and most of them have passed through my own hand. I have nine assistants always at work, corresponding in German, French, English, Italian, Russian and other languages. As pastor of a church with twelve hundred believers, great has been my care; and, besides these, the charge of five immense orphanages, a vast work; and also my publishing depot, the printing and circulating of millions of tracts and books; but I have always made it a rule never to begin work till I have had a good season with God, and then I throw myself with all my heart into this work for the day, with only a few minutes' interval for prayer."—*The Wayside Evangel*.



GOD'S VOICE.

SOMETIMES God says "Be still and know that I am God." We do not always understand why an earthquake or a flood or some other calamity should be required to compel men to turn their attention to God's might, but if we fail to see a mercy in our having been spared from such a visitation, or if we ignore the opportunity to repent our being spared gives us, we belong to the number of those "who having eyes see not."

When God comes into the home and calls a dear little one to himself, whose presence made us better for his having been here, rebellious thoughts are likely to tempt us. Are we too blind to see that the tender plant transferred to the purer, better atmosphere of heaven will blossom into a glorious flower free from sin's contamination?

But God's voice is seldom harsh; it does not often bring tears and sorrows. Sometimes an earthly father finds it necessary to be stern, but generally he does his share in contributing his part toward the pleasure that the family enjoys. So and more so with God. The gifts from him that bring joy to the heart and comfort to the life are innumerable. The physical blessings of this life and the spiritual happiness with which he fills the soul are God's voice speaking a

message of brightness to the whole world. To get the best out of this life and give others the benefit of it we need only to keep our eyes open to see and our ears open to hear the many things God is doing all around us.—*The Mennonite*.



SPEAK TO THAT MAN.

AFTER all it is personal work that counts. It is the personal need, the touch of a life upon another life. This is possible to everybody and in multitudinous ways. Chaplain McCabe was driven to a strange house in a great city. As he stepped from the hack he reached for the hackman's hand and said "Good night; I hope to meet you in glory." About midnight his host tapped at his chamber door and said: "Chaplain that hackman has come back and says he must see you." When the rough-looking man came in he said, "Sir, if I meet you in heaven I have got to get saved tonight." The two men knelt together and the hackman went out of that room singing the new song of salvation.

Friend, it is not as hard as you think to "speak to that man." You will be surprised to find how easy it is—if only you begin—if only you put it to the test. Have you tried it? Have you tried it lately, even with your own children? When did you speak to your children, quietly, one by one, on the matter of their personal acceptance with God? And your neighbors, your friends, your business associates, have you spoken with them?—*Central Christian Advocate*.



THE STRENUOUS LIFE.

O Lord, we most of all give thanks
That this, thy world, is incomplete;
That battle calls our marshalled ranks,
That work awaits our hands and feet.

That thou hast not yet finished man,
That we are in the making still;
As friends who share the Maker's plan,
As sons who know the Father's will.

We see the end at which we aim—
Wrong's bitter, cruel, searching blight—
Beyond the present sin and shame,
The blessed kingdom of the Right.

What though its coming long delay!
With haughty foes it still must cope!
It gives us that for which we pray,
A field for toil and faith and hope.

Since what we choose is what we are,
And what we love we yet shall be,
The goal may ever shine afar;
The will to win it makes us free.

—Wm. DeWitt Hyde.



"THE man who once makes up his mind to depend upon his own resources, will be surprised to find how they hold out."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Idaho is now a county option State. The Legislature, at its recent session, passed a law permitting the people of any county to vote on the license question on petition of 40 per cent of its voters.

Georgia's convict lease system has come to an end. The 1,550 convicts were led from the mines into daylight at sunrise amid prayers and songs for their deliverance. Hereafter they will be worked upon the county roads. During the lease system they were underfed, overworked and frequently murdered.

The attempt of the big life insurance companies to have nullified by the courts that section of the New York insurance laws which limits the amount of business they may do annually has failed. In the Supreme Court Justice Gorman handed down a decision declaring that this section of the State law is constitutional. As a result of the decision a number of the agents of these companies have been dismissed.

The Canadian Pacific and the Hill railroads have stored an enormous quantity of coal in anticipation of trouble as the result of the strike of the Alberta and British Columbia coal miners. The strike has tied up all the mines in that section with the exception of the Crow's Nest Pass Coal Company. The mines have been preparing for the strike for some time and have large quantities of coal in reserve. No famine is probable, therefore, for weeks.

The tower for the navy wireless station, which is to be erected in Washington, will be of concrete. At the base it will be 50 feet in diameter, and 8 feet at the top. The total height will be 650 feet. There will be a staircase within the hollow shaft, but no elevator. The antennæ will diverge from the top of the tower, and will meet the surface of the ground on a circle, which will measure 200 feet across.

Daniel J. Sully proposes to save the South from \$150,000,000 to \$200,000,000 annually on the cotton crop. Sully proposes to establish a chain of bonded warehouses sufficient to hold one-third of the crop. This will enable the holders to fix the price of cotton. Under the plan the farmers may deposit their cotton in warehouses and borrow money on it. Southern people are not asked to supply any of the necessary finances.

A great increase in building for March this year over the corresponding month last year is shown in the monthly report of the building department of Chicago. The buildings for which permits were issued in March had an estimated valuation of \$8,145,000, against \$4,829,300 for March, 1908. The increase appears chiefly in the cost of the buildings which are to be constructed, as the number and the frontage represented is only slightly greater than last year.

The French tariff commission, as the result of violent protests from home and foreign interests, especially England, has agreed to certain amendments covering chiefly the metal and textile schedules. Although the amendments have not yet been made public, it is learned that several notable concessions have been made in favor of the United States. The maximum duty on heavy agricultural machinery, practically all of which comes from the United States, which originally was increased from 15 to 16 francs per 100 kilos, has now been reduced to 12, and the minimum from 9 to 8 francs.

It is reported from St. Louis that a fight has been started for the repeal of the 10-cent tax on colored oleomargarine by the Retail Grocers' Association. They also want the \$48 yearly license fee assessed against retailers of the product removed. They have taken figures from the report of the commissioner of internal revenue which show that the present tax, instead of increasing the revenue, as intended, has really decreased it. In 1902 the amount collected by the Government was nearly \$3,000,000. That part of the bill assessing the 10-cent tax was passed. Since then the revenue on butterine has dwindled until the last fiscal year, when it amounted to less than \$1,000,000.

Japan sustained a national disaster when the historic Tuguawa Shogunates temple, the most famous edifice in the empire, was destroyed by fire with a loss estimated at \$3,000,000. Most of the priceless art and historic treasures in the building were saved. The destruction of this ancient structure which linked modern Japan with the feudal days of the warring Shoguns is regarded as the biggest calamity of the year. The temple was the lodestone which attracted students and travelers from all over the world. The craftsmanship displayed in its construction, which is now a lost art, and the exquisite stone carvings and interior decorations make it impossible to restore the temple.

A small herd of yaks, a domestic wild animal new to the American continent but common in all parts of Asia and northern Europe, will shortly be brought to Canada under charge of the department of agriculture, with a view to ascertaining their suitability for domestication in the northern parts of this country. The Duke of Bedford has presented six yaks from his herd to the Canadian Government, and they will be placed on the central experimental farm. The yak's chief habitat is at Tibet and the adjacent parts of central Asia. Its hair is long, and covers in fringe-like style its flanks and shoulders. The yak rug is a notable article of commerce. Yak milk is one of the chief articles of diet in Tibet. The yak does not like heat at all and is found in the summer season as high as 20,000 feet above the sea level. In Tibet it is both a wild and domesticated animal.

The Ohio Electric Railway of Cincinnati, Ohio, has equipped for its Columbus and Dayton division a number of flat cars with removable sides, on which it is transporting large loads of hay and grain. To prevent fire accidents to the cargo, an asbestos fiber shield, 4 by 10 inches in size, is placed under the trolley pole connection to catch any falling sparks.

After long and expensive experimentation, the Bethlehem Steel Co. has produced a nickel-chrome rail, which will sell at \$51 a ton, and which is practically unbreakable. This product is the result of a probing by the American Railway Engineering and Maintenance of Way Association for the railroads, the latter having been severely criticised because of the frequency of wrecks on account of broken rails. E. H. Harriman has put a sample of the new rails to the severest test, with perfect results. The credit for compounding the new material is given to Austin Buck, the chemist of the Bethlehem works, recently promoted to superintendent of the entire plant. The steel trust will erect a new mill at Gary, Ind., for the manufacture of the new kind of rail.

An automatic telephone exchange system is in use in Vienna, and has been tested for a number of years. As a result of these tests the head of the Austrian telegraphs, Mr. Charles Barth de Wehrenalp, declares that the automatic system can be made to seriously compete with the manual system. He states that in New York it takes on the average sixteen seconds from the time the subscriber removes his telephone receiver to the time the ringing signal is set; whereas in the automatic system for 100,000 subscribers this work is done in but ten seconds. Three seconds after the subscriber hangs up the receiver the line is clear. Owing to this saving in time a larger number of messages can be delivered through the automatic exchange than through the manual exchange.

The imports of merchandise and the duties collected at the port of New York for the month of March were the largest of any month in the history of the customs service at the port of New York. The total appraised value of merchandise was \$87,997,387, a million and a half dollars in excess of the previous record in March, 1907. George Wanamaker, appraiser of the port, said in speaking of the increase: "Business men have been buying in smaller quantities during the last year and now that trade is improving throughout the country they are of necessity compelled to buy to meet conditions, even though the tariff laws are undergoing revision." The receipts at the Boston customs-house for March also broke all records at that port, the total for the month being \$2,761,705.

Government officials here are clearly becoming alarmed over Japan's attitude in Manchuria and her refusal to submit to The Hague tribunal both the Manchurian and Fakumen railway differences. The statement in the Yokokumen, the official organ of the Japanese government, that unless China withdraws her demand for arbitration Japan will continue her present activities in Manchuria, is taken to mean that Japan has little thought of recognizing China's authority in Manchuria. It is feared that no matter what representations are brought to bear on Japan she will hold out against the proposed arbitration. The Japanese demand for proofs of China's sovereignty over the Prauts islands, where hundreds of Japanese are colonizing, is another feature of the strained relations that China considers to be portentous.

The Illinois Legislature has passed an important measure which marks a stage in the progress of the tuberculosis battle. By its provisions any municipality in the State may decide by a referendum vote to establish a tuberculosis sanitarium, and may provide for its erection and maintenance by a tax of not to exceed one mill. A vigorous campaign for the immediate erection of such a sanitarium has been going on in Chicago, whose citizens are eager to check the plague which at present claims 3,000 of their fellows every year. Other cities are organizing for the battle, and the outlook is bright for putting a substantial check on the ravages of the disease in Illinois.

President Taft is known to favor a consolidation of all the agencies under federal control which look to the preservation of the public health in one health bureau. He has, therefore, recently instructed the surgeon-general of the marine hospital service to prepare a plan looking to this consolidation. At present there are a number of health departments, which the President thinks would discharge their duties more effectually if they were merged into one bureau. The bureau of public health and marine hospital service is under the treasury department, immigrants who are suffering from contagious diseases are taken in charge by the department of commerce and labor, while the war department supervises the work of sanitation in the Philippines and on the Isthmus of Panama, and the department of agriculture attends to the inspection of foods. Whether or not the consolidation of these different health divisions into one bureau would cause friction between the health bureau and the department in which it undertook to work remains yet to be seen.

The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance.

The fourteenth annual meeting of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, held a few weeks since in the Calvary Baptist church, New York City, was from the beginning to the close an interesting and inspiring occasion. It gave additional evidence that the aim of the Alliance is, "to keep abreast of every intelligent effort to protect the Lord's Day; to advance the cause of a true Sabbath observance, whether from a physical, mental or spiritual point of view." The report of the corresponding secretary stated that nearly four hundred thousand pages of literature had been sent out during the year, to different States and to Canada; that the Alliance had sought in various ways to draw the attention of religious conferences and societies to the pressing need of the Sunday Rest Day.

The father of the Governor of the State of New York, Rev. David C. Hughes, addressed the meeting. His theme, "The Place of the Sabbath in the Christian Economy," was a forceful, impressive presentation of the rightful place of the Lord's Day in every Christian community. The threefold reason for the change of the Sabbath from the seventh to the first day of the week, its significance and its blessedness, was ably argued and illustrated.

Taken as a whole the fourteenth annual meeting of the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance was most encouraging to all who would have the benefits, the blessings of "a well spent Sabbath and its week of content."

The Alliance will send upon application, without charge, sample packages of its literature to those who are interested and who desire to awaken in others an interest in the cause of the Sabbath.—The Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, 156 Fifth Ave., New York City.



Among the Magazines



VENTILATION OF PASSENGER COACHES.

From the description of the seventy-five steel passenger cars recently ordered for the Pennsylvania Railroad, it is evident that the company are in a fair way to secure the fireproof and collision-proof qualities which are sought in the design of the cars. Outside of mahogany window sashes and seat frames, the cars will be entirely free from wood fittings, the total weight of wood in each car being only 300 pounds out of a total weight of 116,000 pounds for the entire structure. The collapse of the car in collision is guarded against by the provision of a central steel box girder 24 inches wide and 9 inches deep, extending throughout the floor framing for the whole length of the coach. This massive construction will receive the full brunt of a collision, and serve as a defense against that disastrous telescoping, which is the most fruitful source of fatalities in accidents of this kind.

It is to the ventilation of these cars, however, that we wish to direct attention. The subject is particularly timely just now, when the traveling public is being put to so much inconvenience through the overheated and stuffy conditions which are the rule rather than the exception on some railroads. In a properly ventilated car the whole of the air should be renewed at frequent intervals; it should be warmed, and the proper amount of moisture should be imparted to it. The mere provision of steam pipes, and the opening of a few ventilators in the roof, will not secure the desired results. The air will be heated, but not properly renewed; and a considerable portion will be endlessly circulated through the floor and ceiling, and dried out by steam heat to the point at which it becomes uncomfortable, if not positively distressing.

In the new Pennsylvania coaches the air enters by two hoods on diagonally opposite corners of the car roof. From the hoods it is let down by vertical ducts, placed within the sides of the car, to a horizontal duct adjoining the side sill and running the full length of the car between the floor and the sub-floor. Above the floor, for its full length, along the sides, are rectangular ducts in which are placed the steam heating pipes. The outside air enters the hoods and passes through the ducts beneath the floor, to openings into the duct containing the heating pipes. Here it is thoroughly warmed and is finally discharged into the aisle of the car through outlets provided beneath each seat. The air is liberated through ventilators in the roof which are furnished with valves that regulate the escape of the air. The forward movement of the car forces the air in under a slight pressure, and the restraining action of the discharge valves maintains this pressure and prevents drafts of cold air passing in through cracks in the doors and windows. The system is an excellent one, being founded on thoroughly sound principles of ventilation; but we would suggest that, if provision could be made for adding the requisite amount of moisture to the warmed air before

its admission to the car, its hygienic qualities would be improved, particularly for passengers whose throat and nasal passages are subject to catarrhal and kindred troubles.—Scientific American.



OURS IS A NATION OF MOVERS.

Until a dozen years ago the reason why so many families moved was that they might find a place in which to make a living or a better living, says William Eastbrook Chancellor in the April Delineator. But in the great and general prosperity of the period that began to draw to a close a year or two ago, another reason became important—to find a place in which to spend to the best advantage the income from considerable property.

Any change in the dollars and cents of life means usually that the family will move. When we get rich, we move. When poverty threatens, we move. When the land on which our house stands rises considerably in value, we move in order to invest the profits; and when it falls, we move because "the tone of the neighborhood is no longer what it was."

We move for many other reasons. When we marry, of course we move. Sometimes we marry in order to have a plausible reason for moving; and sometimes, when our children marry and go away from home, we move "because the old home seems lonely." Nearly every divorce means that two must move. When the parents die, the children move. As the family grows in number, we move into a larger house in order to have more room; and, when we can, we move into a better neighborhood in order to give the children social advantages. When unwelcome faces appear upon our street, we move; and when our friends move away, we move. When the landlord raises the rent or refuses to make repairs, we move.

One-sixth of the white population of the city of Washington changes every year, while the change of the colored population is even more extensive. In a quarter-century, Los Angeles has grown from a few thousands to a great city. Seattle doubled twice in the thirteen years from 1893 to 1906. Mobile and Memphis are similarly growing with astonishing rapidity. In our census we count only the net growth or the net loss. In many instances thousands move out annually while more thousands move in. A generation ago the men were in great excess in Muskegon, Michigan, because of the lumber industry, while now there is an equally great excess of women, due to textile factories; and yet the population of the city is not much greater than in the former period.

Before the Civil War, and for some years after it, the migrations of our people were almost all westward, and few but the poor or the young changed their homes. Now our well-to-do families are on the move; and not a few of them migrate eastward. Some sections of the coun-

try are building up for one reason, while others are building up for an opposite reason.

In casting about for a new home there are, among other things, these to be considered—the long memories of the past, the ancient landmarks and the ideals of generations of our own family stock. Often in losing one's hold on things about him, one loses hold on life itself. And yet moving is perhaps the typical and peculiar characteristic of Americans. We seem to understand better than any other people that without change there can be no progress. Sometimes we forget that not all change, however, is progressive. Consequently, it pays to look about, so that when we move we may change our abodes for better. A house that fits us is what we mean by a home.



A FRESH CALAMITY.

As though we had not already enough worryment, dodging automobiles and taking orders from the cook, we are now told that a hundred and fifty years hence there will be no more children. Viewed from either pole of the situation, this is indeed a woeful prophecy. If you are a lover of children, it makes your blood run cold to realize that they are so soon to be added to the schedule of extinct animals, along with the dodo and the sabre-toothed tiger; while if you belong to the opposite class, it is equally distressing to know that this promised millennium is so far remote that you will not be here to enjoy the days when Angora cats and bull pups shall hold undisputed place as household pets.

However, 't is useless to bewail the oracle of statistics. A learned college professor has computed the rate at which human births are declining, and when he announces that they will come to an end during the next century and a half we have no alternative but to accept his dictum. It is not a guess; it is a mathematical certainty. To be sure, he might have kept this dismal prediction to himself, but 't is one of the moral duties of a statistician to temper the joys of life with melancholy auguries. The horrors of the future are calculated with the same precision as eclipses of the moon. Every twelfth marriage results in a divorce; and yours may be the twelfth. Once a week, with clock-like regularity, some one is murdered in New York, and every ten hours somebody is attacked, every forty-eight minutes a building catches fire, every seven minutes there is a funeral, and every three minutes somebody is arrested; so that if you can remain in New York for a month without getting into trouble you are to be congratulated. But even in your own village home you are not out of danger: Every two minutes somebody in the United States is killed by tuberculosis; and if that fails to daunt you, then you must know that every minute of the day four and a half persons are tagged by the undertaker; and if you are not one of the four you may be the half.

No prophet who conjures with statistics has ever yet predicted anything pleasant. 'T is just as well, perhaps, that this is so; for, as Father Gregory once remarked, "Peradventure this world here is made troublesome unto us, lest we be delighted by the way and forget whither we are going." At all events we may not plan ahead for a picnic without remembering that the day is coming when there will be no water on the earth, and our Yuletide levity is checked by the knowledge that a hundred years from now there will be no more Christmas trees; also, no more coal. Indeed, whichever way we turn, the future is black with calamity. There will be no more lumber, no more fuel, no more teeth, and now, latest on

the list, no more children. And if our descendants manage to survive these subtractions it will be merely to look forward to the time when a slowly cooling sun will put the ice-man and all his cousins out of business.—Clifford Howard, in April Lippincott's.



ALCOHOL: THE BRAIN DESTROYER.

Two great German investigators, Kraepelin and Kurz, published, in 1900, the results of a series of careful experiments in illustration of the persisting influence of slight chronic alcoholic intoxication. The daily dose of alcohol decided on was eight grams (equivalent to two liters of beer), and this was taken before going to bed. The subjects of the experiment were two medical men, one of whom had been a teetotaler for years, while the other seldom took alcohol. The tests were the learning of figures, the adding up of sums, etc. The influence of these moderate doses of alcohol was found to be decidedly unfavorable. Mental aptitude slowly and then, after some days, more markedly decreased, the loss being in one case equal to twenty-five per cent of the normal ability. Moreover, in one case at least, the unfavorable influence did not cease with the discontinuance of the alcohol. It was proved that even a very moderate dose of alcohol exerts its effects for more than twenty-four hours.

Even those physiologists who maintain that alcohol has food qualities, are agreed that it is a very expensive food, and that the same quantity of nutrition can be obtained in much safer and less costly ways.

But, indeed, the question is largely academic, for men do not take alcohol for the sake of its power to build up tissue, but for the sake of its effect on the emotional tone of the mind. Alcoholic drinks are seldom taken for their taste alone. Alcohol is at once a kind of pseudo-stimulant and a depressant. Hence some men, when in a merry mood, drink in order to check their shyness and other worries and thus raise their sense of happiness to a higher pitch; but the majority drink because of the narcotizing influences of the drug. The troubled business man, the woman left alone to face the petty details of domestic drudgery, the overdriven professional man, the individual on whom some terrible calamity has fallen and who can see no way of escape from ruin—all these betake themselves to drink in order to drown their sorrows, to lose their personality for a brief period in oblivion.

Alcohol is taken at first as a means of relief. The reason why this happens is that, in common with other agencies, such as morphia, cocaine, and other kindred drugs, it can banish fear, worry, care; it can create a world peopled with the illusions of happiness. But at what a dread penalty! For alcohol awakens a morbid appetite, a pathological desire. After a time this desire becomes dominant, the forces of the will go down before it, and the drinker is then the victim of a disease.—Rev. Samuel McComb, in the April Everybody's.



THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

ALMOST the only democratic institution remaining in American life today is the public school, and we look upon any attempt to sweep this secondary institution of learning from its democratic moorings as nothing less than a public calamity. The classification of pupils of adolescent age by placing some in a preparatory school for the professions only and others

in a separate and different school to prepare them for the industries, the offices, the machine shop, the farm, and the factory must mean a social cleavage which savors too much of difference only in dollars and cents, in kind of clothing and social prestige. To us this looks like an importation upon which the tariff should be made immediately prohibitive. Too well do many in secondary school work know that in all this great Middle West, where there is much smaller opportunity to send the boys and girls to expensive, fashionable fitting and finishing schools, the public high school has been infested with small, exclusive, barbaric, undemocratic cliques, called frats, and that these organizations have done unmeasured harm to schools. Let us avoid any step in our educational development which would recognize, foster, give aid or comfort to, or in any way encourage such an innovation. "An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure."—*Journal of Education*.



CHICKEN NOTES.

Eggs for hatching should not be kept for more than two weeks, for the fresher and more uniform they are in size, age and color, the better they will hatch.



ABOUT two years ago I saw a suggestion, which I tested last year, in selecting eggs for setting. I used the eggs with the aircell decidedly on one side, and the proportion of pullets for this year was much larger than the year before, when I did not select the eggs.



SCATTER sand or sharp gravel on the floor of the brooder and let the chicks pick at it the first day or two, which will give the youngsters a supply of "teeth." Is seems hard-hearted to withhold food for thirty-six hours, but it will not hurt them; on the contrary it is a positive benefit.



At the same time that I set my incubator I set four hens on three eggs each, and when the machine begins to hatch I take out several half-hatched eggs and put them under each hen. Then when the hatch is over I give each hen about twenty chicks and put them all in a nursery or lot together. I find this a safe way to raise the chicks.



If there are any spare, sunny nooks about the houses, they will afford good places to put in sun-flowers. If they are planted irregularly in such spots they will make a good appearance when in bloom, and will serve as good feed later on. Planted in masses they look better than when in straight lines; but do not have them too close together.

If you want to find out whether your fowls or chicks have lice, try wrapping one of them in an old white cloth that has been well sprinkled with kerosene. The chick may object, but keep it bundled up for at least twenty minutes, then examine the cloth for lice, and if any are on the bird they will at once be attracted to the cloth. This simple test shows the existence of the lice, if they are present, and the value of kerosene as a louse exterminator.—*Selected*.

Between Whiles

Wife—Is there any difference between a fort and a fortress?

Husband—Not much, except, of course, that a fortress must be harder to silence!—Lippincott's.



Time to Strike.—Johnny—"They're makin' shingles out o' cement now'days."

Dickey—"I don't mind that so much, but if maw ever gets a pair o' cement slippers I'm goin' to run away!"—Chicago Tribune.



Willie and his little sister, with their mother, at a mountain resort, heard a great deal of talk of the fine views from the piazza. One day the sister in her play fell over the edge of the piazza, and Willie ran screaming to his mother: "O mama! come quick; Bessie has fallen into the view."



Mrs. Jones (a Suffragette): "I don't ask any special privileges, Mr. Jones. What I do ask is that you, for example, a man, should treat me exactly as you would another man. Instead of talking small talk and treating me like a thing to be protected, and all that, assume towards me the attitude you do to Mr. Warrington. Treat me like a good fellow."

Mr. Jones (quickly): "Why, certainly, old chap. Lend me five, will you?"

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—494 acres in Mexico \$950. On Southern Pacific Railway in Sinaloa. The New California and Coming Country. Rich soil. Level. Bank and Government References. W. S. Hunt, Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

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No. 49.—Cradle Roll Rally Day card.

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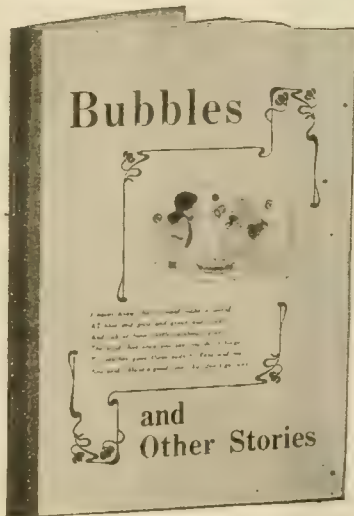
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56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



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Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

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The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

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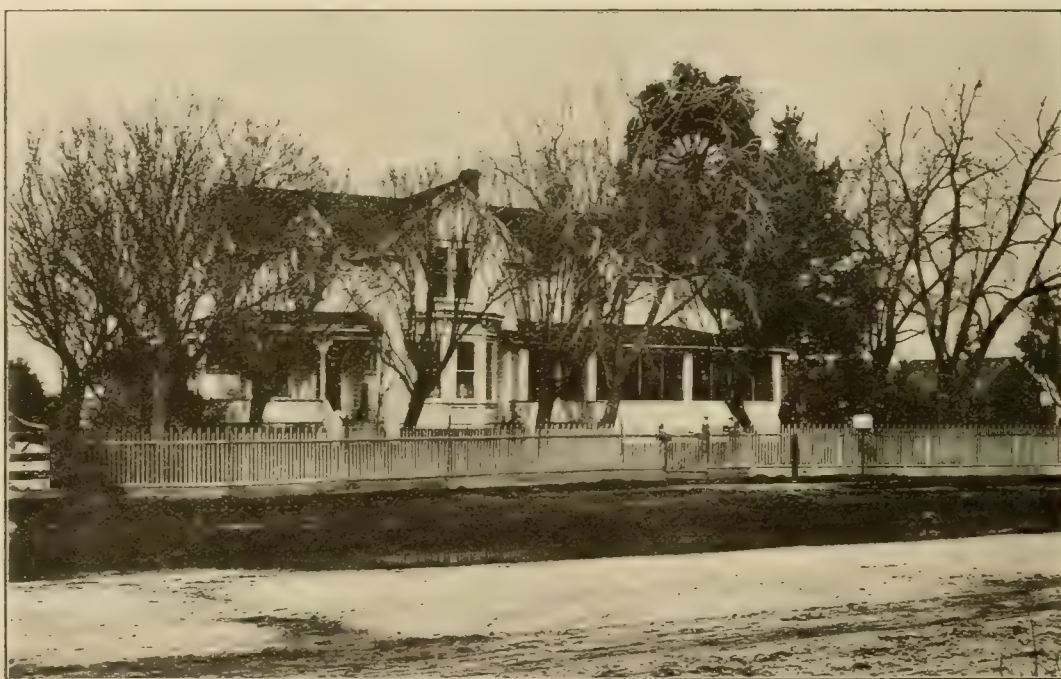
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EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops. The cut below shows us how well this section is improved.



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During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal. For further information address

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April 20, 1909

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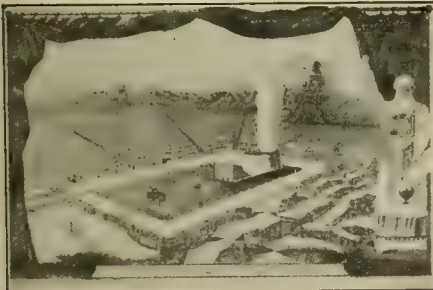
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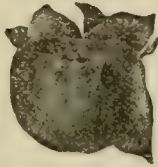
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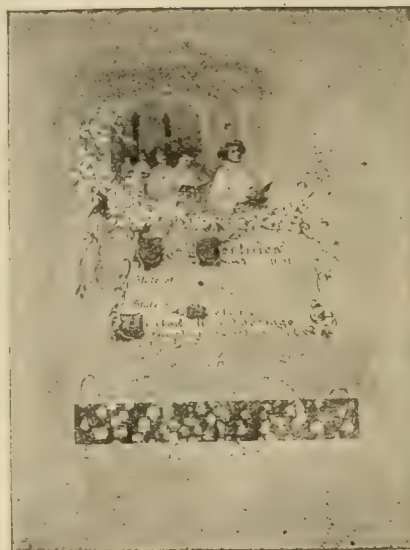
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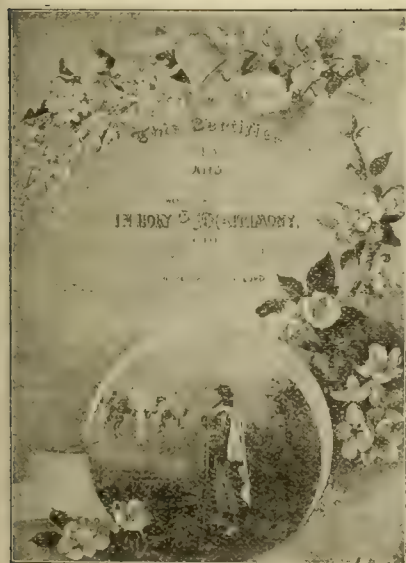


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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities, of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

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Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
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Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
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Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

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From St. Louis, Mo.,	\$30.50
From Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive,	\$25.00
From Milwaukee, Wis.,	\$33.00
From Peoria, Ill.,	\$30.35

From Bloomington, Ill.,	\$31.20
From Memphis, Tenn.,	\$36.00
From St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota,	\$25.00
From Des Moines, Iowa,	\$27.70
From Sioux City, Iowa,	\$26.95

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

April 20, 1909.

No. 16.

THE CALL OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

NETTIE CULLER

TWENTIETH CENTURY AMERICANS face twentieth century conditions. They are new; they are different from the conditions of half a century ago as an electric cab is different from the ox-cart of our grandfathers. The progress of modern science, the opulence of our inventions and the splendor of noble achievements are themes of ceaseless praise and gratulation. We rejoice with the gladdest and glory with the proudest, but there remains yet much to be done.

Never in the history of the world were there so many loud, clear calls; various fields of labor are waiting to yield to men of invincible statesmanship their bounteous harvest. In a time when empires are being born, old nations lifting their heads from the sleep of ages, new lands being opened to the mind and hand of the civilized world, there are offered such unparalleled opportunities as never before were given to leaders in all the vocations of life. From those who are in need of help men and women are urged to come and lift the veil of superstition and darkness.

This is the age that most forcefully illustrates the real worth of the individual. Upon him all depends. The destiny of nations, the hope of empires, the well-being of the church, all hang upon their constituent men and women. The principle of the development of the individual introduces the new, achieves liberty and insures growth. In every age men have lavished treasure, toil and genius on their temples, but it is a far nobler ambition and a more acceptable service to strive for the perfecting of God's living temple.

The call of the twentieth century may be one of humble duty, yet so many long for more and greater work to do. The youth and maiden with high hopes and buoyant spirits look forward to some new, untried vocation in life. They dream of a future time when it shall be theirs to wield the sceptre,—social, educational, or political—that shall rule vast multitudes of men and

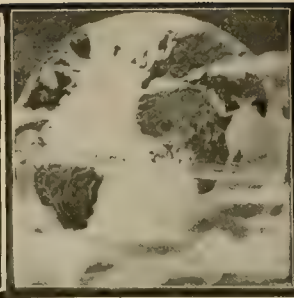
women. But what lack we yet? Is there nothing to do? Why, in such an age of opportunity, when the golden dawn of this century floods the universe with a halo of unbounded possibilities, should we sell our birthright for a little indolence and ease? Why do we stand idle? The future is lighted for us with the radiant colors of hope and promise. We greatly need an inculcation of soberer views of life. Humble employments are held in contempt. Too few possess an education that will help them to beautify and make noble their humble positions by lives of content and gladness. If our education or other training fails to make us happy, useful and contented in humble surroundings and lowly, unnoticed service, it has undoubtedly been a failure.

The call of the century demands gallant, chivalrous Christianity, an age in which Christian manhood shall assert itself as the highest earthly thing and the noblest earthly estate. Give us an age which, lifted into the likeness of its most precious possessions, shall be made by them patient, pure, heroic and honorable. We need a generation of men who think less of dogma and more of duty, less of law and more of love, whose worship will be less formal and more truthful and spiritual; for such a generation there exists a deposit of divine truth and blessing almost unknown to modern Christendom. The Christian world needs bone and muscle, blood and nerve, courage and power. Every truth learned and every influx of spiritual power should be manifest in act,—in something for good accomplished in the world. In the Christian enterprise are the world's destiny and the world's hope.

There are steps to be climbed in life, but we can climb them worthily only by becoming fit for the ascent. Aspiration, worthy ambition, desire for higher good, all indicate a soul that recognizes the beckoning hand of a good Father who would call us ever to the highest and best. To serve God and our time well,—to



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LIV.

CONSTANTINOPLE!

There before us, under a veil of cloud and fog, lay the city of Constantine, rounding in a quadrant of beauty on her seven hills, like a Queen of May, awaking, with the morning sun etching in delicate tracery of silver the proud fronts of palace and fringing with lace work the fine cloud effect that at first had hidden the higher part of the city from our view.

As if the world had come to claim the bride of heaven which up to now had been covered with the mantle of modesty that her virgin face might be seen only by the expectantly impatient lover, the clouds of the night, so seldom seen in Turkey in August, began to break away, rising above the fair scene, and frightened by the brilliant sun now rising higher and higher from out of the Golden Horn, rolled noiselessly away before the golden chariot of day.

It was the most brilliant panorama in city landscape I have seen. We arrived just at the right moment. Everything was opportune. The big, round sun, so yellow in contrast to the rocky hills covered with groves and parterred with white palaces set like glittering diamonds along the Sea of Marmora, came up in the right spot, burnishing every scene with glowing light. The quick-fleeing clouds, like guilty spectres of dark-



Bridge and Mosque, Constantinople.

ness, no longer able to cower over the city of graceful minarets, dissolved, like views in a lantern, just at the most telling time.

Every one on board felt the grandeur of the scene.

The night had been cool. The morning air was moist and fragrant. The ozone of electric impulse gave snap to the nerves, and brightened every eye. Like children fastened to the spot in rapt admiration, fearing lest we should lose it, our newly-awakened eyes ravished over the glorious beauty of picturesque splendor.

At last the city, with a mottled history that reads like the romance of nightmare, beguiling us by its weird smile of coquetry, lay teasingly before us.

The *Albania* did not anchor at once but slowly steamed at a short distance from the shore, affording those of us high upon the promenade deck a series of ever-changing pictures, bringing before the eye now one and now another striking building, or exposing the structure of the city from all of its varied positions along the sea. Like a solid mass of buildings, built together like the sections of an elaborate bird-house, it rose abruptly from the beach, leaving not so much as a footpath between it and the sea.

When the anchor was finally dropped I counted fifty-six minarets that rose straight and defiant, above everything else. In some of these the muezzin or priest was calling the Turks to prayer.

One after another the boats lying along the wharf or out in the stream began to move about, enlivening the picture with their action and giving me a good chance to get them within range of my kodak. One of these was a ferry-boat, covered by breeze-flapping canvas to shield the pleasure-seekers who already crowded the deck for an excursion out of town.

It was Sunday, the outing day for Europeans in Constantinople. Already was I forming in my mind the picture of the church I would attend when a boatman succeeded in winning a place by our vessel right below me, having fought his way through many other boats, each of whom was eager to carry the first ones disembarking to shore.

A swift-gliding launch bearing the stars and stripes at the stern, came up, with right of way given it by all the other boats, just as I stepped down into the boat of the native. Of all the inspiring sensations I enjoyed that morning, the white launch flying Old Glory was

the most beautiful. When I looked upon my flag, it seemed to say to me:

"Glad you're here. I'll take care of you. Come right in. No one can touch you. You are an American."

The flags of nearly all the countries of the world were waving from other boats anchored in the harbor. It was the home of the Turkish crescent,—the half-moon and its solitary star,—and this flag was on most of the smaller boats. No one cheered it. None spoke of it. The bright colors of Old Glory, waving in silken folds at the stern of that little steam



Dogs of Constantinople.

launch, commanded the admiration, without fear, of all on board. On its mission of love in power it went everywhere, unchallenged and undaunted.

I was so glad I could have leapt overboard and swum to shore with the baggage in my teeth.

As the slender boat ran near the dock I read the queer and strange names of the vessels. These names were not "Columbia," "Majestic," or "Lusitania," but "Æneas," "Alekra," "Abbas," and other unpronounceable names. Others, with funny Arabic hieroglyphics, that sailed between the Golden Horn and the Suez Canal, lay near the dock.

I was landed near the custom house where the officials good-naturedly began to go through the baggage and even the pockets of every passenger as fast as they came to shore. Some of these escaped this ordeal by making the officer a present of a few coins.

To avoid trouble in entering my bicycle I left it at the college in Smyrna, and carried with me only a small bundle containing some clothes, my camera, shaving outfit and Bible, together with my passport and a small purse of money.

My camera was very carefully looked over, outside and inside, the customs officer almost afraid to hold it in his hands, thinking it might be an infernal machine. Without opening the shutter, to the unexposed film, I allowed him to peep in at the lens, warning him, first, not to squeeze the bulb that hung loose in front. When he had finished examining my several pieces which he seemed to be sorry were not contraband, he packed my camera down at the bottom of my bundle,

saying that I must not take any pictures with it in Constantinople.

Then he went through my coat pockets, trouser pockets and vest pockets.

"You are armed," he said, when he took from me my small penknife. "That is a weapon."

I laughed, or tried to laugh at what I considered a joke. He persisted, however, in holding the knife, and meant to keep it.

"No," I said, reaching out for it, "that knife I bought on my way, in Sheffield, England, of the world-famed cutlery house there, and I carry it as a souvenir, and to cut my food. I want it. You can not take that."

He opened the big blade and felt its edge. It was good steel. It was just what he had been looking for, a good knife that wouldn't cost him anything.

"Weapon!" I exclaimed, in jovial irony, laughing,—"toad-stabber! Let me have it."

He then handed it back, or rather placed it down in the bundle, saying that I must keep it hidden there among the clothing, and that I must not carry it in my pocket.

I suppose that if my teeth had been movable, as are those people's who neglect to fasten them into their sockets while growing up, he would have made me take them out and pack them away with the dangerous penknife and outlawed camera.

He next looked over my United States passport and shrugged his shoulders.

"What's wrong with it?" I asked, looking at it as he began to fold it together.

"It won't do," he said, with an emphasis and a look of foregone conclusions.

I jumped back in astonished perplexity, opened the beautiful big passport issued to me by my countrymen at Washington and renewed by Ambassador White-law Reid in London, and held it full before him.

"This is my passport,—from the United States,—Roosevelt—Teddy—I don't need any other—it takes me everywhere." "You can't get in on that," said he, turning away.

For some minutes I held the passport, opened out before me and glanced, first at it, then at the men. Beginning at the top, I read again every word,—the print, and the filled-in portion by the clerk of the Department of State, acting for Mr. John Hay. To be sure that I had not exchanged passports with a fellow traveler, I read the descriptions of the voyager which the United States was taking the liberty to introduce to all the nations of the world.

First in the list was the age,—but as I am unmarried, I am not expected to tell that.

Second, the stature—five feet nine and a half inches. Forehead, medium. Eyes, brown. Nose, large. Mouth,

medium. China, prominent. Hair, black. Complexion, sallow. Face, thin and long.

What a thing that must be when put together. But everybody seemed to think it would look like me. These officers had not disputed that fact. I had a long, thin, sallow face with big nose. To prove it I was there with it. The time limit of this passport was two years, for it said at the right hand top corner: "Good only for two years from date." Again I computed the time. May be I had lost a year, somewhere in the Mediterranean. No, it was still good and in force. There also, at the bottom, on the left-hand corner, was my signature, and just on the other side of the same line, the signature of John Hay.

Above his name was the following statement making the passport officially authoritative:

"Given under my hand and the Seal of the Department of State at the city of Washington the 3rd day of July, 190—, and of the Independence of the United States the one hundred and twenty——." Just at the left of this declaration was the great seal, in brilliant red, with scalloped edge, stamped into the passport so as not to be removed, the American eagle clutching the three arrows in its left claw and an olive branch in its right claw, with the big shield over its breast, and the banner "*e pluribus unum*" streaming from its beak, in the center, encircled by the words "Department of State, United States of America," looking as unconquerable as ever.

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MAKING THE RIGHT WAY EASY.

"I SEE there's a temperance lecturer coming to the town hall next week," remarked The-Man-With-the-Strong-Will, "but I for one don't care to hear him, and I guess there's plenty of others that feel the same way. We aren't drunkards in this town, nor criminals; we don't stay out too late at night nor beat our wives. I'm tired of hearing these same old horrid example tales and I believe that the sooner we discourage these fellows from going around and collecting their living from a tired public the better it will be."

"It's true you aren't a drunkard, and I don't have any idea that you ever will be," responded Uncle Ezra, "but how does it happen that you aren't?"

"*What's that?*" flared The-Man, "how does it *what?*"

"I say," continued Uncle Ezra, "*you* aren't a drunkard, but how does it happen that you *aren't*? What is it that has given you your boasted innocence? Is it your will? I don't think so. There are thousands of men with as strong wills as yours, who have drifted from bad to worse and slipped into drunkards' graves. Is it your intelligence? Yours is as good as any, but drink has got plenty of intelligent men. Is it anything about you or to your credit? Probably it is not. You

are a decent citizen and well-to-do, instead of being a drunkard, not because you are any more virtuous than the great majority of your fellow men, but because, by the grace of God, you are born into a family and a community where liquor is not used and where respectability is king.

"In the last analysis every man is responsible for his acts, and if he succumbs to evil it is through his own choice. But whether it is hard or easy for him to resist depends upon the surroundings in which he is placed. You remember the story of the Bishop of London who stood with a friend watching a criminal being taken to jail. 'What are you thinking of, my Lord?' asked the friend. And the Bishop turned to him and said, 'I am thinking that but for the grace of God there goes the Bishop of London.'

"Now, I'm not combating what you said about the lecturer. I'm not at all sure that his is the most effective work for temperance, but I take your comment to mean that you are out of sympathy with all temperance work, and that is wrong. The great blessing which God has given you in the shape of good parents and friends and freedom from temptation lays a debt upon you which won't be discharged until all your fellow beings are put into a position equally as blessed as yours. If liquor hasn't caused sorrow to your life, it's not for you to exult in your strength, but to thank God for making your way so easy, and to sail in with the determination to help some one else who has a harder row to hoe. We're all sheep in God's fields, you know, and we're all liable to get burrs in our wool. But before I criticise any of my fellows for the number of burrs he has collected, I want to see the pasture that he has to find his feed in and compare it with the well-kept lawn where I roam. And even then I don't think I'll condemn him very hard until I have done all I can to clean his pasture up.

"We're living in a time when it ought to be mighty easy to get up interest in temperance in people like you, because it's a time of victory. One couldn't blame our fathers much for getting discouraged at the proposition. They preached temperance and practiced abstinence and still the saloon continued to rule their politics and debauch their people, and for every one they voted out, two sprang up somewhere else. They kept pushing along, knowing there was a promised land ahead somewhere, but getting nothing out of the struggle but sunburn and stone bruises. And then, just at the time when they were passing *off* the scene, and we are coming *on*, behold, the clouds are drifting away and Canaan looms up bright and beautiful across the Jordan. And today we are hitting the Philistines fore and aft, taking about thirty of their strongholds every day, and the Lord is delivering them into our hands almost faster than we can handle them. I can forgive a soldier for not getting real excited about the

war when he's wading through swamps and wildernesses with only manna and water to eat and the enemy facing him ahead with a front like a stone wall, but there must be something wrong with the soldier who doesn't get interested when all he's ever seen of the enemy is their rear. This is a great time to be alive, and the only thing we have to fear is that things will be so easy that we won't develop the endurance that's going to be required to finish the war.

"For we're going to have setbacks; one of the remarkable things in the world is the wonderful vitality of sin. We trample on it here and think we have done it to death and it comes up bright and smiling; we legislate its life out in one State and go to bed, and in the night it goes around and buys the legislature and gets the bill repealed. We must make up our minds that we are in for a long campaign and that we're going to hand the fight down to our children as a legacy. It will be a more hopeful fight, and it will have shown gains, but it will be the same old struggle and they in turn will carry it forward and lay it on the shoulders of the next generation. That's the reason for temperance lectures in a dry town, and temperance lessons in dry quarterlies. It's to keep our own fighting blood up and to breed into our children such a hatred of the saloon that though they may never have seen its evil effects they will not hesitate to contribute their strength and their money to its defeat wherever the battle against it is waged."

"You want to remember that you're fighting for temperance and not prohibition," said the Man-Who-Boasts-That-He-is-Liberal-in-His-Views. "You'll never gain anything by forbidding a man to drink. It's un-American and simply makes him more keen to do the thing you have forbidden. Now, I occasionally take a drink, and it does me no harm. I know how far I can go and I know when to stop."

"My friend," said Uncle Ezra, "if all the men in this country were drinking only as much as they planned when they started out it wouldn't take but one brewery to supply the trade and the employees of that would have long vacations."—*Home Herald*.



EVERYTHING SATISFACTORY.

ONE day a new boy came to the school, a rather chubby, round-faced, good-natured looking boy, who wore very coarse and clumsy shoes and carried his lunch wrapped in a newspaper and stuffed into the side pocket of his skimpy and threadbare jacket. He said his name was Jimmy Stagg.

Percy Heffner, whose mother fitted him out with a clean waist every day of his life and wouldn't let him wear darned stockings, took notice of Jimmy for some reason and strolled up to him as he was eating his lunch. It was bread and butter. Just plain bread and

butter. Percy looked rather disgusted. "Ain't you got no pie, even?" he asked.

"Got er napple," said Jimmy, with his mouth full. "Want a bite?"

Percy shook his head. "I just threw away a big piece of apple pie," he said, "and some fried chicken."

Jimmy did not seem to be at all impressed. "Pie ain't good for the stummick," he remarked. "My father says so, an' it ain't good to eat meat more'n once a day. I like bread an' butter. My mother made the bread an' we churned the butter ourselves. It's lickin' good."

"Why don't you carry it in a lunchbox?" asked Percy.

"I'd sooner have it in a paper," replied Jimmy. "I'd have to pack the lunchbox back. When I get through I can just roll the paper in a wad an' throw it away." Percy seemed to think there might be something in that argument, but he departed, leaving the new boy contentedly munching his bread and butter, while he polished the rosy apple on the leg of his trousers.

The next day one of the other boys spoke in derogatory terms of Jimmy's shoes.

"Them shoes!" cried Jimmy, opening his eyes in amazement. "Them shoes is made of real cowhide. See here!" He went to the wall and rubbed the toes of the shoes vigorously against the brick and then directed the attention of the spectators to the small effect the friction had on the leather. "Them shoes won't never wear out," he declared proudly. "Come an' feel of 'em."

Which they did, admiringly, enviously. Percy went to the wall and rubbed his toes against it and came back to the group with holes in the thin caps. One or two others tried the experiment, with like results. Percy went home and asked if he couldn't have some awfully thick shoes made of real cowhide.

Jimmy's parents were not well-to-do, but according to their son they had more delightful possessions than anybody else in town. There was the cow. There was the tremendous mangle in the shed that Jimmy was allowed to operate when his mother was rushed with work. There was the model ship that Jimmy's uncle, who had been a sailor, had carved with his own hands and no other tool than a jack-knife. No end of things. Jimmy had a dog. "He's just a cur," said Percy.

"He suits me," said Jimmy. "I bet you he's smarter than any dog you know. You ought to see him go after a rabbit. He can do tricks too, I'll show you."

"Anything that you've got is all right," said Percy, with intended sarcasm.

"I'm lucky, that's all," said Jimmy, simply. "It just seems to come that way."

"My father says folks that are always satisfied with everything don't never get anywhere," said Percy.

That saying, by the way, made a great impression on Percy. He thought of it often in after years as he shifted about from one place to another, moved by a divine discontent.

It occurred to him when he, a clerk in a bank, met Jimmy and found that Jimmy felt not at all abused by fate in the lowly occupation of office boy in a railroad office. He appeared to be even proud of it. "A fellow has to be pretty smart and hustle mighty lively to do my work—and do it right," said Jimmy. "It's good wages, too, and I've got a dandy boss. I tell you the railroad business is the business to be in."

The next time Percy saw him Jimmy was a full-fledged clerk in the auditing department of the road and seemed to have nothing left to ask for. He was engaged to the loveliest and sweetest girl that ever happened. Percy wasn't feeling in a happy frame of mind at that time, having been treated very shabbily by the manager of the hardware house he had been working for. He was rather glad to get away from Jimmy, that round-faced embodiment of satisfaction.

"He's found his level," thought Percy when they had parted. He'll save his money and he'll have the best wife and the neatest little house and the finest bunch of children and the prize vegetable garden and he'll jog along on his little salary to the end of his days and be happy. Well, we aren't all made alike!"

It was only a part of his prophecy that came true. A long, long time after that Percy Heffner was waiting at a certain railroad junction for a train to take him to his home city and chafing because a special had delayed it. Presently the special drew up to the platform and a chubby, round-faced man of prosperous appearance got out and walked briskly into the telegraph office. In a few minutes he came out again and was about to re-enter the car when his quick glance encountered Percy's stare and he stopped.

"Heffner!" he exclaimed. "Why, what in the world! What are you doing here?"

"Is it Jimmy Staggs?" imply accepting the proffered hand and shrinking a little under the slap on his back. "I'm going to Chicago as soon as I can get a train."

"Here's your train," said Jimmy. "Jump aboard and we'll talk. This is all your baggage? Yes? Hey, George!"

A porter leaped for Percy's suitcase and Jimmy hoisted his boyhood friend into the car. In another minute the train was sliding out of the junction and Percy was gasping at his luxurious surroundings from the depths of a leather upholstered chair.

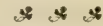
"Whose car is this, anyway?" asked Percy, as soon as he got his breath.

"It's mine," replied Jimmy. "All right, isn't it? I think it's about the best that ever ran on rails myself. Suits me."

"Your're still on the road, then?" said Percy, feebly.

"I own the road," smiled Jimmy. "Pretty good little road, too. It isn't a trunk, but you show me a better managed one or a better paying one. I'm satisfied with it. Say, we'll eat now. Lunch is just ready. Don't you tell me that you've eaten, because I've got the best cook in this country. You always did think I was easily pleased, though."

"That's right" assented Percy. "I did think so. but now I know it was nothing but a bluff."—*Glenwood Boy.*



EXPERT ADVISES THE COOKING OF GRASS-HOPPERS AS HUMAN FOOD.

"BIRDS and beasts" might be the title of a portion of the hearings before the committee on agriculture of the House of Representatives. Mr. C. Hart Merriam, chief of the bureau of biological survey, talked to the committee about the birds of the air and the beasts of the field. He gave that committee a lot of very valuable information. This information has been contained in various reports and bulletins issued by the agricultural department from time to time during the past year or more, but it was not in the condensed form adopted by Mr. Merriam. He wanted to tell the committee what the birds and beasts were doing on agricultural lands and in the forests of the United States. He wanted to tell them about the birds that protect the trees and fruits from insects, and the destruction of crops and farm products by animals. And so he condensed volumes into two hours of talk. That members of the committee were very much interested in what Mr. Merriam had to say was evident from the attention they gave him and also on account of the questions they asked.

Nearly all that he had to say was interesting, but the most striking features of his statement are summed up in the following:

This particular bureau studies the habits of birds in relation to agriculture from different points of view. That is, birds which go after insects, birds which eat different kinds of insects in different localities, the crops affected in the areas inhabited by different kinds of birds. It has been found that 57 different varieties of birds feed upon the boll weevil, which at one time threatened the destruction of the cotton crop. There are 57 species of birds that feed on scale insects which are so destructive to fruit trees in California. This reference to 57 varieties, one against the boll weevil and the other against the scale insects, ought to attract the advertising agents of a celebrated firm.

The gypsy moth has 38 different kinds of bird enemies and the brown-tail moth 24 species. For a long time it was believed that these moths were going to destroy the fruit and shade trees of New England.

There are more than 450 different kinds of birds that feed on grasshoppers. At one time grasshoppers were very destructive to the crops of the West. Speaking of grasshoppers, Mr. Merriam remarked that Prof. Wiley, the food expert, has recommended that they should be used as food by white people. Already they are eaten by the Indian tribes in Idaho, Oregon, Washington, California and Nevada. Chairman Scott of the committee asked Mr. Merriam how the grasshoppers are prepared when they are used as food, and Merriam replied: "Usually they are roasted a little and pounded up into a meal, which is usually mixed with pine-nut meal or acorn meal and made into cakes or bread, or put into soups or mushes." This is a recipe which housekeepers generally will not cut out and paste in their scrapbooks.

The English sparrow, by some people thought to be of some account in destroying insects, is not a welcome bird in California. In fact, Californians have driven the sparrow out because it drove out the other birds and the other birds killed the insects. Mr. Merriam said that so far as he knows there is not an English sparrow in southern California at the present time. He said that once in a while these birds kill an insect, but they are generally of no particular account. Here is the way Merriam explains the method of the English sparrow:

"Twenty-five years ago a native robin could not light on our grounds at the department of agriculture or in the Smithsonian grounds that a group of English sparrows did not immediately gather around. They would not usually attack the robin, but would sit around close to him and embarrass him, so that he would leave. Then he would fly into a tree and they would immediately fly after him and light around him in the tree, and would make it so disagreeable for him that he would go somewhere else. So they broke up the nesting of many of our native birds in the city parks and along the streets, and in that manner drove them away."

Mr. Merriam went on to say that the English sparrow is pretty good food and that it is sold in Washington under the name of reed bird, rice bird and under other names.

There was a long discussion about wolves and such animals, and it appears that the forest service has done great work along this line, having destroyed 1,800 big wolves and 24,000 coyotes in the last year. This work is estimated to have saved stock worth \$2,000,000.

The great rodent family, which includes rats, prairie dogs, ground squirrels, gophers and other animals that live under ground and prey upon the crops, was discussed at considerable length, together with the methods of exterminating these animals. Mr. Merriam estimated that there are now 400,000,000 prairie

dogs in the State of Texas and that 35 dogs eat as much grass as one sheep, and 210 dogs eat as much as a steer on the range. He said that enough range grass is eaten every year in Texas to support more than a million head of cattle and between five and six million sheep. The prairie dogs do not eat root products, but are very destructive to grass and alfalfa. In speaking of prairie dogs Mr. Merriam destroyed that tale of fiction about rattlesnakes, burrowing owls and prairie dogs all living in holes together. He says that the owls and snakes go in holes which the dogs have deserted, but the only time they go together is when the young dogs are surrounded by rattlesnakes.

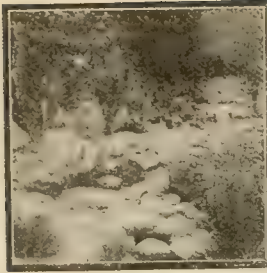
There was a long discussion on the question of whether the prairie dog burrows down to water and how deep he digs his hole and the character of his home in the ground. Chairman Scott was particularly anxious to get facts on that subject and Merriam gave him a great deal of detailed information, the conclusion being that the prairie dog might go fifteen feet deep, but that he never digs to water. The idea has been that the prairie dog lives so far from water in the arid regions that he must have underground connections. In the case of nearly every animal discussed Merriam was asked whether the animal is good for food. He declared that the squirrels and gophers are fairly good eating, but did not have much use for prairie dogs.

Ground squirrels are said to have caused an annual loss in the whole country of \$10,000,000, and \$125,000 was spent in a single year in fighting them in the State of Washington. It has also been found lately that the gray ground squirrel of California has contracted plague and is disseminating it among men in the State, which has resulted in war upon the animals. The gophers are doing a great deal of damage in the West, and especially in the reclamation districts, where they are destroying dams and causing breaks in the irrigation ditches. Merriam estimated that the loss from gophers is more than \$12,500,000.

In speaking of birds, Mr. Merriam said that on some of the natural breeding places the entire species of game had been exterminated. Men have made as high as \$500 a day plume hunting on the Malheur Lake in Oregon and on Tulare Lake in California; they have made \$400 a day for many days in succession shooting birds for women's hats. The object of the biological survey, Mr. Merriam stated, was to preserve beneficial and beautiful birds and also useful wild animals.—*Woman's National Daily*.



FREEDOM for its own sake is not beautiful; it is nearer to bestial. To make it human it must be the freedom to do good.—*George Matheson*.



NATURE STUDIES



BUDS AND FLOWERS.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

WHEN the April sunshine falls upon the streams which have recently recovered their freedom, and the robin sings his wooing song, we find that the buds and flowers have braved stern skies and nipping winds to give us greeting.

Sometimes Mother Nature does up leaves and blossoms in the same parcel, sometimes separately. Flowers will issue from some buds, leaves from others, and from yet others both leaves and flowers. The stems on which these buds rest are stored with rich nourishment which was laid away last summer, in the wood and bark. The lilacs, for instance, put forth their blossoms last May, and by August their clusters of seeds were completely formed, fully grown, and only needing for their perfection what sun and frost could accomplish. The prudent plants then turned their attention toward providing for the wants of the future. The leaves drank in the late summer sunshine, the roots eagerly soaked up the late summer rain, and the nourishment thus gathered, no longer needed to support a showy and expensive family of blossoms, could be stored away in stem or root, for next year's buds.

Most leaves are protected in the bud by a covering formed of many overlapping scales. These are often coated with a sort of varnish which keeps out wet. The buds of the horse-chestnut and of the balsam poplar are so covered with resin as to be quite sticky to the touch, and they shed water like a rubber overcoat. As the sunshine grows warmer it makes the resin soft and lustrous so that the glistening of these large buds is one of the early sights that greet us in our spring rambles.

To the average person flowers are more attractive than buds, but it is only the most hardy ones that have dared to come forth.

Down in the wooded hollow sheltered from the north wind we may find *hepatica triloba*, an evergreen, four to six inches high. The opening flowers are in the midst of a clump of leathery leaves wearing autumnal tints of brown and purple. They have weathered the winter, and look very much used up after their rough experience, but will stay at the post of duty until a new set of leaves appear after blossoming time. This family of plants is from Europe, and, like some other immigrants they look so simple that

one wonders how they have been able to roam so far.

Everywhere in moist meadows, on sunny banks, along little streams, by the edges of ditches, in the shadow of the forest, down deep in the gulches, upon the mountain tops or in valleys, East or West, North or South, the three hundred species of violets flourish and beautify the earth in many shapes and colors. The common blue violet that adorns the roadside is the favorite of them all. Nature, fearing that one of her most beautiful flowers should be entirely lost from grazing animals and too free plucking, has protected it by a double device for seed bearing. Should the bees fail to fertilize the blue flowers, the plant resorts to other methods. Down in the ground near the root of the plant are very peculiar flowers possessing neither colored petals nor nectar, but their own pollen fertilizes their own ovules, and sets the seeds. These hidden flowers of the violet produce pods full of seeds and from them will grow the violets of the next year.

No wild flower is more universally beloved—excepting perhaps the violet—than the spring beauty or *Claytonia*. This plant takes its name from one of the earliest botanists, John Clayton of Virginia. It is very common in the middle States and is found growing in moist soils, preferring moist, open woods. It will readily domesticate itself upon our lawns, if it is only treated with the courtesy of allowing its seed to ripen before the lawn mower goes over them. The plant springs from a little brown tuber, about the size of a large pea, the tuber being as deep in the ground as the plant is high. It bears loose clusters of pinkish flowers with various markings. It is very sensitive to sunlight, opening wide its blossoms in bright sunshine and closing them under a cloudy sky. No one of our wild flowers is a more profuse bloomer, none lasts longer, almost none arrives earlier to tell us "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing birds has come."

Just now we find nothing in the woods that catches the eye more quickly than the yellow poppy with its great clump of long, hairy leaves hanging by their slender petioles, and with its long, wiry flower stem, slim and erect, its apex crowned by a magnificent golden flower. It is so gorgeously painted that it seems to light the whole plant with its own brightness. Two dull green sepals inclose the flower bud

until the petals open. Then they fall off as if unable to keep company with the four petals and numerous stamens so richly colored.

Among flowers, yellow is most frequent; then comes white. Next in abundance comes blue, then pink, purple, red and, least of all, that rich scarlet that graces the cardinal flower and the salvia.

Spiceland, Ind.



SOME WONDERS OF THE VEGETABLE WORLD.

IN botany, certain trees and plants stand out from the majority owing to their monstrous size, eccentric shape, and mysterious properties.

In Sumatra have been found the largest flowers as yet discovered. On one species of the trees in that island grows parasitically a large carbuncle-like bud, which expands into a flower measuring from three to six feet across. Its cup will hold twelve pints of fluid, and its weight is fourteen pounds. This flower was discovered by Sir Thomas Raffles and Dr. Arnold, and hence its name, "*Rafflesia Arnoldi*." Its exceptional size, and curious scent, which resembles that of tainted beef, would make it an extraordinary and unpleasant boutonniere.

IN Western Sumatra grows a still larger flower, *Amorphallus Titanum*. This plant has two stages of existence—first as a flower, next as a tree. The flower grows to about three feet in height, and measures about the same across. Its appearance is grand, but the smell, like that of the former flower, is offensive, an odor being emitted from the cone like decaying fish. Within the cone are the seeds of the plant, growing out of the stem. When the flower dies it falls away, and then the stem shoots rapidly into the air. Increasing in circumference as it does so, it grows to the height of eight feet. On the top are clusters of seeds, some four hundred in number. Each seed is as large as a date, and of a bright holly-berry red.

Another large flower is the well-known *Victoria Regia*, one of the grandest and most beautiful of aquatic plants. It was discovered by Sir Robert H. Schomburgh in 1837, in a river at Berbice, South America. The leaves of the specimen here met with measured from five to six feet in diameter, the flower fifteen inches across. This plant is an annual, and disappears below water during our winter.

The Lattice-leaf Plant (so called from its resemblance to lattice blinds) is a native of Madagascar. It is one of the most extraordinary plants in existence, because the leaves have the ribs and veinings only, and appear but as the skeletons. The tissue usually found in the interstices is quite absent. It is an aquatic plant, and looks exceedingly delicate and graceful as it floats on the surface of the water.

The Sensitive Plant possesses the curious property of shrinking, and the leaves fold up at the slightest touch. Even the breath strongly directed on to it has

the same effect. At night the leaflets close together, as also do the partial leaves, and the common footstalk bends toward the chief stem, and they so remain until the dawn recalls them all to their former position.

Of the Fungus tribe the "puff-ball" throws out its seed in a fine powder, and this the wind carries and distributes for miles, impregnating the earth with myriads of similar fungi. Of large trees, one of the most useful is the Bamboo. It grows in the East Indies, China, Japan, and other warm climates. Some species grow with great rapidity; ten feet in a fortnight has been noticed to be reached by one plant. Some bamboos reach the height of one hundred feet; old stalks grow to five and six inches in diameter, and are used for water-pipes, bottles, circular boxes, poles for scaffolding and building purposes, walking-sticks, and musical instruments. The wood is split and woven into cloth for sails, mats, and cordage, and the pith produces bread, starch and paper. The bamboo is thus almost invaluable to the natives of the tropics.

The Bottle-tree is a native of Australia; it has the curious peculiarity of the trunk swelling from a short distance from the ground until it assumes a globular shape.

The East Indies are remarkable for strange growths in trees; we could fill pages with extraordinary varieties. The Banyan-tree throws out branches which, descending in line to the ground, take root, and in turn become auxiliary stems. Thus, in course of time, one tree will cover an enormous space. A specimen, growing on the banks of the Nerbudda, although it has suffered badly from floods, which have washed large portions away, still measures two thousand feet in circumference. It has three hundred and twenty main trunks, while the smaller stems exceed three thousand in number. It is reputed on good authority to have on one occasion sheltered seven thousand persons.—*Selected*.



FOR A BIRD'S NEST.

If you do not have a hollow tree near the house, and will take the trouble to plant a partly-rotten post in which a hole has first been made and an aperture scooped out, you will be likely to find the habitation presently tenanted by a pair of flickers, or yellow-hammers, as they are known in some sections, though they are more properly known as golden-winged woodpeckers. If you should have such a pair of tenants this spring, they will afford you an interesting study. They are quite tame, and the young, usually six in number, will remain with the old birds for several weeks after they leave the nest. It is interesting to see them walking up and down a tree trunk with all the nimbleness of their tiny relative, the downy woodpecker.—*Exchange*.

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THINK you are in need of some sort of a spring tonic? Well, throw out your chest, draw up the corners of your mouth and step out as though you were engaged in the best business going. The wise man says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine," and a love for one's work and a wholesome interest in the signs of vigorous life around will do much to give one this kind of a heart.

MORE failures are due to a lack of faithfulness and perseverance than to any lack of ability or brain power. Very little of the work of the world calls for more than ordinary intelligence, but the successful accomplishment of every undertaking calls for faithfulness. The world has known this all along, but the workers have seemed indifferent to the fact with the result that faithfulness has come to outweigh almost every other commendation.

PERHAPS at one time the seed-sower considered that seed was seed and therefore sowed without much regard for quality. But the up-to-date sower knows better; he knows that there is seed and seed, and he is careful to sow only the kind giving promise of a crop most closely approaching his idea of perfection. Clean seed and pure strains are important considerations with the modern farmer and gardener. And we may carry these principles into other lines of effort with equally gratifying results.

If our congressmen at Washington would put forth as much real, downright effort to give the people what they have promised in the way of tariff revision as they have spent in introducing "jokers" and endeavoring to hide the real meaning of the various parts of the pending bill, we might hope for some measure of the relief promised. As it is, judging the future by the juggling already done, the people may

expect to have to put forth an extra effort under the new tariff bill to secure what has been looked upon as common necessities. Consider the spectacle of our dignified law-makers descending to the level of the trickster!

SIX bills which especially favor the liquor element and two which aim to lessen its power are at this writing in the hands of the Illinois legislators. We would not have it understood that the interest of each party in the cause for which it stands is proportionate to the number of bills each one is pressing for passage. However, it must be confessed that the liquor element's activity is partly due to the fact that it finds the territory encouraging compared to other fields. It maybe it aims to make up here for losses elsewhere. But this is a delusion that cannot last long. The temperance movement is a growth and it is growing. It is only a matter of rapid, or slow and sure, growing as to when a territory will drive out the evil. Let us be sure that we are contributing to this growth and not lulling our senses into inactivity with the thought of what has already been accomplished.

GAMBLING MOTHERS.

PASTORS of city churches as well as others who are interested in the moral uplift of city dwellers are alarmed over the prevalence of gambling among women. Taken up as a pastime in their social gatherings, it has developed into a passion as absorbing and as ruinous in its effects as that which possesses the professional gambler.

Mr. Barker, of the First Congregational Church of Maywood, a suburb of Chicago, in a recent sermon denounced all forms of gambling among women. He declared that the gambling mother's influence was "pernicious, sapping the very foundations of our civic life and threatening its integrity and morality," and of card parties where the trophies are cut glass and chinaware, he said they are "the mediums through which the womanly virtues of many of our women are seared, their morals degenerated, their children neglected. Gambling must be ranked with drunkenness and immorality as enemies of the American home. Gambling is ethically wrong, whether practiced by the wealthy society woman or the poor man in his craps game. All loyal citizens, regardless of creed or nationality, should unite to destroy this mania for gambling. Our city council should be supported in its efforts, for the mothers of this stripe will inevitably breed a race of degenerates."

Many of the mothers of our Nook family, away in their quiet homes, their hands and their minds and their hearts fully occupied with their home duties, will be shocked to know that their more favored sisters, as they have thought, blessed with leisure for work out-

side their homes have, instead of improving that time, neglected even the few duties they have and have plunged into practices that make them subjects for reform themselves. Truly, our busy homemakers have reason to be thankful for the duties that demand so much of their time and strength and place them beyond the temptations that come to the idler.

We have been accustomed to looking upon the women of the land, especially the mothers of our homes, as our strongest champions of social reform work. Now a large per cent of them has given us another problem to solve, another evil to put down, and besides they have killed the influence they might have put to good use in fighting some other evil. It is indeed a deplorable condition,—one that calls insistently for a remedy.



MIGHT HAVE BEEN.

'Way out in the Sea of Vain Regret
Lies the Island of Might Have Been.
It is walled about by the Cliffs of Remorse,
Which are lashed by the Waves of Sin.

We who live in this flowery world,
And have ever hope before,
Know not of those hearts in anguish rung
Who dwell there evermore;

Whose each sad smile tells a woeful tale
Of years that were spent in vain,
In the empty search of the joys of life,
And woke from the dream in pain.

Not a murmur tells of their poignant grief,
Only a weary smile;
But they long to flit on the Wings of Death
Away from the sunless isle.

'Way out in the Sea of Vain Regret,
On the Island of Might Have Been,
That is walled about by the Cliffs of Remorse,
Which are lashed by the Waves of Sin.
—Clarence Richard Lindner, in Leslie's Weekly.



GOATS TO FIGHT FOREST FIRES.

WHO ever heard of goats acting as firemen? It is true that some of them learn to climb ladders, but one can scarcely imagine a caprine hollow-horned ruminant donning helmet and boots, and, bleating, making a bee-line for the holocaust. Yet goats are to act as firemen for Uncle Sam—3,000 angora goats. They are not going to replace any of the fire forces anywhere, but are going right to the front in the forest and work for the salvation of trees. According to an announcement made by the forest service, 3,000 angora goats herded out on the brush-covered foothills of California are going to do some hard work for the government during the coming two years, beginning this spring. The experiment will be unique both as a stock-raising proposition and as an engineering and tree-culture problem. The little white animals, whose long wool is of such great value, are going to be put to no less a task than constructing mile after mile of

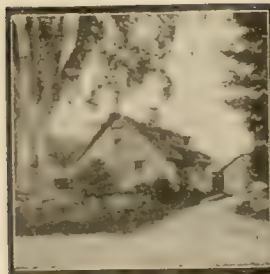
fire line through the bushy chaparral growth in the national forests, saving much labor by the United States forest service engineers and making way for forestation by merchantable trees. Not the least important feature of the experiment, which for the first two years will be confined to the Lassen forest, is the fact that the task will be performed during the regular grazing by the goats, which will not even realize they are doing a valuable work.

The scheme is to run fire lines parallel with the contour of the slopes by cutting trails about 80 rods apart. These trails are to serve as guides for the angoras. They will graze in each direction from the trails, killing, it is estimated, a strip of brush about 300 yards wide. The wide lanes cut out and grazed by the goats will serve as ideal fire lines in protecting the forest-covered lands lying beyond and around the chaparral areas, and also make a place for reproduction of merchantable trees. The proposed work of the angora goats may finally solve the chaparral problem, which has been troublesome in the State of California for many years. The bushy chaparral growth chokes out seedlings of valuable commercial trees, which may get a start, and when dry is one of the worst kind of fire risks. Often a small blaze which starts in it gains such headway in a few minutes as to travel hundreds of yards and lick into valuable stands of merchantable timber.

The protection to be afforded by the goat-built fire lanes, therefore, may at last bring relief to the State, which in the past has had its full share of timber loss through destructive forest fires. At the same time, a large amount of chaparral will be killed out to make room for the growth of good trees that produce lumber. If proven successful at the end of two years the work will be carried to national forests in other sections where chaparral has choked out good forest trees and created a dangerous fire risk.—*The Pathfinder*.



IN these latter days there seems to be a variety of opinions as to what constitutes sane discipline in a school. Indulgent parents seem violently opposed to anything savoring of rigidity, preferring, apparently, that their children should lack respect for constituted authority rather than have them acquire this respect through anything approaching severity. The trouble is that every parent thinks his child a model of excellence. There are children of excellent parents who often need positive restraint and, if the school doesn't give it, they will suffer by the omission. Some colts, if driven with a stiff bit, become tractable and, therefore, valuable. Likewise, some boys need to realize what authority is if they are ever to become worthy citizens. There is such a thing as carrying soft sentimentality too far in the school, just as this same thing is true in the home.—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.



THE HOME WORLD



HOW TO EDUCATE CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF THREE AND TWELVE AT HOME

J. H. HARNLY

In Four Parts. Part Two.

THAT every danger may be averted, parents must personally direct the training of their children. It is, indeed, doubtful if they are justified in delegating to others any of the responsibilities that fatherhood and motherhood impose. The public school and the church can be made valuable adjuncts in the intellectual and religious discipline of children, but in a well regulated home these must be given incidental prominence only. Let the scepter remain in the hand that rocks the cradle if you would attain best results.

Wesley has been christened "The Father of Methodism," but this is an absurdity, for Wesley himself owed his great religious fervor to the early exacting training of a methodical mother. Susanna Wesley was the mother of nineteen children and found ample time to personally direct the intellectual and religious culture of each individual child, scorning to shift the least part of this responsibility upon the church and state.

Since home training produced such marvelous results in the eighteenth century, why not resort to some of the same kind on the morning of the twentieth, and save the church from a blighting lethargy?

A century ago the palladium of our government was the sovereign individuality of its citizenship, but today our citizenship has resolved itself into classes, severally striving for sovereignty. Then the church was fast recovering from civil prostitution and placed greatest emphasis on individual regeneration; but now she is again advocating the Christianizing of society as a whole. A political creed never produced Lincoln, and an ecclesiastical creed certainly never fostered Wesley, but a sanctified motherhood did.

The illustrious Garfield immortalized his inauguration to these United States when, after having kissed

the Bible, he turned and tenderly embraced his mother. This is too sublime a spectacle of the vital element in our republic to be lost to the American youth. Let it be perpetuated on canvas, and, with other celebrated historic scenes, decorate the walls of the American home—the bulwark of our free institutions. Furthermore, this country will not have discharged its highest obligation until it secures to every mother an hearthstone inviolate, where she may dedicate her children to noble purposes and instil those principles of truth and right living that will shield the child from all contaminating influences.

A stream cannot rise above its source unless gravitation is overcome by some ulterior force; moreover, a child is not likely to surmount its hereditary tendencies unless placed under superior tutors; hence the importance of giving the child the best possible start in life by raising parental competency to the highest limit. Prospective parents should acquaint themselves with the grave responsibility enjoined by ushering a soul into the world, remembering that its weal or woe is largely dependent upon prenatal impulses—influences brought to bear on the newly-developing life, soon to become the citadel of an angelic or demoniac spirit. God save the offspring of sensual cohabitation! Human aid is of little avail.

The fowls of the air build nests that they may rear their young. How instinctively they avoid miscegenation! How wisely they take every care, and provide against every danger, in locating and furnishing their nest before the mother bird deposits her eggs—not one is lost. There are as many mouths supplied with sustenance as there were speckled eggs, and when summer is waning they have wholly performed their mission, making the world more cheerful with their quota of new songsters. Likewise, the young man and woman of noble purpose should instinctively repulse

those of doubtful character, and when an opportune alliance is made, take every precaution in establishing a home and providing for its maintenance.

Ideal home environments must be sought for and created with the utmost care, and when once found and established, should be reluctantly abandoned. Frequent change of residence creates a roving disposition in the children, and otherwise interferes with their right culture and proper choice of associates. To insure permanency a family should own its home, as this would also stimulate the desire to add improvements and keep up repairs—a lesson in enterprise to the children.

A home in the country is preferable to one in the city, as it affords the best safeguard against evil associations, and ready employment is always at hand—an absolute essential in rearing a family. Washington, Lincoln, Garfield, Clay, Webster and Greeley, together with a host that cannot be numbered of eminent statesmen, professional and business men, were farmer boys, and were early trained to physical as well as mental labor.

Having provided the best possible home environment for the child, we are in a favorable condition for its more specific training. Although the foregoing has in part only an indirect bearing on the subject, the ideas advanced are quite as pertinent as the tried theories now to be advocated applying directly on the question.

Wherever heredity has failed, or come short, culture must now come to the rescue and, if possible, supply the deficiency. If the temperament is bad, special precaution must be taken not to provoke the child, and tantalizing playmates and situations avoided until careful education results in a normal disposition.

Certainly no one can have a more wholesome interest in the education of a child than its mother, and but few sacrifices should be considered too great, lest her obligations to her family be encroached upon and the care of the children left almost exclusively to the discretion of employes. The more children see of their mother the better. The services of a governess may be valuable, but the personal direction of the education of a child by a faithful and accomplished mother is invaluable. Let the roll of the great men of history be called, and compare those who have enjoyed the luxury of a special governess with those who were solely dependent upon their mothers for their early training. Where wealth and aristocracy have produced one benefactor of the race, the peasantry have produced one hundred, and it must needs always be thus. So let the mother who must forego a governess for her children be encouraged and undertake the happy task of child training herself.

The public kindergarten is not above criticism, because it takes innocent children from pure homes and subjects them to innumerable temptations, at a time

when their characters are not sufficiently developed to ward off evil. It is not the kindergarten methods we object to but the public element involved; hence the importance of providing child education in the home, for, as already intimated, the graded schools even are objectionable on this score, although both serve an invaluable purpose in educating the children of incompetent parents.



THE LONELY LITTLE BOY.

The little boy whom you forget
To play with when the days are fair,
The child whose hopes are sinless yet,
Who kneels to lisp his evening prayer,
Will soon leave off his childish ways
And learn the things that men must learn;
Why do you waste the precious days
That never, never can return?

You never lead him by the hand,
Nor make his little joys your own;
Ambition sends you her command,
And he is left to play alone;
He never climbs upon your knee
Delighted at the long day's end,
To find that you have time to be
His fond and sympathetic friend.

You never can afford to waste
A precious hour amusing him;
The prizes after which you haste
Are always far away and dim;
You must be ever pressing on,
Forgetting while you strive and plan,
How soon his childhood will be gone,
How quickly he will be a man.

You never pause with him to hear
The breeze that sings among the reeds,
You have no time to give the dear,
Sweet sympathy for which he pleads;
You never rush with him in wild
Pursuit of fairies through the glen,
Yourself again a careless child,
Freed from the cares that worry men.

Have you no treasured memories
Of one who gladly played with you,
Before you had been robbed of ease,
And when your cares were small and few?
Ah, will you rob him of the joy
Of looking back along the years
When he has ceased to be a boy
And Duty's call rings in his ears?

The little boy whom you forget
To play with when the days are fair,
The child whose thoughts are sinless yet,
Who kneels to lisp his evening prayer,
Will soon leave off his childish ways,
And you will sit somewhere alone
Regretting precious wasted days
And joys that might have been your own.

—S. E. Kiser.



"DRINK less, breathe more, eat less, chew more, clothe less, bathe more, ride less, walk more, worry less, work more, write less, read more, preach less, practice more."

THOSE WHO HAVE AN ACID STOMACH.

THE following are a few principles that it will be well for you to bear in mind: Meats and meat extracts and meat soups were found by Pawlow, the great Russian investigator, to be the most powerful gastric stimulants, hence they are not advisable in cases of excess of acid. As meat uses up for the time being a large amount of acid, it is often the most *comfortable* food for a short time after meals, but in the end it aggravates the difficulty.

Starchy food calls out but very little gastric juice but if it is not well cooked, so that it can be quickly digested, it will remain in the stomach a long time and irritate it. For this reason all the breads, in fact whatever is made from grains, should be thoroughly done, and for this reason it is best to discard half-cooked mushes, doughy bread, leathery pie crusts, rich cakes, etc.

Fats have a tendency to hinder the pouring out of gastric juice, and for that reason they are serviceable in case of hyperacidity. Fried fat, however, is difficult to digest, hence avoid fried foods. Butter, cream, olive oil and ripe olives are wholesome forms of fat.

Food should be thoroughly masticated, for then it does not stay long in the stomach to make trouble. In general the variety should be limited to three, four or at most five articles of food. Gradually accustom yourself to very few things. That is the way our forefathers lived who had excellent health.

It is well to avoid very highly flavored soups and desserts, also the irritating spices and condiments as far as possible. It is important in cases of hyperacidity not to miss meals and thus become unusually hungry, and above all things, not to eat when under great mental strain, as it nearly always produces an excessive amount of gastric juice.

It is extremely difficult to furnish a practical working bill of fare without a careful study of the adaptations of each food to the individual. Taste, habits, personal inclinations, have to be taken into consideration. However, a few ideas are given which must be simply accepted as suggestive. The dietary does not need to be confined exclusively to this list. A few articles selected from among the following will be very likely to agree well for breakfast:

— Corn flakes and cream, rice flakes and cream, boiled rice and cream, granola and cream, shredded wheat biscuit or tricut and cream, gluten mush made with milk or cream occasionally. Potatoes prepared in any form desired, except fried. Cream toast, poached egg on toast. Baked sweet apples, stewed prunes, pear or blueberry sauce, apple sauce provided not too sour, sweet oranges, stewed raisins, fig marmalade. Cereal coffee or good buttermilk, if it can be obtained.

For dinner: Cream pea, creamed rice, celery, corn or vegetable oyster soups, hot malted nuts, ripe olives,

protose prepared in any form that is most palatable, used moderately. Fresh cottage cheese, potatoes, roasted pine nuts, any vegetables that are not very full of woody matter, rejecting the woody pulp; granose biscuit, rice biscuit, toast, ordinary bread thoroughly well done, not doughy or sticky. Tapioca custard, cream rice pudding, rice custard pudding, and any of the fruits suggested for breakfast.

When a third meal is eaten it can easily be arranged from these. When traveling one can get almost anywhere shredded wheat biscuits and cream, rice and cream, bread and butter, and potatoes. These simple dishes are very nourishing, are easily digested and generally agree well with those who have a tendency to hyperacidity. Persevere along simple lines, at the same time continually consider your own individual factor. If you masticate your food thoroughly your appetite will soon become a pretty fair judge of what is good for you.—*David Paulson, M. D., Hinsdale Sanitarium, Hinsdale, Ill.*



LACK OF POLITENESS IN CHILDREN.

I HAVE recently met with so many elderly people who are deploring the lack of good breeding in the children of today that it made me think a word on this subject might not come amiss. Where are the sweet, modest, well-mannered children we formerly took such delight in? Where do these rude, loud, impudent, children come from? They come from the homes where the mothers are incompetent to train their children, and this lack of gentility is a direct reflection upon the mothers of the present generation. They, and all those who have the care of children, are to blame for the disagreeable nuisances that we encounter on every hand. I have always been a great lover of children, and still have many friends and playfellows among the wee ones, but as the years roll by the lovable are more and more scarce, says a writer in the *California Voice*.

A dear, noble gentleman with a great big warm heart told me, a week or two ago, of a circumstance that had occurred just previously. As he was passing a large school at the hour for dismissal he stopped to watch the apparently well disciplined children as they came marching from the schoolroom, keeping perfect step and order until the gate was reached, when a great transformation occurred. The line broke, yells and catcalls rent the air, the gentleman in question, who had stood in loving admiration, became the object of their derision and a target for their marksmanship. I write this indignantly and with the cry of shame not so much upon these children as upon their mothers, for my friend is one whose appearance and address command deference everywhere, and any child or adult may well feel proud of his notice.

Prof. E. S. Morse, who lived for a number of years in Japan, says that Japanese children of whatever

rank or station are uniformly polite, and that a man can make his home in any part of a great city with the assurance that his children will not be corrupted by the bad manners of their associates; that his fruit and flowers would not be stolen, his dogs would not be stoned, or his fences be defaced.

The late Lafcadio Hearn, a well-known writer of magazine articles, recently living in Japan announced his intention of making that country his future home. He had the misfortune of being deformed, and when in America was so insulted by the children of our land that living here held no pleasures for him. He went to Japan and was so kindly and politely treated by the youth of that land that he decided to stay. The mothers of Japan have given a lesson to the mothers of America. May they learn the lesson and learn it well.—*Christian Safeguard*.



SMOTHERED STEAK.

HAVE a two-pound steak cut from the rump, about one and one-half inches thick, and brown on both sides in a skillet in a tablespoonful of butter or melted suet, then put in a baking pan, cover and keep warm while frying two sliced onions and a small bunch of parsley to a light brown, when lay on top of the steak, pour over the fat in which they were fried, add two stalks of celery cut in small pieces, a few whole cloves (which run in the steak), a small chopped pickled cucumber and a shake of salt and pepper. Pour in two cupfuls of boiling water, cover closely and bake for an hour and a half, then add a chopped spring turnip and carrot, and pour in more water if the steak seems dry. Cover and bake for another half hour, then place on a hot platter, arranging the vegetables in mounds on top. Thicken the gravy with a little flour and pour over all.—*Selected*.



POTATO NOODLES—Two cupfuls of left-over seasoned mashed potatoes mixed with one egg; add sufficient flour to roll out. Cut into strips three inches long and one inch wide. Drop them into boiling salt water; boil up once, then drain them and fry brown in deep, hot grease (like doughnuts).

The Children's Corner

WONDERFUL THINGS.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the creeping grasses grow,
High on the mountain's rocky brink,
In the valleys down below?
A common thing is a grass-blade small,
Crushed by the feet that pass—
But all the dwarfs and giants tall,
Working till Doomsday-shadows fall,
Can't make a blade of grass.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How a little seed asleep,
Out of the earth new life will drink,
And carefully upward creep?—
A seed, we say, is a simple thing,
The germ of a flower or weed—
But all earth's workmen, laboring,
With all the help that wealth could bring,
Never could make a seed.

Isn't it wonderful, when you think,
How the wild bird sings his song,
Weaving melodies, link by link,
The whole sweet summer long?
Commonplace is a bird, away,
Everywhere seen and heard—
But all the engines of earth, I say,
Working on till Judgment Day,
Never could make a bird.

—The Century Path.



THE BOY AND THE BIRD.

THE other afternoon Philip was throwing stones at a catbird. Now, Phillie is one of the kindest-hearted boys in the world, but the hunting spirit seized him for the moment, and to his grief and surprise—for he is anything but “a good shot”—the poor bird fell to the ground. For an hour afterward Phillie held the little creature in his hands, and tried his best, I suppose, to bring back life to the pretty feathers; but it was too late. At bedtime my little friend felt very badly.

“I do wish that a catbird had nine lives!” he sobbed.

“So do I,” I told him. “You see, Phillie, these ‘Little Brothers’ of Saint Francis have but one short life. When they die that is the end of them, so far as we know. You and I have souls, and if we try our best we will go, after our death, into a much happier and pleasanter place. Don't you believe, then, that we ought to be careful not to shorten the lives of birds and beasts, unless we have an *extraordinarily* good reason? And the catbird is a wonderful fellow—indeed, he is the mocking bird of the North.”

Of course, Phillie did not mean to kill the bird; but he made a mistake in throwing the stones. I once killed a bluebird with an air rifle that was famous for not shooting straight, and I have never since taken the life of a songster.

The millinery men are justly responsible for much of the sickening slaughter of birds; but I know of boys who haven't Phillie's kind heart—boys who actually boast of the number and kind of song birds that they have killed. There is something serious the matter with a really cruel boy. He needs to be watched. Not so dear little Phillie, who always frees the swallows that he captures in the big library, and who knows a great deal about live birds, for he has two remarkably bright eyes. You see, Phillie is not my own boy, so I don't feel at all guilty in praising him.—*Vincent Van Marter Beede, in Sunday School Advocate*.



THE QUIET HOUR



PSALM 144: 12. (Authorized Version.)

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

"A diamond in the rough, is a diamond, sure enough;"
But such stones are trampled beneath our feet,
Are buried and hidden from sight;
Till, chiselled and cleansed, sharp friction they meet,
To make them shine clear, true and bright.

The lusterless stones are of little worth—
They are thrown away at first sight;
But the pebbles dug from the depths of earth
And polished, will sparkle at night.

The Master's touch makes the beauty complete—
(God's palace is made of live stones:)
The study and toil, the discipline mete—
His touch makes most beautiful souls.

Then let us tread humbly the narrow way—
Our Savior climbed the steep ascent,
To purchase a home in the land of day—
For us! That's what the thorn crown meant.



KEEP THY HEART.

R. A. NEDROW.

WHAT a *wonderful* organ is the human heart. It is indeed the seat of life, the seat of our desires, of our affections, and our love. It is certainly the *busiest* organ of the entire being. Life, itself, depends upon its proper action. When it becomes diseased so as to prevent it from performing its function properly, there is a derangement of the entire system.

Many people meet death very suddenly,—the result of a common ailment, known as "*heart disease*."

A short time ago a man of our community died of heart trouble. Earlier in life he received an injury in the chest. During the process of healing a cartilaginous growth formed, which crowded the heart, thus interfering with its action. Oh, how many are there whose hearts are so contaminated with jealousy, envy, deceit and various other forms of worldiness, that all chastity and goodness are crowded out. Yes, they have heart trouble of the worst type,—the result of which is far more serious than physical death. Their hearts are not right in the sight of God.

Dear reader, have you ever consulted the "Great Physician" in regard to *your* heart? Perhaps you are needing a tonic to stimulate its action.

You know that the heart of man is deceitful above *all things*, and *desperately wicked*. The All-wise Creator, knowing this, desires to lend us aid, for he

has said, "Son, give me thine heart." He will help us to keep it free from the pollutions of sin.

I am no doctor, but I find that prayer and Christian devotion are excellent heart tonics.

Heart disease is the most fatal of *all* diseases. Therefore, "keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life."

Jones Mills, Pa.



WAIT AND SEE.

"I NEVER let bairns (children) or fools see my pictures until they are done," said a Scotch artist to me once, quoting a familiar proverb of his countrymen. We all are but "bairns" in God's sight, and we sadly play the fool in regard to his providential dealings. As no artist is willing to have a judgment pronounced on painting or statue until the work is completed, so our heavenly Teacher bids us possess our souls in patience. "What I do thou knowest not *now*, but thou shalt know hereafter." We must wait and see. This world is but the preparatory school, in which character is on the easel or under the chisel; exhibition-day will come in another world.

God only lets us see his providences "in part," and then we only see them as through a glass, darkly. Why the pleasantest room in our house is turned into a hospital; why that coffin was carried, like a spectre, up our stairway; why the pillow in that empty crib is unpressed today; why that income on which so many mouths depended is dried up; why this and that staff were broken—our poor, blind, aching hearts cannot understand.

God keeps his own secrets; all the answer he vouchsafes now is, "All things work together *for good* to them that love me." Impatient and rebellious as we may be now, we cannot displace God's hand from the canvas. There is no help for us but to wait until the picture is completed. Some of the colors he is laying into our lives are frightfully sombre, but by and by, in the revealing light of the last day, they may be only a background on which faith and submissive trust and victorious strength will stand out in hues of golden glory. Let us wait and see.

It is not from the assaults of open infidelity, or from the skeptical pages of the Renans or Strauses, or Spencers, that the hardest strain on our faith cometh. It is from dark and mysterious permission

of Providence that we are oftenest in danger of making shipwreck of Faith. We not only turn cowards in the dark, but, like fools, we doubt whether there will ever be daylight. At such times it is good to bring in the lamp of that blessed passage of Psa. 30:5: "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." The original Hebrew is far more forcible; it literally reads: "In the night-time sorrow lodgeth, but at the day-dawn cometh shouting."

A great deal of our work in this world is night-work. Weary with rowing, we even get frightened by the apparition of the Master, and cry out. "It is a ghost!" until he reveals himself in the words, "It is I, be of good cheer; be not afraid." The history of every discovery of new truth, of every enterprise of benevolence, of every Christian reform, of almost every revival, is the history of long working, waiting and watching through seasons of discouragement.

. . . The lesson for every missionary, every pastor, every teacher, and every sorely tried child of God is in these heaven-taught words: "I wait for the Lord, and in his word do I hope; my soul waiteth for the Lord more than they that watch for the morning."

—*Dr. Cuyler.*



TABULATING SPIRITUAL RESULTS.

THE science of statistics is not by any means an exact science, though for that matter no science can be said to be absolutely exact. One should always make allowance for an elusive something which cannot be analyzed or weighed or even perceived. But if anything were wanted to bring statistics into contempt it is the effort recently made—doubtless with good enough intent, but with a woeful lack of judgment, not to say of humor—to estimate the cost of soul-saving in different denominations of Christians. The method makes use of no intricate mathematics. The number of additions to the membership is the divisor, the cost in dollars for running the plant for one year is the dividend, the quotient is the cost per soul. A representative of the Salvation Army—an organization that is somewhat afflicted with the statistical habit—hit the nail on the head when he said: "You cannot put into figures the good we do." No, indeed. A church which shows for a year a decline may have made the greatest advance in its history, while another church with several hundred additions to its roll may have truly surrendered its right to be called a Christian church. To our daily litany we might well add the petition: "From the statistical habit, good Lord deliver us!"—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*



AS YEARS ROLL ON.

THE poetry of all growing life consists in carrying an oldness into a newness, a past into a future, always. So only can our days possibly be bound "each to each by natural piety." I would not for the world think

that twenty years hence I should have ceased to see the things which I see now, and love them still. It would make life wearisome beyond expression if I thought that twenty years hence I should see them just as I see them now, and love them with no deeper love because of other visions of their loveliness. And so there comes this deep and simple rule for any man as he crosses the line dividing one period of his life from another, the same rule which he may use also as he passes through any critical occurrence of his life: Make it a time in which you shall realize your faith, and also in which you shall expect of your faith new and greater things. Take what you believe and are and hold it in your hand with new firmness as you go forward; but as you go, holding it, look on it with continual and confident expectation to see it open into something greater and truer.—*Phillips Brooks.*



EACH LONGING SATISFIED.

("He satisfieth the longing soul, and filleth the hungry soul with goodness." Psa. 107: 9.)

I longed for peace and quiet,
Confusion reigned without:
I would not be entangled
In all the strife and doubt.
But now there's nothing moves me
Nor makes my soul afraid:
I prove God keeps in perfect peace
That mind upon him stayed.

I longed for light, for guidance,—
I saw not where to go;
'Mid many paths around me
The right I longed to know.
His Word my Lord then gave me
As lamp from day to day:
Upon my path a light it sheds
And keeps me in the way.

I longed for love unchanging,—
A true friend close at hand,
Who both in joy and trial
Could feel and understand.
A voice then heard I, saying:
"I'm with thee all the days;
I love thee, yea, with lasting love,
And know and plan thy ways."

I longed for strength to make me
Victorious in the strife,
To meet the trying moments
With which each day is rife.
Then said again my Savior:
"Fear not, beloved," "be strong";
And with the words the strength he gave
To conquer fear and wrong.

I longed, my heart was longing,
But Christ its longing stilled;
He from his full abundance
Its emptiness has filled.
And yet he still continues
New blessings to bestow:
He makes my heart with gratitude
And joy to overflow.

—*Pearl Waggoner, in Lifeboat.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Iowa House has passed the Senate bill which prohibits the sale of liquor on dining cars and the drinking of intoxicants on railway trains.

During March the diamond dealers in Maiden Lane imported \$3,353,407.97 worth of precious stones; an increase over March, 1908, of 800 per cent.

At Brantford, Ont., the Bell Memorial Association has acquired the former homestead of Prof. Alexander Graham Bell as a public park. A monument of Bell to cost \$25,000 will be unveiled in 1910.

The Agricultural Department at Washington has issued a free farmers' bulletin, No. 347, devoted to "The Repair of Farm Equipment." It says that farmers commonly make the mistake of not having proper tools to make repairs to their implements, harness, etc., and gives a list of proper tools for such purposes, with illustrations and the prices that are proper.

During March a new record was set on the Isthmus of Panama, 4,562,632 cubic yards being excavated, against 3,487,287 in March, 1908. Since May, 1904, when the United States took hold of the work, 69,963,435 cubic yards have been excavated. There remain to be excavated 104,703,160 cubic yards. At the present rate of excavation the canal should be completed in three years.

Ethan Allen Hitchcock, aged 74, Secretary of the Interior under Presidents McKinley and Roosevelt, died at Washington April 9. Mr. Hitchcock was born in Alabama, educated in Connecticut, and entered business in St. Louis. His work in the Interior Department is especially noted for the prosecution of numerous cases of fraud in the acquirement of public lands in the western States.

F. Marion Crawford, the novelist, died at Sorrento, Italy, April 9. Mr. Crawford was born in Italy in 1854. He was a highly educated man, Cambridge, Heidelberg, the University of Rome and our own Harvard contributing to the development of his intellectual powers. Mr. Crawford began the writing of novels in 1882 and in the time since then has written forty-four books and one play.

Theodore Roosevelt and King Victor Emmanuel met April 6 on the Italian battleship *Re Umberto* in Messina Harbor. The meeting was characterized by the utmost cordiality and the King took occasion to express the gratitude of himself and the Italian people for the generous assistance of America to the earthquake sufferers. At the close of the interview Mr. Roosevelt went ashore and inspected the ruins of the city, the desolation of which moved him strongly. He then boarded the steamer *Admiral*, which just at sunset hoisted her anchors and proceeded on her way to Mombasa.

Algernon Charles Swinburne, one of England's foremost poets, died at his home, "The Pines," at Putney, of pneumonia April 10. He had been ill for several weeks. Swinburne was a native of London and was 72 years of age. For nearly 50 years he had been prominent in the English world of letters, his first noteworthy contribution being made in 1861, when his "Queen Mother" was published. His poetical works fill a number of volumes.

The prairie dog has become such a pest in the national forests of Arizona and New Mexico, that the United States Forest Service has decided to carry out an active campaign for its extermination. Poisons are used such as strychnine, cyanide of potassium, anise oil, and molasses, the poison being smeared over wheat. The riders carry the wheat in a tin pail supported by a gunny sack slung across the shoulder. One hand is free for the reins. With the other the rider uses a teaspoon to measure out the poison.

A special train on the New York Central system recently made a run from New York to Chicago which is worthy of being placed on record. Leaving New York at midnight, eastern time, or eleven o'clock central time, Buffalo was reached at 6:39 in the morning, Cleveland at 9:27, Toledo at 11:23, Elkhart at 1:23, and Chicago at 3:07, the total distance of 965 miles being covered in 967 minutes. The train consisted of three empty cars and one private car, and six changes of engines were made on the trip.

Mme. Helena Modjeska, the world famous tragedienne, died at her home island near Los Angeles, April 8. Her husband, Count Charles Bozenta Chaplowski, and her son, Ralph Modjeska of Chicago, were at her bedside when the end came. By her will she leaves her estate, valued at \$120,000, to her immediate relatives, while her husband gets her magnificent stage library. The body will be temporarily placed in a vault in Los Angeles, pending arrangements for its transfer to her native land, Poland, for burial.

The liquor interests will appeal to union labor to aid them in their fight against the rapidly growing power of the anti-saloon forces. The movement was launched in Ohio recently, when leaders of State and national organizations of the liquor men told representatives of several important unions that their very existence depended upon the maintenance of the liquor traffic. Among the liquor dealers are Timothy McDonough, president of the National Saloonkeepers' Association, and Otto Remer, Cincinnati attorney for the Ohio Brewers' Association. The appeal is directed particularly to the cooks, waiters and barkeepers' union, but all branches of union labor are asked to help check the encroachments of the anti-saloon men upon individual liberty. The plan of campaign is the recruiting of members of all labor unions to the Personal Liberty league.

Joseph Russell Jones, pioneer traction magnate of Chicago, close friend and adviser of Abraham Lincoln and Ulysses S. Grant, prominent as a diplomat and widely known in business and social circles, died suddenly at his home in Chicago April 11 at the age of 86. Death was due to acute bronchitis. Mr. Jones became a warm friend of General Grant while the latter lived at Galena and also worked vigorously for the election of Abraham Lincoln in 1860. When the former became President Mr. Jones was made minister to Belgium in which position he rendered efficient service.

With only 16 votes against and 39 in its favor, the House anti-cigarette bill passed the Minnesota Senate April 6. It will have to go back to the House, however, as the Senate committee re-drafted the bill and amended it so that it will not become effective until August 1, whereas the original bill was to go into effect at once. No trouble is anticipated, however, in passing the amended bill in the House, where a strong majority voted for the original bill. While Governor Johnson declines to indicate his action, it is thought he will sign the bill. The bill prohibits the sale or giving away of cigarettes or the paper used in making them and prohibits the keeping of the cigarettes and makings for sale.

In Japan there is a paper made which is impervious to water, being made of bamboo fibers and eucalyptus mixed with the fibers of the gampi and some other shrubs. The fibers are first torn apart, made dry, cleaned and scraped, boiled in weak lye, and thoroughly washed in water, after which they are beaten and then mixed with certain roots made into a viscous state. A solution containing resin, caoutchouc, and camphor is also added. A sort of pulp is thus formed and then made into sheets which are run through a calendering machine heated to various temperatures. The result is that a paper is produced which is exceedingly tough, light, and which may be washed. The Japanese use it for leather imitations and India rubber.

The eightieth birthday of William Booth, founder of the Salvation Army, April 10, was celebrated by Salvationists throughout the world as one of the most significant milestones in the history of the organization. On this date the first steps were taken toward a realization of General Booth's recently announced plan for a world-wide university of humanity. The plan, as outlined by the aged commander in chief, involves the expenditure of about \$5,000,000 for institutions of learning at various central points throughout the world. The first \$2,000,000 will be used for the building of two parent universities in London and New York and for smaller branches in the cities of America, Europe and Asia, Chicago being included prominently in the list. The remaining \$3,000,000 will be set aside as an endowment fund.

Statistics gathered by the Indiana bureau of statistics show that marriages are falling off in Indiana and divorces are increasing. In the year 1908 there were 2,814 fewer marriages than in the previous year, and at the same time there were 120 more divorces granted. For a number of years the divorces ranged around 10 per cent of the number of marriages, but they have increased till they are now more than one-sixth. In former years, too, the divorces granted to wives were in excess of those granted to husbands, but in 1908 the rule was reversed and the greater number were granted on complaints of the husbands.

An investigation conducted by the Des Moines Tubercular Association has resulted in the discovery that six out of every ten children examined in Des Moines are infected with tuberculosis. The majority of the cases are incipient, but in many the disease has progressed far. The association is considering establishing a children's tubercular camp this summer. It is proposed to isolate infected children to prevent further spread of the disease. Miss Ida Wolverton, who is conducting the examination, said she was appalled at the number of cases of tuberculosis in Des Moines. In one block she found twenty cases among children.

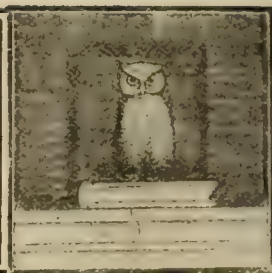
The United States Senate has established a new committee, whose work should be of the highest advantage to the country. Its field is that of curtailing appropriations for the expenses of the Government so as to prevent a deficit in the treasury. In carrying this out it will supervise all appropriation bills. It will be practically a committee of comptrollers, who will examine into the merit of every proposed appropriation. The results of unchecked spending the past three years do not need arguing. The efforts now imperative to get revenues in the tariff and taxation bill tell the situation in cold figures. It is the duty of Congress to prevent the continuance of such demands. And the way to cut them off is to stop the wide-open expense.

Director Newell of the reclamation service has been making extended investigations in Hawaii to see what are the chances of reclaiming much of the land there. He thinks that more than 100,000 acres of land which are now useless may be reclaimed, and if so, he thinks that 5,000 farms of 20 acres each could be furnished to homesteaders, thus providing for a population of some 20,000 persons. In recommending a systematic examination of the water resources of Hawaii he says: "There is probably no part of the United States where in as small an area there is as great a diversity in the quantity of water and its availability as in Hawaii. At one point the annual rainfall may be more than 300 inches in depth; only a few miles distant extreme aridity prevails. Even with the heavy rainfall on the mountain slopes there are relatively few rivers. Much of the water sinks into the porous lava."

Some scientists who have been making investigations into the part played in the matter of illumination by light and dark walls have come to the conclusion that the dark walls are better fitted for good illumination than the light. In a room where the walls are dark and where the source of light is entirely behind the reader's field of vision, a person who reads is impressed with the idea that the room is excellently well illuminated; but if now another light is brought into the room and placed within the field of his vision, though not shining on the paper he is reading, the pupils of his eyes will contract, less light will enter them from the paper he reads, and the reader will be impressed with the idea that the illumination has been reduced and the paper is becoming darker. These scientists say that the experiments show that if the walls are light colored the efficiency of the illumination may actually be diminished.



Among the Magazines



ABNORMAL REGARD FOR ANIMALS.

That love of animals is often carried to a degree where it becomes a symptom of mental disorder, is asserted by Dr. Charles L. Dana, the eminent nerve specialist, in *The Medical Record* (New York, March 6). To this "modern malady," as he calls it, he gives the name of "zoophil-psychosis," and he classes it as an "obsessive psychosis" or "psychasthenia"—a type of morbid mental activity that is peculiarly characteristic of modern civilization. This condition of the mind produces mental disorder without loss of control, so that it is not "insanity" in the usual significance of the word. Says Dr. Dana:

"It is produced by bad methods of education and training, acting on minds very sensitive to suggestions and impressions from without and within; minds lacking in power to handle the problems of life, and to see things in their right proportion. Modern activities are too strenuous for this kind of mental organism, which is meant for a life of simplicity, moderation, and restraint. The present popular 'absorbent' method of education, which lets the mind follow its interests and take the line of least resistance, is a potent factor in the pathogenesis. For through it the power of inhibition becomes weakened or lost; and the mental life is approximated to the conditions of dreaming."

The zoophil-psychosis, he adds, is characterized by tormenting ideas and worrying fears, but it has underlying it a morbid affective state toward certain persons and animals. This anomaly of the emotions is not usually referred to as part of ordinary types of this class of disorders; but he regards it as a most important feature; and thinks it may even exist as the dominant thing in the psychosis.

After describing some typical cases of this malady—the French woman who lost her mind because her cat had died of cancer; the girl obsessed with remorse because she had given away her cat; the young man who did not dare to go about for fear of seeing animals suffer; the woman who neglected her domestic duties to keep a cat-hospital—Dr. Dana goes on to make some observations about this general attitude of mind. We have come to regard animals differently, he tells us, in the past hundred years; we breed them more carefully, train them better, kill them less ruthlessly, and are more concerned for their welfare. But along with these advances there has come a tendency to regard the animal mind as of the human type, which is not justified by the facts. The "zoophil-psychosis" is an abnormal development of this feeling. Says Dr. Dana:

"The psychosis is really the expression of a selfish and weak nature. A very kind-hearted person, for example, may be also very indolent and very selfish—the combination is not uncommon. Now, it is much easier to pet a dog or nurse a kitten than to tell the exact truth, or, speaking more concretely, to nurse the sick; provide

thoughtfully for the poor; or keep watch over the temper and make a household comfortable. Thus the kindly feelings of the indolent and unintelligent often take this line of least resistance; and then the feelings and interests grow, until the care for the pets vastly exceeds that in any other unselfish work. The dog is plump and over-cared for; and the cat is more happy than the husband. As Janet says: 'It is easier to love a cat than a man. Its nature is more simple; its demands more limited; its responses are definite.' . . .

"It happens that many people can not nowadays go out into a city's streets and not be distressed continually at the sight of tired, overworked, and badly driven horses; or over some very thin-looking and ungroomed dogs. They are so eager to observe the unhappy horse that they do not see the human suffering. I confess that, after twenty years of experience with cab-driving in this city, I have grown sympathetic to the driver more than to the horse, for on the whole the driver is good to his horse and has a harder lot.

"It having been my lot to look after the human sick, I feel that their needs are immensely greater than those of the dog, because their capacity for suffering is so immensely greater, and the suffering of one human being involves a group of others; thus the sick or invalid mother cripples a whole household and her death sends a whole group into mourning.

"The animal, being dumb, is helpless, but so is the baby; and so practically are the sick poor, while the defective child is vastly more the slave of circumstance than the dog or cat, which have chances everywhere.

"This all seems very commonplace, but it has its application. I plead for sick humanity, and against the excesses in such sentiment for animals as leads to selfishness and injustice and the development of more psychopathic states. There is growing up an enormous mass of artificially cultivated tenderness toward a supposititious suffering. There will come next tears over the suffering of a faded flower, and sorrow over the unquenched thirst of the withering plant.

"This lack of proportion in the kindly sentiment is harmless enough generally, but it develops by mutual encouragement among the unstable and by self-indulgence, until the individual becomes the victim of a psychosis and a source of distress to self and friends, or demoralization to family and of serious social injustice."—*Literary Digest*.



HOW SOUTHERN UPLANDS HAVE SUFFERED FROM SOIL EROSION.

A yearly loss of many million dollars which need never take place; a loss, not of one year, like that occasioned by a great fire, but one which has occurred year after year without interruption for decades; which in its aggregate, since the Civil War, nearly equals the national

debt,—this is the toll yearly exacted by erosion from the farm soils of the upland South.

The profits of the farmer noiselessly flow from his sloping fields in muddy streams. In spite of the large amount of loss the tiller almost ignores it; he is, in fact, frequently ignorant of it. Yet this immense loss to the farmer represents only a portion of the actual damage; other industries suffer directly and indirectly from the same cause. On account of it there are in the dissected upland regions of the South more than 5,000,000 acres of land at one time cultivated and now idle. Many reasons have been assigned: the reduced fertility of the soils; the lure of the newer, more level, and more easily tilled lands of the West; economic changes which followed the Civil War; lack of labor and home markets. These have been secondary factors. Soil exhaustion and erosion are the fundamental causes. The exhausted "old fields," eroded, gullied, raw with deep wounds, and red as though stained with carnage, need only the touch of knowledge to become revived.

The causes which produced the old fields still operate to the ruin of much of the farming land. The decrease in the productivity of the farms of the eastern United States has been general. Nowhere has it been so evident as in the upland region of the South, where the loss is certainly not less than 30 per cent of the yield when the lands were fresh and new. Erosion is the basal problem which underlies soil exhaustion in this region, and so prevalent and so disastrous is it that it has become not only a serious local agricultural problem, but an important national problem as well, seriously affecting the value of many investments which have been made in the region. Its enormous extent has not been due entirely to poor cultural methods. The heavy rainfall, the physical characteristics of the region, the broken topography and the close-textured soils, and in some measure also the economic conditions have contributed to increase it. Where methods of cultivation suited to the local conditions have been used, not only has erosion decreased, but the yields have responded in a wonderful manner, indicating that the soils are not only not inferior to those of other sections, but that, on account of the ample rainfall and the long growing season, they have many distinct advantages over those other humid parts of the country.—From "The Waste from Soil Erosion in the South," by W. W. Ashe, in the American Review of Reviews for April.

BARRING OUT OPIUM.

A law passed by Congress during the winter session prohibits the importation of opium into this country except for medicinal purposes, and the Secretary of the Treasury has issued regulations in which it is declared that the term "opium" shall cover all forms of the drug.

This is convincing evidence that the United States Government sees danger in the possible spread of its habitual use in any of its forms, and the dispatches say in particular that smoking opium will be seized and destroyed as an illegal importation.

As Americans have been prominently identified with the efforts to relieve China from the opium evil the new law involves us in no unpleasant contradictions, as it might the United Kingdom, but it does express the deliberate judgment of an occidental nation against British theories concerning the harmlessness of opium—theories that are intended to help British trade. We do not mean to intimate that those theories are held by all Britons. They

are indignantly repudiated by many of them. But elaborate attempts have been made to bolster up a bad cause by expert and other opinion published to show that China really did not suffer so much by her importations from India. That any nation should be forced to admit the drug is, of course, an outrage which cannot be explained away by volumes of expert opinion and the most ingenious casuistry.—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE SPECULATOR WHO WINS.

Of the many popular delusions touching Wall Street and its people, none is more persistent or more dangerous to the outsider than the belief that from nothing great permanent fortunes have been made by shrewd and lucky speculation in prices. It isn't true. We differentiate here between speculation in prices only, and the kind of legitimate speculation which seeks to anticipate great economic changes. Legitimate speculation has its translation into prices, too, but it takes, first, original capital in some reasonable proportion to the profits expected, and, secondly, the treatment of exceptional opportunity with correct imagination. Its risks at best are very large. Among our Wall Street acquaintances are several hard-headed men who average to make \$25,000 a year by speculation. Not one of them has a capital of less than \$250,000. They make it earn about 10 per cent.

Take Blank, one of the ablest speculators we know. He has made a half million dollars during the past five years. Very handsome return, you say. Let us look at Blank: He was the chief accountant of one of the big railway systems when an uncle, dying, left him \$20,000. Mind you, he was an expert railway statistician, and an exceptionally able young man to boot. He knew his own road like a book, as well as some other things that only the directors were aware of. The stock of the system looked cheap to him and he used his \$20,000 to margin 4,000 shares. A bull market was beginning, and within a month or two Blank's capital had increased to \$60,000. He was content with a 10-point rise, though the stock advanced 10 points more. That was the first of Blank's deals. Twelve months later he won again. He thought that the stock of a certain western system was selling below its value, and set about an investigation to find the facts. He hired a first-class engineer and a retired traffic manager to travel from one end of that railroad to the other, and he himself analyzed the accounts. When all the reports were in, it seemed to him that the system was earning enough money to justify an increase of its dividend, and he plunged once more. He waited six months for his profit this time, and his investigation had cost him \$5,000. He made \$50,000. Good interest, you say; but think of Blank's special equipment for the game and the trouble he took to be right. You, Mr. Thinmarginist, after reading the Wall Street gossip in your daily paper, adventure your thousand or two thousand dollars and expect to double your money. Mark the difference.—John Parr, in the April Everybody's.



FIGHTING RED MITES.

IN former years, early in the season, I have soaked the roosts of my hen house with crude oil, and have had but little trouble with lice or mites. This year, however, has been an exception. Through care-

lessness, or laziness, before I was aware of it, my houses were literally alive with the little red pests.

First I tried my old remedy, kerosene, crude oil and crude carbolic acid. It did not seem to be of any benefit. I inquired of my poultry friends and found they were all in the same boat. I was advised to smoke the houses with sulphur. I did that and the lice only seemed to grow fat on that treatment. The next advice was to whitewash. I mixed a barrel of white-wash and with my spray pump I literally soaked all parts of the houses, removing roosts, drop boards and all movable things. The next morning the lice seemed to be just as thick on the roost as ever.

I then tried smoking again with sulphur with the addition of tobacco dust. The lice seemed to increase on the roosts. Next, with a torch I burned the roosts every morning, until the wood seemed to be all charred, and again they were just as thick as ever. I was advised to try boiling water, which I did a few mornings with the same results.

I began to get discouraged and bought some of the advertised lice killers. The directions reminded me of a bedbug killer I read about when a boy, viz.: A party not having had good results with the preparation complained to the agent. The agent said the way to use it was first to catch the bug and squeeze him until he opened his mouth, then drop some of the liquid into it and he would strangle.

The lice killers were about the same; catch the hen by the legs and thoroughly dust all parts of the hen with the powder.

Now, for a person with a few hens, that may be all right, but to catch and dust a hundred hens two or three times a week, to say the least, is rather trying to one's nerves and patience. Besides, I fail to see how that would affect the mites on the perches. I tried only a few, as it was too much like useless labor.

I looked in my poultry books and they said keep up a constant warfare, or something to that effect, but they didn't say what to fight with,—shot gun or arbitration. I concluded the authors didn't know. Then as an experiment I dusted a bunch of lice with a little tobacco dust and was surprised to see them all die immediately. I tried the *spray pump* and *white-wash* again, and while the perches were still wet I sprinkled them liberally with *tobacco dust* and the next morning the perches were all covered with lice,—all dead. So I think I have solved the problem of red lice, as I haven't seen one since.—*Farm Journal*.

Between Whiles

Brains.

Thomas L. Masson, in Lippincott's Magazine, thus wittily discourses upon a fruitful theme:

"Brains are common to all parts of the country, and

traces of them have even been discovered in summer at Lenox, Bar Harbor, and Newport.

"They are originally used to obtain money, but when money is obtained by them it usually takes their place.

"The quality of brains varies in different localities. Mixed with ginger, they become very valuable. With a spine, they are a necessity in every household.

"At one time they influenced literature, but the discovery was made that literature could do without them. Since then they have been almost exclusively devoted to advertising.

"Brains are employed in various enterprises. They make bridges, railroads, and other systems of transportation. They also create capital, and are used extensively in evading the law. They mix with water and gasoline, but are absorbed by alcohol.

"Brains are bought and sold in the open market. They may be traded in on the exchange in Washington and Albany or in other political centers. The best quality, however, are not traded in. Indeed, oftentimes they are not even heard of until long after they have passed away."

The Great Trouble.

"Look here, Bingerly; what do you mean by bolting our candidate for Governor?"

"Oh, he's no good!"

"What makes you think so? Isn't he standing squarely for the reforms demanded in our platform?"

"Yes, but the trouble about him is that he means what he says."

Often Happens.

"Who is the ragged old tramp going across the street?"

"That's Wimperly, the man who invented the double-plex perfecting press." "And who is that richly dressed gentleman who has just dropped a quarter in the tramp's hand?"

"That's Gougerly, the man who invented an ingenious little attachment to Wimperly's press."—The Commoner.

The Simple Life.

Passer-by—"See here, you are the man who struck me for a dime three days ago."

Beggar—"Yes, sir; but do me best, I can't keep me expenses any lower than 3½ cents a day."—Baltimore American.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—494 acres in Mexico \$950. On Southern Pacific Railway in Sinaloa. The New California and Coming Country. Rich soil. Level. Bank and Government References. W. S. Hunt, Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. Pure bred, large, well barred, one dollar for 15. Reduced rates on incubator lots.—Mrs. I. C. Stine, Dallas Center, Iowa.

FARMS FOR SALE from \$40 to \$65 per acre. If you are in the market for a farm, write at once for a 1909 price list giving full description.—M. H. Miller, Bristol, Ind.

FOR SALE—Six fine lots on corner. Wilson Ave., Chambersburg, Pa., close to Willson female college, just outside city limits. Price, seven hundred dollars.—D. Hostetler, Chambersburg, Pa.

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BY MARY N. QUINTER.

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Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his co-workers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

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Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

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THE INGLENOOK

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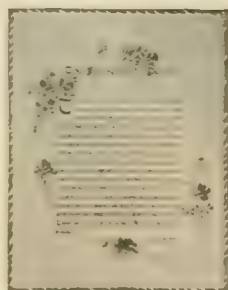
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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



Modesto Irrigation Ditch Supplying Empire Colony Lands. "Water is Wealth."

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

LOW RATES FOR COLONISTS.

During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal. For further information address

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

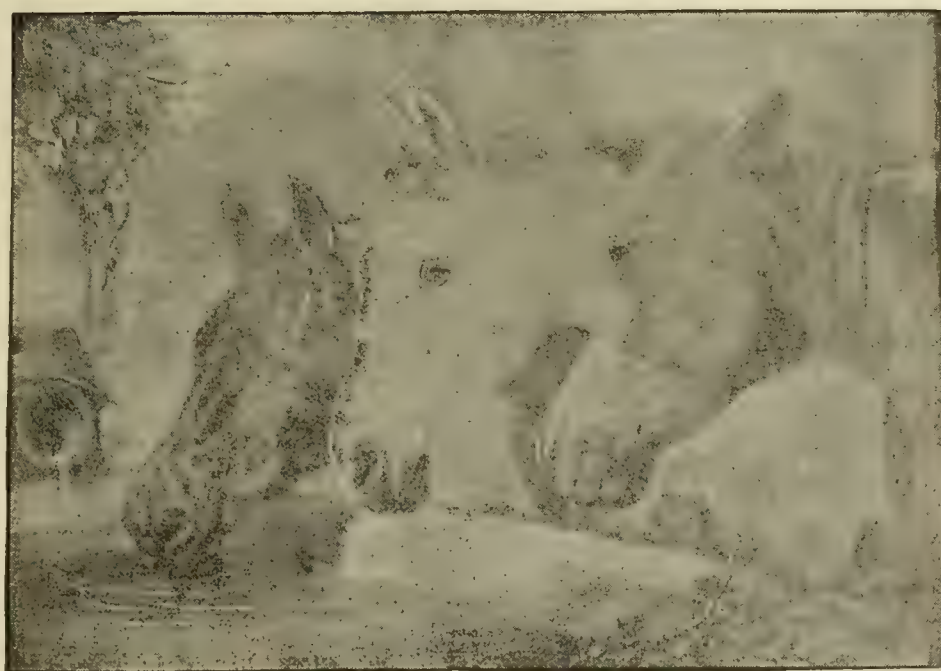
North Manchester, Ind., Modesto, Cal.

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THE INGLENOOK

April 27, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



The Temperance Society.

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BY COLONIZATION.

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'Mention Inglenook When You Write'

\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. It tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

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Satan and the Saint

or

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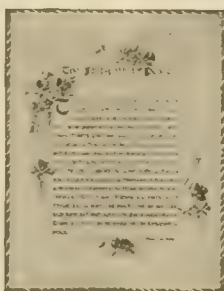
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Price, postpaid, each,25 cents

1. The Foot-Path to Peace (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke.
- 1c. The Foot-Path to Peace (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke.
2. Opportunity (Violets).—John J. Ingalls.
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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908

YIELD OF BEETS.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

Payette District.

C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

Nampa District.

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

HOMESEEKER'S ROUND TRIP RATES IN EFFECT THROUGHOUT THIS YEAR

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50
Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

Colonist One Way Cheap Rates will be in effect from March 1 to April 30, 1909, inclusive.

Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

One Way Second-Class Colonist Fares, Tickets on Sale Every Day, March 1 to April 30, 1909 to All Points in Idaho on the Oregon Short Line R. R.

From Chicago, Illinois,	\$33.00
From St. Louis, Mo.,	\$30.50
From Missouri River Terminals, Kansas City to Council Bluffs, inclusive,	\$25.00
From Milwaukee, Wis.,	\$33.00
From Peoria, Ill.,	\$30.35

From Bloomington, Ill.,	\$31.20
From Memphis, Tenn.,	\$36.00
From St. Paul and Minneapolis, Minnesota,	\$25.00
From Des Moines, Iowa,	\$27.70
From Sioux City, Iowa,	\$26.95

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Dayton, Ohio

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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

April 27, 1909.

No. 17.

"CALL IT ST. HELENA"

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

MANY curios were treasured in the old library of Pennsylvania's greatest antiquarian. "And who was this great antiquarian?" you ask? And I answer, "Abraham H. Cassel of Harleysville." One day he opened a drawer and showed me some note paper. I looked at it curiously. It was of fine texture, pale blue in color, ruled, and yet different from any note paper I had ever seen.

"You could never guess its history," said Mr. Cassel.

"No, I suppose not," said I' dubiously, for I knew that among those old books there was always something new, something I had never heard of before.

"This is some of Napoleon Bonaparte's note paper," said the antiquarian. And then he related the story of Joseph Bonaparte's exile in America.

On August 29, 1815, the *Commerce* landed at New York with two mysterious passengers, registered as M. Bouchard and secretary. The captain lost no time in spreading the news that two noted persons had engaged passage with him from Bordeaux, France. It came to the ears of the mayor. With a few friends the mayor went to interview the strangers at their modest lodging house. The strangers were surprised at the unexpected honor.

"Are you really M. Bouchard?" queried the mayor.

"No, that is not my name," replied the stranger.

"Then may I inquire," asked the mayor expectantly, "under what title you do pass?"

"I pass under the title of the Count de Survilliers," answered the Frenchman. "But here in America I believe I may safely announce the truth: I am Joseph Bonaparte."

The mayor was delighted. Here was the brother of Napoleon Bonaparte, an ex-king, for he had ruled successively over Naples and Spain. A royal reception befitted the royal guest.

But Joseph was timid and refused any public honors. He did not want to make his refuge in America too conspicuous. He proposed to live in America, and forget the storms of Europe and end his life in peace.

That he might buy land, the State of New Jersey passed a law, "to authorize aliens to purchase and hold lands in this State." And so Joseph Bonaparte bought a tract of land known as Point Breeze, in the immediate vicinity of Bordentown, New Jersey. The land was situated on a high bluff overlooking the Delaware River, in all the primeval glory of stately trees and trailing shrubbery. Bonaparte bought a thousand acres and set to work to make a garden out of this wilderness. A tract of marshy land lying at the foot of the slope he turned into an artificial lake; the forest was intersected with drives and walks; open spaces were cleared here and there for lawns; rustic bridges were thrown over rocky-sided ravines; summer houses were built in sequestered spots. And just where Crosswicks Creek meets the Delaware, Joseph Bonaparte built his palace.

This palace was a wonder for those days. The outside was covered with white plaster, and the slanting roof, high dormer windows and broad-columned doorways were the admiration of every one. When you entered the hall, you beheld a grand staircase, flanked on either side by large reception and dining rooms. The huge fireplaces had marble mantels with marvelous bas-reliefs, the bedchambers were hung with rare tapestry. The walls were decorated with still rarer paintings. Scattered throughout the rooms were some beautiful pieces of statuary. But hardly had the last touches been given to everything, when the house was utterly destroyed by fire January 3, 1820.

A new house was built but not on the same magnificent scale. And here the ex-king of Spain lived quietly, assuming no kingly state. He had been joined by his two daughters, Princesses Zenaide and Charlotte. Princess Zenaide was accompanied by her husband, Prince Charles Lucien Bonaparte. For the convenience of the young couple he built another house at the entrance to his grounds which he connected with his own house, a quarter of a mile away by means of a subterranean passage. This passage was to be used in time of storms by the family. But gossip whispered

that Joseph Bonaparte lived in daily fear of capture by some foreign agent; that there were trap doors in the house leading into secret labyrinths where hiding places were to be found. The ruins of the old passageway are to this day looked upon with superstitious awe as hiding strange secrets.

When the ex-king was asked to give a name to his estate he said: "It is my Helena. Call it St. Helena." And St. Helena is the popular name for it to this day.

I unfolded a sheet of the blue note paper. "And

was this brought over by Joseph Bonaparte?" I asked.

"That was given to me by a friend whose father had it in his possession. Yes, it was brought to this country by Joseph Bonaparte, but it belonged to his brother Napoleon Bonaparte, originally." There came a day when the imperial purple disappeared from Bordentown forever. The Bonaparte exiles were permitted to return home, so in 1839 the ex-king took his final leave of America, and died five years later in Florence.

A LITTLE HISTORY

PAUL MOHLER

I REMEMBER very well indeed the great interest we boys all took in Bro. D. L. Miller's lectures on the Bible Lands, some twenty years ago. The New Testament story became so much more vivid and interesting when we understood something of the customs of the country where the events occurred. Today, no thorough Bible scholar thinks of teaching an event without teaching with it all of the surroundings that may throw any light on it. Here at the Bible school, Brother Hoff even takes us back a thousand years to teach us where the customs came from. He has been telling us some very interesting stories, indeed, of ancient times, stories that he has dug out of many a book, and tells to his classes. He has told us much of the history of the world from the time of David, up to the time of Christ, and I am sure that the stories will bear repeating. However, while I have called them stories, these are in reality historical facts, carefully attested.

The Bible tells us of a number of times when foreign armies overran Israel; but it doesn't tell us of the larger world movements of which Israel's experiences were but small parts. Palestine, the home of Israel, is such a little bit of a country. It is only about one-third the size of Indiana, and on a clear day, a man can see from one end to the other of it and from side to side, if he gets on the right mountain. To the north, along the seacoast, lay Phœnicia, whose capitals were Tyre and Sidon; east of Phœnicia lay Syria, whose ancient capital was Damascus; still further east was Assyria, with her capital at Nineveh, and south of Assyria, in the Euphrates Valley, was Babylonia,

whose capital was Babylon. Southwest of Palestine lay Egypt, one of the most powerful of the nations. In view of these surroundings, it is remarkable that Israel ever existed as an independent nation.

It took a series of remarkable miracles to give the land over to Israel in the first place, but that was nothing to the favor necessary to keep them free from their powerful neighbors. Every day they needed Divine protection; there never was a day in the history of Israel as a nation, when they would not have been in great danger, but for the protecting hand of Jehovah. And whenever, by their sins and stubbornness, they thrust his protection from them, they were attacked and overcome by their enemies. The period



ANCIENT SAMARIA.

in which they enjoyed the greatest security was during the reign of Solomon, when there were no wars, and when the surrounding tribes and kingdoms sent tribute and rich presents to Jerusalem. Phœnicia and Syria were friendly, and Assyria and Babylon must cross Syria to find Israel. As long as these conditions remained, there would be peace on the north and east. But in the centuries that followed the reign of David,

Israel became very sinful and idolatrous, especially the northern, or Samaritan kingdom.

At about the time when Samaria's sins were getting ripe for her ruin, Assyria began a westward movement; an expansion we would call it, like that which we have recently seen of Japan. Tiglath-pileser, king of Assyria, began this movement, directing his first

Israel a number of Kuthites, a heathen people. These Kuthites were the ancestors of the Samaritans of today. Later, I will tell you why the Jews and Samaritans were such bitter enemies; but perhaps this is the place to tell how they came to be worshipers of Jehovah.

It was the common belief of idolatrous people, that each god had his own special field of operations. He was supposed to be supreme in his own territory, but unable to help his subjects when they left his territory. When, therefore, the Kuthites began to suffer from wild beasts, they sought Divine protection. But they had left gods behind, and had not become acquainted with the gods of their new home. So they sent to the king for a priest to teach them how to worship the God of Israel. Sargon sent them a priest, one of the captive priests of Israel. He taught them the law and the ceremonies of the Jehovah worship. Many years later they built a temple on Mt. Gerizim; and today, the few Samaritans remaining there (about 125) are the only people in the world who observe the Passover as it was instituted.



JUPITER AND THE SHEEP.

THE sheep was obliged to suffer most of all the animals, so he went to Jupiter and prayed him to lighten his fate. Jupiter seemed willing, and said to the sheep: "My innocent little creature, I see plainly that I have created you too defenseless. Now choose how I may best remedy this fault. Shall I arm your mouth with terrible teeth and your feet with claws?"

"Oh, no," said the sheep, "I will have nothing in common with those tearing animals."

"Or," continued Jupiter, "shall I put poison in your bite?"

"Ah," returned the sheep, "the poisoned serpents are much hated."

"What, then, shall I do for you? I will plant horns upon your forehead and add strength to your neck."

"Nor this either, most gracious father. I might in that case become a butting animal like the ram."

"But," said Jupiter, "you must be able to hurt others or you will not be able to protect yourself."

"Must I?" sighed the sheep. "Oh, then leave me as I am, kind father. For *the power of injuring creates the desire to injure, and it is better to suffer wrong than to commit wrong.*"

Jupiter blessed the innocent sheep, and from that hour he forebore to complain.

Is there not a lesson here for consideration by the nations of men?—*Advocate of Peace.*



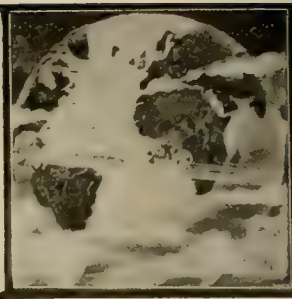
Damascus.

campaign against Damascus, the capital of Syria. The king of Syria, being frightened, asked aid from Pekah, king of Israel; and they, together, made war upon Ahaz, king of Judah, probably hoping to force him to help them. Ahaz was so badly frightened that he trembled like a leaf. Isaiah, the prophet, advised him to put his trust in the Lord alone; but the king lacked the faith; so he did the unexpected thing. He stripped the temple of much of its wealth, and sent it unto Tiglath-pileser, offering him his homage and service in delivering the entire land to him. Syria and Israel alone could not resist the Assyrians, so in 733-2 B. C., Tiglath-pileser took Damascus, and broke the Syrian power. Samaria escaped capture, but agreed to pay tribute to Assyria.

But no permanent peace could remain, for Israel's sins were full. She could yet have turned to God, but she refused to hear the last prophets sent unto her (Hosea and Amos) and was incapable even of keeping faith with Assyria. So Israel rebelled. Then came the second invasion, this time under Shalmaneser IV, who besieged Samaria in 724 B. C. The siege was finished and the city taken by Sargon in 722. It was Sargon's policy to remove people whom he conquered from their native land and replace them with other captives. When he took Samaria, therefore, he took a large number, 27,290 of the people, from their homes, transplanting them into the neighborhood of the Caspian Sea. To take their place, he brought into



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LV.

"You must get another."

"Another what?" I asked, looking amazed.

"Another paper—passport."

"Why isn't this all right?"

"No good—can't admit you on that."

He used but few intelligible words, most of these being French and the rest in his own language, Turkish, but I knew exactly what he would have said if he had spoken all of it in my own tongue.

"But see!" said I, and I pointed to the big words on my passport that had always looked so authoritative until now,—

UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

DEPARTMENT OF STATE

TO ALL TO WHOM THESE PRESENTS SHALL
COME, GREETING:

The undersigned, Secretary of the United States of America, hereby requests all whom it may concern to permit

HENRY M. SPICKLER

A CITIZEN OF THE UNITED STATES

safely and freely to pass, and in case of need to give him all lawful Aid and Protection.

(Signed) John Hay.

My passport, that had been unquestioned until now,—my beautiful diploma to American citizenship that had been honored by all the countries, big and little, republican and monarchial, was now ignored by the "Sick Man of Europe." My passport was no longer sufficient to render me the aid and protection vouched for me by the Department of State of the United States of America. Second only to Russia in treacherous brutality, the crooked government on the Bosphorus now refused me to pass into its capital city.

The *passport, issued by the American people, through their State Department at Washington, D. C., was wanting in authority and lacking in honor in the city of the False Prophet.*

One after another of the boat's passengers had been brought ashore, examined by the customs officers and checked out. One by one, or in parties, they had been allowed the freedom of the city, and were now already

registering at the hotels or seeking out their private homes.

Several poorly dressed, ignorant looking fellows were refused their freedom. These had been made to stand aside in the right hand corner of the custom house. Everybody seeing them, half-standing, half-crouching there, believed them to be criminals of some sort, and were congratulating themselves that the keen eye of the government detective had found them before they escaped into the streets.

By them stood a policeman, and at the door, leading into the city, two other policemen. These kept their eyes upon the "gang" in the corner.

For some reason, possibly because of my determination to "stand or fall" on the authority of my passport, the chief was in doubt as to whether he ought, in my case, to honor my passport, and allow me to go on my way. On his return from a short consultation with another official, I saw by his looks that his mind had not been changed.

"Stand there," he said, "with those men," and he pointed me to the bums in the corner.

Like a soldier of the flag, I marched over, passport and all, and took my place near the scraggly bundle of mutilated human statues.

They looked significantly into one another's eyes, and at me, their countenances lighting up with a little beam of joy at the accession of myself to their number. Misery always loves company. I was really glad I could be of use to somebody, even if they were "suspects."

A minute seemed like an hour. At last a tall, burly officer in Turkish baggy trousers, came over to us, speaking some more Turkish which the others seemed to understand, and motioned to them and to me to follow, with one of the guards behind us, to some locality apparently not far from the landing-place.

I waited until the others filed out after our leaders, when I, too, fell in behind, wondering where, in the name of the Pleiades, they were about to take "us."

My food had been exhausted at supper the last night on board. We knew that the *Albania* would land us at Constantinople early on Sunday, and few, if any, had taken their breakfast on board. We were anticipating a good breakfast at one of the popular coffee-

houses or hotels. Only tourists know the welcome taste of the first meal taken in a new port, and especially when taken soon after arrival from a steamer.

We passed some native coffeehouses where a few men were eating and smoking. I turned and looked wistfully at these, and signified that I was hungry, so that the policeman, walking behind me, might know what I wanted.

He only smiled and gestured that he, too, was hungry, but that his duties with me restrained him from a morning siesta. He threw his hands up in front of him, turning over the palms as he did so, making a rapid semicircle, ducked his head to the side and inclined to the front, and shrugged his shoulders, as if to say:

"I would go myself, and I would let you go, gladly, if I could. But I must earn my pay. The law holds me. It holds also you. I must hold you. It is unjust, I grant you, but we'll have to take it as it is."

I was quite sure that my turn would come when I could do as I liked, and the temporary detention was possibly but to add "sauce to the gander." It was for me to speculate as to what was about to happen to me. Being a deck passenger, I would be honored with no recognition from the press. Steerage and deck passengers are not listed by ship companies in the same way as are the passengers in the first and second cabins. These are counted more worthy, and although the cheaper tourists have paid the amount demanded by the company,—more, often, than they get back in comfort and service, only the first and second class people see their names posted in some conspicuous place on board, with their titles, if any, and place of residence. International law, I believe, should compel all ships to post full lists of all their passengers by name, whether they ride in the steerage or hang on to the smokestack. On the steerage passengers the ship makes more money than on the high-priced cabin passengers, but simply because they wish to treat them like hogs or as nobodies, and to scare refined people out of these cheaper parts of the boat, they ignore their names, snub them whenever they can, and in heavy seas, when almost dying with seasickness, the ship's doctor goes to attend them, if he goes at all, with cold disdain.

On one of my ocean voyages across the Atlantic a young man, dying with the consumption, was trying to get back home to be among loved ones when the final moment came. Although he needed medical attention each day, the doctor failed to go to him. Finally the passengers, incited to indignation at the cruel doctor's selfishness, compelled him to attend the young man. Then, when he was about to walk down the main deck, among a lot of passengers looking on, they secretly fastened a big paper sign on his coat behind that read as follows:

"NOT WANTED!"

This label was used by the passengers on their baggage,—“Wanted” being pasted upon the trunks and hand baggage that they wished to have taken to their staterooms to be used en route, “Not Wanted” being pasted on the baggage that was to be down in the hold of the vessel and not gotten up again until the port or destination was reached. When each group of passengers laughed out loud just after he passed by them, he became excited, and learned the cause of it only from some of the sailors who took from his coat the decidedly appropriate notice. The boat was an English liner and the doctor was a proud Englishman who ought to be quarrying rock or diving for sponges,—anything dangerous or in the company of things that he couldn't hurt.

No matter how great you are, your name will not be given to the New York *Tribune* as an “arrival” from the other side when you travel other than by first or second class. For the same reason, the guides of the various tourist agencies would not break their necks getting to me to arrange an itinerary with them as guides over the city. They look after the tourists who have plenty of money to pay out for first-class hotels and first-class service everywhere. They prefer to take the tourist who can afford a carriage for every little jaunt and who can supply them with refreshments, gratis, many times a day. As the work of an honest guide is worthy of high recognition, it is economy to use one wherever possible. As for me I usually saw the sights without a guide.

I was glad that my bicycle and some other papers of identification had been left behind, at the college in Anatolia. The professors there had learned to know me well and they would be on the lookout for me and for my safety.

The incident through which I was passing was realistic enough without my seeking to color it by dramatic language. As nearly as it is possible I will tell it just as it happened, and give an insight into the thoughts and emotions that flashed into my mind now like birds of bad omen, now like harbingers of good, originating in a fertile imagination and flitting across the landscape of nervous apprehension. In some particulars my experience was starting out not much unlike that of adventurers before me. They too had their troubles. Some of them escaped. Others suffered death. One of them had been foully murdered here in this very country, back of the city,—the ill-fated Lenz, who, touring the world on a bicycle, like myself, risking his life in out-of-the-way places, was slain in cold blood by the Turkish soldiers. An acquaintance at Alton, Mr. Sachleben, a noted traveler, who accepted the government's commission, or that of a magazine, I do not remember, to find the lost man or to learn about his end, went to the very village and ferreted out the mystery of the sudden disappearance of the bicycle traveler. As a clue to his discovery, he

found one of the rubber tires used as a part of ornamental harness for a horse of one of the cavalry of the Turkish soldiers. All these incidents, multiplied now by the present dilemma, beset me with unnecessary fears, as I followed the medley group of those who like myself seemed to be in trouble.

I wondered if my camera, taken to pieces, would some day adorn the dress or barracks of these officers. Would they wear the brilliant lens on their coat, and give as a plaything the rubber bulb to their children?

Questions like these frowned at me for answer and pointed their bony fingers of taunting menace in the face of my unhappy predicament.

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OBSCURE TRUE AMERICANS.

A MOVEMENT has been organized to do missionary work on a large scale in the Appalachian Mountains, a section where education is either neglected entirely or is showing a feeble light. It is of concurrent interest that Congress at its late session awoke to the fact that Appalachian America was of value and took steps toward conserving the natural resources of the section, but seemed to ignore the fact that here is the largest body of native Americans in the country who need help in many directions.

This mountain region, extending from the Pennsylvania line to northern Georgia and Alabama, with an extent east and west of from 100 to 200 miles,

contains a population of several millions of people, almost exclusively whites and almost exclusively descendants of English and Scotch settlers in the colonies before the War of the Revolution. Many of these people settled originally along the tidewater counties of Pennsylvania, Virginia and the Carolinas, but many of them pushed on toward the mountains, especially after the War of the Revolution in which they bore a leading part. Some of them passed on over to the fertile land of Kentucky, Tennessee and even Ohio, but the greater number remained in the mountains, where they still are in a state of arrested development.

They are physically well developed, have inordinate courage, live simple lives and are happy in their own way, but conduce little to the general welfare of the country. Of education there is little, but the men and women have a native intelligence of a high order. They are not the class commonly called "poor whites," but descendants of Scottish highlanders and English gentlemen. The ballads of the Elizabethan period are still sung in the cabins, where life is on the sixteenth century basis. They weave their own cloth and linen, make their own whisky and rifles and are as far removed from twentieth century civilization as the people of the Balkans.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.



"THE modern Pharisee substitutes the photographer for the man with a trumpet."



SPRING

JOE STEPHENS

Spring like a glorious morning
Is shedding its beauties around.
We see its evidence skyward,
Its grandeur covers the ground.

We see its wonders forming
Of carpet beneath our feet,
Of vines, grasses, and flowers,
Oh, nature is surely complete!

Music more rich and harmonious
Than mortal could ever produce,
Wafted on wings of the springtime,
New hope and courage induce.

We being created an image
Of the one omnipotent God,
Should cultivate springtime within us
And walk with perfection shod.

THE WHITE SPARROW.

To ask help from a prosperous neighbor was not easy. But John knew that he had to do it,—he *must* know just what he could depend upon if everything turned out wrong, for it certainly looked as though everything would. So out he blurted his need:

"If—if, ahem, if I need help with the mortgage interest money, William, will you give me a lift? It'll fall due this day three months, and things look black with me."

"What's the trouble, John? Crops fail last season?"

"No, crops seemed to be good, William; but, somehow, I didn't get much out of them."

"Dairy not paying?"

"N—no, it isn't, William, although we've milk enough at the milkings. I can't seem to find out *what's* wrong. The farm's good and the cows the best stock in the countryside. But I'm down on my luck, William, and I can't seem to get up."

"Thee will need to find the white sparrow, I'm thinking, John. It's a rare bird, but a sight of it brings luck, they say."

"The white sparrow? Surely I need a sight of it, if there's luck in it! But how shall I go about hunting it, William, and where?"

"Nobody knows that, John, or the whole world would go a-hunting. Only one thing is known about it—that it flies only once a day, and that between four and five in the morning. Thy own barnyard or dairy is as likely a place to find it as any place on earth. But don't let me keep thee from thy work, John; only promise me to look every morning for the white sparrow until interest time, and, in turn, I'll promise thee the help thee asks."

John gave his promise eagerly. But from the first, things seemed to conspire against his ever finding the bird of luck.

The very next morning, four o'clock saw him making for his barnyard. Such a state as that place was in! Not a horse tended to, either; the stables in bad condition; the men asleep when they should have been at their work!

"Hi, there, Robert and Pete and Jim! Jack, you lazybones—up with you, boys! The work's waiting."

Up tumbled the men; sprang at their work (the master was about), and the horses and stables got a better cleaning in short order than they'd had for many a long day. But when John had time to think of the white sparrow again, it was after five. And the bird only flies one short hour a day.

The next morning he started again upon his search; passed rapidly through the barnyard, only stopping to arouse the men—not much time lost *there*. But at the dairy window stood one of the maids, giving away a great pailful of new milk to a friend. And at the run-way stood another maid, pouring out another great

pailful of sour milk—sheer waste, with all the little pigs on the farm having to have feed bought for them. And, besides, the farm was famous for its cottage cheese—every bit of sour milk should have been turned into that.

There was nothing to do but give the dairy a thorough going-over, and the maids some pretty strict orders. Oh, but the state that place was in! Milk set aside for favored friends to carry away—secretly, when the master lay abed. Or butter, or cheese—it was all the same, waste and theft.

But, by the time he had been through the dairy thoroughly, and thought once more about the white sparrow, it was six o'clock. One more day gone!

Somehow, through the three months that followed, try as he would, he never even got a glimpse of the wonderful bird. For, although four o'clock was sure to see him leave the house, something was as sure to need his attention until the hour of opportunity had passed. Surely there never had been so good a farm with so many things wrong on it!—he thought impatiently, whenever he had time to think.

The day before the interest money was due, William drove over to John's farm. Everything was trim and in good condition; the men were working with a will at the harvesting; in the cool, clean dairy the maids were busily packing the new butter—there was the bustle and the orderly confusion of successful work everywhere.

But when John saw his friend, his face fell, although he hurried up to William to give him greeting.

"How is it with thee, John?" said the older man, drawing out a fat purse. "I've been thinking of thy interest money, and I'm here, John, to give thee help. But tell me first, of thy search for the white sparrow?"

And that was why John's face had fallen. He had never had time between four and five in the morning to look for the white sparrow. Something always needed him just when he had tried hardest to be free to hunt it.

William listened gravely, with a merry twinkle in his shrewd eyes.

"But the money, John?"

"Oh, the money. Well, William, I don't think I'll need it. Thank you kindly, just the same. You see, the farm's paying better; the dairy's the best paying dairy in this part of the country, though I say it that shouldn't. Somehow, William, we've stopped the little leaks that had well-nigh ruined me. I've the interest money ready, and a bit laid by to pay on the principal. But, William, I've never had time to hunt right hard for that bird you told me about, though I tried to keep my word to you. I'll start in soon again, though; things are going well and I'll have more time. You see, the men know I'm following them up more than I did, and they work twice as well. But I do want to find that white sparrow—I want the luck."

"John, John!" said the old Friend, beaming on the younger man. "Why, John, man, thee has *found* the white sparrow. Don't thee see, man?"

Then John did see, and he's been seeing ever since. There's no interest due on his farm now—nor principal, either. But every morning, at the early hour the bird flies, he's after men and maids in his search for the white sparrow of luck, or, as he now calls it, the white sparrow of industry.

(Note: This little story was a favorite parable with an old Quaker doctor, who used thus to preach a kindly sermon to discouraged young men who felt luck was against them. And when he passed that way again, his cheery: "Been looking for the white sparrow to-day, boy?" was a call to duty with a note of hope thrilling through it.)—*Selected*.



READING.

As one who on some well-known landscape looks,
Be it alone, or with some dear friend nigh,
Each day beholdeth fresh variety,
New harmonies of hills, and trees, and brooks—
So is it with the worthiest choice of books,
And oftenest read: if thou no meaning spy,
Deem there is meaning wanting in thine eye;
We are so lured from judgment by the crooks
And winding ways of covert fantasy,
Or turned unwittingly down beaten tracks
Of our foregone conclusions, that we see,
In our own want, the writer's misdeemed lacks:
It is with true books as with Nature, each
New day of living doth new insight teach.



—Lowell.

HOW TO GROW OLD IN GOOD HEALTH AND HAPPINESS.

I AM seventy-four and write from experience. No rule of living, no set of rules would suit all cases or cover all conditions. Vast numbers of people, however, in all callings, but especially in the farm world, will, I trust, find the principles and rules here laid down both sound and practicable. To be still young and happy in heart, mind and body, when old in years, I would say to the young:

1. Be regular in your habits. As far as possible, do the same thing at the same hour, in the same way, each day. This means monotony but also longevity. The hours for bed, meals, bath, work, rest, recreation, etc., should be fixed and immovable. I hold this to be a prime secret of long life. They tell us that even a watch suffers by irregular windings. Irregular habits mean shocks geart or small to the system.

2. Eat slowly. The doctors say that we eat *too much*. I say that we eat *too fast*. Chew your food thoroughly, and drink little or not at all while eating. Gulping, washing down great chunks with liquids, means present dyspepsia, future hypochondria, and a black and sunless world. Eat slowly, and I will risk your eating too much. You *can't*; your appetite is gone first. Don't eat under haste, excitement, or in a

whirl of mental or bodily activity. Cool down first and be calm. And don't work mind or body just after eating. Stretch out after dinner for a brief nap. I believe that half the minor ailments, and many of the serious ones, are due to fast eating, under stress and strain. I have seen factory operatives rush back to work, pie in hand, finishing dinner on the street. They were yellow, cadaverous and melancholy. Is this the path to a happy, healthy old age?

3. Breathe pure air. Let in the sunlight and the breeze. Sleep with doors and windows open. Don't fear colds; the people who catch colds are those who box themselves up. You can't get too much oxygen. When out for a walk, clean out your lungs with long breathings, both in and out. Don't leave a bit of foul air in them.

4. Take regular exercise, if your occupation is indoors. Farmers may omit this, they get enough. The saddle, the oar, the bat, are good; walking is better. Shun the bicycle and the street car. We are in danger of losing the use of our legs, these days, I have doubts as to too strenuous athletics; muscle at expense of heart. Moderation in all things should be the motto of him who would live long and see good days.

5. Amusement and recreation. Use these sparingly. They taste sweeter when infrequent. They are necessary. Some poetry should spice the prose of life. Always to have "the nose to the grindstone" begets dullness, rust and mildew; it is bad for mind and body. See all the sights you can, and here all the music, laugh all the laughs. A good laugh may be a very earnest, serious man. Long faces do not tend to make long lives.

6. Keep a tight rein on your habits. Hold in the horses, if you would not go to early smash. If you must smoke,—don't! If you must drink, well,—don't! Beware whom you marry. A nagging wife would curtail Methuselah's age by 900 years. Be pure; impurity rots body and soul. Be calm; excitement wears. Don't fret, don't worry. Worry and fretting will wear out the strongest frame in short order. Don't let the daily little cares and crosses eat into your soul, and, through it, into your flesh and bones. They are "the little foxes that spoil the vines." Do your duty with busy hands but a light heart and cheerful countenance; then if things won't go right, why, just let them go wrong. Above all, curb your temper. Each violent explosion of anger means a nail in your coffin, a slice off your life. The house you live in can't stand this dynamite business. The soul kills or keeps alive. It should be kept as calm and unruffled as a lakelet amid the hills. Storms at sea wear away the shores; passions tear down these houses of clay. The mind has great effect. Ignorance does not tend to long life. A well-stored mind does. Mental activity

does. Genius does. Cultivate your mind. Thought is as a well spring of your life to the gross frame. The clodhopper who just works and eats and sleeps, would live longer with an intellect awake and doing. Man's immaterial part may greatly help to break up his body, or keep it filled with the sweet sap of life.

7. Don't make pleasure or happiness your grand aim. If you do you will shorten your days to no purpose. You will be like the boy who chased the rainbow for gold. Happiness flees the pursuer. If you would catch her, never make straight at her. You grasp her—she is gone! No, just walk the old, old path of Duty, and see how often she will come to you,—dropping in when least expected, and just *because* not expected. She comes and sups with the votary of Duty. Show her that Duty is the grand business of your life; that she is welcome if she comes, not greatly missed if she does not—this is the secret of happiness. As a young man, you will find it so; still more in mid-age, most of all in "the sere and yellow leaf," looking back on a life well spent. And what is duty? Filling to your utmost the niche in God's world that he has set you in. Making him the supreme object of your love, and your neighbor next. This is the true and only way to have a sound mind in a sound body to the very last. A conscience void of offense to God or man,—what a sweetener of existence! What a means to length of days and a happy old age! Self-worship shortens and cripples life.

8. Lastly, whatever your life's calling has been, stay with it to the last. I have seen busy merchants retire from business to enjoy the evening of life; but, shortly, they die. The whirring wheels too suddenly stopped. Many farmers I have known to leave the farm in advanced years, and eagerly betake themselves to town, there to enjoy the unwonted luxury of ease. In a brief space they were dead. Abrupt and total cessation of a life's strenuous labors, tends to cut life short. If you have been a busy man all your life, keep moderately busy to the end, or while you can, if you would prolong your days. Just keep doing enough to hoodwink nature, and save the fatal shock of sudden change from a strained activity to sheer idleness. And you will be happier, too. Happiness is wife to activity, and a foe to idleness in old or young. Don't stop short. Don't leap from high strain to total inactivity. Come down gradually with the declining years; but,—*keep going*.—*Farm Journal*.



\$1,000 EARNED BY EAGLE.

"I'LL give \$1,000 for an egg laid by an eagle while in captivity; I never have heard of an eagle laying an egg under those conditions, and my quest for information on the subject shows that eagles will not do so."

This offer, made by Cy De Vry, keeper of the zoo at Lincoln Park, Chicago, while on a visit to Lord's Park Elgin, Ill., about a year ago, will result in the proffer

of an egg, laid two weeks ago at Lord's Park in the eagles' enclosure.

For despite the custom of eagles in captivity, one of the queenly birds defied custom in this respect and laid an egg in a nest which it had been constructing for a week before. In view of the offer made by the Chicago animal keeper, who frequently comes to visit the Elgin park, the park commissioners are more pleased than if they had the goose that laid the golden eggs.

Park Commissioner Henry P. Rorig is wearing a broad smile because of the unusual happening. While he was at Lord's Park recently he went to the place where workmen were repairing the eagles' enclosure, and James Campbell, one of the workmen, came down from the top, carrying something carefully in his hand.

The egg he had found in the top of the enclosure was larger than a duck's egg and smaller than a goose egg, and Mr. Campbell stated that it had been found in one corner of the cage.

Just then Commissioner Rorig remembered the generous offer made by Cy De Vry when he was in Elgin about a year ago, and the genial commissioner's face lighted up with a smile as he thought of how Elgin's park might be benefited by \$1,000.

In a few days Mr. Rorig is going to Chicago, and he will tell Mr. De Vry about the extraordinary occurrence. "Unless Mr. De Vry backs down on his offer we can get \$1,000 for the egg, and we are interested to find out what Cy will do about it."

It may be necessary to secure affidavits from the eagle that laid the egg, from the workman who found it, and from all who are concerned in the matter, to prove that this is no hoax, but the park commissioners are ready to take these steps if necessary to prove the authenticity of the eagle-egg to Mr. De Vry.

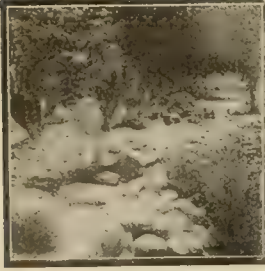
In case the Chicago animal expert feels that he cannot now pay \$1,000 for the eagle-egg, the Elgin commissioners will have it placed under a hen for hatching. A prominent Elgin chicken fancier has promised to put the egg under one of his best sitting hens, and this course will be taken if the egg is not disposed of.—*Elgin Courier*.



THE SMILER.

Be a smiler—up the hill,
Rough or smooth, keep smiling still!
Be a smiler—let the throng
Hear your laughter and your song;
Let the echoes of your cheer
Calm the sobbing, stay the tear,
On the lips and in the eye
Of a brother passing by!
Be a smiler—with the ring
Of the heart of youth and spring
In your "Howdy-do, today!"
To the neighbor on your way.

—Baltimore Sun.



NATURE STUDIES



CLIMATIC CHANGES.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

WE have all read of the changes in climate that have taken place since the creation of the world. Countries now intensely cold have remains of plants and animals of temperate regions, and even of those found only in the torrid zone.

However, a careful investigation shows many changes of a much later date. For a long time it has been known that the Sahara desert in some places is crossed by the beds of streams now dry. These water courses, known as *wadies*, have long been used as routes for caravans. An exploring party recently made a journey across this desert by a route not in the usual path. They found unmistakable evidence that it had been occupied by an agricultural race. Ruins of houses, earthworks, etc., plainly showed that the inhabitants were of a race to be found only in a climate much more humid than that existing there today.

Salt Lake City is built on the floor of the ancient Lake Bonneville, the only remnant of which is the diminishing Great Salt Lake. To fill its immense basin and keep it overflowing at a volume sufficient to counteract the rising of the mountains and erode a pass through them required a rainfall much greater than would be necessary for the agriculturalist in that region today. But the rainfall decreased in volume, and now the former beach and its deltas are up on the mountain side 1,000 feet above the present lake shore.

One effect of the change of climate has been to isolate kindred plants and animals. Some identical species are now found in widely separated regions of the world.

The potato has been called a native of the Andes, but recently it has also been found on Pike's peak.

Plants which are found in arctic regions may also be found by ascending mountains, even in the tropical regions, to an altitude where the climate is similar to that of the northern lands.

What has caused these changes? Some of them are but little understood by geographers of today. No direct cause is traceable. In some cases mountains have been upheaved and thus as the rain-bearing winds pass over them the rain falls on the windward side of the range and passes to the other as a dry wind.

Islands, either coral or volcanic, may have arisen

in the ocean and thus turned a warm current away from the shores toward which it formerly flowed. By this means the air was deprived of some of its heat and the climate became cooler.

Again, a current may have found an entrance through a shore that obstructed it, thus reaching hitherto inaccessible shores, raising or lowering the temperature according to the temperature of the stream.

As the climate changed the plants and animals changed also. When the change was toward a dryer the plants to survive were those of few and small leaves from which little water could be evaporated. Thorns also were developed to ward off any animal that would feed on the plants. Their texture was such that much water remained among the cells to enable the plant to live during the long drouths. The best example of this is the cactus of the plains.

The same change is noticed in the animal kingdom. Either they are of a class fitted to endure a long time on a limited supply of food or else they are venomous, thus enabling them to lead a sluggish life, which calls for only a limited expenditure of energy.



QUEER ACTIONS OF A SNAKE.

A. G. CROSSWHITE.

I HAVE read and heard all kinds of snake stories, some of which seemed so incredulous that I had almost resolved to never go on record as one who had helped to make the list grow longer or make the enmity between the "seed of the woman" and the serpent the stronger.

But the saying is, "Seeing is believing"; and what I here relate I saw with my own eyes and therefore relate it, either as fact, or as an "optical illusion."

It was in the summer of 1884, in Washington County, Tenn. I was assisting Mr. Ferguson, brother-in-law to our family physician, in oats harvest when this strange incident took place. It was excessively hot and rendered all the more excessive from the fact that heavy timber almost surrounded the field.

I was suddenly and unaccountably aware of the presence of a deadly foe of some kind. Whether I smelled its snakeship or had a premonition, I could not tell; at any rate there she was, a regular spread head, not so long nor so big around as many we read about but an ugly, venomous specimen of the blowing

viper family. It is said that "distance lends enchantment," and believing this to be proverbially true I was perfectly satisfied to watch her wriggle off to another bunch of oats and hide herself in triumph. Which was scared most I shall never know.

"Say, Bruce," said I, "there is a big snake under that pile of oats." "Just wait," said he, "till we get some clubs and we'll settle it." Being thus armed we cautiously overturned the pile and there she lay with her head as flat as a shingle and darting out her forked tongue in good old-fashioned snake style, first toward me and then toward him.

Before we could strike the fatal blow she raised her head pretty high, distended her jaws and made a hissing sound unlike anything which we had ever heard. We expected a charge from her snakeship with every breath, but what was our surprise to see quite a number of little duplicate serpents making toward her with lightning-like rapidity and every one of them disappeared down that cavernous throat. We looked at each other for a moment and the only expression made was, "Well, did you ever?"



MARVELOUS BIRD TRAVELERS.

PRICILLA B. LEONARD has thus called attention in *The Youth's Companion* to the speed and length of the flights of some birds in their annual migrations:

A man who travels ten thousand miles in a year is counted a "globe-trotter" of unusual energy. But our common night-hawk, which every American boy and girl knows, thinks nothing of having a summer home up in Alaska and a winter resort in Argentina, and traveling the seven thousand miles between twice a year.

And some of our shore birds, a government naturalist, Mr. Wells W. Cooke, tells us, are still more inveterate voyagers, making extra flights, and covering sixteen thousand miles or so a year, apparently for the pure pleasure of travel.

The robin is an old-fashioned, leisurely tourist in comparison with some other species. It never goes more than seventy miles a day. The average rate for all migrating birds, from New Orleans to Minnesota, is about twenty-three miles a day. But after leaving Minnesota several species of feathered migrants make first forty, then seventy-two, and finally one hundred and fifty miles a day before they reach Alaska.

The bird traveler that gives the naturalist the hardest transportation problem to solve is the red-eyed vireo. It winters in Central America, and appears each spring at the mouth of the Mississippi, traveling twenty miles a day. At this leisurely rate it proceeds for six weeks, all the way up to the latitude of northern Nebraska. Then, suddenly, in the space of twenty-four hours, and before a single red-eyed vireo has been seen anywhere in the region between, numbers

of the birds appear in British Columbia, a thousand miles to the northwest.

This puzzling performance is repeated every year. Unless the red-eyed vireo flies a thousand miles in a single night, how does it manage this bewildering schedule? Nobody knows; but, then, nobody knows, either, where the chimney swift goes for five months out of every year.

Great flocks of chimney swifts, with numberless fledgelings among them, leave the United States every autumn. Their movements can be easily followed till their various migrating bands join into a countless host on the northern coast of the Gulf of Mexico. One day they are there; the next day they are—nowhere.

Five months later, in March, a joyful twittering far up in the air heralds their reappearance on the same spot, plump and brisk after their winter sojourn. But where the winter has been spent only the swifts know. It used to be a tradition (made out of "whole cloth") that they hibernated in the mud. But that merely showed the hopeless attitude of men's minds toward the problem, for no swift was ever found in the mud in any known spot. What mud? Where? were therefore the natural questions, never answered, and leaving the mystery deeper—and muddier—than ever.—*Selected.*



LONG LIVERS.

THE tortoise is a very long-lived animal. Proverbially slow in its movements when it is alive, it would seem that it is almost equally slow to die.

The *Illustrated London News* told recently of an elephant tortoise at the London Zoo which died during his winter torpor. On his shell was painted a legend giving his age as three hundred and fifty years, but that was believed to have been an under-statement. The *London Illustrated* has under the picture it gives of the long-lived creature the words: "Died at the age of 400."

The shell of a large but slightly shorter-lived tortoise was for some time carefully kept under glass in the Episcopal Palace of Peterborough, England. Beside the shell lies the description, which says in part:

"It is well ascertained that this tortoise must have lived two hundred and twenty years. Bishop Parsons had remembered it for more than sixty years, and had not recognized in it any visible change. It ate all kinds of fruit and often a pint of gooseberries at a time, but it made the greatest havoc among strawberries.

"It knew the gardeners well, and would always keep near them when they were gathering fruit. It could bear almost any weight; sometimes as much as eighteen stone was laid upon its back. About October it used to bury itself, in a particular spot of the garden, at the depth of one or two feet, according to the severity of the approaching season, where it would remain without food until the next April.—*King's Own.*

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ALL people are dreamers—the real workers as well as the idlers. The difference is the former have “visualized their visions,” while the latter have spent their waking hours, the time for constructive work, in chasing phantoms.

KEEPING posted on current events requires considerable effort these days. The daily arrival of our bird friends who have sojourned in the South during the winter is a matter of interest that should not be passed by, while the countless revelations in the plant world make not only interesting news items but furnish material for inexhaustible study and research.

IN the production of May flowers only a part of the work is accomplished by the falling of the April showers. The moisture must be taken up and appropriated along with the necessary proportion of sunshine before the exquisite blossom is possible. And the highest perfection in character is possible only by a similar combination of sunshine and shadow in the heart of the individual.

IT is a part of the duty of the temperance forces, where they are waging a successful war against the liquor business and forcing hundreds of saloons to close their doors, to look after the saloon employes and see that they have a chance to engage in some honest business. Efforts of this kind will go far toward convincing the people of our sincerity when we say we are fighting the liquor business and not the people engaged in it.

IN increasing numbers enlightened, thinking people are questioning the wisdom of the advice, “In time of peace prepare for war.” They believe that times of peace are the most favorable for progress in the arts that are concerned with real living as interpreted in

the light of Christian civilization, and that all effort should be directed toward the perpetuation of these conditions. In time of peace prepare for continued peace by the advancement of the arts of peace, by the education of the people to the highest conception of life.

IN one of our southern cities under the jurisdiction of a State-wide prohibition law, the law is enforced only against the colored population, public opinion as shown in present practice, holding that the white man who drinks is able to take care of himself. This partiality may not be so favorable to the white population as it appears at first thought. A long period of unhindered indulgence for the superior race with an equal period of strict prohibition for the inferior would wield a mighty influence toward changing the relative position of the two. We are never so surely deceived in our intentions as when we allow our friends or our children as a special favor the privilege to indulge in a wrong.

THE following touching lines were written by Edgar L. Robbins on the death of George T. Angell, editor of *Our Dumb Animals*, March 16:

No flags, half-masted, droop to mark his roaming;
No beat of drums—no martial bugles blow;
No thundering guns shall speed the brave soul's homing;
No sob of music—tremulous and low.

But what a song would hush him through the gloaming
If brutes could know.

And there will be no shrouded banners streaming,
When he goes by no troops shall line the way.
No clank of arms at rest—no sword blades gleaming
May do him honor on his funeral day.

But what a prayer would stir him in his dreaming
If brutes could pray.

BEGINNING with this issue under the title, “A Little History,” Paul Mohler is giving us a number of glimpses into Jewish history. The writer has found his studies in this subject of much interest, which fact is attested to by the charming manner in which he presents the subjects treated in these articles. A number of points are brought out that are entirely new to the average reader, and altogether we feel gratified that we are able to give these articles to our readers.

WE wish to call the attention of our readers to our “Want and Exchange” column. Some have found this a very satisfactory means of transacting certain business and we therefore recommend it to those who may have “trading stock” in their possession, may wish to secure a position, or may wish to secure workers. The Nook family is interested in material as well as mental and moral improvement and we are glad to help them in this line.

"IN YOUR MIND."

IN our endeavors to learn the real secret of contentment and happiness we have been surprised to find what the wise have told us all along, that one's station or condition in life wields little or no influence in the matter. Not our environments but our attitude toward them makes for tranquillity or stress. While we are surprised to find such an easy solution to this seemingly hard problem, a little thought will convince us that it is a fair one and, yes, a reasonable one, too. The discontented one will hardly agree with this last but of course we do not expect him to do so. It isn't his nature—the nature he is determined to appear in—to agree with anything or anybody. That is why there are always clouds in his sky and his life is a monotonous grind.

While we have little patience with the extreme views of the Christian Science believer with his pernicious doctrine of the complete domination of the mind, nevertheless a bit of his doctrine or of the doctrine which he has appropriated would work wonders in some people's lives. In the following lines, entitled "The Wiser Choice," Sarah K. Bolton pictures the lives of two men, showing how the mind of the one lifted him into the realm of the beautiful while the mind of the other held him bound down to the petty and unlovely things of life:

Two men toiled side by side from sun to sun,
And both were poor;
Both sat with children, when the day was done,
About their door.

One saw the beautiful in crimson cloud
And shining moon;
The other with his head in sadness bowed,
Wrapt him in gloom.

One loved each tree and flower and singing bird
On mount or plain;
No music in the soul of one was stirred
By leaf or rain.

One saw the good in every fellow man,
And hoped the best;
The other marveled at the Master's plan
And doubt confest.

One having heaven above, and heaven below,
Was satisfied;
The other, discontent, lived on in woe
And hopeless died.

This picture may seem overdrawn at first, but if we will think of it a little and of the lives of the people around us we will doubtless find within the circle of our own acquaintance many true representations of it. We must acknowledge that sometimes things come into our lives that are hard to bear, that are far from being what we would have them be, but the assurance that *they* are not the arbiters of our happiness will deprive them of half their baneful influence, while our determination to see only the good in them may render them harmless, yes, even a source of happiness.

The one who wishes to ridicule our claims to certain remarkable achievements, says, "In your mind." Clearly to him this cuts us off from any real claim to the particular achievement in question, but he has left us a means which for many purposes when rightly used will furnish us greater satisfaction than much material wealth.

"My mind to me a kingdom is,"

and from its storehouse may be fashioned the things that make for real contentment and peace.

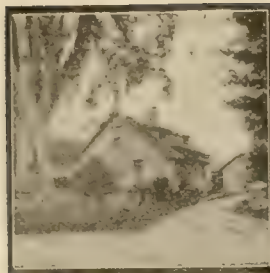
**THE BUSINESS OF A COLLEGE PRESIDENT.**

FREQUENT reference is made in the daily press to the item that "President So-and So, of Blank College, has recently been very successful in securing a large endowment for his institution." College presidents are known nowadays and are a success, apparently, according to the amount of money they secure for their colleges. The time is gone by when the college president is regarded as a teacher or a moulder of character and opinions. Three college presidents in three of our best western institutions have recently resigned, worn out and nearly broken down by the constant strain of securing funds, and the more funds secured, the more expense seems to be brought upon the college, necessitating still larger endowment and greater expense. To be a successful college president in these days seems to mean more than anything else to be able to influence men of wealth to give large sums and then continue the process with an increasing ratio every year. One of our western college presidents, a man of fine temper and a born teacher, has said that during the last ten years he has not spent one hour in teaching the subjects for which he spent twenty-five years in preparation, but has instead exhausted his energy of mind and body as a "financial agent." This seems like a waste of material, and there is no remedy in sight so far as present conditions point. The question may well be raised whether, as the colleges grow in buildings and equipment, the product which is turned out of them is as fine material in matter of development and character as that which used to come from the smaller colleges. There are serious handicaps attending anything which is too large, and there is a real question whether the use of college presidents as financial agents is a wise use of human material which was born for something higher.—*Home Herald*.



The year's at the spring,
The day's at the morn,
The morn's at seven,
The hillside's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing,
The snail's on the thorn,
God's in his heaven,
All's right with the world.

—Browning.



THE HOME WORLD



HOW TO EDUCATE CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF THREE AND TWELVE AT HOME

J. H. HARNLY

In Four Parts. Part Three.

THE child should have its first introduction to home kindergarten diversions at about the age of three, so that traits of character that are then forming, and impressions received, may be directed into right channels, conducive to the future symmetrical development of the child. If convenient, let a room be especially set apart for training and educational purposes, furnished with all the facilities of the modern kindergarten. Care should be taken to keep the tasks from becoming monotonous. The playful moods of the child must be utilized, and methods so adapted that children will not be conscious of their being rigidly disciplined. A child is naturally vivacious, and the only tact required is that which gives proper direction to its activities.

Language lessons should begin as soon as the child lisps the simplest household words, and the vocabulary gradually developed. The correct use of name-words can be taught by illustrating with the objects for which the words stand; action words by "suiting the action to the word, the word to the action." Modern schools of expression cannot hope to improve upon Shakespeare's didactics as set forth in Hamlet's speech to the players. Put into this form intellectual training becomes at once fascinating to both pupil and teacher. After a child has been taught to speak correct English, and has acquired facility in writing the same, the study of a foreign language may be introduced in precisely the same way. This is preëminently the initial method to be pursued if great proficiency and accuracy would be attained. The writer himself was taught at his mother's knee to read German quite fluently before the age of twelve, while he spent years in hard study, getting a superficial knowledge of Latin and Greek.

If you wish your boy to become a great linguist, lay the foundation for at least one foreign language

before he enters his teens, remembering to follow nature's methods. Your child did not learn its mother's tongue from textbooks. Textbooks have an important use, but do not abuse it by placing too much dependence upon them, especially when dealing with children.

The synthetic method, as developed by Miss Pollard, has perhaps the highest approval, by progressive educators, for the study of orthography and subjects to which it is closely allied. This manner of unfolding technicalities of spelling and composition fascinates the children, being made-uniquely attractive, and herein lies its great educational value.

It is a great blessing that a dry and uninteresting task may be made pleasant and alluring to the child mind. In initial number work the "Speer" method of employing block illustrations serves a similar purpose. The intricacies of notation need to be thoroughly explained, illustrated and exemplified before proceeding to their application in problems.

Children at a very early age manifest the development of mechanical traits, and this must at once be taken advantage of, encouraged and directed. Furnish the child needful articles with which to display its ingenuity—slate and pencil for drawing objects, clay for modeling purposes, and provide facilities for designing, lending assistance in making beautiful effects. Indeed, take advantage of all the methods employed in our most efficient kindergartens for the development of the child faculties, that none be neglected or hopelessly dwarfed. Guard against the temptation of cramming to hasten development, thus nauseating the child's mind by overdoses of erudition, only to end in mediocrity.

Little drills in marching and simple exercises in physical culture may be introduced at a very early age with wholesome effect, not only physical but also

mental, for whatever trains the body disciplines the mind. The child's emotions may be awakened through the musical faculty, teaching it easy songs full of pure moral and religious sentiment. Special attention should be given to the training of the eye, the ear and the hand, but, however important development along these lines may be, they are only incidental to the higher culture of the heart—the seat of the affections—"for out of the heart are the issues of life." The general deportment of children needs to be carefully noted. They must be taught to respect the rights of others.

At this point the question of the child's playmates asserts itself. The best results are invariably accomplished where the associates of the child can be chosen from its own household, and herein lies the advantage that the children of large families have over those who have but few or no brothers and sisters. There can be but little democracy in family government where there is a dearth of numbers. There can be no respect for the rights of other children where there are none, the rights of which the child may be taught to respect. Where there is but one child there is danger of weakening its character by too much devotion, and in later years by over-indulgence, while its more fortunate cousin, with a half dozen brothers and sisters to share parental affection and attention, soon ceases to become dependent upon father and mother for every little attention required and learns to rely upon itself.

Children should be so disciplined that it becomes habitual for them to be courteous and mannerly. This habit is easily acquired through example. We must not expect children to develop refined characters when they repeatedly see those having authority over them lose their tempers upon the slightest provocation, and hear parents speak disrespectfully of any one with whom the family is on friendly terms.

Children should be much in the open air. If your home is in the city, frequent the parks and make occasional excursions into the rural districts to give opportunity for the study of nature, and to instil first impressions of the supernatural. Teach them to be grateful for everything that affords them pleasure or comfort, and for all favors received, setting the example of being thankful yourself for the blessings you enjoy. Early teach the child to become interested in devotional exercises by having it learn suitable scriptural texts. Gems of literature committed to memory will also have a salutary effect upon its character.

In all that further pertains to the right training of little children, Froebel's textbook for mothers is a comprehensive and valuable guide, the author of which best expresses the object of the kindergarten: "It shall give them employment suited to their nature,

strengthen their bodies, exercise their senses, employ the waking mind, make them acquainted judiciously with nature and society, cultivate especially the heart and temper, and lead them to the foundation of all living—to unity with themselves."

After these ends have been attained, and the methods peculiar to the kindergarten and primary grades have been exhausted—the rudiments of knowledge inculcated preparatory for education along specific lines, leading up to successful entrance into the grammar school,—a series of charts as perfected by Professor Woods may be used as a valuable auxiliary to the textbook process.

Learning by doing, illustrating and exemplifying is preëminently the method to be pursued. In mathematics the principles involved in each succeeding task must be thoroughly mastered, and the memorizing of rules avoided. The child must be taught to formulate its own rules from a knowledge of the basic principles. Accuracy is of first importance, but rapid calculation is immensely practical, and drills, conducive to the acquirement of speed in computation, should be continually resorted to.

Country boys, as a rule, are partial to mathematics, soon becoming adepts at figures, and this, supplemented by a genius for hard work, which farm life induces, no doubt accounts for the many successful boys in every branch of mercantile life. Let city residents take cognizance of this fact so that their children may become successful competitors for the best positions.



THE CHILD AT PRAYER.

A baby to a Baby prays.

O infant Jesus, meek and mild,
From 'mid the glory and the rays
Look on a little child.

As one child to another may
He talks without a thought of fear,
Commending to a Child today
All that a child holds dear—

His father, mother, brother, nurse,
His cat, his dog, his bird, his toys;
Things that make up the universe
Of darling girls and boys.

All sheep and horses, lambs and cows,
He counts them o'er, a motley crew,
And children in the neighbor's house,
And all the people, too.

His friends, why all the world's his friend,
This four-years darling, golden-curled.
'Tis long before it has an end,
The bed-roll of his world.

The child lifts up his little hands,
Unto a Child; and it may be
The host of heaven at gazing stands,
That tender sight to see.

—Author Unknown.

YOUNG LADIES AND DRESS.

A LADY who had taught for over thirty years, once gave the writer some interesting information. "When a new scholar was introduced," she said, "I always looked first at her dress. If that was plain, neat and tidy I was pretty confident that I had good material to work with. For the first two or three years of my teaching I was in the habit of scrutinizing the features, and the formation of the heads, but these came at last to be quite secondary considerations. Our school was so expensive that none but daughters of the wealthy could possibly enter it; so when a young lady came to the classroom in a plain dress, I was sure that it was on account of her idea of the fitness of things. This argued common sense. Common sense is always in direct antagonism to vanity, and where there is no vanity there is seldom self-consciousness. So, you see, a plain dress came to mean a great deal to me. I learned never to expect anything from a girl whose school dress was silk or velvet. I shall always retain the impression made upon me by a quiet little body in a blue flannel dress and plain trimmings. She came from one of the first families in wealth and culture, and was the most unobtrusive child I ever knew, as well as the most brilliant. When she told me graduation day that she had decided to study for a physician, I was not in the least surprised. I was sure she would succeed, as she certainly has in the most marvelous manner. She carried off every honor, and though the girls in 'purple and fine linen' sneered at her plain attire, and lack of style, there was not one who could ever compete with her."

Certainly, on the whole, the deductions of this teacher are correct. It takes time to array one's self in elaborate garments, and the girl whose mind is occupied with loops and trimmings and general furbelows can not, for a philosophical reason, have room for much else.

Then there is a reason deeper than this, even. The girl whose tastes are in the line of dress and display has not an intellectual development. She may be imitative and intuitive to a degree, but she will always or generally be superficial in her learning and shallow in character.—*The Congregationalist*.

THAT "BAD" BOY.

—DON'T tell him he is bad. He may believe you. Then there is no hope for him, and but little for you. Dr. Marden tells this story:

"I have brought my boy to see if you can do anything with him," said a parent, when the teacher answered his rap at the schoolhouse door. "Of all stubborn boys I know, he is the worst." The boy was seated and lessons were assigned him. Not long afterwards, as the teacher was going to his desk, he put out his hand and laid it kindly on the boy's shoulder, whereupon the little fellow shuddered and shrank away

from the touch. "What is the matter?" asked the teacher. "I thought you were going to strike me," replied the pupil. "Why should I strike you?" "Because I am so bad," said the boy.

"Who says you are bad?" "Father, mother, and everybody else says so." "You can be just as good as any boy if you try," said the teacher, kindly. "Can I be a good boy?" asked the little fellow in surprise; "then I will be a good boy." From that time his life changed. He made rapid progress in his studies, was almost faultless in deportment, and was soon a favorite with all. He became governor of one of our largest States.

"The teacher," says Marden, "had simply given the boy a new life and higher ideals, and had inspired him with the confidence and aspiration necessary to attain it; but how it transformed a whole life!"—*Selected*.



THE SISTER'S PART.

AN elderly lady and two young girls walking together in the street one day, met a boy known to one of the girls. Stopping to speak to him for a moment, she introduced him to her friends. When they had bidden him good afternoon and passed on, the lady remarked:

"I think that boy must have a very nice mother and sister."

"He has. Mrs. Lee and Nellie are both lovely. But how did you know?" replied the girl, in a surprised tone. The lady smiled.

"I do not know, but I guessed it from his manner. A boy who is snubbed at home does not act like that when he is out. Only home kindness and courtesy and the training that love gives can make a boy such a frank, easy well-bred gentleman," said she.

The girls looked at each other for a moment and then one voiced the thought of both.

"I am going to be careful how I treat Ned after this. If people are going to judge me by him I'll have to be on my guard. And I know you are right about it. There is Will —. When you speak to him he always shuffles his feet and puts his hands in his pockets and hangs his head and stammers. His sister is always chasing him out of her way and scolding him, and his mother acts as if she were ashamed of him, and sends him off out of sight when there are callers. I earnestly believe he would be as nice as Rob, too, if he had the same chance."

"Quite likely," said the other girl. "I know he is good-natured and bright when he forgets to be awkward and embarrassed. I think I shall have to be out, too, and make sure that my little brother is a living demonstration of my amiable disposition," and though she laughed as she spoke, under the laugh was a tone of real earnestness.—*Selected*.

GOVERNMENT WHITEWASH.

NICE, unslacked lime, one-half bushel; slack with boiling water poured over the lime, and keep covered during the process to keep in the steam. When slacked, strain the liquid lime through a fine sieve or suitable strainer, and add to the strained portion one peck of salt previously well dissolved in water. Boil three pounds of rice to a thin paste, and stir, boiling hot, into the lime solution; add half a pound of Spanish whiting; have one pound of clean, nice glue previously dissolved by soaking well and hanging it over a slow fire in a small kettle immersed in a large one filled with water which should be kept boiling until the glue is thoroughly melted, then stir the hot glue into the lime solution, with five gallons of boiling water, stirring it well and let stand, covered to keep out dirt, for a few days. This whitewash must be applied to any surface hot, and it can be used as oil paint on brick or stone, as well as on wood. Coloring matter, dissolved in whiskey or alcohol, may be used to make it any desired shade that can be used with lime—green can not, as the lime destroys its color, while in turn, the color ruins the whitewash, causing it to crack and peel. It can be used indoors or out, and is claimed to be very durable. For larger quantities, the above proportions must be used throughout. This is the recipe given for the brilliant stucco whitewash used on the east end of the White House in Washington.—*Selected.*

**FOR THE HOUSEKEEPER.**

WHEN putting up nails in the storeroom or attic, drive them through a spool so things will not rust when hung on them.

EVERY farmer's wife ought to have a book in which to keep her ought-to-buy-ography. That is, the things she ought to purchase.

RHUBARB is usually stewed, but is even better baked. Put it and sugar in alternate layers in a baking dish; cover and bake for twenty minutes.

CUT several slices of bread of medium thickness and spread them with butter; place them in a pan, cut them in small squares, and put in a hot oven until browned. You will find them excellent to serve with soup and a fine substitute for oyster-crackers.

WHEN asparagus is laid down in the water the tips cook to a pulp before the lower ends of the stalks are tender. Cut the bunches level across the bottom and stand them up in a pot of boiling, slightly-salted water, which reaches not more than half-way up the stalks, and cover closely. Have some buttered toast in a hot dish; lift the asparagus out to drain on this, and serve with a little melted butter, or white sauce poured over the tips.

The Children's Corner

KATIE'S SATURDAY.

"DEAR me!" sighed Katie, when she got up that Saturday morning.

"What can be the matter?" said mama, laughing at the doleful face.

"Oh, there's thousands and millions of things the matter!" said Katie, crossly. She was a little girl who did not like to be laughed at.

"Now, Katie," said mama, this time seriously, "as soon as you are dressed I have something I want you to do for me down in the library."

"Before breakfast?" said Katie.

"No, you can have your breakfast first," mama answered, laughing again at the cloudy little face.

Katie was very curious to know what this was, and as, perhaps, you are, too, we will skip the breakfast and go right into the library.

Mama was sitting at the desk, with a big piece of paper and a pencil.

"Now, Katie," she said, taking her little daughter on her lap, "I want you to write down a few of those things that trouble you. One thousand will do!"

"O mama, you're laughing at me now," said Katie; "but I can think of at least ten right this minute."

"Very well," said mama; "put down ten."

So Katie wrote:

"1. It's gone and rained, so we can't play croquet.

"2. Minnie is going away, so I'll have to sit with that horrid little Jean Bascom on Monday.

"3. —"

Here Katie bit her pencil, and then couldn't help laughing. "That's all I can think of just this minute," she said.

"Well," said her mother, "I'll just keep this paper a day or two."

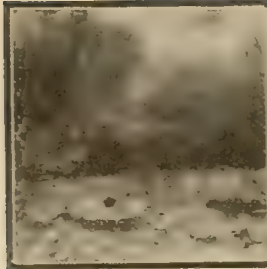
That afternoon the rain had cleared away, and Katie and her mama, as they sat at the window, saw Uncle Jack come to take Katie to drive; and oh, what a jolly afternoon they had of it!

Monday, when Katie came home from school, she said, "O mama, I didn't like Jean at all first, but she's a lovely seatmate. I'm so glad, aren't you?"

"Oh!" was all mama said; but somehow it made Katie think of her Saturday troubles and the paper.

"I guess I'll tear up that paper now, mama, dear," she said, laughing rather shyly.

"And next time," said mama, "why not let the troubles come before you cry about them? There are so many of them that turn out very pleasant, if you'll only wait to see."—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR



SONNET.

"Reviving the work of God among us."—2 Chron. 15: 8-15.

Up, Christian soldiers, all! Let us revive

God's work among ourselves. Arise with zeal,

New strength, and faith within yourselves. Appeal

Unto your God, and he will all these give.

There are things we must do ere this will thrive.

We must be consecrated (v. 12), bear God's seal.

The consecration we have must be real (vs. 12, 15).

To have no fear of man (v. 14), we e'er must strive,

Get rid of sin (v. 8) and keep from it aloof.

(They have no weal who are the dupes of sin.)

Self we must sacrifice (v. 11) to gain behoof.

We must be cleansed and wholly pure within (v. 8).

It must all be heart work to miss reproof (vs. 12, 15).

If we achieve all these, our end we'll win.



PILLARS OF SMOKE.

ROSA MILLER.

"Who is this that cometh out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all powders of the merchant?"—Song of Solomon 3: 6.

Across the sky float clouds of smoke, which God with his hand causes to rise like pillars to the dome of heaven, making one vast church for his children.

For can we not worship God in the field, forest, cave or plain, as well as in a house made by man?

And this worshiping of God, this following after Christ, has caused the suffering and death of millions of righteous souls who have perished by the cross, the bludgeon, the wild beast, and by the flame; the last being the most common mode of persecution.

In the midst of the flames the followers of Christ uttered no word of complaint toward God, showing that the fire only served to make their souls more pure, "as silver tried in a furnace of earth, purified seven times."

Some of the sufferings the true Christians endured are of too awful a nature to be mentioned.

The first Christian martyr we have record of is Stephen, a true, loving and trusting follower, upon whom the rage of men was spent, till he was bruised and finally killed with the stones, while he was praying to the Father for himself and his persecutors. They had followed him from place to place but at heaven's gate they had to turn back, unable to follow the martyr there.

During the ministry of Saul, Herod Agrippa I, without any apparent cause, drew the sword of per-

secution. James the brother of John was put to death, and Peter into prison.

One of the legends of the Catholic church tells how John was, when a very old man, cast into a caldron of boiling oil from which he miraculously escaped free from injury. It was then that he was banished to Patmos.

During the ministry of Saul, Herod Agrippa I instigated an uprising against the Christians, during which time Peter was crucified head downwards. At this time thousands of other innocent Christians were killed by the Romans.

Under Emperor Diocletian, 144,000 Christians were massacred, and 700,000 more died from banishment and exposure.

The Duke of Alva caused the death of 18,000 Christians.

In the early stage of the church, and particularly during Nero's reign, the Christians were thrown into the amphitheatre, to be devoured by wild beasts.

Four hundred and four years ago, the Huguenots or French Protestants suffered shamefully at the hands of the Catholics; yet after the Reformation the Protestants inflicted even more severe persecutions upon the Catholics.

What the final result will be, of all this persecution, we find in Rev. 7: 14-17:

"These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.

"Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple: and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them.

"They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat.

"For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of water: and God shall wipe all tears from their eyes."

Roanoke, La.



CONFESSION NOT REPENTANCE.

THERE may be an admission that God has smitten without true repentance. The Bible gives us many examples of men who have come to believe in God, and have come to know their own sin, and who have actually confessed their sins, and manifested a kind of sorrow for them; and yet failing to act upon their

knowledge in seeking pardon and entering a life of righteousness, it has all gone for naught.

The Philistines confessed that the hand of God was sore upon them, and upon their god, but it led to no change in their disposition towards him. Pharaoh acknowledged that, "The Lord was righteous, and that he and his people were wicked," but his admission had no effect upon his conduct. Saul admitted that God had forsaken him, and was visiting him for his sin, but he turned not to him who had smitten him, but in direct opposition to Divine command, sought counsel of a witch.

I have known men and women who were deceived by the devil into the belief that it could not be possible that they could be lost because their consciences were so tender, and they were so often sorry on account of their sins. I have had a man say to me, "I never do wrong but that I am at once sorry for it." But there is no virtue at all in that. That is only an indication of God's goodness toward man, and not of man's at all. Pharaoh had that experience, it was Balaam's chronic condition; Judas felt that way, but it did not save them from becoming so deeply the slaves of sin that they rejected God until the last, and died in despair.

Many men of every age are compelled to acknowledge that God is visiting them, yet they will not turn to him in repentance. They may cry to God in their despair, but give evidence that it is not sin that troubles them, but punishment for sin. Like the Philistines they would be rid of their sufferings, but they are not willing to give up their Dagon, and to give glory and render obedience to the Lord of hosts.—*Christian Monitor*.



"THEY FEARED AS THEY ENTERED INTO THE CLOUD."

MANY of the greatest and most uplifting experiences of life approach in the guise of fearsome clouds. Whether any cloud shall be changed into "the Majestic Glory" depends upon whether it shuts in or shuts out Christ. If he be within it, the vision splendid must soon burst forth to show the Master more radiant, more divine than before.

To those drawing consciously near the close of their days this mount of the transfiguration has its lessons of exceeding grace. It is not a pleasant thing to anybody to grow old. To most men, despite all they say and the jests they make, age comes as unexpected and unheralded as a cloud drifting across Hermon's heights. From some source, invisible, there comes a sudden shadow and a dreadful chill. Something has shut out the sun, slowed the beatings of the heart. * * * Happy, thrice happy, that disciple who sees the curtain shut down behind him and life only to see the veil throw back which reveals to him the Savior glorious in the light of immortality.—*The Interior*.

HE UNDERSTANDS.

We do not know why Marah's waters flow
Beneath the place where Elim's palms trees grow,
To cool the desert sands,
Nor why when Canaan looks so sweet and fair,
Strong deadly foes are waiting everywhere,
But then God understands.

We cannot see why Jacob, all night long,
Must hold his feeble arm against the Strong
To get his high demands,
Nor why e'en now some souls in anguish plead
When God is waiting to supply each need,
But then he understands.

We can but wonder why some lives are bound
With chains of steel, nor hear a sweeter sound
Than toil's severe commands,
While Time makes melody for other ears,
As perfect as the music of the spheres,
But then he understands.

There must be purpose in our pain and strife,
And when rue mingles with the wine of life,
If we are in his hands,
So when we cannot conquer with the strong,
We need not with the vanquished suffer wrong,
Because he understands.

Sometimes I look upon the glowing west,
And think I see some shining mountain crest
In distant Eden lands,
And grateful for the way my feet have trod,
I care not which the path if close to God,
Because he understands.

—Myra Goodwin Plantz.



GOD MEETS US IN CHRIST.

Emmanuel, which, being interpreted is, God with us
(Matt. 1: 23).

WE have been hearing a great deal about the immanence of God, and many are captivated by the delightful thought of having God in such close contact with our finite life. But the immanence of God apart from Jesus Christ is pantheism or theosophy. In his natural state man is not in fellowship with his Maker. "Without God and without hope in the world," is the normal state of our fallen human nature. It is a cruel comfort to talk to any unconverted man about the Fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man and the immanence of the Divine Spirit in every human conscience.

Jesus Christ has brought us nigh to God, and only in believing union with him and through the heavenly birth which he brings to every regenerate heart can the lost chord be found and the broken law of gravitation to our true centre be restored. It is through Jesus Christ and him alone that God is with us, for us, in us.—*Christian and Missionary Alliance*.



WHEN you talk of the failures of some of the saints, remember that God has not finished with them. We are only saints in the making, and God is having a good deal of trouble with some of us.—*Rev. J. Taylor Binns*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Secretary Seward did not make a very bad bargain when he purchased Alaska from Russia for \$7,200,000. Last year the Territory produced \$18,000,000 worth of gold and silver alone.

There are 80,000,000 Chinese who are slaves to the opium habit, and about 500,000 Chinese commit suicide each year because of the widespread use of the drug, many of them being helpless women whose husbands are users.

By order of the Oklahoma State board of health, physicians who have tuberculosis will be barred from practicing medicine in Oklahoma. Physicians from the East afflicted with consumption have been coming to Oklahoma to practice, hoping to benefit their health.

The condensed milk business in this country seems to be a paying one. In the course of the past 10 years there have been exported some \$16,000,000 worth of milk in cans. Oriental and tropical countries are the ones to which the milk is sent in largest quantities.

Dr. William Gill, an explorer, has returned after making a journey along the entire length of the great wall of China, a distance of 2,500 miles. In Northern China his party discovered a race of pigmies which had never seen a white man. In fact, at several places they were the first white men the natives had ever seen.

The war department of the United States has ordered stopped the sale of obsolete army rifles at the request of the Chicago police department. The Chicago officials took the position that the returns to the Government from the sale of the obsolete weapons did not amount to enough to offset the danger which the sale of the rifles might be to the peace and the police of the large cities.

The Japanese House of Peers has approved the budget voted by the House of Representatives. The budget has followed the newly adopted policy of retrenchment in all departments and effects a saving of about \$178,500,000 in the Empire's expenses. A good deal of the saving is in the army and navy budgets. Baron Katsura's ministry came into power on this issue, and he is faithfully applying the policy of retrenchment advocated by him in advance of the election.

Moslem fanaticism has broken out afresh in Adana and other towns in Asiatic Turkey and reports say that hundreds of Christians have been killed, among them two American missionaries. The killing of the Christians is accompanied by the pillaging and burning of houses, as in former massacres in this section. The Sultan is greatly disturbed over the reports as he fears the slaughter of Christians will cause the powers to interfere. He has ordered all available troops to rush to the scene and put down the riot at any cost.

A step in the big copper war between the Morgan-Guggenheim interests and the Standard Oil group became known when the financial world learned that the former had completed the deal whereby they get control of the vast copper acreage in Alaska owned by the Bonanza mines. The purchasers are the Alaska syndicate, composed of Morgan and the Guggenheims, and the property was that owned by the Havemeyer estate and Norman Shultz. The price is kept secret, but it is stated \$20,000,000 in ore is in sight. The Bonanza mines are officially known as the Kennicott group, 180 miles to the northeast of Valdez, Alaska.

The Liberian Commission, appointed by the State Department to go to the West African republic to study conditions there with a view to improving the management of the affairs of the republic, left New York for Liberia April 24. The commission will be absent from the United States about two months. The scout cruisers Chester, Birmingham and Salem are being utilized for transporting the party, which will include Dr. George Sale of Georgia, Emmett J. Scott of Alabama and Captain Sydney A. Cloman, military attache at London.

That the owner of an automobile may be held responsible for the act of his chauffeur in running down and injuring a pedestrian was established recently in the Supreme Court in New York City before Justice Fitzgerald and a jury in the case of James H. Sullivan, an iron worker, to whom a verdict for \$1,000 damages was awarded for injuries sustained when run down by the automobile of Charles Austin Bates. The owner was not in the car at the time. There are many other damage suits of a similar nature on the calendar, and the verdict in this case was looked upon as a victory for pedestrians in general.

Upon order of Secretary of the Interior Ballinger 364,000 acres of semi-arid lands, which had been withdrawn absolutely from all forms of entry, have been thrown open to settlement. The land is in three parcels, two of which were withdrawn pending preliminary surveys in connection with the Yellowstone reclamation project and the North Platte project. Of the first of these there are 200,000 acres in the Lander and Buffalo land district in connection with the North Platte project. The third parcel of 19,000 acres is located in the Kalispel, Mont., land district, and was withdrawn under the supervisory authority of the President for the conservation of water resources. A statement given out by the interior department says that the restoration has been made because "the interest of the Government no longer requires" the withdrawal. The lands restored are desert in character, with the exception of the Montana parcel, which is located in the Swan River country and will furnish homes for about 2,500 people, if taken up under the arid land act.

Representatives of the smuggling syndicate which recently offered to pay Collector Loeb of New York \$100,000 if the cases involving smuggled property to the value of \$50,000, were withdrawn, have raised the offer to \$260,000. Mr. Loeb says there will be no compromise, as the Government wants the smugglers.

The government snagboat Gen. McPherson has departed for Kansas City and will begin removing snags from the Missouri River above that point. The McPherson may go as far as Bismarck, N. D. St. Louis merchants have agreed to join those of Kansas City in the navigation of the Missouri River with a fleet of boats.

The final ceremony of the beatification of Joan of Arc took place at St. Peter's in Rome, April 18. The mass was celebrated by the bishop of Orleans, and the degree of beatification was read during the service. Following the announcement the Pope descended to the basilica to venerate the portrait of the maid. After the date of these ceremonies Joan of Arc may be venerated publicly and altars may be erected to her in churches. In the near future the Pope will publish a decree proclaiming the maid protectress of Catholic France. Trainloads of pilgrims attended the ceremonies.

The Chicago Telephone Company has installed nearly 2,000 "talk measurers." These telephone meters, according to Manager Hibbard, are much more accurate than are the women operators in keeping track of the amount of talking done on each wire. In addition to counting the number of calls of subscribers this instrument also counts the number of connections made by each operator. Its chief advantages over other meters is that it is impossible for it to be manipulated to register more than one time during one conversation. When a subscriber gets the number desired the operator pushes a button and the call is registered.

It is estimated that three and a half million wooden poles used by electric companies in this country require renewal each year. These poles are perfectly sound except at the ground line; and as it costs more to renew a pole than to set a new pole, a scheme of reinforcing the poles with concrete has recently been devised. It consists in bridging the weakened part with reinforcing rods driven into the pole above and below the decayed portion. Concrete is then molded around the pole over the reinforcing rods. In this way the pole can be rendered even stronger than it was originally and at very little expense.

Acting on instructions from Washington, April 15, United States Marshal Langhammer and Revenue Inspector B. A. Miller, with five deputy marshals, seized the plant and stock of the the Carroll Springs Distillery Company in Baltimore. The whole is now in the custody of a specially appointed watchman. At the same time six men connected with the distillery were placed under arrest, including H. J. Daly Jr., manager, and George J. Conway, bookkeeper. Subsequently they were released for a hearing before United States Commissioner Bond, Daly on \$5,000 bail and the others on bail of \$2,000 each. The seizures and arrests were made following charges that the men named had on or about July 1, 1908, and Jan. 1, 1909, conspired to defraud the Government by taking out of the warehouses of the distillery and selling old whiskey and substituting therefor new whiskey, upon which no tax had been paid.

The Wisconsin legislature took a sharp stab at Jas. A. Patten, the "wheat king," by passing a joint resolution calling on Congress to investigate the methods by which any set of men are enabled to control the bread supply of the country.

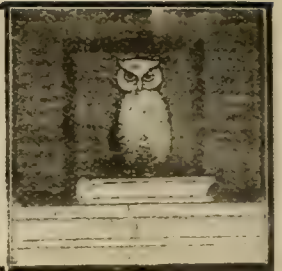
Sultan Abdul Hamid is contemplating an early abdication of the throne in favor of his third son, Mehemmed Burhaned-Din, according to the latest advices from Constantinople. Such a move would certainly precipitate a war for the succession, as Abdul's brother, Prince Rechad, is the rightful heir. Under the Moslem law inheritance of the throne is according to seniority of descent from Qthman, the Empire's founder, rather than by direct line. Mehemmed Burhaned-Din is the favorite son of the Sultan, and it has long been known that Abdul has been trying to find a way by which this son can succeed him without creating too much of a disturbance.

Jewish leaders are rejoicing over the generosity of Jacob H. Schiff, the New York banker, in placing \$100,000 at the disposal of the Central German Jewish Relief Alliance fund for the establishment of a technical college for Jews at Hafia, Palestine. The plans of the alliance contemplate the foundation of a plant costing \$250,000, with annual maintenance charges of \$20,000. The munificence of the American banker-philanthropist has made possible the early realization of the whole scheme. The underlying object of maintaining a great technical training school for Jews in the Holy Land is to give industrial life there such an impetus that the country will prove a natural attraction for the persecuted Jews of Russia, Galicia, and Rumania, and divert at least large numbers of them from the beaten tracks leading to the overcrowded Jewish centers of America, Germany, and England.

The investigations that are carried on by the agricultural department look to the improvement of man in most cases, and already life, especially farm life, has been greatly blessed by the discoveries it has made and the new methods that it has presented. Recently Prof. Hansen of the South Dakota agricultural college has been making investigations in the interest of the United States agricultural department in the northern part of Asia. Among the interesting things that he has brought back are some new varieties of arctic alfalfa, a grape that will grow in places almost arid, and a clover that actually sprouts in the winter time and will grow through ice. Under the direction of the department, Prof. Hansen carried on his researches through Russia, Siberia, Turkestan, Mongolia, Manchuria, China, Japan, Persia, Lapland, Finland and a few other countries the object being to discover as many plants as possible that will grow in the coldest parts of the United States and in the semi-arid regions of the West. Near the point where the temperature is lowest in northern Asia he found the alfalfa and clover growing and living in temperatures of 60 and 75 degrees below zero, temperatures at which the mercury itself freezes. These are growing wild, as the people in those districts do no farming, but rove from place to place. Now that the specimens have been supplied to the agricultural department, it will set immediately to work to see what it can do toward adapting these plants to growing in the United States. Of course, it will take several years to get them thoroughly acclimatized, but eventually one may expect that something will be developed that will be the means of making farms in the very cold and very dry States far more productive than they are at present.



Among the Magazines



SAVING THE NEXT GENERATION.

Defective eyesight, writes William Allen Johnston in the April Circle Magazine, calling attention to the necessity of guarding the health of the little people, is even more common than defective hearing and usually more disastrous in results.

A Chicago physician states that the number of "short-sighted" children in this country today runs away up into the millions. And this great army of little weaklings may be made healthy, robust children by the timely and proper fitting of glasses!

Besides defective eyes and ears there are many other nervous irritants which either escape the parents' eyes altogether—which is almost always the case—or else they are voted too trivial to need correction. The skilled physician can find them; he knows, too, that while there are quicker ways deliberately to wreck a child's health there is no surer and more deadly course than the neglect of these "trivial" abnormalities.

A crooked tooth sounds unimportant enough, but in a young child it may completely disarrange its bodily, mental and moral development. Proper mastication is prevented and impaired digestion with all its resultant ills and its promise of permanent weakness naturally follows.

The case is cited of a little girl who had grown to be a hopeless "liar." She was anemic, very delicate, and frequently ill. A careful examination revealed constant fermentation in her stomach and this was caused, it was found, by a single crooked tooth which prevented the grinding motion so necessary to proper mastication.

The fermentation of food in the stomach caused unnatural nervous reflexes which in turn overstimulated the brain and resulted in a disordered imagination. The child "day dreamed" and exaggerated. The straightening of the tooth made her normal in every way.

In the medical inspection of the New York City schools, it was found that thirty per cent were backward. Putting the matter in the light of economy, the city was wasting three million dollars a year in teaching children who were physically unfit to receive an education. Examination revealed the fact that of the small army of backward children over ninety-five per cent were "dull" because of physical defects. And of this considerable, almost total, number more than ninety-five per cent were changed from dullards into normally bright scholars by simple operation or physical treatment.

PERSONALITY OF "UNCLE REMUS."

In personality Joel Chandler Harris had no counterpart in literary life, says Frank L. Stanton in the Delin-eator for May. He was incomparable because he was different. He had not the "literary look," nor yet that of the comparatively well-to-do farmer, however much it may seem that the blended association would be demonstrated in appearance. Of average height, he still did

not seem so, for constant application at the desk had somewhat rounded his frame; and there was yet another roundness that bespeaks secular living and jovial temperament. Something comically blending the pathetic and the apathetic spoke from his ruddy face, but the mild blue eyes that seemed negligent or inattentive the previous moment brightened with a glint that was variously humorous, shrewd or sympathetic, as the provocation might be. The voice drawled lazily, faltering and hesitating increasingly as the man was closely touched.

A slight impediment of speech, largely imaginary, had accentuated a native modesty that impelled an unusual degree of seclusion; and yet, upon occasion, few could enter into more animated or unflinching conversation. When he was pleased or amused, immensely so, an apparent though scarcely audible chuckle vibrated his whole frame. He never laughed loudly; that chuckle was his superlative. And if you sat and talked with him by the hour; or, if, knowing the man, you watched him shambling his way through the crowded streets of Atlanta, your first impression was forever effaced. Through the strange mask of shyness and deceptive insignificance you saw the keen, kindly philosopher; the thoughtful, imaginative man of letters who had written his way into the heart of civilization.

The man and his methods constituted such an anomaly in American literature that one must needs tread in unusual paths to secure a glimpse of his real personality.

The sources of his knowledge of human nature were just two—observation and absorption by shy, silent contact. The fruits of these faculties were poured into the crucible of his keen but kindly philosophy and his alert introspection; the result is the stories that have made him famous.



INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS.

President Charles W. Eliot, in his last report to the Harvard overseers, takes a stand in opposition to present day intercollegiate football. His criticism has been variously received, but we believe that he has very fairly stated the opinion of the people at large, or at least of such of the people as have opinions on this subject. There is little excuse for college athletics as they are conducted today. The plan is such as to give the greatest value to those who need it least and to leave those who most need exercise quite without intelligent direction. Take the college football team as an example. This team is organized for the primary purpose of winning games, the one idea being that it is a disgrace to lose. The custom is for the coach to call for volunteers. He gets together a squad of men, varying in number, of course, according as the school is a large or a small one. Having brought out all the volunteers possible, the coach proceeds to eliminate. He lines up as many teams as can be composed of his squad and gets them into active competition with one another for positions on the 'varsity

eleven. By pitting two good men against one another on opposing teams, he is able to decide between them and in the course of time he has organized a "first team" and decided what men will be retained from the remaining candidates as substitutes. He is then done with the volunteers. The rest of his time is devoted to training the regular squad and to whipping them into condition to defeat their principal rivals on the field of battle. If there happen to be among the volunteers any of those enthusiastic spirits who refuse to be daunted by failure to obtain places on the regular eleven, they may organize class teams or minor elevens, but they are usually left to work out their own salvation. They have no training table, no athletic instruction and none of the other advantages accruing to those who were so fortunate as to win positions on the regular squad.

This is the system. It applies in exactly the same manner to baseball and track teams and to rowing crews as it does to football squads. It does not reach the great body of students at all. What exercise they get, they arrange for themselves, but most of them do not get any. It is probable that those whom the college really ought to require to take exercise are almost invariably neglected. The possible value of athletics is thereby almost entirely lost to the college or university. The only argument to be made in justification of school support of sports is that they benefit the individual students physically. But a system that benefits only 15 or 20 men in each of the three or four departments of college athletics profits the student body little, is largely a waste of time so far as the men who are benefited are concerned, and the cost to the school is out of all proportion to the returns made.

This is the result of athletic competition between schools. It leads often to professionalism in college sport and to that abominable practice of employing what are known as "ringers"—men who enter schools at the solicitation of the coach, solely for the purpose of strengthening some team and not for the purpose of studying or even with the expectation of studying. Frequently, these men are paid salaries. Abuses of this nature led to the organization of inter-collegiate athletic associations, which assumed jurisdiction over athletics, made the rules governing student eligibility on teams and placed restrictions on the abuses practiced by coaches. This was "regulation," and so far as it has been tested the result has been about as satisfactory as regulation of saloons. "Ringings" have been partly forced out of college athletics, it is true, but the great problem of making athletics of value to the student body instead of to a few fortunate individuals remains unsolved. So long as college athletics are conducted on the competitive principle coaches will give no attention to the physically weak student, who is really most deserving of his consideration. The coach's reputation rests on his ability to produce teams that will win games, and games are not won in the United States today by physical weaklings.

What is needed in our schools is athletic instruction that has been put on the same scientific and methodical basis as instruction in chemistry or psychology. Like English, it should be a "study" that is required of all students. And the course should consist not of competitive games, but of moderate exercise, both indoors and outdoors, gymnastic work, walking, running, etc., that will be of practical benefit to every student. At present, quite the only distinguishing mark between professional and amateur sport is made with a dollar sign.—*Woman's National Daily*.

RUSSIA'S PROTECTIONISM.

If one turns to enquire into the tariff attitudes of other European nations with which the United States maintains commercial relations more or less close, the fact that impresses itself most forcibly is that practically every one of them is firmly "standing pat."

The most uninterruptedly and irretrievably protectionist nation in all Europe is the Russian Empire. Untouched by the wave of commercial liberalism which swept over western Europe about the middle of the past century, Russia steadfastly maintained her tariff barriers and from time to time augmented them, until within the past two decades, when changed conditions, arising largely from German industrial preponderance, forced her into certain modifications, if not of purpose, at least of method. In 1893 Russia abandoned her single tariff schedule and arranged a maximum and minimum system on the plan of the French tariff of the previous year. There ensued between Russia and Germany one of the notable tariff wars of recent times, Russia enforcing her maximum rates as against Germany and Germany retaliating by an increase by 50 per cent of her rates as against Russia.

On February 10, 1894, peace was concluded, on terms which were satisfactory enough to German manufacturers, though not to the Agrarians because of the opportunity left open for the importation of Russian rye into the Kaiser's dominions. Russia was extended most-favored-nation treatment by Germany, while the latter secured a reduction of the Russian minimum duties on 135 items, including iron, cutlery, machinery, paper, and textiles. In the German tariff of 1903, however, the Agrarians gained their point by securing the insertion of a clause which forbids the government, in bargaining with Russia, to reduce the duty on Russian rye to below five marks per 100 kilograms. This arrangement ties the government's hands, and may at any time lead to a tariff dispute between the two powers. To provide for contingencies Russia, as early as 1904, forged a weapon for use against Germany in arranging a system of differentials in the duty rates upon imports by sea (preponderantly from Great Britain and the United States) and upon those by land, i. e., across the German frontier, so that the land rate would be from a fifth to a fourth higher than that by sea. Russia would appear for a good while to come absolutely committed to protectionism, and to the policy of wholesale retaliation, upon occasion.—From "Europe's Tariff Laws and Policies," by Frederic Austin Ogg, in the *American Review of Reviews* for April.



CONSERVATION OF NATURAL BEAUTY.

WE Americans are a "peculiar people." We have only "a speaking acquaintance" with nature, though she lives next door to us. We see her at work, year after year, but we pay less attention to what she does than we do to what man does. We seem, somehow, to have imbibed the idea that man-made things are superior to anything that shows the earmarks of nature's craftsmanship, therefore we ignore her, and one man patterns after another, and the result is a series of imitations, each one a little worse than the one patterned after. Have you never watched the operations of the man who makes a home for himself and family in the forest? The first thing he does is to cut down all the trees about the place, no matter

how noble they are, or how beautiful, they all fall before his axe. By and by, when his home is built, he sets out some saplings, and sets them in rows, and so many feet apart, because his neighbors do that, and he waits for years for them to develop. If he had left two or three of the old trees standing, he would not only have shade from the start, but he would have had such beauty as the trees he plants—and waits half a lifetime for—may never develop into. For, say what any one may about it, no tree that grows up under man's supervision ever has the grace, the dignity, the strong beauty that characterizes the tree that nature has reared. One such tree is worth a score of our ordinary "shade trees." It is a thing to respect, to revere, to make friends with. Can you ever work up a feeling of sentiment in connection with the tree that has been planted, and pruned, after the plan adopted by Tom, and Dick, and Harry? I can not. The sentiment has been pruned away from it.

It is with everything else as it is with our trees. We shut our eyes to the beauty on every hand and set about "improving on nature." If we were not so blind, so foolish in our own conceit, we would realize how futile all our efforts must be. We work by imitation, while nature works by instinct. The divine instinct of beauty, that cannot make a mistake. I have often wished we might organize a society whose aim should be the preservation of whatever is beautiful. Not for the sake of improving on it, as some matter-of-fact member might attempt to do, under the impression that man, being "the noblest work of God," according to a rather antiquated opinion, can do things better than anybody or anything else. Rather with a view to keeping before us the masterpieces of beauty, which we can never attain to, unless, by long loving and close companionship with nature, we are taken into her confidence and find out some of her secrets. We want to get rid of the idea that, being man, we are superior to everything else in the universe. As men, we may be entitled to the veneration we give ourselves, but we cannot overlook the fact that we have our limitations, our shortcomings. Let us look for natural beauty, everywhere, and having found it, let us endeavor to preserve it for those who come after us. But we cannot make a success of this most laudable undertaking until we disabuse our minds of the belief that, simply because we are men, we are in all respects superior to the great elemental forces which wrought the beauty to be seen all about us. We must get rid of some of our stupendous self-conceit, and put ourselves in a position to recognize the ability of nature in directions as yet beyond our ability to copy successfully.—*Eben E. Rexford.*



"THE practical and the beautiful are not so widely separated as many people suppose."

Between Whiles

The second day drew to its close with the twelfth jurymen still unconvinced.

"Well, gentlemen," said the court officer, entering quietly, "shall I, as usual order twelve dinners?"

"Make it," said the foreman, "eleven dinners and a bale of hay."



Advice to a President.

Be gentle with the Senators and soft as chocolate creams,

Be gentle as a female infant child;

Avoid all interference with their little private schemes,

For Tactless Opposition drives them wild.

Encase the Hand of Justice in a padded velvet glove,

Address the High and Mighty in the dulcet tones of love,

And coo to Malefactors like a blue-eyed turtle dove.

Be gentle, oh, be gentle, oh, be mild!

Be gentle with the Congressmen and do not muss their fur;

To criticise is wholly unrefined.

Remarks on Deals and Jobbery are sure to cause a stir,

With consequent distressfulness of mind.

Four hundred Gallant Gentlemen, all white as driven snow,

The Welfare of their Country is the only thing they know—

Or if it chances otherwise one must not tell them so.

Be gentle, oh, be gentle, oh, be kind!

Be thankful to the Plunderers for all that they have left,

Be gracious to the Pirates of the Street.

Forbear to mention "Knavery" and never speak of "Theft"—

Explicitness is always Indiscreet.

Employ a Barkless Watchdog who has lost his final tooth;

Conciliate the Erring Ones with tenderness and ruth,

And never hurt their feelings with the hard, unvarnished Truth.

Be gentle, oh, be gentle, oh, be sweet!

—Puck.

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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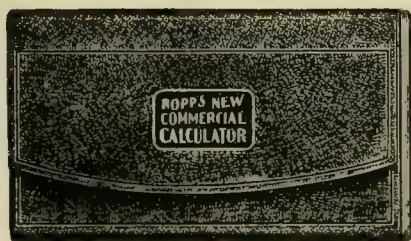
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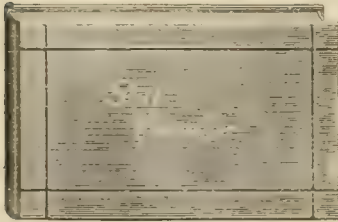
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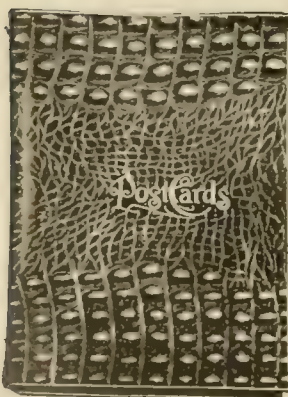
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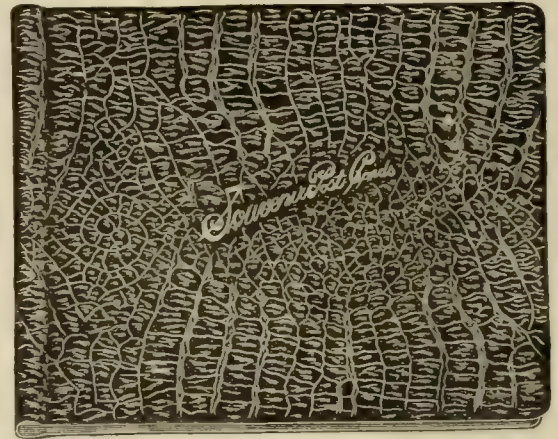
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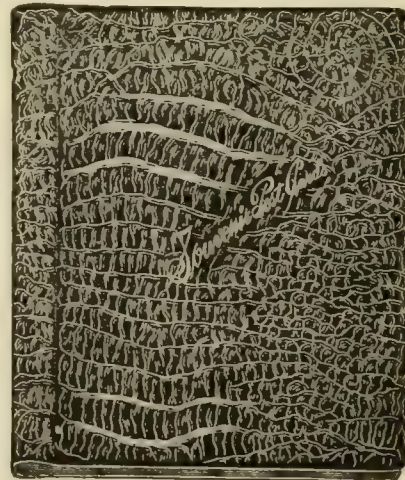


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No. 7004.—Royal Black "Viennese" Post Card Album. Bound in imitation leather—Sea Lion Grain—with Gilt title on side. Size, 10¼x15½. Holds 500 cards with 4 to a page. "Viennese" looks like Genuine Leather and wears better.

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ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops. The illustration below shows one of Empire's profitable crops.



Alfalfa One Mile from Empire. Four to Six Crops a Year—Six to Ten Tons per Acre.

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

LOW RATES FOR COLONISTS.

During March and April one-way Colonists' Rates will be in effect from Chicago to Modesto, California, for \$33.00. From Kansas City, and other Missouri River points, to Modesto, \$25.00. Via Merced, Cal. For further information address

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind., Modesto, Cal.

Or S. F. Sanger, General Organizer, South Bend, Ind.

THE INGLENOOK

May 4, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



TO ignore trifling annoyances, to avoid ultra-fastidiousness, to condone human frailties, “remembering whereof we are made”; to think the East wind will “go round to the South,” to believe that “the darkest hour is just before dawn,”—in a word, “to make the best of things,” is to become a public benefactor, without profession of philanthropy.—Mrs. James F. Cox.

Low Rates to Pacific Coast

One Way Colonist
Tickets Only

\$25.00 From Omaha, Kansas City or Oklahoma

\$33.00 From Chicago

Via

Union Pacific

Every Day in
March and April

Great opportunity for CHURCH EXTENSION
BY COLONIZATION.

All points in California, Oregon, Washington
and Idaho reached by this route. Write for rates
and stop-over privileges.

Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill.

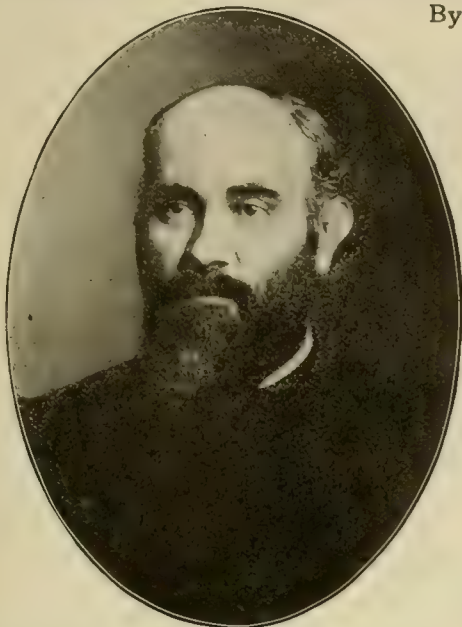
D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind.

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or Cerro Gordo, Ill.

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By Geo. B. Holsinger.



The Late Geo. B. Holsinger, Author of
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Hymnal," etc., etc.

A first-class instruction book for use of both teacher and pupils. Valuable as an aid to the individual student, as well as

Day School, Singing School Institute and Normal Classes

Besides numerous exercises in music reading, the book contains a goodly number of first-class songs and hymns. It contains 32 pages and is bound in heavy paper covers. We can furnish both round and shaped notes. Be sure and mention which notation you desire. Shaped note edition sent if notation is not named.

Price, prepaid, each,\$0.15

Price, per dozen, prepaid, 1.00

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Told at Twilight;

Or Bible Stories
That Never Grow
Old

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger



This book is written for boys and girls in such an attractive and interesting manner that they will ask you to read and reread it again to them. The author, Sister Elizabeth D. Rosenberger, has represented Aunt Dorothy as gathering the little children around her in the evenings and telling these old stories in such a way that it is bound to create a desire for more Bible knowledge.

The book is beautifully illustrated. 151 pages.

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(Postage extra, 5 cents.)

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The Sunday School Calendar

Issued annually. Enlarged and improved. Beautiful cover design containing reproduction of Hofmann's famous painting of the boy Jesus.



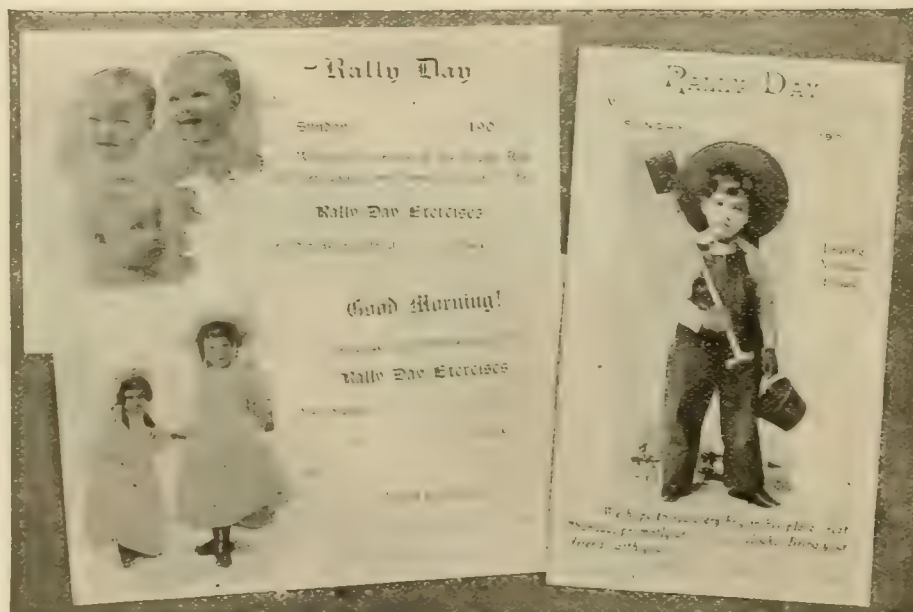
In addition to the International Daily Bible Readings, the calendar contains International Sunday-school lesson titles and references for every Sunday in the year, also the Golden Text for each week, printed in full. Each leaf contains choice selections from the best writers, helpful thoughts for every-day living. A calendar for the entire year is printed on the back, and an extra leaf is inserted containing Scripture selections, etc., arranged for easy memorizing.

This calendar is endorsed by the leaders in Sunday-school work and has proved very helpful wherever used. As a Christmas gift from teacher to pupil it is extensively used. Many schools distribute them at the Christmas season to every scholar. They are especially valuable to Home Department members.

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A compact manual of fundamental principles and best suggestions for memorizing, with especial application to Scripture. Appropriate selections for practice also included. Every student, teacher, preacher and public speaker should possess this valuable book. (Cloth) 96 pages, gilt stamp, net 50 cents. The Bible Institute Colportage Association, 250 La Salle Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address: **WM. S. MILLER**, Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.

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or

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Here are many hundreds of things which the people wish to know in connection with the present widespread agitation on the liquor traffic and its record.

Bound in paper, postpaid,25 cents

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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

May 4, 1909.

No. 18.

A CHORUS IN ONE FLAT

CLARA NORTH RULEY

WE were all surprised and just a little indignant at Mr. Hiatt. The idea of closing down the mill and throwing so many men out of a job. Father said that he had been running it for months at a loss and felt that he could not afford it any longer. Of course father was in the same boat as the rest of the men, and though he had been superintendent and had drawn a good salary, we were compelled to live in the best part of town—it was part of the price father had to pay for *holding* a good job—and our living expenses had not been small, so we saved little.

While the rest of the family were pitying the poor working men, however, I was feeling sorry for ourselves. It is born in me to be selfish, I suppose, for I try to be otherwise but in spite of all my efforts I just *can't* think of other people first. So I asked father what he was going to do and then the bomb exploded. Mr. Hiatt was looking for a janitor for an apartment building he owned, and father might have that place if he wished until the mill was opened up. It meant rent and fifty dollars a month, less than half of what he had been getting. There are six of us, and the basement flat, so father said, consisted of two bedrooms, a dining room, kitchen and living room,—five rooms in all besides the bathroom and a closet or two. Father explained that he had not given Mr. Hiatt a final answer, for he wanted mother to have the settling of it.

We all looked worried and perplexed. That is, all but father. He was almost his cheerful self now that he had thrown the onus of decision upon mother and man-fashion shirked responsibility. "How about it, mother?" he said, "shall we live up all the savings of years?"

"I suppose we could not live long upon the interest of them, could we?" asked mother with a little smile, "and it wouldn't do to use the principal."

She knew, of course, that we could not,—it would only be a drop in the bucket—that was just a little joke of mother's. "I suppose it is about the best thing we *can* do and we really should be grateful to

Mr. Hiatt for the offer," she said, finally. So it was settled and in a very few weeks we moved. I was ill with tonsilitis at the time, so mother arranged for me to stay with friends until they were settled, or at least partially so.

Katherine told me afterward that the settling was something terrible, that I might be thankful I had the tonsilitis and thus escaped a worse fate, but that shows plainly that Katherine never has had the tonsilitis. I can be thankful for many things but not for that.

Katherine said that father took to the work like a duck takes to water. He dearly loves to clean up and the state of the flat gave him ample opportunity to exercise his ability in that line. But after the family had scraped and cleaned and calcimined for a week or more they began to see their way out, and when I arrived I was ushered into as homelike a little apartment as one could wish. They sent Roger to the station after me and as I was perfectly able to walk the short distance we had to go, we elected to do so and save the car fare. Roger is my youngest brother, but you would have thought that he was years older than I, the airs he put on, and the knowledge he assumed. Chicago mud is about the slipperiest ever, and twice Roger had to catch me to keep me from measuring my length on the sidewalk. "Be careful, sis," he said patronizingly, "this is a mighty slippery city and it takes a lot of experience to walk standing up."

I meekly accepted his admonitions. Twice I had barely escaped, so I felt that I was not in a position to do any great amount of arguing. Just then I noticed that Roger had on his new suit, knickerbockers and all, and I spoke of it.

"Yes," he replied, "thought I would put them on to meet you, knew you would be pleased." Of course I was pleased.

"Dear old Roger," I thought.

When I reached home I rushed into the arms of the family. Just now I don't quite see how I accomplished that feat, but I did just the same. When they ushered me into the living room I fairly gasped. It was the

dearest little place you ever saw. Of course our furniture was all in good taste, and as Katherine had superintended the decorations, they left absolutely nothing to be desired. I sank down into a big, cushiony chair, and felt that I could stay in that dear little room forever. But just then I caught an odor of baked potatoes and corn muffins. Decidedly there were more worlds to conquer. Katherine took me into our own little bedroom.

It was little, that was the truth, but it was the biggest *little* room I ever saw. Everything had its place and was of some use. Not a superfluous article in it.

And the kitchen! That was where they all showed their genius. You see we had to eat in the kitchen in order to give mother and father a sleeping room, but somehow there was a charm in this particular kitchen that took away everything that might be common in any other. Everything was arranged so that there were no signs of labor, unless of course one looked behind a screen for it.

It was all very delightful, if a little crowded, and I felt that we all would be very happy and contented. Mother was showing me a little outroom she found so useful, and what did I see hanging upon a line in there but Roger's trousers—his everyday pair. Mother caught my look of inquiry and explained. "Roger had an accident yesterday," she said. "You see he isn't quite used to the slippery streets and fell down in the mud."

O Roger, Roger! So only yesterday you gained *your* boasted experience. That accounted too for the new suit donned in my honor.

We had settled down comfortably for the winter when a bombshell burst, so to speak, on our peaceful domicile. Mother had a cousin, once or twice removed, I believe, at least we never have seen very much of her. She has a great deal of money, much more than she knows what to do with, and Katherine and I used to build all sorts of air castles with what we hoped she would give us. That was when we were little and supposed wealthy relatives always shared up their money with their poor relations.

Well, mother was sitting in her bedroom sewing on a shirt waist of Katherine's when the postman came. We girls get nearly all the mail, both being inveterate letter-writers, but this time the only letter that came was for mother. We watched her curiously as she turned the letter over and over after the fashion of woman the world over, preparatory to reading it. With an excited little exclamation she cried, "What do you think, girls, Cousin Louise wants to spend the winter with us. She has lost her husband and like many another childless woman she has no one to turn to for comfort"—"And so she turns to us, who are crowded already," I murmured, fretfully. I said before that I was selfish and I did not feel that we ought to have to crowd ourselves any more than we

had just to make room for a woman who owned more houses than she could possibly use.

But to do mother's Cousin Louise justice, she thought we were still in our spacious home out at Hillsdale, so she could not possibly have realized to what inconvenience she was putting us. "She says," continued mother, quoting from the letter, "'My one crying need in my bereavement is a glimpse of just such a home as I know you possess.'

"It's hard to resist such an appeal as that, isn't it, girls?" and, musingly, "it will be *about* as hard to stow her away in this tiny place."

"Well, mother," I broke in, rebelliously. "I don't quite see the need of our crowding to accommodate a woman, even if she has lost her husband, who could live at the Auditorium Annex if she wished. We will surely be a chorus in one flat if she comes. That's what Roger said we were when I said we were too many for a quartette."

Mother laughed a little but in a moment said soberly, "Charlotte, when you are as old as I am you will realize that love, the thing people want most, cannot be bought, and I rather think that if I can discover any way to do it we had best ask Cousin Louise for the winter. It will only be doing the will of our Master. Perhaps I shall wake in the night and a way out of the difficulty will suggest itself to me."

You see mother has spells of insomnia when she will awaken at one or two o'clock and stay awake till morning. She has learned to take these spells philosophically and utilizes the time which might otherwise be wasted in planning our dresses, the new rug to be made out of the old ingrain carpet, and other domestic problems of equal importance. Hence the allusion to waking in the night.

When the boys came home in the evening and we were all at dinner mother told father about the letter. Ronald, who is eighteen and quite a man, at least he believes himself to be, said, "But where are you going to put her, mother?"

"Well, to tell the truth, I hardly know. I thought perhaps," this last hesitatingly, "that I might give her your room—yours and Roger's—if I could just think of some place to put you."

"Why, certainly, let her have it; you can just hang us up on the kitchen wall and put a screen around us."

It was a family joke about the number and various uses of the screens in the kitchen.

"Mother's depending on having a wakeful spell tonight and if she does there will be no difficulty as to where you will be put. She will conjure up some place," said Katherine.

But we knew that the thing was as good as settled and mother's fertile mind would find some place for the newcomer. Sure enough at breakfast she asked father if he could not spare the long light closet out by the furnace room.

"Why, yes," was his ready reply, "but really, Mary, you cannot get a bed in there with any other furniture." But that mother of ours got the boys interested and before night they had constructed two very creditable berths that could be swung up against the wall. By this time Ronald had become so enthusiastic that he made a seat that worked in the same fashion. True, the room was so diminutive that both bed and seat could not be in use at one and the same time, but as Ronald very sagely said, "Who wants to use them both at once?" After a combination dresser and washstand of small size was installed a delightfully cozy room was the result. The boys insisted on trying it that very night. Soon there came a cry from Roger, "Mother, make Ronald go outside till I can turn around."

After a time the boys' spirits came down to normal and at the end of the month came Cousin Louise. She was a little, dark woman, just a bundle of nerves and no more like mother than though she was no kin at all. She seemed rather shy, too, in the presence of all us youngsters. I suppose she is not at all used to children, but she went into ecstasies over her room, declaring she had never seen any place quite so comfortable and cozy, and I will say, though perhaps I shouldn't, that we had done very well indeed, and even her praise was none too extravagant to my mind.

Our new member quite took to us, especially the boys. She was vastly amused at their bedroom, though if she suspected any sacrifice on their part she never showed it by word or look.

Well, the upshot of it all was that we became so fond of Cousin Louise that when the time came that she left us we felt as if one very important and much-to-be-missed member of the chorus had left us. And though I, at least, didn't deserve it, we were rewarded for our kindness in taking in the lonely stranger, for about three months after she had left the flat we received another letter, offering father the superintendency of her big estate with the use of the house and at a salary sufficient to keep it up well. She gave us all *that* if we would always have a room for her whenever she wished to come home. So you see our experience ended well for all of us, and some one said, "All's well that ends well."

Milford, Indiana.



MEMORY OF INSANE.

ONE of the most peculiar features of insanity is that occasionally one faculty, either sight, hearing, smell, taste, or touch, is extraordinarily acute.

Certain insane persons, insensible to every other impression, have a pronounced taste for music, and can repeat with accuracy an air which they may have heard but once.

Others have a recollection of form and color, and

display an aptitude for drawing, while more frequently one may meet with an inmate of an asylum who has a special memory for figures, dates, proper names and words generally.

There is a case on record, for instance, of an imbecile who, at 27, had such an extraordinary memory that he could solve the most difficult problems in arithmetic and algebra, and repeat word for word long poems after once hearing or reading them.

In another case a boy of 14, with a defective brain, who had the greatest difficulty in learning to read, could, if allowed two or three minutes to run over a page printed in a foreign language, or treating of questions of which he was ignorant, repeat the words from memory as correctly as if the book had been lying before him.

Very curious was the case of another man, a devout churchgoer, who could remember the day when every person had been buried in the parish for thirty-five years, and could repeat, with unvarying accuracy, the name and age of the decedent and mourners at the funeral. And yet he was a complete fool, and outside the line of burials he had not one idea, and could not give an intelligent reply to a single question, or even be trusted to feed himself.

At Earlswood Asylum, England, they have records of imbeciles who could not only repeat accurately a page or more of any book which had been read years before, even though it was a book they did not understand in the least, but also of an insane person who could repeat backward what he had just read.

Another curious case is that of an imbecile who, in the first place, never failed to go to church, and who on reaching home could repeat the sermon word by word, saying: "Here the minister coughed; here he stopped to blow his nose," and so on.

In another case an imbecile knew the Bible so perfectly that, if you asked him where such and such a verse was to be found, he could tell without hesitation and repeat the chapter.

All these instances are well authenticated, and others equally amazing and true could be added. And just as there is one sense which is sometimes wonderfully acute in persons of work intellect, so, in the case of blind people, the sense of smell or hearing is often very keen.

One of the remarkable cases on record was that of Julia Brace, a female deaf and blind mute, who could distinguish brothers and sisters by smell, and who recognized anybody she had met before by the same means.—*Philadelphia Inquirer*.

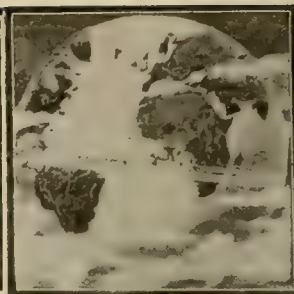


Our whitest pearl we never find;
Our ripest fruit we never reach;
The flowering moments of the mind
Lose half their petals in our speech.

—Holmes.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LVI.

UNDER arrest!

In Constantinople!

On Sunday morning!

I wondered if I would get into jail. The beautiful panorama of Constantinople began to dissolve into an underground dungeon where the light of day never smiled upon the mouldy floor.

At the entrance of a dilapidated old shed, not far away, the three officers halted, as the "vagabonds" ahead of me passed into the outside court, thence into the rude building itself. I refused to enter, and again tried to show the officers my passport. I pointed towards the central part of the city. I told them that it was necessary for me to look up a hotel, that I had but a short time to stay in their city and that I wanted to see as much of its wonders as I could, and learn such valuable lessons as the great capital might have for me to take back to my countrymen.

"This is not my place," I said, "I ought to be with the ladies and gentlemen who were with me on the boat and whom you did not detain. They are up in the city. There's where I ought to be."

"You will have to wait here," he replied, placing his hand upon my left shoulder and offering to assist me to the inside of the pigpen enclosure.

"I'll wait," I said. "Anything you want, I'll do."

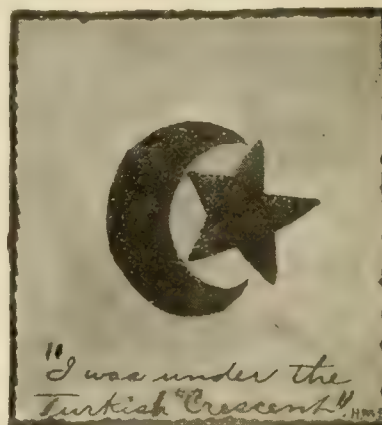
Suspicioning that they were using these fellows as decoys and without any intention of holding *them*, although I must admit that their looks were not such as would lead the officers to suppose that such a traveler as myself would be attracted by them, I determined to hold back, without being stubborn, and do only what I was compelled to do.

On the inside of the court, or rather inside of the high fence, were others, men and women, who with the prisoners just come, were taken into the low-ceiling structure and told to rest awhile. For what reason I did not know. As there were no chairs, the members of our party deposited their luggage in the open space before the partition or counter, behind which were various employes acting apparently as clerks and watchmen.

I too sat down on my poor little bundle and waited

—for something to happen. All around me, men began to light their pipes,—Turkish pipes,—or cigarettes. In a short time the air was gray with smoke so strong as to make me cough and gasp for fresh air. But I breathed into my lungs as much as I could tolerably endure, then went to a side door, opened it and passed out into the open court, followed by one of the guards.

As the time went on, a number of those under guard came out and were shown to a corner of the court farthest from the gate, to which spot I also was directed to go. For a time I joined the crowd there,



trying to make myself believe that I was contented and that everything would turn out well in the end.

The beautiful morning was passing into the clear bright day of pleasure for the other tourists, and as the sun climbed higher and higher up over the Bosphorus I began to grow impatient in this back-yard reception the city was giving me.

As I was conscious of no wrong-doing, my conscience was clear and if the only requirement demanded of me was a new passport or some special document that must be issued to me by the Turkish Government, I argued to my impatient spirit that the end to my dilemma could not be greatly unpleasant. On the other hand I was eager to go through whatever course of punishment they might have for me, for I believed in the merciful element in human nature, even in Turkey. Various people in Smyrna had told

me of a late decree by the Sultan which compelled every one entering the Ottoman Empire to show at the port of entry a special passport. This, they said, was not easy to secure and would cost the tourist a certain sum of money.

In the hope of learning more definitely regarding this report I had gone to the Turkish consulate in Smyrna, but as it was Friday, the Mohammedan's Sunday, the office was locked. As my vessel was



about to sail for Constantinople, no chance was afforded in which I might again call upon the Turkish consul to arrange for my special passport which I fully meant to secure if it were possible to obtain it.

I was having two Sundays in three days, Friday in Smyrna, when the Moslem's office was closed, and now Sunday, in Constantinople, when possibly the American consulate would be closed. For I meant to lay my case before the United States consul here, if permitted to do so, and seek deliverance from what was now growing into an uncomfortable nuisance.

If my boat had only been delayed a day en route!

But I was here, and there was no use wishing for impossible things.

Eight o'clock came. Nine o'clock, and then ten. With the speed I had usually taken on entering a city of wonders, I might now have been half over it, found a hotel or lodging house, and been listening to a Protestant sermon if such were allowed in the city of Constantine.

Impatient, I at last became angry, but politely so, for I knew that I was either under arrest or that officers were to come at any moment to give me that novel and unwelcome experience. It would not pay me to appear overanxious, neither would it seem right to settle down into absolute indifference, or exhibit to the guards a too tame manner of disapproval. But that I was watched more closely than any others of the "suspects" was easily discerned by me. What increased the intensity of my apprehensions was the absence of any fellow tourist with whom I might have talked, and my few efforts to get something from one of the smokers failed completely. He only shook

his head and drew all the harder on his long, curling pipe, as if to say:

"You're in it! I can't help you. I'm in it, too." Although I was probably wrong about the exact points of the compass the sun now appeared to shine directly from the noon meridian. Still we are held in the tumble-down shack.

For a time I looked over my route of travel, went again, in my imagination, through the enchanted Aegean Sea, back to Athens, where every man was free, and where an American was esteemed a guest of highest honor. I saw again the stately pillars that resounded, from a distance, to the words of eloquent Paul. Below the hill, however, I saw the old prison of Socrates. These two, I said,—freedom and fetters,—are ever close neighbors. To have the one, some one must endure the other.

From my little Bible given me by Dr. Torrey in Glasgow, and written in by Charles Alexander, the world's greatest singer, I read from the Psalms and from the Gospels, and conducted a little service in my own mind, the only one I was to enjoy that Sunday.

But was I really under arrest? Maybe it was some little matter, not absolutely essential, which the officers believed ought to be looked after before I was given my freedom. Possibly they thought I would be dissatisfied without it.

To test the case I walked back and forth, up and down the enclosure, each time going nearer and nearer the gate, but acting as though I did not care to run away. Then I went into the building. I leaned over the counter. I looked up at the ceiling. I looked out of the little dirty window. I hummed a tune, I think it was "Yankee Doodle." Then I took a drink from a jar of water. Next I tried the door on another side, but found that it led into a private room in which were some young clerks and a policeman. I didn't want to see them. But I looked around as if I had been sent to spy on some one, for there was already creeping over me and into my very soul, the queerest, most ghoulisn feeling of suspicion. Others were suspicioning me. These others were suspicioning others. The officers themselves looked uneasy at each other. I myself could not but suspicion every one I saw in that shed. There wasn't a fact or foundation of assurance on which I could build the slightest hope of satisfaction. I was innocent, but it is not unfair to my feelings to say that I would have suffered but little more had I been guilty, certainly no more by reason of any fear of being punished for my guilt. The guilty man would get along just about as well as the innocent. There was no discernment of any difference in the minds or judgment of these officers. They were working by machinery, the machinery that is pulled by a string in the hand of an arbitrary tyrant, and like a "jumping-

jack" their arms would fly up or their legs flop out, not by their own volition, but by the red tape of corruption that went through their senseless heads.

Mingling socially so long with this mixed crowd of Turkish subjects I began to fuse with them. They were a little like me, and I was a little like them. We were both coming together on a common ground, each ruling by his own powers of inherent authority. I was *increasing*, they *decreasing*.

It would be unjust to my self-respect to say that I seemed to be inferior to these. It would be flattering to my vanity to admit that I was the sole officer on guard before this motley crowd of accused and accusers. Already there had come into my spirit the strange

resourcefulness of the patriotic Yankee. I forgot my surroundings and whistled and sung, or walked and turned on my heel as I liked.

I knew that one of these guards in particular had been detailed to look after "the American."

My walk back and forth had been increased to the full length of the enclosure. Several times the officer had followed me part way, as if he feared that I would try to make my escape.

Then I deliberately walked back to my bundle, picked it up and started boldly for the gate. I reached the gate all right and was passing out, when the guard hurried toward me, threw up his arm, or his sword, I can't say which, and commanded me to return.

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THE JEWS AND THE SAMARITANS

PAUL MOHLER

I USED to wonder why the Jews and the Samaritans were enemies. They were neighbors and they had much the same religion; why should they not be friends? I was glad when we came to this subject in the New Testament Times class, a few weeks ago. It isn't so hard to see, after all, as Brother Hoff showed us.

By turning to 2 Kings 17:24-41, we see that the Samaritans were originally a heathen people, tribes brought from other Assyrian provinces by the king, and transplanted into the land of Israel in the place of the Israelites, who had been removed. At the first, they worshiped their idols only, but when they learned something of the religion of Jehovah, they worshiped both him and the idols.

The Jews did not like their new neighbors. They looked down upon them as an inferior race, and naturally resented their replacing the Israelites. But they did not dare to molest them. It is true that when Josiah broke down the heathen altars of Judah, he also broke down Samaritan altars; but we have no record of a serious conflict between the race until after the return of the Jews from Babylon.

When Nehemiah and Ezra came back from Babylon with the people to rebuild the temple and the city, the Samaritans and other peoples welcomed them, and offered to help in the work, doubtless expecting that the temple would be a "union church" for both races. But the Jews refused; they had come back from Babylon thoroughly disgusted with heathen worship, and more exclusive than ever. They knew that the Samaritans were not of their race, neither had they a pure worship. They doubtless feared a corruption of their worship if the Samaritans should be admitted; so they refused the offer very bluntly, as it seems to us.

We don't know how pure the motives of the Samaritans were when they offered friendship, but we do know what their hatred meant, as the Jews now came to feel it. For the Samaritans were thoroughly aroused. We know what sectarian jealousy is now; it was as bad or worse then. With it in this case was mixed racial and patriotic zeal. If Jerusalem and the temple should be rebuilt, it would become the religious, and eventually the political, center of Palestine, as it had been before, entirely eclipsing the Samaritan cities. You know just about how they felt about that.

All of Palestine was then under Persian rule; the provinces must keep the peace. The Jews could not be hindered without imperial authority. To get this the Samaritans moved cleverly. Concealing their real motives, and pretending only eager loyalty to the king, they told him what a stubborn, warlike people the Jews had always been, and how dangerous to the peace of the kingdom it would be for Jerusalem to be rebuilt. The king saw the point and gave them leave to stop the work. For many years the work ceased, for which the Jews held the Samaritans and their allies to account.

When the building again began, and for many years after, every annoyance that they dared to commit was attempted by the Samaritans. Finally, they built for themselves a rival temple upon Mt. Gerizim, which they claimed to be the real Moriah, as well as the location for the altar mentioned in Deut. 27:4; their copy of the Pentateuch mentioning in that passage Gerizim instead of Ebal. By juggling with place names and manufacturing traditions, their leaders were able to put up quite an argument in favor of their mountain. This was the great point of controversy, even at the time of Christ. It was enough to cause

even more hatred than there was, and would undoubtedly have caused war, had there not been an empire in authority over both.

The provinces dared not engage in war, but they could do lots of meanness on a small scale. One or two tricks that the Samaritans played were especially contemptible. It was the custom of the priests at Jerusalem, during the Feast of Tabernacles, to open the gates for a short time after midnight each night. One night when the gates were open, some Samaritans entered and scattered dead men's bones throughout the cloisters of the temple. This defiled the temple, and made it impossible to go on with the ceremonies of the feast. Could you think of a meaner trick?

At another time some Galileans were passing through Samaria on their way to the feast at Jerusalem, when some Samaritans set upon and killed a number of them. To add to this offense, the Samaritan leaders bribed the Roman governor, Cumanis, to pay no attention to the complaints of the Jews. This led some of the hot-headed Jews to retaliate, and a strife arose so serious that the leaders were carried to Rome for trial. Even at the time of Christ it was considered more safe to go around Samaria than through it.

Knowing all these things, it is not hard to understand the surprise of the woman at Jacob's well when Jesus asked her for a drink, she being a Samaritan woman, and the Jews having no dealings with the Samaritans. It is pleasant to contrast the attitude of Jesus with that of the Jews. Nowhere do we see any sign of prejudice against the Samaritans. See how carefully he dealt with this woman and the people of her village, preaching to them and staying with them several days. Remember also the Samaritan leper and the parable of the Good Samaritan.

It is pleasant also to notice the work that Philip did among them, and their response to his preaching. Today, there are no Jews more zealous for the law than the few Samaritans who remain, and they are the only people in the world that keep the Passover as it was instituted.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



WANTED:—MODEL SCHOOL TEACHERS.

CHILD nature in all ages of human history and in all lands seems strangely subject to the environment in which it finds itself. *

The characters of our boys and girls are moulded and take their shape much after the standard of society that surrounds them. Where there is no teacher to train—no moral stimulus to inspire and no model to encourage them to rise above their environment the tendency is to adapt themselves to the conditions that come in touch with their lives.

Some one has aptly said: "The child that is not

trained to look up, will, of its own volition, look down; or the mind that is not stimulated and encouraged in early life to soar, is destined in after years to grovel."

Regardless of its environment, however, the child that comes anywhere from the highest order of civilization or from the lowest scale of barbarism and savagery has within it certain possibilities hidden away, and latent forces lying dormant, which if properly trained and encouraged would develop an intellect that would correspond with that of a Washington, a Shakespeare or a Gladstone.

And again, it may be said that when fully developed, encouraged and refined, that there is divinity enough in every rational child to evolve a character from, that would compare favorably with that of angels, and which needs only to be reached and touched by the magic wand of the true educator to cause it to spring forth and assert itself as readily as does their depraved nature, which by the same law of stimulation and encouragement, tends to lower and degrade them.

Teachers who have the power to bring about such possibilities must themselves be considered as "the offspring of divine nature," and to combine within themselves the grandest union of brain, heart and soul that the world can look upon. As an individual the model teacher is perfectly balanced in all the moral and mental qualities, and is not content with only ordinary results from his work, but bends all his energies—body and soul—to the noble calling of leading and training the children under his care in all the higher paths of life. His very presence in the community in which he labors intensifies and brightens its moral atmosphere, and inspires all who come within touch of his influence to rise constantly above themselves, and to measure up more fully to their own ideals of moral and religious purity.

One of the greatest, and perhaps the greatest misfortune that may come to a community or a state, is that resulting from the employment of teachers whose conception of the true moral standard of life is low and whose own life fails to measure up to the highest ideals of virtue and personal purity.

The school official who is indifferent to these facts and who suffers school property to fall into decay, or employs teachers who fail to inspire in the minds of their pupils a proper regard for themselves, and their surroundings while attending school, most assuredly fails to meet the requirements of his calling.

It is incumbent upon the school official to occupy a place of intelligence that enables him to keep pace with, if not to rise constantly above that of the teacher. Otherwise it is not possible for him to grasp in all its immensity the great problem of education, or to fill properly the responsible and dignified position of a member of the school board.

His capacity for comprehending and being in full

touch with the urgent needs of every school in his district, naturally prompts him to seek out the best talent to teach in said schools. When he fails to find on his list of applications the teachers that measure up to his ideal, let him advertise for the talent needed—at the same time offering a compensation that is commensurate with the service demanded, and I venture to add that he will not fail to get what he calls for.—*Christian Monitor*.



FOOD AND HORTICULTURE.

THE following extract is from a paper presented by Doctor H. E. Barnard, chief of Indiana food inspectors, before the Indiana Horticultural Society, at Purdue:

The horticulturist should be more insistent for pure food laws than any other citizen, because his products are more subject to adulteration. The grain grower is not injured by impure food, because grain products are not adulterated. Neither are vegetables and canned goods, sugars and meat products—at least in a manner that affects the quantity of raw material required for all year's consumption.

But this is not true of the products of the orchard, the vineyard or the berry fields. Flour can only be made by grinding grain, beef by converting grass into cattle, canned corn and beans and peas by putting the genuine vegetables into appropriate packages, but cider vinegar is made without the aid of an apple tree.

What do you think is the loss of the apple growers of Indiana by reason of the sale of fraudulent cider vinegar? I know of one apple grower who allowed 500 bushels of apples to rot on the ground because they were not worth grinding, and the same grower has a hundred barrels of vinegar in his cellar that he cannot market at a price that will recompense him for labor. Two years ago, when the State laboratory commenced work, we found that of 145 samples of cider vinegar but 12 were pure. The rest were made by distilling a sour grain mash and adding burnt sugar to the acetic acid so obtained. Of course cider vinegar was not wanted at 25 cents a gallon when distilled vinegar colored and flavored to resemble cider vinegar could be bought for 6 cents a gallon. It costs 10 cents a gallon to produce cider vinegar; the artificial can be made for 3 cents or even less. I received quotations last week that offered a good article for a cent a gallon—36 cents a barrel.

It is probable that a million gallons of artificial vinegar—25,000 barrels—have been sold every year in this State, displacing the product of at least 250,000 bushels of apples and turning a hundred thousand dollars from the pockets of our fruit growers into the well-lined purses of the rascally manufacturers in St. Louis and Louisville.

Fruit preserves are almost a necessity at certain seasons of the year. Years ago, the standing of the

housewife was estimated by the number of jars of fruit in her cellar. Sad to relate, today she too often depends upon the grocer to furnish her preserves. And if her husband in his wonder at the change in the taste of currant jelly since his boyhood days could only know the origin of the modern currant jelly, he would lose his appetite and go back to dried apples.

Of 113 samples of fruit products put up in glass analyzed by us last year, 93 or 82.3 per cent were impure. The basis of these cheap jellies and jams is apple stock and glucose, which, properly colored and flavored, may bear any label required with as good grace as if it were the really true article.

I have seen currant, blackberry, raspberry, strawberry, grape, peach and apple jelly that was exactly alike in every particular except the label, and of the lot the apple was the only genuine product. Such goods are cheaply made and are sometimes edible, But every jar sold, to that extent, injures the market for the genuine article. And that is one of the reasons why you have had to sell your berries to fruit packers at such low prices. If there was no competition in the shape of artificial foods the true fruit would be demanded—and you know the demand fixes the price.

The horticulturist does not produce a fruit that does not go to market to compete with some substitute. This has been more the case in the past than in the present, I am glad to say, for the new Federal and State laws will check food adulteration and secure for you better markets and better prices and for the consumer the satisfaction of knowing that he is paying for pure fruits and not some manufactured substitute.—*Selected*.



SAVING MONEY.

ONE reason why more money does not go into the savings banks is because the people generally have not taken the trouble to sit down and figure out what a little systematic saving will accomplish. A writer in one of the current magazines declares that it is not difficult for a man who is earning a fair salary to save \$10,000, provided he sets about doing it in a methodical and systematic manner. This sounds like an extravagant statement, perhaps, but it will bear analysis. One may save very little each week and still save considerable in a year and a saving of \$1,000 a year is \$10,000, without interest, in ten years. It amounts to a great deal more than that, of course, when interest is figured. Ten thousand dollars looks like a fortune to tens of thousands of people—to some, we are sorry to say, who ought to look at it as easily within their reach. We fail to realize the benefits of even small incomes because we consider them as so much a month or so much a week, when we ought to figure them in terms of years or decades. Take, for instance, the case of a man whose income averages \$15 a week. Fifteen dollars a week is much or little, according to what the

reader may be receiving. It amounts in one year to \$780. And \$780 is likewise much or little, according to the earning capacity of the one who is passing judgment. But \$780 a year is \$7,800 in ten years. In thirteen years it amounts to \$10,140. With the aid of interest, it certainly ought not to be a very difficult task for any \$15-a-week man to have a bank account of \$3,000 at the end of that 13-year period, and there are men who ought to be able to make the bank account nearly double that amount on the same income. If we assume that a man is actively at work between the ages of 25 and 60 years and that during this period he has an average income of \$15 a week, he will have earned during his working years a total of \$31,200. If he ends in the poorhouse, who has he to blame but himself? Even the day laborer who earns only \$1 a day will have received \$10,955 in the course of his active life, provided he has had steady employment, six days a week. And many a man has saved money on an income of \$1 a day. To say that it can not be done is to say merely that the individual who is doing the talking does not believe it could be done in his particular case. And if he takes that attitude at the outset, his judgment is likely to be vindicated on test.

The trouble with most people who try to save money from their incomes and fail is that they are not methodical and deliberate. Success hinges on adopting a method and sticking to it through thick and thin. The method, to be effective, must take into account ordinary expenses and make provision for emergencies. The amount set aside, whether it be ten cents a day or \$100 a month, should be money that is put away with the understanding that it is to stay "put." Depositing \$10 today, \$1 next week, \$1.50 the week afterward, nothing the fourth week and drawing out \$10 the fifth week does not pay either the depositor or the banker. If anyone reaps any profit from this system of "saving" it is the bank, for it has the use of the money for a month without cost, except the cost of bookkeeping. The interest that is paid on savings accounts is materially affected by withdrawals, and interest, even though it is small, helps to make saving profitable. Where interest is paid semi-annually, as it is by most savings banks, the interest itself earns interest during the second half of the year. The banks and the big business houses count the pennies, so why should not the toiler who is struggling to get ahead financially? Money, of course, is not to be saved without some personal sacrifice, but who is not willing to make sacrifices when he is paid for doing it? It is easily possible for a great many of those who read these lines to save from \$5,000 to \$10,000 in the next ten years if they will only make up their minds to it. There are some who contend that a man earning \$15 ought not to save less than \$5,000 in 15 years, and that if his income is \$30 a week he ought not to be satisfied with

a saving of less than \$10,000 in twelve years. At any rate, in both cases, something ought to be saved. How much that something is will be more a matter of system and individual capacity than of what one's income is.—*Selected.*



FROM TWENTY TO THIRTY-FIVE.

THE danger point in steady-going, ambitious young people's lives, says a writer, is the time between the end of school and the beginning of success in their chosen work.

This time varies, of course, but, broadly speaking, is from twenty to thirty-five.

This is the waiting-time—the time of putting one's knowledge to work, of fitting one's dream to realities.

It is a difficult and disappointing time. When a youth comes out of school he naturally feels that he is thoroughly equipped for immediate success. He is sure he knows what to do, and just how to do it, and feels that success must and will come instantly; and if he be touched with egotism,—which is not uncommon,—he half fancies the world is waiting with bated breath for him to come upon the stage.

But the world is not doing anything of the kind. In fact, he will discover in a few weeks or months that the world was not one bit concerned about what he was going to do.

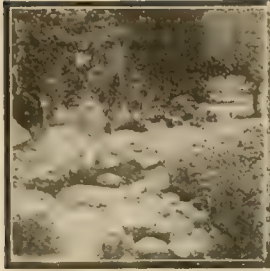
The world, wise, critical old fellow that he is, has a habit of sitting back and squinting at a fellow to see what he is going to try; and at night he merely pays—often grudgingly—for just what the fellow has actually done; and never can he be persuaded to advance a few honors on the promise of what the young fellow intended to do.

All this is discouraging. It is hard to cut down a fifty-thousand-dollar estimate of one's self to fit a fifteen-dollar job.

It is hard for the young lawyer to sit week after week and hear the wind rattle his shingle but to hear no feet of clients upon his steps. It is hard for the young doctor to sit in his office and think how much better qualified he is than old Doctor Soakum, and yet see all the patients go by his sign to the office of Soakum. It is hard for the young preacher, full of zeal and learning, to begin with a rather critical little church, that pays a very critical salary. It is hard for the teacher to grind along in the village school at forty dollars a month, when she feels qualified to teach in a college. It is hard for the graduate engineer to carry a chain at nine dollars a week, when he is sure he could make a name for himself in building the company's biggest bridges.

In literature, music, and art the returns are even slower.

Yes, it is a difficult time, and a dangerous time. Dangerous because it is hard to wait and remain faithful and sweet.—*Selected.*



NATURE STUDIES



WHEN THE BIRDS COME NORTH AGAIN.

Oh, every year hath its winter
And every year hath its rain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

When new leaves swell in the forest,
And grass springs green on the plain,
And the alder's vein turns crimson—
And the birds come North again.

Oh, every heart hath its sorrow,
And every heart hath its pain—
But a day is always coming
When the birds come North again.

'Tis the sweetest thing to remember,
If courage be on the wane,
When the cold, dark days are over—
Why, the birds come North again.

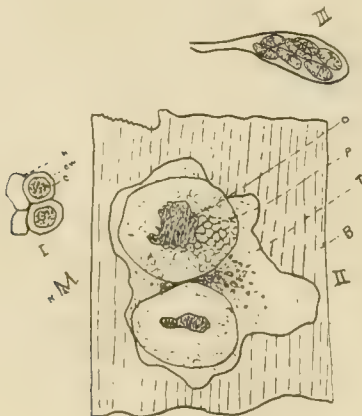
—Ella Higginson.



A LITTLE ABOUT LICHENS.

N. J. MILLER.

FEW lovers of nature have not heard of lichens, plants occupying places where other vegetation cannot gain a foothold. Early spring days are splendid for their observation because of the contrast they make with the bare and apparently lifeless vegetation. Then, too, "on the south side of things" the snow is gone, exposing banks, cliffs and large areas of ground.

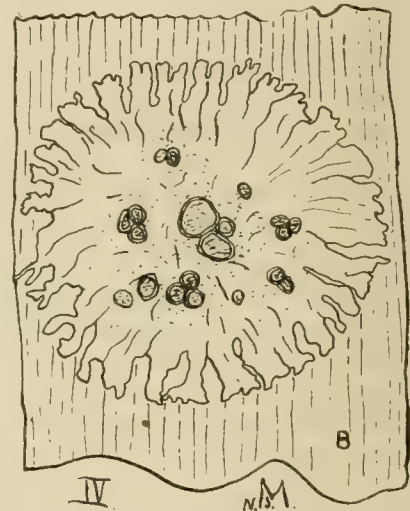


A Small Tree Lichen.

This time we tramp to the woods to stay a while with the lowly lichens. The bark of most of the trees is blotched over with pale green forms of various shapes and pigments. Some of these thin, flat forms are mere specks (fig. II), dotting the bark everywhere.

Close observation clearly shows that the leaf-like expansion (I), which the botanist calls the thallus, bears one or more cup-shaped structures (p), each having an opening at the top—structures full of interest to the microscopist.

Other bark-loving forms are larger (IV), as large as a penny, double eagle, or a hand and assuming various shapes. Especially are the trunks of fallen



A Lichen on a Piece of Bark.

trees running over with large lichens. Even the bare ground comes in for its share of them. The stone cliff yonder is pigmented yellow, orange and green with these forms. It recalls a certain meadow with its huge boulder of granite, which I, in my boyhood days, climbed over and over, trying to cut off the green patches, knowing nothing of the important part they play in soil-making.

Since lichens grow on rock and cliffs they there form the first soil. On the underside of the lichen I felt with my finger-tips small bits of stone which the microscopist tells me are incrusts in the hair-like web. The acid fluid formed by these plants, together with rain or percolating water, etc., help to dissolve the rock and remove small bits. This mixing with decayed vegetation forms soil which gives an opportunity for grass, always trying to capture territory belonging to the lichens, to grow.

I always continue my lichen study on the top of the bluff in Mr. Brown's field near by. What a large area of branched lichens, grey, soft, fluffy stuff—

forming bunches like miniature tumbleweeds! This growth though called reindeer moss is a lichen, growing from one to six inches high and covers here compactly over an acre of ground. It suggests the



A Bit of "Reindeer Moss."

large areas one reads about growing in the far northern countries where it affords food for the reindeer.

A lichen, that wise individual, the plant-physiologist, tells me, is not an individual plant but an association of plants so intimately related as to appear as a single individual. If cross-sections are made and viewed under the microscope the colored and colorless portions show something of the relation of the unlike individuals constituting the associations. The green portions are algæ (I-c), plants belonging to a group including the green scums growing in ponds and water-troughs; the colorless (I-h), plants called fungi—an example of the group being the moulds growing on stale bread. The algæ, physiologists say, gain little benefit by the association except acquired territory and a better supply of water during drought, and can maintain an existence without the firm. On the other hand the fungi cannot long exist without the green, the latter manufacturing all the organic food for the firm. In other words circumstantial evidence proves a clear case of slavery, the algæ being the slaves and the fungi the masters.



OUR LITTLE GRAY HELPER.

WE have a little gray helper who cannot hear or make any noise, who can only see sufficiently to distinguish day and night. He wears a little gray coat, and he lives in tiny caves which he burrows out for himself. Our little gray friend has no feet; he crawls. He works busily for us all day in the ground under our feet, coming out at night to get his food.

He is the earthworm, or fishing worm, as children call it, and belongs to the great class of ringed, or jointed, animals. His body is made of from one hundred to two hundred rings. These rings are larger in the middle of the body than at either end. Each ring has on it tiny hooks—too small for you to see—

which take the place of feet. By the aid of these hooks the worm moves along and digs his way in the ground. Try pulling him out of his den and you will see how fast he can hold. Did you ever see a robin brace his feet and tug with all his might before he gets his worm loose?

We have five senses—we can hear, see, feel, smell, and taste. The earthworm can only see, feel, smell and taste. That it can see sufficiently to distinguish light from darkness is shown by the fact that it only comes out for food after it is dark. It can smell a little—we can try burying an onion near its burrow and it will soon find it. Its chief food is dead leaves and stems. It is very fond of onions and cabbages, but its most delicate sense of all is that of touch. Jar the earth a little or blow lightly on it and it will disappear into its burrow.

He has a system of bloodvessels, a nervous system, and a brain, and is our only jointed animal that has red blood. When you first find him he is dark-colored, because his body is full of the earth which he swallows; but keep him out of the earth for awhile and his skin will get pale and clear, and you can see the red blood in two long veins, one down his back and the other along the underside of his body. There are tiny holes, like pin pricks, in his body for the air to reach his blood so as to keep it red and pure. His brain, or nerve center, is in the back of his head not far from his mouth. He can crawl both backward and forward.

Earthworms are most helpful to us. They make long, winding tunnels or streets, some inches below the top soil. These little tunnels are channels for water, air, and the roots of plants to penetrate. Mr. Darwin says that the plow is a very old and very valuable invention, but long before the plow existed the land was regularly plowed and continues to be thus plowed by earthworms.

When they make their tunnel homes—burrows—they fill their long bodies with the earth and carrying it to the top of the ground deposit it in piles called "wormcasts." These may be seen early in the morning over all the garden paths or just after a rain. The worm's soft body will stretch like India rubber and will hold a good deal; besides, there are so many worms busy all the time that each year they bring up tons of earth.

The eggs of the earthworm may be found by sharp eyes near the openings of the burrows along in June. They are done up in a kind of case, or skin bag, about the size of mustard seeds. It would be interesting to hatch some of the eggs in a glass, adding a little moistened earth as soon as they come out. Baby worms are just like parent worms, only smaller, and have not so many rings. As they grow they get more rings by the dividing of the last one.—Margaret M. Withrow, in *Birds and Nature*.

THE INGLENOOK

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OF the inability of Castro to find a landing place near Venezuela from from which he might direct his interests(?) in that country, a leading daily aptly remarks that like Archimedes he might be able to move the world if he could find something to stand on.

SEVERAL months ago when Mr. Spickler was telling us of his trip through Southern Italy and Sicily the great earthquake in that region added interest to his story. Now the setting of a revolution vivifies the scenes he describes in the experiences he had in Turkey.

WE tell the sorrowful and downcast to look up and forget their troubles. We might help them much in the work of forgetting by telling them of the trials and disappointments of others. Nothing so surely takes us out of ourselves as a wholesome interest in others who with us are experiencing some of the hard things of life.

HAPPY-GO-LUCKY "I-didn't-think" is a seemingly harmless fellow, but if we were to undertake the task we would find it impossible to calculate the real harm he does every day. Besides, he isn't as reckless of consequences as he appears to be. At any rate when we give ourselves up to his captivating influence we always find toward the end of the way that there are regrets and a heartache and much else to pay. Alas, that these do not always nerve us to break with him, but he presents such a pleasing front that only by the greatest determination of will is one able to resist him.

HE must be a weakling and satisfied with a mere crumb who in considering his mistakes finds full consolation in the fact that failures are a characteristic of human nature, that his lack of wisdom is the lack of most of mankind. One does not run much risk

in making the prediction that during the rest of the conflict he will take his place among those who are the true representatives of frail human nature.

MANY have read the interesting snake story told by A. G. Crosswhite in last issue. Who will be the next to give us one from his own observations? It need not necessarily be a snake story, though they are always interesting, just so it has to do with nature and some of her remarkable performances. Suppose the readers adopt a popular fad and give the editor a "shower" of these stories.

THE second National Peace Congress is being held in Chicago at this time (May 3-5). The first National Peace Congress was held in New York in 1907, just before the assembling of the Second Hague Conference. The object of this congress is the strengthening of public sentiment for international arbitration and the discussion of plans looking to the realization of universal peace. Peace lovers have much to encourage them in the rapid growth of the peace sentiment in recent years. The cause of peace is no longer looked upon as the special field of women and weaklings. For several reasons it makes a strong appeal to the really brave and they are coming to recognize this and to lend themselves to it.

"CHARACTER BUILDING THROUGH HUMANE EDUCATION."

"The coming culture's broader view
Life's threefold needs demand,
Coeducation, wise and true,
Of Heart and Head and Hand."

AIMING to strike a blow at the root of crime, for "crime is but cruelty grown up," a bill has been introduced in the Illinois Legislature requiring a certain amount of moral and humane instruction in all public schools. Crime is increasing and morality does not keep pace as it should with mental culture. In searching out a reason for this condition our educators have reached the conclusion that there is a vital lack in our educational system which can be remedied only "by laying more emphasis on character building through the coeducation of heart and head." Already more than one-fifth of the States of the Union are applying this remedy through State laws.

One of the measures of the Illinois bill "requires a half-hour weekly of teaching humaneness to and protection of birds and animals and the important part they fulfill in the economy of nature." Another "prohibits vivisection and restricts dissection in all common schools to prevent as much as possible the dangerous hardening of children's hearts." Still another "requires moral and humane education to be included once a year on program of teachers' institutes and at annual meeting of Illinois State Teachers"

Association." This last is to meet the charge that some teachers have never received humane instruction themselves.

Following we give the views of some prominent educators and others in different parts of the country on the subject of humane education:

The *Boston Journal of Education*:

"This teaching kindness to animals may seem a simple thing; but the more one looks into its merits the more penetrating this spiritualizing influence proves to be, causing a change of conduct, inspiring justice and compassion in the place of selfishness and cruelty."

Col. J. W. Cottrell, Superintendent Detective Association: "With twenty years' experience as an officer, I find in searching for the cause of crime that the lack of humane education is the principal one."

B. J. Tice, A. M., Superintendent of Schools, Mass.: "Fellow-teachers, let us make our teaching stronger and richer. . . . Let us reach out and take in humane education. . . . Too many of us are buried in our textbooks; are mere word-jugglers, fact-peddlers and mind-stuffers. Let us put away these things and teach. Let us become character-builders. Such work will compel people to realize the grandly important truth that teaching is the profoundest science; the highest art; the noblest profession."

Hon. Arba N. Waterman, ex-Judge of Illinois Appellate Court, Chicago: "Civilization in its moral aspect consists in a heightened sympathy with, and consideration for, those men or animals in our power. It is impossible to train a child to indifference as regards the suffering of a helpless dog, and at the same time be mindful of the rights of little children."

George T. Angell, late President American Humane Education Society: "All the criminals of the future are children now, the men who may throw railroad trains off the track, or put dynamite under our churches, or burn half a city some windy night. They are all children now and we are educating them. Shall we give them an education of mercy or not? A thousand cases of cruelty and crime can be prevented by humane education for every one that can be prevented by prosecution."

William T. Harris, A. M., LL. D., former Commissioner of Education, United States: "I am glad to learn of some movement against a practice too widely extended of dissecting animals before children in the elementary schools. I think it well-nigh useless, so far as teaching children a knowledge of anatomy is concerned, and at the same time very injurious to their moral and æsthetic feelings."

Hon. Andrew D. White, LL. D., late President of Cornell University: "In my opinion experiments involving either the infliction of pain or death upon helpless animals in the presence of children should be discouraged."

Rev. Dr. H. W. Thomas, Chicago: "The practice of vivisection in the higher schools of our country, medical and other colleges, has been carried, to say the least, to the borders of abuse, and its introduction to the public schools should be discouraged and condemned by all who have the highest good of the rising generations at heart."

We are glad to know that people in the INGLENOOK's native State are aroused on this important question and we hope the pending bill will become a law. Its measures faithfully carried out will do much to counteract the cruel and the lawless tendencies in the rising generation.



THE other day Rudyard Kipling made a speech to the young men of an educational institution, in which he discussed the value of money. He said: "Look about you and sooner or later you will see some man to whom the idea of wealth as wealth does not appeal. I advise you to watch this man closely, for he will presently demonstrate to you that money dominates everybody except the man who does not want money. You may meet that man on your farm, in your village, or in your legislature. But be sure that, whenever or wherever you meet him, as soon as it comes to a direct issue between you, his little finger will be thicker than your loins. You will go in fear of him; he will not go in fear of you. You will do what he wants; he will not do what you want. You will find that you have no weapon in your armory with which you can attack him; no argument with which you can appeal to him. Whatever you gain he will gain more. I would like you to study that man. I would like you better to be that man, because from the lower point of view it doesn't pay to be obsessed by the desire of wealth for wealth's sake. If more wealth is necessary to you, for purposes not your own, use your left hand to acquire it, but keep your right for your proper work in life. If you employ both arms in that game you will be in danger of stooping; in danger also of losing your soul."—*Interstate Schoolman*.



YOUR TROUBLE.

Who says the times are out of joint? Who thinks the way is growing steeper?

Who fears the worst is yet to come and that the gloom is getting deeper?

Cheer up, you that expect no joys along the paths as yet unbeaten;

Your trouble is probably due to something you have lately eaten.

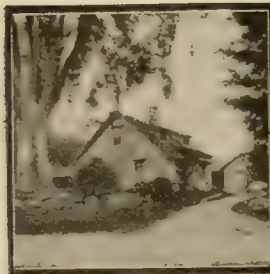
Who says that men grow worse and worse? Who sits alone in darkness grieving

Because there are no heights to gain, no honors that are worth achieving?

Cheer up, you that in sadness sit, robbed of the hope you had in rising;

The trouble with you probably is that you need more exercising.

—S. E. Kiser; in Chicago Record-Herald.



THE HOME WORLD



HOW TO EDUCATE CHILDREN BETWEEN THE AGES OF THREE AND TWELVE AT HOME

J. H. HARNLY

In Four Parts. Part Four.

KNOWLEDGE that begets confidence and capacity for arduous toil are prerequisites of success. On the farm it is easy to find employment, doing chores outside of study hours, and working in the fields and garden in summer when school is not in session. In the city it is more difficult to provide suitable employment, and yet there are many errands and light work about the house and grounds that the children should be required to perform, and they can be easily taught to assist in many of the duties of the household.

To encourage the child in acquiring habits of industry some remuneration should be given, and then require systematic accounting of all receipts and expenditures, instructing the child in the right use of money. Require that a part, at least, be saved and carefully invested, the father acting as custodian. Introduce the use of commercial paper, acquainting the child with business tactics and the rules of commerce.

Special care must be taken to have boys and girls early acquire a taste for good literature, so that their first impulse, when at leisure, is to enter the library and improve the time in reading. Books of travel, biography and history, especially adapted to the young must be furnished. Of fiction supply only the best. The standard papers and periodicals should also be provided.

Outdoor exercise and games, such as croquet and lawn-tennis, are to be encouraged, but restrained within proper bounds.

A part of the evenings may be given to tests of skill—authors, historical and geographical cards afford interesting diversions.

In the study of history and geography the best illustrated books, maps and charts must be brought into use, and frequent exercises in drawing introduced. Great interest may be aroused by plotting a continent

in the garden, throwing up elevations for the mountains and making depressions for natural bodies of water, following the system of relief maps. The depressions can be filled with water to more fully represent rivers, lakes, seas, and oceans. Cities can be located with blocks, and timber belts represented by twigs stuck into the ground. Natural products and resources may be indicated by placing these articles upon their respective districts. Historical features can also be added with fascinating effect.

The principles of grammar must be thoroughly taught, and illustrated by sentence making. This will naturally lead to the more practical subject of composition. Great stress should be placed upon speaking and writing the English language grammatically and rhetorically correct. The child should be criticised until it acquires this habit. Encourage the writing of letters to relatives and intimate friends, as this will result in great social as well as literary benefit.

The development of the child's musical talent must not be neglected—rudimentary principles thoroughly taught and regular practice insisted upon. In this, as well as other departments of learning and culture, the best instructors only should be employed.

Insist upon courteous treatment of servants and due regard for governesses and tutors. Do not allow children to treat any employee as an inferior. If your servants are not worthy of respectful treatment, you cannot discharge them too soon, and replace them by others. The highest Christian principle of doing unto others as we would be done by can never be successfully taught if we allow ourselves or those under our training to treat the most menial servant with contempt. All knowledge and accomplishments that are not made subordinate to pure Christian ethics, and make this the goal to be attained, must eventually result in dismal gloom and ultimate failure.

Before a child enters its teens the principles of the

Christian religion should have been thoroughly indoctrinated, then, if in later years your boy or girl should stray from the true path, they will turn to it again ere long. "Train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old, he will not depart from it." My experience in State reformatory work begets this conclusion,—that the wayward boy can be reclaimed if his heredity and early training are not too far below the true standard, but if the youthful offender is the progeny of outcasts, it becomes an almost hopeless task to reform him.

Finally, to arouse the spirit, direct the thought, and stimulate the native genius of our American youth, the art of expression, as prefected by Dr. Emerson, is the most comprehensive of all the diversions of physical and intellectual culture, for it purposes fullest development for greatest usefulness. Many a professional man now in obscurity might have risen to highest rank if his early tutors had been farseeing enough to train his voice and body as well as his intellect. This is the sentiment of Britain's master-mind. Its universal adaptation cannot be questioned, notwithstanding the fact that a conventional idea ob-

tains among a large class of educators that it is only for those with exceptional natural endowments to aspire to remunerative development in the art of expression. Nothing could be more absurd, nor more treacherous to the fullest symmetrical development of our children. As well say, it is useless to teach a child to walk because it does not show muscular signs of becoming a sprinter; that it is a waste of time to exercise the body if you do not aspire to become an athlete; or, that it is all nonsense to attempt to Christianize children that do not manifest excessive spirituality. Let us not be deceived, for the elocutionary art of expression is the most sublime and most ennobling of all the arts, and the least exclusive. It anticipates the highest culture and refinement to which mortals may aspire, facilitating the communication of thought, clothed in its true habiliments, and the right interpretation of classic literature, robbed of none of its inspiring efficacy. It gives due prominence to the development of the divine attributes of man—the emotional instincts—with-

out which education becomes a curse and not a blessing.

LEGAL TENDER



The man who comes up with a double-gauged smile
And talks in an affable way, for a while,
Has probably more than an arm "up his sleeve,"
Some men have a "hook" we are forced to believe;
Just keep an eye on him, but not just for fun,

He will "do" something to you before he is "done."
When you're absent from home, will make love to your wife,
At the least calculation, insure your life,
For depraved human nature is in such a plight,
It is hard for the sons of the saints to do right;
A morbid reflection to offer to view;
"It is true—'Tis a pity—'Tis pity 'tis true!"

This law compensation, we hear of, forsooth,
Gives an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth,
And your great benefactor, before he is through
With granting a favor, will ask one of you;
But there is one exception to this "give and take,"
Which we add to our argument, here, for the sake
Of the proof an exception can give to a rule,
As was taught by some one who had not been at school.
There is this "legal tender," to offer in lieu
Of the "do it for me and I'll do it for you";
A "specie resumption," retiring and mild,
For the noisy "long green"—'tis the smile of a child.
We smile on adults, and they promptly smile back,
And their business and patronage follow the track;
We smile on the man who can grant what we sought,
But we smile on the child, just because it cannot.

There are stately old maidens, whom no man can woo,
Who will literally stand on their heads for a "coo"
From some cute little cub with his thumb in his mouth,
Whose juicy lip keeps his clean bib free from drouth;
There are dignified grandmas who juke, nod, and beck,
And newly-made grandpas who willingly "treck"
A long journey to gain a wee granddaughter's smile,
And their business is left to the "bow-wows" meanwhile.
When Selfishness calls on the world to surrender,
Or you're caught in the grasp of a harsh money lender,
In exchange for the good that is in us, remember
The smile of a child still remains "legal tender."

—H. A. Diehl, in Ohio Teacher.



The human soul longs for freedom, and it is the happy province of this art to assist in its liberation—to break down the bars of prejudice and conventionalism and set emotions free.

To enhance the accomplishment of this result, let the child's soul development commence early in life, before habits are acquired which dissipate its finer physical and emotional sensibilities. Teach it to be perfectly free and easy in all its social relations, quick to express what it feels and thinks and not to suppress its emotions. Men of influence are men of strong convictions and deep feelings, with great physical as well as intellectual power to give expression to their intense thoughts.

Our American youths do not lack so much in knowledge and mental attainments as in faculty and discipline for sublimest aspirations and achievements. This deficiency is certainly traceable to the disparagement—suicidal obtrusiveness of pedantic parents and educators—of the incipient fundamental principles of pure esthetic and ethic culture.

If you sincerely crave the acme of excellence for your children suffer them to come unto the Supreme Teacher who had a mountain for a rostrum, and taught as a man having authority. He will secure to each individual child an inheritance incorruptible—and your travail will not be in vain.



BOHEMIA IS BAD FOR GIRLS.

WHEN, at great sacrifice, you send your girl to study art in New York, full of high hopes, you will save pain and disappointment if you consider beforehand what you are going to get back says Anne Evans in *The Delineator* for May. If your girl is a genius—fortunately for American home-making she seldom is—you will probably never get anything back. She will doubtless stay there. If she is just a girl, like most girls, and you send her into Bohemia, you are going to get back something you never bargained for.

For your information I am going to make three definite charges against Bohemia which I am convinced by personal observation can not be denied:

1. Bohemia degenerates far more talent than it develops.

2. Bohemia induces vicious habits—cigarette smoking and really strong drinking (whiskey and cocktails) among young girls.

3. Bohemia unfits girls, both in taste and character, for family life and family-making.

Two or three years of Bohemia can make more complete changes in a girl's life and character than any other one thing I know of, including the stage, because its influence is more insidious than any other. It offers complete liberty of life and companionship, without guidance, to inexperienced girls. They live in a sort of community set apart, where law, order and all conventions are despised and decried by the older

habitués, who are usually thoroughly Europeanized. They adopt Bohemia's badge—freakish, untidy dress, and strange "original" affectations of manners and speech. The fruits of Bohemia's teaching are discontent and a priggish contempt of home, duty, old friends and ways, a horror of life among one's own people, and absolute refusal of the responsibilities of wifehood and motherhood, on the grounds that respectability is utterly plebeian, and most people would better not have been born, anyway. Perhaps this cheap cynicism is right—for Bohemians. If these things are good to know, Bohemia is the place to send your daughter to learn them.



WHEN THE POCKETBOOK IS LEAN.

POCKETBOOKS have a surprising tendency to become lean if not frequently replenished, and it is often a puzzle to know not only how to win them back to health and fatness, but how to keep the family fed while they are in a state of convalescence. I append a few cheap and easily-prepared menus which may offer some suggestion worth trying. I am presuming that you live on a farm, and that you have milk, butter, eggs, vegetables and fruit of your own. Nevertheless, when your pocketbook is lean you do not want to be lavish with these, for they will sell and fatten that poor pocketbook.

Breakfast: Cereal, apples, griddlecakes, syrup, coffee.

For griddlecakes take one cupful of sour milk, one tablespoonful of sour cream, one teaspoonful of soda, and flour enough to make a thin batter—about a cupful and a half. If you can not afford maple syrup, a cheaper syrup can be made from sugar. Pour half a cupful of boiling water on one cupful of granulated sugar and stir till the sugar is dissolved and the syrup is clear; then boil about fifteen minutes without stirring again.

Dinner: Boiled beef, mashed potatoes, squash, bread, apple-butter, bread pudding.

A cut from the flank is a good piece of beef to buy. It is good fresh, or it can be rubbed with salt and kept a couple of days before boiling. Apple-butter is one of the cheapest and best of sauces. It is a healthful sauce, and one does not tire of it as of the sweeter sauces. It is made by boiling sweet cider down to about half the original quantity, and then stewing sour apples in it till they are thoroughly softened. It takes about three quarts of cider to six quarts of cut apples, and it needs to be cooked two or three hours. No very definite rule can be given, as the different varieties of apples do not cook alike. The bread pudding calls for one and one-half pints of sweet milk, one-half pint of water, three heaping tablespoonfuls of fine bread-crumbs, one egg, three well-rounded tablespoonfuls of sugar, one teaspoonful of salt (or a little less), cinnamon and raisins. Heat the water

and put bread-crumbs into it to soften them, then add other ingredients.

Supper: Cold sliced beef, bread, canned strawberries, gingerbread, tea.

Gingerbread requires one and one-half cupfuls of flour, one-half cupful of sugar, one-half cupful of molasses, one-fourth cupful of butter, one-half cupful of sour milk, one teaspoonful of soda, one teaspoonful of ginger, one egg, pinch of salt.

Breakfast: Oatmeal, bread, apple-butter, potato cakes, gingerbread, coffee.

To make the potato cakes nothing is necessary but to take the cold mashed potato that was left, form it into rather thin cakes with the hands, and brown it in the skillet in pork fat.

Dinner: Cold meat, baked potatoes, boiled onions, bread, apple-butter, corn-starch pudding.

The corn-starch pudding is made from one pint of sweet milk, one egg well beaten, three level tablespoonfuls of corn-starch, two rounded tablespoonfuls of sugar, pinch of salt, one teaspoonful of lemon extract. Dissolve the starch in a little cold milk and put the rest of the milk on to heat. When it is heated, stir the dissolved starch into it, and add the egg, sugar and salt which should have been mixed together. Boil three minutes, stirring all the time. Add the lemon after the pudding is taken from the stove. Serve with a sauce made of milk, sugar and lemon extract.

Supper: Fried potatoes, johnny-cake, apple-butter, cookies, tea.

Johnny-cake can be made without eggs and without shortening. Take cupful of sour milk, teaspoonful of soda, one-half cupful of sugar, and sifted meal enough to make a thin batter. The following recipe for cookies is also without eggs: One cupful of sugar, half cupful of butter, half cupful of milk, two and one-half cupfuls of flour, one teaspoonful of cream tartar, one-half teaspoonful of soda.

—*Mary Rolofson.*

The Children's Corner

A LITTLE BIRD TELLS.

Now isn't it strange that our mothers
Can find out all that we do?
If a body does anything naughty,
Or says anything that's not true,
They'll look at you just a moment
Till your heart in your bosom swells,
And then they know all about it,
For a little bird tells.

Now where that little bird comes from
Or where that little bird goes,
If he's covered with beautiful plumage,
Or black as the king of the crows;
If his voice is as hoarse as a raven's,
Or clear as the ringing of bells,
I know not—but this I am sure of—
A little bird tells.

You may be in the depths of a closet,
Where nobody sees but a mouse;
You may be all alone in the cellar,
You may be on the top of the house;
You may be in the dark and the silence,
Or out in the woods and the dells—
No matter—wherever it happens
The little bird tells.

And the only way that you can stop him
Is just to be sure what to say;—
Sure of your words and your actions,
Sure of your work and your play:
Be honest, be brave, and be kindly,
Be gentle and loving as well,
And then you can laugh at the stories
All the birds in the country may tell.

❖ ❖ ❖

—Anon.

HIS REASON.

WHEN Bobbie brought his report card to papa, there was a little black cross in the section marked "Deportment." Bobbie knew papa's eyes would find that the first thing, and he twisted his small handkerchief into hard knots, and tried to hide part of his chubby head behind the chair in which his father sat.

"What does this mean, Bobbie?" asked his father.

"I was late at school," said Bobbie, who knew that his mother had seen him leave the house in good season each day. "The teacher rang the bell when I was just in the yard, but—but I couldn't run." Bobbie was near to tears, but he was winking manfully.

"Well, that is rather bad," said papa, gravely, "I don't want my son to grow up into a man who is always behindhand. Now, I am going to be very severe. I shall not tell you tonight what the punishment will be, but unless you can show me a good reason why you were late—"

"I can show it!" cried Bobbie. "I can show it! You just wait." He ran out of the room, and soon came running back, holding in his hand the smallest mite of a kitten. It was poor and scraggly and forsaken in appearance. Its large, frightened eyes fixed themselves on Bobbie's papa as if pleading for him. "I can show the reason," urged Bobbie. "This little cat was bound to follow me, and I tried to get away, and I kept putting him over the fence and running very, very hard; but he just jumped over and stuck his claws in my pants until I had to leave him with the lady in the candy shop until school was over, and then I brunged him home. That was the reason," Bobbie finished, all out of breath.

Papa put on his glasses and looked at the kitten. Something in its forlorn, frightened face touched him. "Well, I guess we shall have to forgive you this time," he said. "Nora had better feed him on cream for awhile."

"Then I needn't have that punishment—that one that was too awful to think up?" asked Bobbie.

"No, that is all forgiven," said papa.—*Youth's Companion.*



THE QUIET HOUR



PRACTICAL OR WORTHLESS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THIS is the verdict which will be passed upon any system of religion which may be advocated. Unless its adoption and practice result in a measurable accomplishment now, and a promise of continued and complete accomplishment finally of the gracious purposes of the loving and holy God it must fall out and be disallowed. Ritualism and creedism, as such, must necessarily fail. Only when creeds become directors in practical life are they valuable. Only when ritual is supplemented with ethical obedience is any of the real needs of human life met. To divorce religion from ethics would be to deceive the people. Genuine faith "works by love and purifies the heart." The final accounting will not be according to the length or accuracy of the creed, or the beauty and ornateness of the ritual; but will be on the basis of practical services. The division and destiny of mankind, announced by the Savior in his discourse recorded in Matthew, 25th chapter, turns on "inasmuch as ye have done it," or have not done it: rather than have believed it, and professed it, spoken of it. Neither the mouth, nor the brains are decisive, but the heart and the hand.

The Savior's sayings, "ye are the salt of the earth, ye are the light of the world," mark two crying needs of the world, salting and lighting, and two services to which disciples of all times are called. The salt is to be "rubbed in," and the light to be held closely upon all the duties of life that corruption might be stayed, and life be made wholesome, and clear vision may be had for all work needing to be done, and for the proper doing of it. "As thou hast sent me into the world so have I also sent them into the world" indicates a positive identity of purpose between the Master's life and that of the disciples so far as the end is concerned. We must give ourselves to the work of saving men from sinfulness or uselessness, to goodness and usefulness. No greater damage can befall a man than that his religion be such in its character, or in his apprehension of it, that it covers with excuses his immorality or the world's immorality. A religious slaveholder, or drunkard, or gambler may be forgiven and saved, but his approval would be nothing less than a calamity and a menace. It is only when the voice of God speaks through a life that that

life is a safe example. It is only where religion and morality are united that religion is glorified, or morality is lifted to its proper place. They are joined as root and tree. The life of the saint is not to be separated from the life of society, but rather to work in it for its betterment. It must be so much of the kingdom of God among men, or it is a damaging delusion. Christianity must grip history with a tremendous grip or it fails of its mission.

The beatific vision which Christ gives us is not that of the monk in hiding, nor of the mystic in contemplation and delectation over spiritual anticipations, but is that of the man in practical touch with men, "The pure in heart, the merciful, the peacemakers, the meek and they that mingle their tears with the sorrowing." Religion must be made helpful in all fields of life. It must care for the bodies of men, honored as the temples of the Holy Spirit, and for the business of men as that which concerns his culture of character, and done as a part of the service of God, makes "earthly life a heavenly discipline." The sunshine of God reflected from the Church, must brighten and warm the whole field of life.



A MESSAGE FOR THE TIRED AND SPENT.

OUR Lord was addressing a company of men and women who were most evidently tired and spent in mind and heart. He could "see what was in man," and looking behind the outer vestures of their flesh, he discerned the deep-seated weariness of their spirits. His pity was moved by their plight, and he addressed himself to the removal of the burden; and while he was speaking, two very familiar occurrences came to his aid to help him in his ministry. Looking away up one of the steep roads, I think he caught sight of some laboring beast harnessed to a load which was beyond its strength. And the Lord pointed to this panting and exhausted beast, and turning to the people, he said: "You are like that! You have got a rough and heavy bit of road, and you are attempting to drag burdens for which you have not the requisite strength! Ye labor! The task is beyond you, and you are fainting by the way." And perhaps he turned his eyes away to the lake, and saw one of the boats which so frequently put off from the shore to carry their burdens down to the southern parts. And the boat was overladen, so overladen as to be nigh to sinking!

And again addressing the people, he took up his gracious appeal and said: "You are something like that! You are heavily laden; you have more cargo than you can comfortably carry! Your life is an intolerable load, and you are always in peril of becoming engulfed." Surely these are the two familiar images which our Lord employed in calling the people to rest.

The illustrations are as applicable today as in the day when first they were spoken. If I take my stand at any street corner, and watch the faces of the people as the crowd sweeps by, I am amazed how few there are which tell the story of a secret rest and peace. The majority of the faces are strained and restless, as though the hill is too steep and the burden too heavy. What are they carrying? Some are hauling loads of sins. These sins have been accumulating from their very earliest days until they depress the heart to despair. And some are carrying black sorrows which seem to grow heavier with every passing day. They have not discovered the secret of lightening the burden, and every new morning witnesses an increase of their task. And others are overweighted with petty cares; their burden consists of multitudinous trifles. It is not that any great anxiety lies upon the soul—it is just the accumulation of uncountable worries which now constitute an unendurable load. It is very strange how this burden attaches itself to men. At the beginning it is unnoticed; a little worry seems to have no weight, but little is added to little until the back is broken.—*The Home Messenger*.



"OUR FATHER WHICH ART IN HEAVEN."

In the Lord's prayer all the relations in which you stand to God are found. In it you pray as—

1. A child: Our Father which art in Heaven.
2. A worshiper: Hallowed be thy name.
3. A subject: Thy kingdom come.
4. A servant: Thy will be done in earth.
5. A beggar: Give us this day our daily bread.
6. A sinner: And forgive us our trespasses.
7. A sinner encircled by temptation and evil: And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil.

Three pleas are added—

1. Do this Lord, for it will help on thy kingdom. Thine is the kingdom.
2. Do it Lord for thou are able: Thine is the power.
3. Do it Lord, for it shall be to thy glory: Thine is the glory forever.—*The Expository Times*.



LET US BE KIND.

Let us be kind;
The way is long and lonely,
And human hearts are asking for this blessing only—
That we be kind.
We cannot know the grief that men may borrow,

We cannot see the souls storm-swept by sorrow,
But love can shine upon the way today, tomorrow—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
This is a wealth that has no measure,
This is of heaven and earth the highest treasure—
Let us be kind.

A tender word, a smile of love in meeting,
A song of hope and victory to those entreating,
A glimpse of God and brotherhood while life is fleeting—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
Around the world the tears of time are falling,
And for the loved and lost these human hearts are calling—
Let us be kind.

To age and youth let gracious words be spoken,
Upon the wheel of pain so many weary lives are broken,
We live in vain who give no tender token—
Let us be kind.

Let us be kind;
The sunset tints will soon be in the west,
Too late the flowers are laid then on the quiet breast—
Let us be kind.

And when the angel guides have sought and found us,
Their hand shall link the broken ties of earth that bound us,
And heaven and home shall brighten all around us—
Let us be kind.

—Sacred Heart Review.



THE BROKEN BUCKLE.

It is reported of a hero in Scottish history, that, when an overwhelming force was in full pursuit, and all his followers were urging him to more rapid flight, he coolly dismounted, in order to repair a flaw in his horse's harness. While busied with the broken buckle, the distant cloud swept down in nearer thunder, but just as the prancing hoofs and eager spears were ready to dash down on him, the flaw was mended, the clasp fastened, the steed mounted, and, like a sweeping falcon, he vanished from their view. The broken buckle would have left him in the field an inglorious prisoner, the timely delay sent him in safety to his huzzaing comrades. There is in daily life the same luckless precipitancy, and the same profitable delay. The man who, from his prayerless waking, bounces off into the business of the day, however good his talents and great his diligence, is only galloping on a steed harnessed with a broken buckle, and must not be astonished if, in his hottest haste, his most hazardous leap, he be left inglorious in the dust.—*Selected*.



"God bless our going out, nor less
Our coming in, and make them sure.
God bless our daily bread and bless
What'er we do, what'er endure;
In death unto his peace awake us,
And heirs of his salvation make us."



LIVE as if Christ died yesterday, rose today, is coming tomorrow.—*Luther*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



By a vote of 54 to 46 the Missouri House reversed itself and sent to engrossment the Johnson bill to limit absolute divorce in Missouri to the one biblical ground. The bill was amended permitting a divorce after a legal separation of two years.

Teheran, April 22.—The British and Russian diplomatic representatives were received in audience by the Shah today and advised his majesty to proclaim amnesty to all political offenders and to restore the constitution. The Shah promised to reply within a few days.

According to an opinion rendered by the attorney general of Oklahoma any person having liquor shipped in in the name of another shall be liable to prosecution and the express or railway company delivering liquor to any person giving a fictitious name shall also be liable.

It will cost \$25,000 to print the record in the Standard Oil case, recently argued at St. Louis. The work is being done in the Government printing office, the expense to be borne jointly. It will make 21 volumes of 500 pages each, and is said to be the largest legal printing job ever turned out.

The Missouri House has passed the Senate bill making the carrying of a concealed deadly weapon punishable by imprisonment in the penitentiary. The House also passed Senator Wilson's companion bill which prohibits the display of weapons in show windows. The bills now await the Governor's signature.

At Rome, April 21, Wilbur Wright made one of the highest flights he has yet attempted when he sailed his aeroplane at a height of 250 feet. He was alone in his flight, but he soon alighted and took Lieut. Calderara on two flights which lasted 31 minutes. The aeroplane worked perfectly throughout the three tests.

The extension of the railroad system in China is proceeding steadily, if rather slowly. At the present time the total amount of road in active operation is 2,170 miles. There are 806 miles of new road under construction; provision has been made for the construction of an additional 2,232 miles; and 3,286 miles of new line are projected.

In spite of the rapid increase in the number of automobiles and trolley cars, the horse continues to more than hold his own. According to figures published in the last report of the Department of Agriculture, the number of horses in the United States increased from 13,537,000 in 1900 to 19,992,000 in 1908, the total value of the same having risen from \$603,000,000 to \$1,867,000,000. The fluctuations in the average price of horses have been remarkable. In 1893 it was \$61; in 1897, \$37; \$44 in 1900, and \$93 in 1908.

Dr. J. H. Kellogg, of Battle Creek Sanitarium, the largest sanitarium in the world, some time ago gave the following death rates from the sanitarium hospital: La grippe, 827 cases, 4 deaths; scarlet fever, 83 cases, 2 deaths; typhoid fever, 333 cases, 9 deaths; pneumonia, 82 cases, 4 deaths. Not a drop of alcohol was given in any of these cases.

The management of Harper's Weekly and Harper's Monthly announces that after the expiration of existing contracts no more liquor advertising will find place in the columns of either publication. With these two periodicals in line, the high class literary press of America is free practically throughout from association with the liquor trade.

Prince Chun, the Chinese regent, has abolished the ancient custom of discharging fireworks, at the time of an eclipse, for the purpose of frightening off the monster supposed to be swallowing the sun or moon. The recent request of the board of astronomy for an order for the immemorial performance was answered by pronouncing the custom superstitious and never to be repeated again.

St. Petersburg, April 22.—Special dispatches received here say that a detachment of Russian Cossacks has crossed the frontier into Persia and occupies the Persian town of Astara. This movement evidently is the advance guard of the Russian expedition that the Russian government has prepared to send into Persia because of the state of anarchy that prevails in and about Tabriz, where the nationalists are attempting to force the Shah again to grant a constitution to the country.

From extended experiments that have recently been made at Macon, Ga., it has been found that a fine grade of paper can be made from pulp prepared from the okra stem, and a plant for making paper from this source is likely to be erected in that city at an early date. Okra is easily grown in the Southern States, and could be produced in large quantities as a paper-making plant. The plant is an herb belonging to the mallow family, genus Hibiscus.

The situation in Asiatic Turkey is one of extreme gravity. How many thousands have been massacred cannot even be estimated, because the disturbances have been so widespread that it is impossible to secure details of the happenings during the last ten days. The latest estimates of the number killed in the vilayet of Adana reaches approximately 25,000, and thousands have been done to death in the towns of other districts. The state of siege which several of the places are undergoing has brought the inhabitants to the verge of starvation, and each day brings its tales of further atrocities and the depths of misery and despair to which the savagery of the fanatics has brought the people.

From the money derived from the sale of hatchets Carrie Nation has saved a small fortune. She has purchased a large tract of land in Arkansas and will raise pet stock and fruits as well as fruit crops. She was persuaded by "Coin" Harvey to make the investment. Since the sixteen to one campaign Harvey has been living in Arkansas.

Some great records for steam shovel work are being made on the Panama Canal. Recently, during a working day of eight hours a steam shovel, operating in the Empire Construction District, removed 3,941 cubic yards of rock and earth. The shovel was actually at work only six hours and fifty minutes of this time, one hour and ten minutes being consumed in waiting for the cars.

Wilbur Wright today gave an exhibition of his aeroplane in which he refrained from the use of the starting rails. Starting his motors as usual, he maneuvered the aeroplane for about 150 yards along the ground and then shot it up into the air without apparent difficulty or accident. This is the first time he has dispensed with the use of the starting apparatus on the continent.

Under orders of President Roosevelt heads of departments were not required to answer to Congress when requests were made for information. Instead they were ordered to report to the White House. President Taft has issued an order that when information is asked by either branch of Congress the department shall make direct response except where such reply would be incompatible with the interest of the public service.

The fight of the Western Canadian grain growers for government ownership of grain elevators has been transferred from Winnipeg and Calgary to Ottawa, the Dominion capital. A delegation representing 32,000 farmers in the three prairie provinces has gone to Ottawa to present to the Government a petition signed by that many persons asking the Government to establish this system. They declare it will mean an enormous saving annually to Canadian farmers and will furnish them a readier market for their grain.

A device is being placed on the market for preventing a consumer from using more current on his lighting circuit than he has contracted for. When the current consumption reaches the contract limit the lights begin to flicker and continue to do so until normal current is restored. This result is produced by means of a magnet which attracts a spring metal armature. By adjusting the tension of the spring the device may be set to operate at various loads. The mechanism is made to operate on two and three-wire circuits.

The garrison at the Royal Palace, Constantinople, surrendered to the constitutional forces April 25 after heavy losses on both sides. A representative of the commander in chief of the constitutional forces is authority for saying that the Sultan will be dealt with by the Parliament and that there will be an adequate inquiry into the sovereign's alleged complicity in the recent mutiny. Up to the present (April 25) the ministry has not been dissolved, but Constantinople and a number of other places have been declared in a state of siege. Martial law prevails, and while there is some uneasiness among the people, order has been maintained with a strict hand.—The reign of Abdul Hamid II ended April 27 with his deposition and the accession of his brother, Mehmed Reschad Effendi. The latter has been practically a prisoner in the Yildiz

Kiosk for twenty-five years and is hardly known in the world.

At a meeting of the officials of the Cudahy Packing Company and officers from the United States marshal's office relative to the indictments returned against the company in Topeka recently, the packers qualified on a bond for \$50,000. The bond is returnable at the October term of the Federal Court, which probably will be held in Kansas City, Kans. The charge against the packers is that they put one-quarter of a cent revenue stamps on packages of oleomargarine that should have had 10-cent stamps. There were 737 counts in the indictment. The maximum fine in each count is \$1,000.

April 27 Delaware County, Ind., voted dry in a county option election by a majority estimated at 2,800. Muncie, the county seat, gave the "drys" a majority of 213. The result of the election in this county was awaited with great interest, as Muncie is the largest city that has yet to vote on the saloon question. Eighty-two saloons will be closed. The next election in which a struggle is expected, is that in Tippecanoe County next Friday. Lafayette, the county seat, has 101 saloons. Up to the present forty-five of the ninety-two counties of the State have voted dry under the local option law.

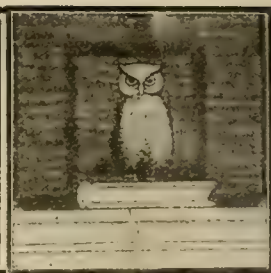
If the plans that President Taft is now making mature, he will during the latter part of the summer make the most extended journey that any President of the United States has yet made. It is now his intention as soon as Congress closes to retire to his summer home for a few weeks and then start on a journey into the Western States. On reaching the Pacific he proposes to take ship for Alaska, and will be in so doing the first President to visit that territory. On his return, he will make his way back to Washington by way of the Southwest and South. It is estimated that the trip will cost him between \$15,000 and \$17,000, thus taking out a pretty good slice from the extra \$25,000 on the salary that he receives.

The Arctic and Explorers' Clubs of America will organize an expedition to go north in search of Dr. Frederick Albert Cook, the polar explorer, who has not been heard from in over a year. Dr. Cook has no means of coming back. It is possible that he wintered somewhere with the Eskimos, where he could get plenty of food, but there is an uncertainty about it. According to the prearranged plans Dr. Cook was to return to headquarters at Annoatok, Greenland; down Kennedy Channel, through Smith Sound, and in case no ship arrived he would move to Cape York and thence to Upernavik, expecting to return home not later than September, 1908.

The announcement from Rome that Pope Pius is opposed to women in politics created much interest among the partisans to both sides of the suffrage movement in New York. Miss Mary G. Hay, a leading suffragette, declared that nothing the Pope could say would hinder women from fighting for what they believed to be right. Frederick Nathan, whose wife is one of the leading club women of the country, takes a similar view. On the other hand, Mrs. Gilbert E. Jones, a leading anti-suffragette, applauded the Pope for the stand he had taken. Father Wynne, editor of *The Messenger*, a leading Catholic publication, is of the opinion that his holiness did not mean that women should not enjoy equal rights with men, but that they should not permit their political activities to interfere with the primary duties of the home.



Among the Magazines



THE INDIAN AS A FARMER.

Prosperity has struck the red man, as it has the white. Redheart, among the Nez Percés, farming his several hundred acres with the latest improved machinery, and owning many horses and cattle, is not the exception. Another Northwest Indian making rapid advances is Louis Michita, a Cœur d'Alene, who owns and lives in as fine a ranch house as is to be found in the section, a commodious, two-storied, painted structure with large barns adjacent, the entire premises fenced. Back of Louis' home is a small house in which live the white help employed on the ranch. Between the poplar trees to one side of Louis' house is an artificial pond well stocked with fish.

Another prominent Cœur d'Alene is Tyler Toto, whose prosperity has not yet led him to cast aside the tribal tradition that womanfolk were intended for manual labor. Tyler is very proud of the photograph showing him harvesting wheat with an improved self-binder and sees no reason to apologize for the presence of his wife and mother-in-law who faithfully plod along shocking while he sits and drives.

Many of the Cœur d'Alenes are wealthy, cultivating large tracts of land and reaping rich harvests of grain, oats being the favorite crop. Louis Antelope is one of the richest farmers. He cultivates one thousand acres and has a fine home, together with large sums of money loaned out at eight per cent interest. He has excellent teams and improved machinery. Indian Daniel has nine hundred acres in cultivation on Rock Creek. Indian Campbell cultivates seven hundred acres.

One of the leaders of the red folk in the Northwest is Lancaster Spencer, head man of the Yakimas, who aspires to be the Booker T. Washington of his people. He occupies a comfortable home, one of the attractions of which is a well-stocked library. In one corner is a writing-desk; near it a typewriter on which Spencer is proficient; in one corner a home-made bookcase containing almost two hundred legal volumes.—The Delineator for May.



TARIFF AND THE PHILIPPINES.

The Philippine tariff legislation which President Taft urges Congress to enact incidental to the passage of the Payne bill does not conflict with nor alter the provisions of the latter measure with respect to free trade between the United States and the islands. It is intended to supplement the Payne bill provisions and primarily to prevent a serious falling off in the revenues of the Philippine government by reason of the changed conditions which will ensue through the putting of the free trade plans into effect.

In the original draft of the Payne bill it was provided that articles wholly the growth and product of the Philippines should be admitted into the United States duty free, limitations, however, being placed on the amounts of sugar and tobacco to be admitted free of duty in any

single year.* Subsequently Mr. Broussard of Louisiana obtained the adoption of an amendment eliminating rice from the free list, and this provision of the bill, as amended, stands in the bill as reported by the Senate finance committee. This measure also provides for the free entry into the Philippines of the products of the United States, and there has been some complaint that the reciprocal arrangement, with the limitations on free imports into this country, was not entirely fair to the Filipinos, as the influx of American goods into the islands would shut off goods hitherto imported from foreign countries that afforded sources of revenue through the customs duties.

President Taft and the friends of the Philippines feel that there must be readjustment of the tariff affecting foreign importations into the islands so as to make up as fully as possible for revenues that otherwise would be lost and at the same time afford reasonable protection to Philippine industries. It may be necessary, as stated, to make up some deficiency by means of increased internal revenue duties.

The importance of enacting such legislation in conjunction with that pending for tariff revision is succinctly set forth in the President's message transmitting the proposed law, which, it is interesting to note, "has been drawn by a board of tariff experts," after many open meetings and full conference with the business interests of the islands.—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE VALUE OF DRY FARMING.

After five years of progress dry farming has become established as standing for a certain method of agriculture adapted to the plains where rainfall is deficient. It is easy to raise crops in Iowa, Missouri, eastern Nebraska, and similar portions of the West, where sunshine, rich new soil, and abundant moisture are found. It is quite another thing where weeks go by without a cloud. Scientific farming proposes so to utilize what water does fall that there shall be a reasonable crop production,—not uniformly equal to that of the well-moistured East, not approaching that of the irrigated valleys, but making it possible for the farmer to support his family in comfort on a moderate acreage and returning good interest on the investment. In the States of Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Utah, in New Mexico and Arizona, in all the western portion of the Great Plains this idea has a foothold and is recognized as a business proposition,—not a miracle nor yet a fancy theory of the schools. It demands personal attention, definite effort, and understanding of the principles of agronomy,—but it is practical, profitable, and gives results that are surprising. Used intelligently, it brings fertility to what was in effect a desert,—and that fact alone means riches of great worth.

Probably no one thing connected with the movement is of more importance than the influence its literature and its advocacy have had in stimulating investigation as

to the best means of caring for all the soil of the plains. Farmers talk of the reasons for certain results; they follow scientific methods that have been tested by experts. Dry farming appeals to them as a good thing for the semi-arid lands and not a bad thing for the man who has usually plenty of moisture. It is a modern adaptation of an old principle, and is so simple as to be within reach of all. When it becomes general it may do much toward making more generous and regular the rainfall of the plains. It is already teaching the dwellers on prairie farms how to secure utmost returns from the gifts nature has bestowed, something the first generation of settlers never did.

In all the discussion of the term "dry farming" much misunderstanding exists. In simple phrase it means a method of farming that shall include deep plowing and frequent pulverizing of the top soil out of as well as during the growing season. It is based on the principle that the moisture falling in rain or snow may sink into the earth if the soil be loosened. Then that there shall be kept above that moistened bed a close, fine blanket of dust that shall prevent evaporation. If the furrows be turned at right angles to the prevailing winds of winter the snow may be caught, and if the pulverizing harrow be sent over the field after every rain, the seed is certain to receive a maximum amount of sustenance. If it does not get enough in one season it may in two, and a crop every alternate year, if a good one, is ample return on cheap land. Of course there must be good soil as a basis, —only irrigation can conquer sand.

To accomplish all this special machinery has come into use. Horses could not pull plows biting deep into the tough centuries-dried soil, so powerful engines that roll majestically along with two dozen plows en train are in their places. Press drills that plant the seed deep; pulverizing harrows that break the surface into powderlike fineness, and other appliances, are used. "First get your moisture, then raise a crop on it," is the formula adopted by one successful farmer. He told how he had plowed twelve inches deep, had harrowed and cultivated,—and then raised thirty-five bushels of wheat, fifty bushels of corn, and generous crops of rough feed on each acre, finally starting a profitable fruit orchard,—all this on a rainfall of less than fifteen inches annually. Year after year moisture-preservation has increased his supply and the soil-bed has constantly grown richer and deeper.—From "The Truth About Dry Farming," by Charles Moreau Harger, in the American Review of Reviews for April.



HOW THE CAUSES OF WAR, WHICH ARE ESSENTIALLY EXTERNAL, MAY BE REMOVED.

Prof. William Hovgaard, of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, writing in the first number of the Scandinavian Times, the organ of the new American-Scandinavian Society, declares that the causes of war are essentially external and that much may be done to abolish it by bringing about closer intercourse among the nations. He says:

"Difficulties among nations only too often lead to war, while difficulties among individuals, although relatively of as great importance, are generally settled in some peaceful way. This is in spite of the fact that differences in character and other inherent qualities among different nationalities are, at least within the white race, no greater than those existing among individuals belonging to the same nation.

"Nowhere is this more clearly brought out than in the

United States. Under a generous and humane government, which does not use any coercion to bring about this result, a common language is willingly and rapidly acquired by the different nationalities who come to settle in this country. The common language makes an intimate intercourse possible, and through a wisely planned and complete school system all children are cast in the same educational mold. The intrinsic national differences are thus reduced to their true value, and it becomes apparent that they are of small significance compared with the disparities which are due to differences in language, traditions, customs and other external and incidental conditions. As a result of this, we witness the remarkable phenomenon, which has probably never before occurred on such a large scale in the history of the world, that people of different nationalities, which have during centuries repeatedly waged war against each other, come together in this country and live peaceably side by side, and in one or two generations come to reckon themselves as belonging to one nation.

"Hence, we infer that the causes of war are essentially external, and that, if we could bring about a closer intercourse among nations, we should promote a better understanding, and this understanding would breed respect and sympathy. Thus we might hope eventually to establish a more advanced state in the relationship of nations, similar to that which already exists among individuals."

Then, after discussing briefly the various forms of international intercourse,—diplomatic, business, transfer of labor, immigration, visits, cultural,—and their influence in establishing goodwill and understanding, he continues:

"International intercourse has for various reasons increased enormously of recent years, and it may be said, without too much optimism, that war is now a more remote contingency than has formerly been the case, but much remains to be done before war is abolished as a means of settling difficulties among nations. It seems clear, however, that one of the primary conditions for attaining this higher state of civilization is to make international intercourse more intimate and complete, and we should therefore organize and support it where needed and as far as possible remove the obstructions which hinder its development. Now, most of the forms of intercourse enumerated above are self-maintained or are provided for in various ways; only the two last-named forms of cultural intercourse (visits of professors, teachers and other lecturers, for the purpose of imparting knowledge, and visits of teachers and of students of science, art, professions, etc., for the purpose of acquiring knowledge), which are still imperfectly developed, require nursing and support. It is believed that cultural intercourse is on the whole more effective in paving the way for the peace movement than any other form of intercourse, because it acts directly on the mind, and because it is generally free from any relation with causes of conflict among nations. Especially is this true of the two last-named forms of cultural intercourse, which it is the object of the new society to further as far as the United States and Scandinavia are concerned. Professors, teachers, students and others, who have made a prolonged stay in the foreign country, bring home with them a knowledge of and a sympathy for the nation whose guest they have been. This knowledge and this feeling are transmitted to their countrymen, and in the case of teachers to the rising generation. In this way, therefore, will be laid the best possible foundation of future good understanding and sympathy.—Advocate of Peace.

WHAT IS TO BECOME OF THE ORCHARDS?

WHAT is to be the farm orchard of the future? Will there be any? I rode last year through Michigan from near the southern part to the Straits of Mackinac, and as I traveled in a roundabout way I passed through much farming country, and what impressed me most was the fact that apple orchards on farms were disappearing.

The old home orchards that the settlers made haste to set out when they first cleared the land are dying, and that is but natural; *but there seems to be little effort made to replace them.* I did not during this journey see more than half a dozen places where attempts were being made to replace these old trees with new. This is certainly a mistake. No crop that the farmer can raise pays better than the apple; besides the pleasure and convenience of having plenty.

When questioned as to the reason of this neglect I received various replies. Some said that the apple grew too slowly; they wanted their land to raise something that came into money sooner. Others said they were too old; they could not expect to reap much benefit from an orchard.

"But your children would," I urged.

They replied: "If the children want them they can set them out." They forget, though, that some one set out trees for *them!* Others said that they did not have the time required to care for a young orchard; they could not "afford" to give so much time to something that brought in no returns.

What is the trouble? Are we living too fast a life, thinking only of ourselves and the almighty dollar, caring nothing for those who come after us?—*Farm Journal.*



PUMPKINS FOR WINTER.

THE average farmer derives very little benefit from the feeding of pumpkins. They are hacked up, crammed into hogs and cattle for a few days in the fall, at harvest time, and the supply is quickly exhausted and forgotten. The cramming process of this single feed does the stock much less good than if the pumpkins were held in reserve, and added as a balance with the other rations during the winter months, when this kind of feed is not available. Cellar room is seldom to be spared for the storage of a sufficient quantity to feed stock, but the difficulty is easily overcome by the following plan:

Have several shocks of fodder at hand when the pumpkins are harvested. Lay the pumpkins in a row, as high and as wide as you may think best. Spread a little hay over them, set the fodder on each side, to a thickness of three or four feet, and they are ready for winter. As you feed out the fodder, the golden fruit of the vine rolls forth, and you have a balanced ration which adds flesh to your stock and gold to your purse.—*Selected.*

Between Whiles

Addual Sprig Sog.

'Tis dow the thig to sig of sprig
With all its gladsobedess,
With all its birds upod the wig,
With baidis id airy dress,
Therefore I twag upod by lyre
And try with all by bight
To bravely strike poetic fire
Ad voice by soul's delight.

As Browdig says the hill's dew-pearled,
The sdail is od the thord,
Ad thigs are all right with the world—
At least they are this bord;
Tomorrow it bay sdow sobe bore
Or blow bed's whiskers loose;
But let us dot put up a roar,
For what would be the use?

By dose is clogged, by eyes are red,
By throat is sore ad raw,
By joits all ache, so does by head,
By breath is hard to draw,
But sprig is here with all its cheer,
So let us cease to fret,
Ad sig ad sbile ad clig a while
To wi'ter flannels yet.

—S. E. Kiser.



Not Much.

"What would you do if you had sixty-five million dollars?"

"Well, for one thing I wouldn't get off a lot of gush about wanting to die poor."



Correct.—"What's the best thing to induce chest expansion?"

"Medals."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



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"I should hope so!" agrees the enthusiastic young suffragette. "Why, bureaus are hopelessly out of style! We will have a combination wardrobe and chiffonier."—*Judge.*

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

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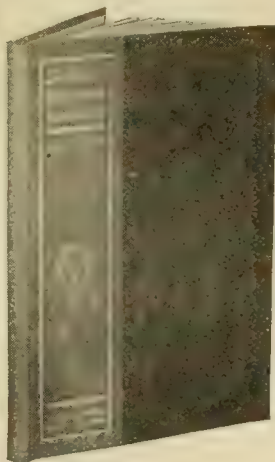
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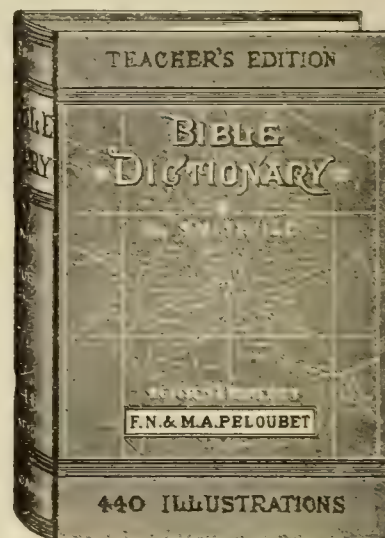
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Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
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Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

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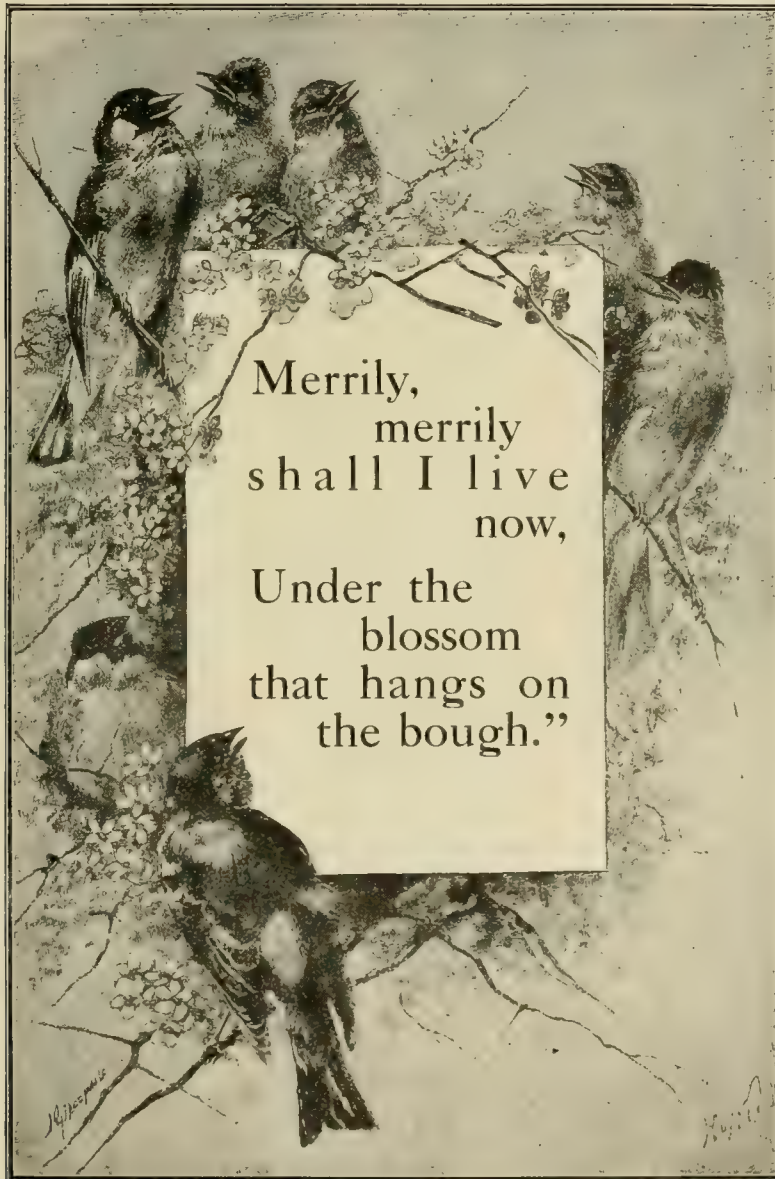
A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

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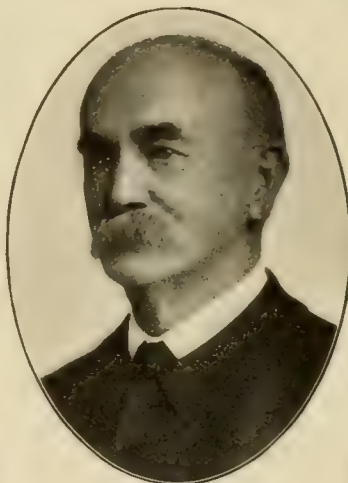


Merrily,
merrily
shall I live
now,
Under the
blossom
that hangs on
the bough."

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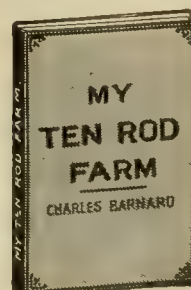
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"Others,"A Peep into the Secret of a Happy Life
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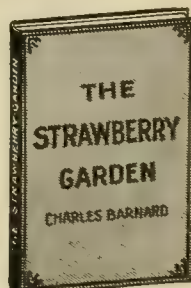
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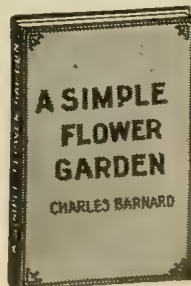
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Just about the time this appears in print Clovis will celebrate the second anniversary of her existence. She is now a county seat and has a population of about 3,500. I have been here 21 months and in that time property values have increased 400 to 800 per cent, owing to location. Another railroad is building toward the town, and for it also Clovis will be a division point. We expect a population of 10,000 within three years and a proportionate increase in property values. I have charge of 23 rent houses, but turn many applicants for houses away. Houses are still building on every hand and they are usually rented in advance and tenants moving in before they are finished. Being here on the ground and acquainted with the situation, I am in a position to pick up a bargain now and then. If you have funds to invest, it will be worth your while to write me. Address

JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis,

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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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STARBOARD AND PORT

JOHN S. FERNALD

THE recent collisions between vessels on the Atlantic seaboard may serve as the occasion for a short review of one of the principal devices adopted by maritime nations to reduce the chances of such disasters, namely, the red and green lights carried on the opposite sides of all seagoing vessels, whether propelled by sail, steam or other power. The present terms, "starboard" for the right side, and "port" for the left, originated among the early European seafarers, the former coming to us in nearly its old-time form, and the latter materially changed. The Italian *questo borda* and Portuguese *ista borda*, meaning this side, became contracted to *sto borda* and starboard, while Italian *quello borda* and Portuguese *illa borda* became *lo borda* and larboard. The similarity of sound of the two words, starboard and larboard, led to many errors with resulting disasters, and the name of the left side was changed to "port," from the Italian *porta la timon*, carry the helm, in reference to porting the arms in military drill.

As shipping multiplied on the seas and along the coasts, the method was developed of using different colored lights to designate the different sides of a vessel, and to show approximately the course on which she was sailing. At first each nation worked independently, and more or less confusion resulted, but the matter was finally adjusted on an international basis, and now every seagoing vessel is obliged to carry a white—uncolored—light at the masthead, a green light on starboard side and red light on the port. These lights must be displayed continuously from sunset to sunrise by every vessel when under way. The side lights are carried in "lantern boxes," made of plank, and so arranged that each light shows only on its appropriate side. Each box consists of an oblong wooden flooring with an inboard wall and aft end. The lantern face forms a quarter segment of a circle, of red or green glass, and the opposite sides of metal rest in the angle formed by the inboard and aft walls of the lantern box. The lantern boxes are generally

lashed to the shrouds of sailing vessels, or placed on the bridge or paddle boxes of steamers, though conditions may sometimes require other positions in order to show the lights to the best advantage. From a point dead ahead both lights can be seen, but from either side but one is visible, until a point at right angles to the vessel's course is reached, when none can be seen except the white masthead light.

In one of the "Rollo books," written for the youth of two generations ago, Uncle George explained to the youthful hero an easy way to remember the color of the lights. "You can easily remember," he said, "that port wine is red, and for the other color just think how green you are about all nautical matters."

The "rules of the road" at sea follow, in general, the land rule in force in the United States, "keep to the right," but, owing to varying conditions of winds, tides, channels and other complications there are many exceptions. While many of the rules are self-evident, and present the only possible way to safety, vessels are often in positions where there might be a choice of two or more methods, either of which would prove safe if both captains acted from the same viewpoint, but leading to disaster otherwise. To meet these cases a code of international maritime rules has been adopted, embodying many arbitrary rules, but all mutually agreed to by those who "go down to the sea in ships" or who have the making of the laws governing navigation.

Owing to the great ease with which they can be handled, steamers must give the right of way to sailing vessels, and for the same reason a sailing vessel with a free wind must keep clear of one working to windward. These, together with the rule for steamers each with plenty of room to keep to the right, may be termed self-evident rules. Among the arbitrary regulations, decided on and agreed to for the good of all, may be mentioned the rule that a sailing vessel with the wind on her port side must keep clear of another with the wind on her starboard. It is no

easier to change the course of one of these vessels than the other, but this rule being agreed to and understood by all proves satisfactory and safe.

As many persons can commit to memory and retain longer anything in verse than in prose, the following verses, written many years ago by Thomas Gray, are familiar to all who have to do with the handling of vessels of the high seas:

When both side lights you see ahead
Port your helm and show your red.
Green to green or red to red,
Perfect safety, go ahead.
If to your starboard red appear,
It is your duty to keep clear;
To act as judgment says is proper—
To port, or starboard, back, or stop her!
But when upon your port is seen
A steamer's starboard light of green,

There's not so much for you to do,
For green to port keeps clear of you.
But both in safety and in doubt
Always keep a good lookout;
In danger, with no room to turn,
Ease her! stop her! go astern!

The landsman frequently gets confused in hearing or reading steering directions. As applied to the sides of a vessel and to nearly all other things nautical, "starboard" means right, and "larboard" or "port" left. In the olden times when vessels steered with tillers the order "starboard your helm" meant to carry the tiller across to the starboard side, which turned the vessel's course to larboard. The use of modern steering gear has not led to a change in such orders and "Port your helm" in the second line of the above stanza means in landsman's parlance, "Turn to the right."

THE JEWS AND THE GREEKS

PAUL MOHLER

AMONG those great men who have helped in a large way to carry out the plans of the Lord for the salvation of the world, one of the greatest is Alexander the Great. Alexander was born B. C. 356, and succeeded to the throne of Macedonia when twenty years old. He immediately completed the conquest of Greece, which his father had begun; then, believing Grecian civilization to be the greatest in the world, he set out to conquer Asia and establish therein the laws, religion, language, arts, and in short all the elements of Greek civilization. It is exceedingly interesting to follow this movement and see how far it aided in the spread of the Gospel, nearly four hundred years later.

As for the extent of Alexander's conquests, it seems to us a marvelous thing, in view of the smallness of the force with which he set out, 34,500 men. For with this army, and its natural increase from Greek colonists whom he picked up, and captive people whom he compelled to aid him, he conquered the Persian empire, including all of Asia Minor, Phenicia, Syria, Palestine, Babylonia, Persia, etc., as well as Egypt, and a part of India. Had Alexander lived, no one can say what would have been the limit of his dominion, but he died at the age of thirty-two, and his dominions were divided among five of his generals. Upon this division, Judea, with Jerusalem; fell into the hands of Ptolemy Lagus, to whom was given Egypt. From this time on until the Maccabean independence, the Jews were under Grecian rule, first the Ptolemies, then the Antiochs.

But it is not the Green government that interests us; it is the Greek language. This is still considered to be the most perfect language the world has ever

seen. Compared with Greek, the languages of Asia and Africa were primitive, poor and weak. Following the army of Alexander, came great numbers of Greek colonists, who settled in the conquered territory, bringing with them, of course, their language, which was from the first the official language, and gradually became the language of a large proportion of the people even in Judea. With the language, came something of the Greek learning and culture, so that it is said that Alexander taught Asia to think. Certain it is that there followed with the Macedonian conquest, a great intellectual uplift to all the nations touched by its influence. And while the conquered regions were divided after the death of Alexander, each portion was developing itself in Greek civilization, so that when all were united under Roman rule, there was laid open a vast region, having a common language, and under a common rule throughout, in which it was easy for the missionary Christians to preach the Gospel of Christ.

Perhaps here is the place to tell of the origin of the Septuagint or Greek Old Testament. The Ptolemies, or Greek rulers of Egypt, were as a rule, very kind to the Jews, inducing many of them to settle in Egypt. Here, the Jews were thrown in close and intimate contact with their Gentile brethren, and a mutual esteem grew up, which resulted in a desire on the part of the Greeks that the Jewish sacred writings should be included in the great Alexandrian library, that they, too, might have access to them. Accordingly, first the books of Moses, and later the remainder of the Old Testament, were translated into Greek. By the time of Christ, this was the form of the Bible

in common use; and it is from this that the Lord himself frequently quoted, and not always from the original Hebrew. This stamps it as authoritative to us, although the thorough Bible scholar still finds it necessary to know the original Hebrew that he may be sure of some texts.

Now think how much easier this made it for a knowledge of the law and the prophecies to be common throughout the world at the time when the Gospel was given, and how much more readily the Gospel was understood and accepted on that account, and you will see readily the value of this Septuagint translation as well as of a universal knowledge of Greek.

But this was not all the world gained by Alexander's conquest. Greek having become a common language, the New Testament was written in Greek. We are not sure that all the books were first written in that language, but the oldest copies in existence are. Our English is called a rich language, but even it falls far short of the Greek as a vehicle for expressing the great and noble, as well as the more delicate thoughts and emotions. Our American Revision is considered to be the finest translation of the Holy Scriptures that has ever been made in any language; but even yet, when we want to feel the force and beauty of the New Testament, we must read in the Greek. To the Greek conquest, therefore, we owe the beauty and perfection of the New Testament Scriptures, as well as the speed with which it was carried throughout the Roman world.

Perhaps you don't like to think of the Lord as using warriors to carry out his purposes, but this is not the first of such instances. There is no question whatever to the Bible student as to the use which God made of great conquerors, such as Sargon, Nebuchadnezzar, Cyrus, and others. While Alexander is not named in the prophecies, there is no question at all of his being the he-goat spoken of in Daniel 8 and 11:3-4. Perhaps a word of explanation here would help. While Alexander's dominions were divided among five generals, they were really made into only four kingdoms. This is exactly in accord with Dan. 8:22. It should also be noted that Antiochus the Great gained control of Judea after it was taken from the Ptolemies, and oppressed them cruelly as did the king mentioned in Dan. 8:23-25.

There is a story told by Josephus that is very interesting and that may be true. It is that when Alexander came up toward Jerusalem to destroy the city, the high priest set out to meet him with a great procession of priests in their priestly garments, and citizens in white robes; for he had been told in a dream that he had nothing to fear. When Alexander met this procession, and saw the high priest in purple and scarlet clothing with his mitre on his head, having the golden plate whereon the name of God was engraved, he approached by himself and adored that name and first saluted the high priest. When his

followers saw this, one of them asked him why he should adore the high priest. He answered that he "did not adore him, but God who hath honored him with his high priesthood; for I saw this very person in a dream in this very habit when I was at Dios in Macedonia; who when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army and give me the dominion over the Persians." Josephus continues: "And when he had said this to Parmenio, and had given the high priest his right hand, the priests ran along by him, and he came into the city. And when he went up into the temple, he offered sacrifice to God, according to the high priest's direction; and magnificently treated both the high priest and the priests. And when the Book of Daniel was shown him, wherein Daniel declared that one of the Greeks should destroy the empire of the Persians, he supposed that himself was the person intended."

Whether all this is true or not, may be doubted, but we do know that there seemed to be a strange weakness in all of Alexander's enemies from the very beginning, and it is certain that he granted great and special favors to the Jews and that they honored him greatly, even naming many of their children after him.

I have added this quotation in part that those who have not read anything from Josephus may see how interesting it is. In your shelf of histories, don't forget to place a copy of Josephus, the great Jewish historian.

188 Hastings St., Chicago.



I MYSELF.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.

Some honor I would have.

Not from great deeds, but good alone;
The unknown are better than ill known:

Rumor can ope the grave.

Acquaintance I would have, but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.

My house a cottage more
Than palace; and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.

My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not arts: and pleasure yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space:
For he that runs it well twice runs his race.

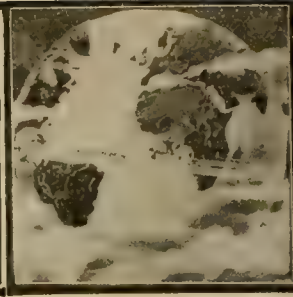
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, this happy state,
I would not fear, nor wish, my fate;

But boldly say each night,
Tomorrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in his clouds hide them: I have lived today.

—Abraham Cowley.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LVII.

I OBEYED, but not until I had caught a good glimpse of the bay now swarming with countless keels,—gondolas, sanpans, sails, launches that ran like eels, little boats and big boats, all gliding about as if in their own path and run by the same central power. On the Asiatic side, in easy view, lay Scutari. Yonder Asia. Here Europe. I could easily have swum across.

"All right!" I cried, walking rapidly back toward the guard.

I expected my freedom at any moment, and I began to show a spirit of good humor because of the anticipated boon.

The several officers, with coats buttoned tight around their waists, now came out of the waiting rooms, got the various men to their feet, and with them and two women I was again marched away.

Everything seemed too interesting to me as I looked upon the quaint curiosities in every direction, to suppose that any great evil was about to fall upon me. As we passed through the crooked streets, narrow and solid with houses and shops, I looked first at the buildings on each side, then at the incongruous squad ahead of me, and hardly knowing whether to be serious or humorous, I paid little heed to the crowds of men and children who rubbered at us, but mostly at me as I stumbled with the others over the sharp-edged stones. Responding to the gaze of the curious, my officers might have strutted like heroes with their prisoner, but thanks to their kind and gentle manners, they walked at such time rather with me than as if guarding me.

Having read in history that Turkish prisoners, whether innocent or guilty, were often thrown into a common prison for months and years, I began to study the characters of each of those who trudged, unwillingly, to their destiny. I wondered if the two women would be thrown into the same place with us. Did the one carelessly wearing a mantle believe in the Mahomedan faith? If so, I wondered if it would be right for any of us men to speak to her, or to look at her when unveiled, a crime punishable by death in certain places in Turkey. I wondered what kind of food we would have and if these women would be given the same as we men received. Would we have

the same kind of clothes to wear,—our own, or did prisoners wear a peculiar striped cloth?

We were now climbing a steep hill, the rough cobblestones almost too slippery to step upon, and as we turned many corners and seemed to change our direction at the whim of the leader, I had a fine opportunity to study the faces and figures of those ahead of me.

The first "suspect" in front of me was probably a half-breed or Turkish Moor with head wrapped in a black and a white cloth. He had the Turk's thick lips, as also the solid chin. His eyes were dreamy black, deep-set, and constantly busy with an idea originated by his own independence. But for the lowly life the man had been compelled to lead, at hard labor, his tall, straight body, responding at will to a fine set of muscles, he would have passed easily for a gentleman of cultured means. These two points, the ability to think and the ability to move, marked him as the Moor. He had possibly embarked from some place on the African coast, and was coming to Constantinople for the first time in his life to ply his trade with others of his kind. But for his prominent jaws and haggard expression, which gave him a murderous look I should have selected him as my "roommate," in case of necessity. But I feared to take him as my chum.

Next ahead of him was a young fellow about twenty-five, wearing a curled, black moustache. His right leg was about an inch shorter than the other, and as he was bending under a bunch of luggage wrapped in a large blanket, he made a picturesque picture that caused even us "suspects" to smile. In his left hand he carried a short, stiff cane or club, and in endeavoring to keep up with the "crowd" he sometimes made the cane answer as a substitute for his shorter leg,—not having time to set it down and take it up again,—in keeping step with his longer leg. His right held to the end of the bundle that was about twice his own size. On his head was the regulation Turkish fez. Though his features were beyond identification, he was evidently a Turk. Being a Turk I did not care to select him as my chum.

The third and fourth were just ordinary types to be

met with on deck passages along the Mediterranean. They were very poor and lived by the simplest kind of toil, having no ideas of their own, and I regret to say, none that they had borrowed. They just existed. What they had done that led the Turkish police to put them in our band, they did not know. What was about to happen to them, they did not care. They just walked after the officers like sheep after another sheep, turned the corners to the left when the leaders turned left, to the right, when the leaders turned to the right, exercising but one care, that of avoiding tramping upon the big bunches of dogs,—lazy, dirty, skinny dogs,—that piled up in the sun on every corner and five times between. One of these dogs, falling asleep, had rolled over right under the foot of one of the officers. This the dog failed to notice, and went right on sleeping. When the two men reached this spot they both turned out and shied off fully a distance of ten feet, as if the dogs lying there, too lazy to eat beefsteak, had been lions.

I was half mad at these simpletons when they turned into a narrow court, followed the men through a *big iron gate* and went straight on just as though the gate had been made of ivy. Of course, all the rest of us had to follow, whether the huge gate would shut behind us, or not. The passage grew darker and darker. The light could scarcely get through the narrow walls. Turning here we rounded a sharp corner, and then in my frightened imagination I saw a "Bridge of Sighs," like the one in Venice, only we were walking beneath it and not being rowed, for the last time, in a gondola.

Somewhere along here the two women disappeared. I made no inquiries, but kept right on.

We were reaching now the end of the passage, where at the door of a big building, whether of stone or *iron*, I couldn't have told, the leaders halted, motioning to the conglomerate party to enter the door.

Each then went to his own place.

I found myself alone in a rather clean, nice room, in the center of which was a big desk, on which were no papers, but one solitary ink bottle and a pen. Not long after, a pleasing looking gentleman, in full Turkish dress, appeared in the door, motioning me to come that way.

He led me through an ample court to the other side of the building, taking me to the door, and stopping on the outside, gestured me to enter.

As I entered the large room or office I believed I was in the chief magistrate's quarters, or police court. A gentleman led the way to the desk in the center, behind which sat a Turk whose demeanor showed he was a judge or attorney of some kind.

It was the most peculiar moment of my experience. I was among foreign policemen. I was in an oriental

court, about to be tried or sentenced, or sentenced and tried, or both.

As before, these officers, whatever position they had in the city, and whatever they were minded to do to me, showed me a kind of deference that made me rather like them. Still, that disposition on their part only increased my anxiety, for while I believed that the sole trouble was regarding my passport, my mind was fertile in conjuring up a score of possible harms that could be inflicted upon a helpless foreigner. I had been careful, after writing my letters at Smyrna, to mail them in the German or Austrian postoffice, for I had been warned about using the Turkish post, the mail of which was constantly being opened, rifled and confiscated. But as I had written plainly about the conditions in Anatolia, and perhaps had used strong language, the inspectors who might have opened my mail might have misunderstood some of my statements. Although having been dropped in the German postoffice, the Turkish officials suspecting my sincerity, could possibly have compelled the foreign office to turn any suspected mail over to them. I was no plotter against individuals or governments, and I made up my mind to stand by all that I had said and done regardless of results.

Just inside the door, coming from the side of the office, was a little Maltese kitten, making right for me, its little furry tail waving welcomes to me as its little pink mouth mewed for me to take it up into my arms.

That little kitten was the key to the situation. It broke the ice on my Turkish ocean of fear. But what surprised me was its exact resemblance in size and color and disposition to the kitten I had befriended in Smyrna. "Kittie!" I called, as I laid it close against my bosom and held its fat little body tight in my hands. It called back to me, looking into my eyes with as much confidence and love as if I had been an old friend. It could not have been the kitten I had rescued from the cellar in Smyrna, for that one had been left in the care of one of the students. In my room in the dormitory there I had made a box for it with dishes placed for its food. It was to be fed milk and meat each day several times until I returned. For this expense I had given the boy some money, promising him more on my coming back from Constantinople. Above all I had instructed him to be good to it and to see that it did not suffer the least want. He had faithfully promised me to do just as I wished him to do and assured me that my protegee would be in fine shape when I next saw it. He had been commended to me by one of the professors and I rested easy in the belief that the Armenian would do as he promised, with the offer of coin for his trouble, and that my little kitten would welcome me after I had been in the capital.

With the kitten in my arms thus I walked towards the desk of the judge, taking my position directly

before the august personage sitting on the other side.

He had seen me pick up my little friend and smiled as I brought it with me, marvelling that a stranger had captured instantaneously its confidence and friendship.

Then and there, I believed I had won my case.

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DIALECT.

M. M. WINESBURG.

IN writing dialect, how many writers really write it as it is spoken? Take for an example the darkey vernacular; how many different ways one can see it written, and not as the darkey speaks it, either.

I have heard the darkey vernacular spoken, from the Ohio River to the Gulf of Mexico, and I don't think I ever heard one say "Ah" for the personal pronoun I. They usually say "I'se," with the accent on the I. Also, I have yet the first time to hear a darkey say "suh"; it sounds more like "sah" or "sair," although it would be rather hard for anyone to write correctly the rolling, guttural sound as the darkies pronounce it.

Then, I have read articles, that claimed that the whites of the darkies' eyes had a bluish tinge, where in reality the whites of their eyes have a yellowish look, and in the pure blacks more of a reddish yellow than in the half-caste, but that yellow tinge shows up in the eyes of all.

About all of the darkies say "I'se," "sholy does," "done shuah," "fo shuah," "yo," and "suttenly am." And it is also common to hear among either the whites or blacks in the far South, the words, "yo'all" and one hardly ever hears anyone say yes, it's "eyah." This is as near as I can write their peculiar way of saying yes. "Two bits" for a quarter of a dollar, and "a little bittie thing" for anything very small, and a darkey always says "chillens" in speaking of children. But very few darkies talk as bad as some writers make them talk, though they do roll their words wonderfully.



MELON GROWING IN THE SOUTH.

J. I. MILLER.

PERHAPS few people in the North realize what the melon industry is in the South; in fact they do not have the faintest idea. The melon is just as much at home in the South as the cotton or the sweet potato.

The first and greatest of all things to consider is the location for the melon patch. Where the land is low and flat and does not have sufficient natural drainage the land is usually plowed in lands from eight to ten or twelve feet wide. The ordinary turning plow is used. The man that does the plowing begins in the centre of the land (commonly called beds) and turns the ground to the centre and plows and replows until he has the centre of the bed from one to two feet

higher than the dead furrow between the beds. These furrows carry off the water and afford excellent drainage.

After the ground has been bedded up sufficiently high, one method of fertilizing is to split the centre of the bed by throwing two furrows apart with the turning-plow, then filling furrow with well composted barnyard manure or a liberal supply of commercial fertilizer sowed in furrow, then throwing the ground back in furrow with plow.

Seed.

Then the best of varieties are selected and seed usually ordered from some reliable seed house. The seed is planted in hills from eight to ten feet apart in the row. Soon as the vines have six or eight leaves the cultivating begins and a warfare is kept up until the vines cover the ground. The mode of cultivation is much the same as that of corn, except more shallow. During the stage of cultivation more fertilizer is often applied.

Size of Patch.

One, two, three, or four hills make a melon patch, that many acres make one, twenty acres make one, forty acres make a larger one and a good-sized patch. Last summer we read in the paper with some interest about a melon patch in Texas containing five hundred acres. We can not remember how many car loads of melons were shipped from the five hundred acres.

Sizes of Melons.

Melons that weigh from thirty to sixty pounds each usually sell best in the markets, though some of the best varieties, such as the "Florida Favorite," and "Cleckly's Sweet" and a few other varieties are small melons and seldom weigh more than twenty-five pounds while the "Black Diamond" and "Duke Jones," also the "Augusta Rattlesnake" and "Colbs Gem" weigh as much as seventy to eighty pounds each. The largest we ever helped to eat that we remember of that we knew its actual weight was seventy-eight pounds. A melon weighing thirty or forty pounds is not considered a large melon in the South.

Price.

The first that come in the market, usually the latter part of May, sell for about two cents per pound, later one cent, and sometimes for half cent per pound and sometimes for less. We have on different occasions been invited to a neighboring patch (after they sold all they could) to help ourselves and have hauled melons home by the wagon load that weighed from twenty to thirty pounds, eaten what we could and fed the balance to our hogs and chickens.

Perhaps it might interest some of the readers to know what the outcome is in growing melons, so I give a few facts.

Facts.

Two of my neighbors in partnership sold \$500 worth of melons that they raised on three acres. One of the men told me later that he planted one acre a few years ago, and sold something over \$149 worth of melons and all the expenses were less than \$49. \$100 net profit is usually realized per acre. Another man who lived a mile from us had two acres in watermelons and they ripened late in the season when the markets were glutted and he told me he sold nearly \$200 worth. Then he gave us an invitation to "help ourselves" and we hauled a two-horse wagon load home and they were first-class as to quality. The foregoing applies to watermelons. But as much can be made growing muskmelons or cantaloupes. We have never engaged in watermelon culture save for family use, as our space for planting is too limited, and we have always succeeded best with muskmelons.

We had a good crop of muskmelons a few years ago, on less than one-thirty-fifth of an acre, raising over four hundred muskmelons. This may seem like a big yield to some of the Nook readers, but it is true all the same, and we have raised a number of crops that yielded just as well, but we measured the ground on this one occasion only.

Conclusion.

We have often thought that were we to live in the North again and plant melons and care for them as we do here we could grow melons there, too.

When I was a boy in Pennsylvania fifty years ago, we as well as our neighbors, would plant our melons in the same field and same hill with the corn, and when we got a melon five or six inches in diameter we thought we had a "big one."

Perhaps this may find its way to the Nook readers before it is too late in the season to plant melons in the North. If so I would like some of them to try the southern method of growing melons and report results.

Should any of the Nook family have any subject in view they would like an article on "from the South?" they will confer a favor on me by letting me know. There are many subjects I could not do justice and would not undertake, but will be glad to give an article on anything that I know something about. My main object in writing is to be sure and tell the truth.

This article is sent by request, and I thank the one who asked for it.

Roanoke, La., April 17.

**WORLD'S BIGGEST BAROMETER.**

THE biggest barometer in the world is in the City of Faenza, Italy. It is a monument to Torricelli, inventor of the barometer who was born in that city just three hundred years ago. The scale of this barometer is on a basis of feet where the ordinary barometer is measured in inches. The liquid column is 37 feet high at normal. It was intended to use a 32-foot column of water, but this was abandoned because water evaporated too quickly. Then glycerine was tried but with this liquid the normal height was only 27 feet. When a lighter one is made available a taller barometer may be constructed. Pascal made barometers of water and wine mixed. Zophar Mills of New York made a glycerine barometer and Jaubert set up one of water in the famous Tour St. Jacques, the weather bureau center of Paris.—*Detroit Free Press.*

BROKEN DREAMS

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

I have dreamed some pleasant day dreams
 Slumbering peacefully.
 But then awakened quick, to find
 The dreams were fantasy.
 Tho' oft to finish out the thought
 I've tried, and tried in vain,
 The broken thread of vanished dreams
 We never find again;—
 The broken thread of vanished dreams
 We never find again.
 I have dreamed some pleasant day dreams
 Under a shading tree,
 But the castles that I've builded
 Ne'er op'ed their doors to me.
 In after years their ruined towers

I've tried to build with pain,
 But tumbled castles of our youth
 We never build again;—
 The tumbled castles of our youth
 We never build again.
 After from dreaming we're 'wakened
 There's naught but pain ahead,
 The whole of our human effort
 Is toil for daily bread.
 But each has, when toil is ended,
 A grave 'neath moonlight beams,
 And there, where mortal never 'wakes
 We'll finish out those dreams;—
 And there where mortal never 'wakes
 We'll finish out those dreams.

THE INDICTMENT OF STRONG DRINK.

WHAT a vast throng is marching along this gateway of woe, and sorrow, and contention. There are to be seen all classes and conditions of men and women. Those who are wrecks drifting on to despair and death. Those who get on a debauch periodically. The moderate drinker. And the one who is just beginning to drink. But, no matter what the condition, all those who march with the drink brigade are on the way to the serpents' den for at the last "it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." The entire brigade is going downward. Strong drink never has lifted men up. No man has ever become a better husband and father because he took to drinking. No man ever became a better citizen because he drank more beer or whisky. No man ever became a better workman because he drank liquor.

Whence come the recruits for this brigade? The march is very rapid. The strongest are going the pace that soon ends in the drunkard's grave. New recruits must take their places. Where are they to be found? A speaker, addressing a Sunday school, asked: "Boys, these men we see on the street, in the stores, in the church, and in the Sunday school will soon get old and pass away. Who will take their places and be the men when they are gone?" After a moment's pause they answered, "We boys." "Very true," continued the speaker. "Now, boys, you have all seen men who drink too much—drunkards, we call them. They will soon be old and die, too. Now, boys, tell me, who do you think will take their places and be the drunkards then? Promptly came the startling answer, "We boys." We boys! The thoughtless answer roused the whole school. Could it be possible that this was to be true? Alas, yes—not true of all the boys, but some of them. Every drunkard was once an innocent child. The whole army of drunkards has been made out of innocent children. It has been very carefully estimated that in order to keep up the supply of drunkards as it has been the past five years, every fourth family will have to furnish one bright, innocent boy.

There are no saloons in this country in the eyes of the law. Men are granted license, not to open a saloon, but to keep a dramshop. The dramshop is kept for the purpose of dram drinking. Dram drinking makes drunkenness and drunkenness causes destitution. The worst bargain ever made by American governments is the agreement by which they grant men the privilege of keeping a dramshop for a small fee.

Carroll D. Wright, one of the very best statisticians, after carefully counting the cost, says that for every dollar received from the liquor traffic the government has to pay \$21 to take care of its products.

We are just learning how to keep accounts with alcohol. The eight "white States" that have voted whisky out of their bounds have done so because they have just begun to charge up to whisky the very things

that the writer of Proverbs charges up to it: "Woe, sorrow, contention, complaining, wounds without cause, redness of eyes."

In answer to the question, "Does it pay?" the people of Illinois, Missouri, Indiana and Ohio are driving out the dramshop so fast that it is almost impossible to keep count of the "white counties."

The 77-hour lid enforcement recently in St. Louis reduced the arrests for drunkenness from 182 the week previous to 24. The excise commissioner says: "Facts are facts. There is no doubt that closing the saloons is morally a good thing. The police records for the past two days show it. There have been fewer arrests for drunkenness, naturally, but on top of this there have been no shooting scrapes, no people cutting one another—in fact, fewer arrests for crimes of any sort." If closing the dramshop for 77 hours reduced all kinds of crime, why not close it all the time?

The wife stood before the court when her husband was being sentenced to be locked up for being drunk the third time. The judge turned to her and said: "Madam, I am sorry for you, but I must lock up your husband." Her reply contained a tremendous truth when she said: "Your honor, wouldn't it be better for me and the children if you locked up the dramshop and let my husband go to work?"

Uncle Sam receives almost two hundred millions a year revenue from alcohol. Let us be thankful for a decrease in the receipts for the year ending June, 1908, of more than fifteen million dollars. Dr. Cowan says: "Every barrel of this alcohol on which Uncle Sam collected the revenue contained an accident, a boiler explosion, a head-on collision of trains, a wrecked steamer, an elevator smash, etc." No one has yet been able to count the murders, the suicides, the divorces, the wrecked homes, ruined manhood and womanhood and the broken-hearted mothers that came from those barrels of liquor.

We have denatured alcohol, but deadderized wine or beer, and deserpentized whisky is a delusion and a snare, for "at the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder."—J. G. Reynolds.



THE TERRIBLE SMILE.

O. W. HOLMES said if he had the "terrible smile" which is sometimes seen on the faces of people who cultivate the habit of seeming always to be smiling, he would have a surgeon remove the muscles that make the artificial smile possible. Mrs. Kellogg, editor of *Primary Education*, disapproves of dramatic cheerfulness, and makes a good point touching that mechanical smile. She says:

We hear of a "kindergarten smile"—why not a primary teacher smile? They are one and the same when they are forced and both pitiable enough. How can one detect whether the smile be true or made up,

whether of the heart or of the muscles? It tells itself.

How must the little children feel under the relentless influence of a false, make-believe vivacity? How utterly weary they must be of the rarefied atmosphere of high-wrought cheer to which the determinedly vivacious teacher lifts them and pitilessly holds them day after day! How they must long to be let alone!

"Good morning, dear children. I hope you are all very well this morning. Shall we sing a song to show how happy we are?" This in a high-pitched rattling, tin-pan voice, equally devoid of agreeableness and sincerity. The dramatic teacher in the happy role then breaks into a jingling motion-song and sweeps the children along with her till they lose their breath in the swift current of over-happiness. Without a second for the song to leave an influence upon the happy victims, the teacher pounces upon another delightful thing to *do*, and the children are whirled into a game or an exercise as if carried along by pitiless machinery that had been set going and couldn't be stopped. From this they dashed into a reading, writing, or made-to-order "observation" lesson, with that never-dying vivacious voice, that will not, *will not* stop, still ringing in their ears.

And all this is to make the children happy, alert, spontaneous, wide-awake! Does the child mind need rest and quiet and time to unfold as do plant-buds? Must the teacher keep up an everlasting drum-beat for the development of the child-soul? If the primary teacher could believe that the spirit of harmonious, happy work in the schoolroom must be first of all the radiation from her own soul, and that this spirit is best fostered by the low, kindly tone, the genuine smile, the timely word, the timely touch, and the *timely silence* that falls like a healing balm, she would learn some of the best things she can ever know about the training of children.

The American child with fearful inheritance of nervous rush needs the cooling, quieting touch on the restless pulse far more than he needs the prod of the vicious spur.—*The Western Teacher*.



NATIONAL FLOWERS.

ALMOST every nation has its particular floral emblem, which has been adopted as commemorative of some historic occurrence or in recognition of a religious or romantic legend. The fleur-de-lis, says a writer in *Godey's Magazine*, is intimately entwined with the monarchical history of France, and, according to an old tradition, was first employed as an armorial bearing by Clovis I, and represents the lily presented by an angel to that monarch at his baptism. Others have held that it was first adopted by Louis VII of France, in allusion to his name, Louis Florus. More practical persons see in it the triangular spear-head of the soldiery.

While the aristocratic white lily is the adopted

symbol of the legitimist house of Bourbon, the violet is the partisan flower of the plebeian Bonapartists. There are several explanations, one of the most plausible being this: At the time of Napoleon's banishment to Elba his followers believed in his return, so it became a saying that "the Little Corporal will return when the violets bloom in the spring." One of Napoleon's nicknames was Corporal Violette.

The rose is associated with the history of England, one of the most bloody wars being dubbed "The War of the Roses," the white rose being the chosen flower of the house of York, and the red rose that of Lancaster, the two royal houses.

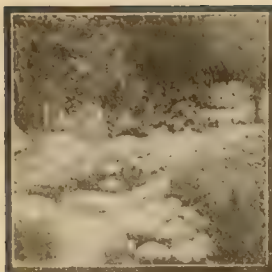
The lotus appears on all the sculptured relics of Egypt. It is the sacred symbol of eternity, and is Egypt's national floral emblem.

The lily is the flower favored by Italians, while Saxony claims the modest mignonette; Spain, the burning scarlet of the pomegranate blossom; Canada, the brilliant foliage of the sugar maple; Prussia, its beloved linden, and Greece, the purple-eyed violet of the woods. The lowly thistle, which grows so abundantly on the barren moors of bonnie Scotland, is introduced into the armorial bearings of that country, while the emerald green of the shamrock is dear to the heart of every loyal Irishman. This plant is so true to its native soil that it dies when transplanted to an alien land. The homely leek has from time immemorial been the emblem of the rugged Welshmen. Germany claims the lovely blue cornflower, the favorite of Kaiser Wilhelm; and almost every nation has appropriated some floral symbol which emblemizes a sentiment or which grows in very great abundance in its native land.

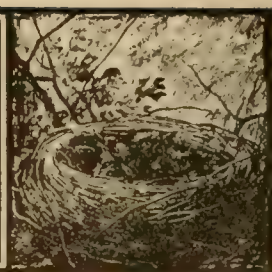
Being a commercial and material nation, America has paid but little attention to the choosing of a national flower. Every now and then the question is agitated, and the children of the public schools of the different States have from time to time signified their predilection for certain blossoms by the casting of votes. Not nearly all of the States have made a decision so far. The rose finds favor in New York State, the peach blossom in Delaware, the pine cone and tassel in Maine, red clover in Vermont, the moccasin flower in Minnesota, the rose in Iowa, the syringa in Idaho, goldenrod in Alabama, columbine in Colorado, bitterroot in Montana, goldenrod in Nebraska, wild rose in North Dakota, mistletoe in Oklahoma, goldenrod in Oregon, and the sego lily in Utah.

By the forgoing list it will be seen that the goldenrod and rose are the favorites, and have been duplicated in several States. This is not quite as it should be, for every State should have its own flower as a distinctive badge.

The love of flowers is as universal as love of birds. There is variety enough for every State to have one flower for its own.—*Round Table*.



NATURE STUDIES



THE CUNNING OF MRS. "BOB WHITE."

A. G. CROSSWHITE.

My half-holiday was rapidly drawing to a close and I was returning home feeling rather blue at my poor success at hunting, knowing that my first greeting would be, "Where is your game?" or some such taunt, for I was going in empty-handed, notwithstanding I had seen lots of game and had scattered the shot around in good style. But I wanted *quail*—the kind that is gentle and sits around in coveys and lets you kill a half dozen or more of them at a single shot.

The tame kind was not to be found, however, until I was nearly home, when all of a sudden I heard a little "twee, twee," near me and saw a number of baby "Bob Whites" running here and there through the tall grass. Ah, thought I, I'll catch some of these little fellows and carry them home for pets. So away I went after the small game, but one after another finally gave me the dodge and the next thing I saw was the mother bird, which, though very near me all the time, no doubt, had been unnoticed until this moment, for my mind was preoccupied with the thoughts of caring for these frail little pets properly, to secure the best results,—how much water? what kind of food? where keep them? etc. She seemed to shame me for making such wicked plans on such dim uncertainties. How many times had I heard the warning, "Never count your chickens before they are hatched." I immediately left off both pursuit and reverie; for here was the poor mother bird right at my feet, twittering and fluttering as though I had accidentally got on one of her feet and disabled her.

Through pity for her little innocent brood, I thought to pick her up and see what was the extent of the injury, but she was just an arm's length out of my reach, still fluttering and limping along for all the world as if she would soon give up the struggle.

Thus I followed her for half a quarter, it seemed to me, just barely missing her every time I reached out my hand. All of a sudden she rose, triumphantly, and soared away toward her scattered family with as much ease and pride as was ever exhibited on the field of battle when a general knows that he has won a decisive victory over his opponent. Then I understood it all. This was her ruse to decoy me away from her brood until they could successfully seclude themselves from their big enemy with his big gun. Had they known

how much powder and shot I had wasted that afternoon, that old deceitful mother could have kept scratching for worms, and the little ones would not have been scared out of a month's growth.

The application was reserved for more mature years. It finds a parallel in the the strategy by which Ai was taken and in the much greater conflict now going on between the friends of temperance and the saloon element. The hydra-headed monster has backed off for a purpose. His scattered and demoralized forces are quietly and secretly mobilizing their forces and an onslaught may be expected at any time. This and every other evil which the Christian is called upon to combat calls to mind the beautiful verses:

"My soul be on thy guard;
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard,
To draw thee from the skies.

"Ne'er think the battle won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
Thine arduous task will not be done,
Till thou obtain thy crown."

Flora, Ind.



DO QUAIL EGGS HATCH SIMULTANEOUSLY?

WM. MOHLER.

A LITTLE chicken when hatched is a helpless little thing. It is quite different with a young quail. They come out of the egg so strong that they have the reputation of being able to run before the shell is off their backs. The only thing wrong with that story is that the shape of the egg is such that the little quail can slip out quite easily when the time comes. They come out of the shells so strong that I fear the old mother quail would have much trouble in keeping them all in the nest until the eggs were all hatched if it were not for a wise provision of nature that all of the eggs hatch at about the same time.

When I was a boy of twelve I was gathering sheaves, when the cradlers frightened a quail off her nest that she had made by an old tree stump. In those days the grain in stumpy fields was cut with a grain cradle, a tool that to many a western boy would be quite a curiosity. In the nest were thirteen eggs. Boiled quail eggs, I thought, were something very nice, so I broke one of the eggs to see if they were fresh enough to use but I found them just ready to hatch.

I left the nest and I soon gathered the sheaves to the far side of the field, when I returned.

During the time I was away, which could not have been longer than thirty minutes, every egg hatched. When I approached the nest the old bird flew and went tumbling through the stubble as if she had broken a wing, uttering a peculiar cry. The young quails went running in every direction. If they would have had days of practice they could not have hid themselves more effectually. I could find but three of them.

Years afterwards when I had nearly finished mowing a field of clover I cut through a nest of eggs just ready to hatch. All but five of the eggs were destroyed. These I put to one side, intending to put them under a sitting hen as soon as I finished the field. Before I had made the first round all five of the eggs hatched. The little quails remained by the empty shells,—they had plenty of strength to run away, but there was no mother quail near, with her warning cry to tell them that I was a dangerous being. They did not try to run away. I gave them to my little sister in whose care they were as gentle and confiding as an incubator chick.

If I had suspected that the five eggs would have hatched so soon I certainly would have watched to see if a setting of quail eggs hatched simultaneously.

Walton, Kans.

THE CURLEW AND ITS YOUNG.

THE favorite haunt of the curlew is the seashore. During the flowing of the tides they may be seen in the fields near by, snapping up worms and insects that come in their way. But no sooner does the tide begin to ebb than they fly in a direct line to their feeding-grounds, where they hunt most industriously for the small molluscs, sand-worms, and water-insects. They plunge their long bills into the sand, to a small portion of which they communicate a vibratory movement; the worms, disturbed in their underground dwellings,

come up to see what is the matter, and are at once snapped up.

They are bold and vigilant in the protection of their young, flying around the intruder and uttering all the time their plaintive cry—*courlie*, *courlie*, whence their English and French name.

The young ones dart about in search of food as soon as they leave the shell. The little downy fellow can be seen around standing up sharp and perky to show that he is quite able to take care of himself.

Sir W. Jardine, who spent much time in observing the habits of shore birds, says: "They retired regularly inland after their favorite feeding-places were covered. None were so regular as the curlew. The

more aquatic were near the sea, and could perceive the gradual ebb of

the tide; the curlews were

far inland, but as soon as

we could discern the

top of a sharp rock

standing above

water, we were

sure to perceive

the first flocks

leave the land,

thus keeping

pace with the

change of the

tides. They

fly in a direct

line to their

feeding-

grounds, and

often in a

wedge shape; on

alarm, a simul-

taneous cry is ut-

tered, and the next

flock turns from its

course, uttering in repe-

tition the same alarm-note.

"Of all the shore birds," says

Charles St. John, "there is none so

difficult to approach as the curlew. With the most

acute sense of hearing, their organs of smelling are

so sensitive that the moment you get betwixt the wind

and their nobility, they take wing, giving the alarm by

their loud, shrill whistle."—*Pleasant Hours*.

❧ ❧ ❧

THE Dragon's blood is considered to be one of the longest-lived of trees; it is a native of the island of Teneriffe. The finest specimen known is the giant tree of Oratava, and is said to have been seen in the year 1400, when it was as large as it is now. This tree is named from its product—the astringent resin known as dragon's blood, a substance formerly used in medicine, but now chiefly known as a red varnish.



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USING OUR GIFTS.

"THINGS are not what they seem,"—at least not always. Just now we are called upon to surrender a "notion," long and widely held, that appears to have nothing more stable for its foundation than mere seeming. Anyhow our enlightener would have us think so. The theory exploded is that persons bereft of one sense are more or less compensated by the increase of acuteness in one or more of the remaining senses, and the learned man who touched off the explosion is one, M. Kunz, director of the Institution for the Blind at Illzach-Mülhausen, Germany.

The results of his tests are given in these dry, uncompromising statements: "As regards perception of the direction of sound, there is no difference between the seeing and the blind. The average distance at which sounds could be heard was essentially the same in both classes. The delicacy of the sense of smell was rather in favor of the seeing. It is generally supposed that the palp of the forefinger of the right hand, which is used by the blind in feeling the points in Braille's system of teaching the blind to read, must be very sensitive; but this was found not to be the case."

Of course we know that a theory of this kind cannot be established on a single series of experiments. Another scholar of equal ability, by another series of experiments, could perhaps confirm the former belief on the subject. We are of the opinion that it will require some time and numerous tests before the position of M. Kunz is generally accepted. However, for present purposes we would like to have our readers swallow the new idea whole,—seize on it without the least hesitation or questioning, as many people are disposed to do with every new thing that comes along.

Then, we are ready for our bit of moralizing, for surely the reader has guessed that that is the purpose of our mentioning Professor Kunz's discovery

here. The thought is this: We are all living on a miserably low plane compared with that on which the full use of our natural gifts would place us. The sensitive, knowing touch of Helen Keller is ours, but we have not given our Maker any acknowledgment of the wonderful gift. We stumble along with awkward steps when we might move swiftly with the greatest ease and grace. We look with unseeing eyes and listen with stopped ears and make contact with unfeeling touch. And may this not be true in a spiritual sense? Is it not true that we are often entangled in the toils of sin when there is at hand the power to climb to transfiguration heights? Is it not true that we cower and fall before temptation and persecution when we might endure, "as seeing him who is invisible"? Is not our low spiritual life due to a failure to use our spiritual gifts rather than to any lack of such gifts? Truly, we are living at a "poor, dying rate."



ONE CAUSE OF DESTITUTION.

It is an indisputable fact that in general much of the destitution prevalent in large cities is due to improvidence. Careful examination into particular cases of destitution is pretty sure to bring to light habits of shiftlessness and wastefulness which if followed by all people would make us a nation of paupers. The forms of destitution which charity workers invariably meet every winter in caring for thousands of able-bodied men belong to this class. The men work in lumber and railroad construction camps and elsewhere during the busy season and earn enough to keep them above want for the whole year, but when they reach the city the money is soon gone. Charity workers are discussing the problem of having some one take care of the earnings of these men, but it is not probable that an acceptable solution of this nature will be found very soon. On the other hand it is hard to teach habits of economy and thrift to this floating population in any other way. The conclusion is that we shall have abundant opportunities to exercise our charity, patience and perseverance for some time to come. At the same time let us teach the lessons of industry and economy to the rising generation and it may be we can thus lessen the burdens of those who come after us.



FOR A PATRIOTIC CELEBRATION.

A LEADING publication which stands for high religious principles as well as real patriotism asks why a movement cannot be started in the United States "to celebrate the Fourth of July in real patriotic fashion." The question is a timely one, for there are few people who can say anything in favor of the present method of celebration either as a patriotic or a sane observance, and considered as the expression of a Christian nation it is still more disgraceful. The fact that there has as yet been no successful reform in this line may

be due in part to the failure to begin a movement in time to offset the preparations for the old order of celebrating. It is none too soon to talk of plans now and to get them well started toward a successful realization.

The paper quoted above makes the statement that the money used to buy dangerous explosives would give every town and city in the United States a beautiful public hall that could be used for civic righteousness. But when we compute the cost of the present method of observing Independence Day we cannot stop at its cost in dollars and cents. There are the hundreds of lives that are lost and the hundreds more that are maimed which must not be left out of the accounting. And to all this we must add the effect of the distracting noise upon the nervous and timid and the misleading impression given to the young of the significance of the day.

Whatever plans are entered upon they ought to be concerned with the right education of the people on the subject of patriotism, and they ought to work successfully without the cost of life or happiness to anyone.



A SUGGESTION TO TEACHER.

If teachers mean by examination
To show the scholar's information,
Why do they carefully seek out
Such difficult things to write about?

These are the questions, as a rule,
The teachers ask us in our school:
"What time's the clock in Congo State
When Persian clocks are striking eight?"

"Halve the square of seventy-three
And what will a tenth of sixteen be?"

"What was the reason Charlemagne
Sent his great-grandaunt to Spain?"

"Explain what came of the Gothic war,
And what the Turks were fighting for
When Venice conquered Charles Martel
And ancient Constantinople fell."

"Name the products of Peru,
And all the rulers of Timbuctoo."

"Point out the errors in the words,
'Green cheese ain't not made of curds';

"'Him was not the friend of he';
'He hadn't ought to written me.'"

Now, for instance, we'll suppose
They wish to show what a fellow knows;

Then they'll be glad for a few suggestions
As to a set of useful questions:

"What did one Columbus do
In October, 1492?"

"Will some bright scholar kindly say
Which is 'Independence Day'?"

"What little girl will be so candid
As to tell us when the Pilgrims landed?"

"The war of 1812, my dear,
Was fought in what particular year?"

"Kindly tell us, if you will,
What nations fought at Bunker Hill?"

"Who cut down a cherry tree,
And helped to make a nation free?"
"Name a certain English Queen
Who still upon her throne is seen."

If teachers only had the tact
To hit upon the proper fact,
Recitations then would be
More creditable to them and me.

—Selected.



THE AMUSEMENT CRAZE.

I WISH to protest against the idea that the women of this country must be amused. It begins in the kindergarten. The children are amused all day. When they get home they must continue being amused. When they get into the grades they begin to rush—hurry to school in the morning, hurry home at night and hurry off somewhere to be amused. They do some good work (maybe), but there is something doing all the time—clubs, frats, class parties, plays—something all the time for amusement. They get out of school and go to college and spend four years more in the same way, or else they go into society and whirl around there. Perhaps they go to business—then it is hurry all day—hurry home in the evening and get ready to go to concert, lecture, theater—something to amuse. Perhaps they get married. Once in a while you see a woman who really enjoys her home and family, but the most of them are discontented, there is constant unrest. They go to clubs, church, society, concerts, lectures, theaters, etc. They seem never to be able to enjoy their own society. Life is like a whirlpool, and I am glad I am near the edge. I do not believe these women are any happier than my grandmother was. She never heard of a club and she never went to a theater. She had very few books, but she read her Bible and enjoyed her home and family. She could sit down and fold her hands quietly and did not need outside amusement. The people of this country need to be taught how to amuse themselves—and how to rest.—*Mrs. George Grinnell, Iowa, in Woman's National Daily.*



LOOKING to the progress in peace measures of the last hundred, and especially of the last twenty, years the hope may well be entertained that disarmament will become a reality, and that the people may enjoy not only the blessings of peace, but the blessings of peace without the crushing burden of preparedness for war.—*Secretary of War Dickinson.*



Give fools their gold and knaves their power;
Let fortune's bubbles rise and fall;
Who sows a field or trains a flower
Or plants a tree, is more than all.

—Whittier.



THE HOME WORLD



WHEN ELEANOR AWOKE

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

"I HAD the strangest dream last night," said Aunt Mary, as she poured the coffee. "I can laugh at it now, but it was not in the least amusing then. I thought I was wandering up and down the city trying to find my home, the location of which had entirely slipped my memory. I went to half a dozen familiar places, but the people there treated me so coldly I had no heart to ask their help. I set out for my most intimate friend's, and presently recollected that she was spending the winter in the South. I knew that I must keep moving on, which I did, often walking directly through the houses of strangers. As I passed into one living-room, a woman came out from the adjoining bedroom, closing and locking the door behind her.

"'I've shut the poor soul in there, till her people come to take care of her,' she said to me, anxiously. 'She is bound to run away, and even now, she will not give up her sunbonnet.'"

"I returned the woman's look with one of equal misgiving. What would she say, I wondered, if she knew my own mental predicament! Then suddenly it occurred to me to try and recall the address on my letters. Like a flash the street and number returned; and, I suppose, the lifting of the mental strain caused me to awaken, for instantly I opened my eyes on my own blessed room gray in the early dawn, and your uncle sleeping peacefully beside me. The reaction of relief made me feel almost faint."

Eleanor laughed heartily. "After this, aunty, when you go to bed, you'd better fasten a card with your address round your neck, as they do to babies," she said.

"It gives me a little heartache, even yet," Aunt Mary protested; "though by daylight it seems ridiculous enough. We are so prone to look upon all ordinary blessings like our reasons, the sunshine, or the fresh air, as too common to thank God for! But another thought, most comforting, came to me as I lay there getting my spiritual balance; some time we shall wake up, and find that all the worries and bothers

which beset us now are simply an unhappy dream; in a word, that *only good lasts*."

"When we get to heaven, I suppose you mean," Eleanor supplemented.

Aunt Mary nodded. "Of course; but not necessarily after death. There's a deal of peace and happiness for us in this life, when we wake up to the fact."

"That's Christian Science," said Eleanor, superciliously; "and I never could be a Christian Scientist, aunty."

"Nor I," Aunt Mary agreed, "because I could never believe anything my reason disapproves. Yet, if notwithstanding their absurd theories on the subject of matter and material laws, I find a grain of helpfulness in their teaching, I shall appropriate it. If they have wakened to that particular truth that God's omnipotence must make good,—which is his very nature and presence itself—to triumph eventually in all things, then I am going to use that truth, too, every day and moment of my whole existence. One is not obliged to absorb the whole of a theory, to get benefit from it. And tell me, Eleanor dear, was there ever a vexation or difficulty in your life or mine, that was not sometime cleared up for us?"

Eleanor looked at her aunt in wonder. "There was that spoiled pudding, yesterday," she suggested, relaxing into sudden mischief.

"Well, we had canned peaches to fall back on, hadn't we?" was her aunt's merry retort.

Eleanor's face fell with some swift recollection.

"You've forgotten my long struggle to get a position, aunty," she said, bitterly. "Your pretty philosophy doesn't seem to work, on that!"

Aunt Mary sobered instantly, but the look of inner peace, like the clear reflection in a deep pool, never once left her eyes.

"No, my child," she said, tenderly, "it has been the undercurrent of my thoughts all through our little talk, and I have been wondering if the reason for this delay in your finding work doesn't, perhaps, lie at your door and mine. My pudding was heavy because

the baking-powder I used had lost its strength. May it not be that the poor quality of our faith in God's goodness has kept success from you? Certainly it is not your lack of honest effort."

A glow of impatient color came in Eleanor's cheeks. She was not of the easily teachable sort.

"But how can one have faith in what one hasn't proved or seen proved?" she asked, a trifle unsteadily. "That's the only faith I could understand."

"It is a very comfortable sort, when one has acquired it," Aunt Mary answered; "but there's another, and, I think, a far better: the kind Jacob had, when he wrestled all night with the angel, declaring, 'I will not let thee go, except thou bless me!' That's the germ of truth which the Christian Science people, and the New Thought and the faith cure and the Emmanuel people have waked up and found; that the temperance people and the workers of all the splendid reforms of this most beautiful age of history, are coming to see, that *good is God's own mighty Self working*, and before it all evil and difficulties, even including our own little private ones, must fall. Let's wake up, too, Eleanor dear, and make ourselves the possessors of this faith, by force as Jacob did, if need be!"

Eleanor did not answer, but sat quite still, staring at the white tablecloth. All her hard-working, hindered young life, it seemed to her, she had fought with and been conquered by this demon of doubt. Was it possible that, some day, she would waken as from a dream, and find all its hardness powerless to harm her, in the light of God's love? Aye, furthermore, *was it her business to awaken herself, now?*

Aunt Mary rose, and gathering a handful of dishes, started with them toward the kitchen. The telephone rang as she disappeared.

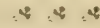
"Will you answer it, dear?" she called back. "The bread is rising skyward."

Like one still half-dazed, Eleanor complied. She returned in a few minutes, electrified, with an awed, shining face.

"Aunt Mary!" she cried, catching that person by the elbows, "was it you, or a prophet speaking, just now? The principal of Auburndale has just telephoned that the trustees have been looking up my references, and I am to come over this afternoon and sign their contract." Her eyes filled with tears, though a rainbow smile broke through them. "Aunt Mary, I—guess I'm—getting a little faith in God's omnipotence, after all!"

Aunt Mary patted the bright head, now sunk on her plump shoulder. "I knew you would," she said, heartily. "We are all learning, and there's such a beautiful, beautiful lot to learn. The faith of comfort is only the fruit of the faith of striving, dear heart, of the aggressive faith that pushes to the very foot of the Throne of Grace, holding up the earnest hands that

are the only kind God has declared himself willing to fill; so I'm sure,"—with a sudden, cheery laugh—"that hereafter, little girlie, you and I will see to it that both our faith and our baking-powder are fresh and strong!"



A MOTHER'S CARE.

I do not think that I could bear
My daily weight of woman's care,
If it were not for this:
That Jesus seemeth always near
Unseen, but whispering in my ear
Some tender word of love and cheer,
To fill my soul with bliss!

There are so many trivial cares
That no one knows and no one shares,
Too small for me to tell—
Things e'en my husband cannot see,
Nor his dear love uplift from me,
Each hour's unnamed perplexity
That mothers know so well:

The failure of some household scheme,
The ending of some pleasant dream,
Deep hidden in my breast;
The weariness of children's noise,
The yearning for that subtle poise
That turneth duty into joys,
And giveth inner rest.

These secret things, however small,
Are known to Jesus, each and all,
And this thought brings me peace.
I do not need to say one word,
He knows what thought my heart hath stirred,
And by divine caress my Lord
Makes all its throbbing cease.

And then upon his loving breast,
My weary head is laid at rest,
In speechless ecstasy!
Until it seemeth all in vain
That care, fatigue, or mortal pain
Should hope to drive me forth again
From such felicity!

—Presbyterian.



ONE WAY TO BRING UP BOYS.

JOHN G. PATON, missionary to the New Hebrides, gives this charming glimpse of the home influence that made him what he was:

"Our home consisted of a 'but,' and a 'ben,' and a midroom or chamber called the 'closet.' The one end was my mother's domain and served all the purposes of diningroom, kitchen and parlor. The other end was my father's workshop, filled with five or six 'stocking frames,' whirring with constant action of five or six sets of busy hands and feet, and producing right genuine hosiery for the merchants of Hawick and Dumfries. The 'closet' was a very small apartment betwixt the other two having room only for a bed, a little table, and a chair, with a diminutive window shedding light on the scene. This was the sanctuary of that cottage home. Thither daily, and often many

times a day, generally after each meal, we saw our father retire, and 'shut to the door'; and we children got to understand by a sort of spiritual instinct (for the thing was too sacred to be talked about) that prayers were being poured out there for us, as of old by the high priest within the veil of the most holy place. We occasionally heard the pathetic echoes of a trembling voice pleading as if for life, and we learned to slip out and in past that door on tiptoe, not to disturb the holy colloquy. The outside world might not know but we knew whence came the happy light that was always dawning on my father's face; it was a reflection from the divine presence in which he lived. Never, in temple or cathedral, on mountain or in glen, can I hope to feel that the Lord God is more near, more visibly walking and talking with men, than under that humble cottage roof of thatch and oaken wattles. Though everything else in religion were by some unthinkable catastrophe to be swept out of memory or blotted from my understanding, my soul would wander back to those early scenes, and shut itself up again in that sanctuary closet, and, hearing the echo of those cries to God, would hurl back all doubt with the victorious appeal, 'He walked with God; why may not I?'

Paton speaks also of "that blessed custom of family prayer, morning and evening, which my father practiced probably without one single omission till he lay on his death-bed, seventy-seven years of age. Even on the last day of his life, a portion of Scripture was read, his voice was heard softly joining in the psalm, and his lips breathed the morning and evening prayer, falling in sweet benediction on the heads of his children, far away, many of them, all over the earth, but all meeting him there at the throne of grace. None of us can remember that any day ever passed unhallowed thus; no hurry for market, no rush to business, no arrival of friends or guests, no trouble or sorrow, no joy or excitement, ever prevented at least our kneeling around the family altar while the high priest led our prayers to God, and offered himself and his children there. How much my father's prayers at this time impressed me, I can never explain, nor could any stranger understand. When on his knees, and all of us around him in family worship, he poured out his soul with tears, for the conversion of the heathen world to Jesus, and for every personal and domestic need, we all felt as if in the presence of the living Savior, and learned to know and love him as our divine Friend. As we rose from our knees, I used to look at the light on my father's face, and wish I were like him in spirit, hoping that, in answer to his prayers, I might be privileged to carry the blessed Gospel to some part of the heathen world.

"The very discipline to which our father subjected us was a kind of religion in itself. If anything serious required to be punished, he first retired to his closet

for prayer, and we boys understood that he was laying the whole matter before God; and that was the severest part of the punishment for me to bear! I could have defied any amount of mere penalty, but this spoke to my conscience as a message from God. We loved him all the more, when we saw how much it cost him to punish us; and, in truth, he never had very much of that kind of work to do upon any one of the eleven—we were ruled by love far more than by fear."—*Selected.*



"I JUST KEEP STILL."

"How is it, Rob," asked one boy of another, "that you never get into scraps, like the rest of us?"

"Because I don't talk back," answered Robbie, promptly. "When a boy says a hard thing to me I 'just keep still.'" Many a man whose life has had in it a good deal of trouble and opposition would have saved much if he had learned in his childhood the lesson which this little fellow had mastered—that of "keeping still." If the hard word hurts, it will not make it easier to make an angry reply. If you do not answer at all, it stops right there; if your tongue cannot be restrained, nobody knows what the result may be. It doesn't so much matter what your playmate says, so long as you keep your temper and hold your tongue; it is what you reply to him nine cases out of ten, that makes the quarrel. Let him say, and be done with it; then you will find the whole annoyance done with much more readily than if you had "freed your mind" in return.

"Just keeping still" is one of the things that saves time, trouble, and wretchedness in this world. The strong character can be quiet under abuse or misrepresentation, and the storm passes by all the sooner. Patience sometimes serves a man better than courage. You will find, again and again, that the way to "keep out of scraps" is to keep still.—*Exchange.*



LITTLE HELPS TO HAPPINESS.

It is all very well to understand to a nicety just how many eggs to put into a pudding, and how much vinegar to put into a salad; but it is far more useful to know how much sugar and what sort of honey to use in the dish of matrimony. In fact, after the first few months, some married people seem to think that no sugar at all is necessary, says a discriminating writer in the *Philadelphia Press*.

There is a recipe for making a continuous honeymoon out of matrimony which very few people seem to know. If the knowledge of this were more universal, there would be fewer divorce courts.

In the ten years of the average married life, fewer compliments pass between man and wife than are passed in the ten months preceding the wedding. Yet nobody is so susceptible to small compliments as a woman who is busy around her home. No one likes to hear pretty nothings in home life more than the

masculine creature. Much as he likes to say pretty things, he likes better to hear them. Husbands and wives really do think nice things about each other. Why not voice these nice things daily?—*Exchange*.



ODDS AND ENDS.

ONE of the best preventives of fatigue on the part of the housemother is to see that there are walks of some kind leading from the house to the outhouses, and from the doors to the gates. If nothing better can be done, do the best you can; a load of flat rocks will greatly aid in abolishing the scrubbing brush.

If you do not live near a "sugar bush," you can still have maple molasses for your breakfast cakes. Dissolve a pound block of maple sugar in water enough to make a syrup, and boil until it is "syrupy."

For burns, put a piece of unslacked lime in a vessel of water—a piece the size of a large egg will be enough for a quart of water. Let it stand until the sediments settle, and then carefully pour the clear water into another vessel. Beat into this enough linseed oil to form a creamy emulsion, then bottle and keep for use. This will draw out the fire, and remove the pain, while it is healing.

When putting aside any old garment of white cloth, cut or tear out all good pieces, saving even small scraps of smooth cloth, iron out smooth and put aside in rolls. The garment should be clean, of course, and the roll of scraps should be put into a self-sealing fruit jar, where it will always be ready for any emergency.

To remove the coating from the inside of a tin or copper teakettle, fill it with water and drop into the water a piece of sal soda as large as a large egg, and let the water boil for an hour or so. The shell-like coating should peel off, and the inside of the kettle be washed.

A great many otherwise cleanly housewives never think to wash out the teakettle, or to empty out the pieces of brown limy formations that fall from the inside while boiling. Water continually boiled in a dirty kettle can not possibly give delicate flavored beverages.

The Children's Corner

THE CROW THAT WASN'T AFRAID.

"I BELIEVE they laugh at my scarecrow," grandpa said.

"Yes, they do. I heard 'em," Perley cried. "They got together in a regular conflagration (Perley meant congregation), and laughed out loud—oh, very loud—Caw, caw, caw."

Grandpa smiled. But it got to be no smiling matter at all. Things began to look serious indeed out in the

corn-patch. At last grandpa hit upon a device. He came into breakfast one morning looking quite satisfied and happy.

"I've got 'em now," he remarked complacently.

"Got who, David?" dear old grandma asked.

"The crows—every mother's son of 'em. Let 'em dig up my corn-rows now, if they want to. I've spread that blue umbrella out there in the middle of my corn-patch, looking like a giant mushroom."

"Or a circus tent," put in Perley, gleefully. He had been walking all round the corn-patch in a triumphant procession of his own.

"I guess they'll laugh out o' the inside o' their mouths now!" he exulted.

But that noon, at dinner time, Perley came in out of the blazing sunlight with his little red, moist face drawn down lengthily. He waited until grandpa asked the blessing and filled all the plates.

It was hard work to "break it" to grandpa, but when you have a thing to do, you had better do it before you begin on your mashed potatoes and chicken.

"Grandpa," he said, solemnly, "there's a crow sitting under that umbrella down in the corn-patch. I saw him. He looked real cool and comfortable out of the sun."—*Exchange*.



THE BOY THAT KILLED A DRAGON.

A LITTLE boy four years old was much impressed by the story of "St. George and the Dragon," which his mother had been reading to him and his sister, and the next day he said to his father: "Father, I want to be a saint."

"Very well, John," said his father, "you may be a saint if you choose, but you will find it very hard work."

"I don't mind," replied John; "I want to be a saint, and fight a dragon. I am sure I could kill one!"

"So you shall, my boy."

"But when can I be one?" persisted the child.

"You can begin today," said his father.

"But where is the dragon?"

"I will tell you when he comes out."

So the boy ran off contentedly to play with his sister.

In the course of the day some presents came for the two children. John's was a book, and his sister Catherine's a beautiful doll. Now, John was too young to care for a book, but he dearly loved dolls, and when he found that his sister had what he considered a much nicer present than his own, he threw himself on the floor in a passion of tears.

His father, who happened to be there, said, quietly: "Now, John, the dragon is out!"

The child stopped crying, but said nothing. That evening, however, when he bade his father good-night, he whispered: "Papa, I am very glad Catherine has a doll. I did kill the dragon."—*Selected*.



THE QUIET HOUR

SPIRITUAL GROWTH.

S. S. BLOUGH.

God, the creator of all things through Jesus Christ, has wisdom to work out that which he has begun. It is not his purpose to work out in minute detail the entire existence for each individual being. He has, however, purposed certain results for what he has made, and for their accomplishment has laid down definite laws and principles. He comprehended the whole realm of creation and beheld the final results according to his divine purpose, and, by these laws and principles, arranged for them all. These laws and principles are much alike, in the spiritual as in the natural realm.

One of these is the law of growth. There is a strong analogy between the growth of children, animals or plants, and the growth of a soul. When a child is born there is much joy, but what concern when it is discovered that it is not growing or, still worse, is losing in weight or size. We sow seeds, set out trees, shrubs and plants, and are greatly distressed when they make no appreciable growth or when they sicken and die. We do not expect full growth at once, nor that they bear the full amount of fruit immediately, but we do expect them to grow. We do everything possible to help them grow.

How different often are our expectations of a new-born soul and our attentions to it. There is great rejoicing when a soul is born of the Spirit. This is the most important, but we often forget that it is not all. There can be no development except there be life. There can not be a full fruit-bearing state except there be growth. There can be growth only in accord with the divine law that underlies spiritual development. One can not grow in grace by an act of the will, much less by the will of others. He may will and worry and agonize continually, but it will not avail. He can only fulfill the conditions of growth. These conditions being fulfilled, the full growth will surely result.

In Eph. 4: 13-15, the fact of growth is beautifully brought out in the words, "till we all attain . . . unto a full grown man . . . that we be no longer children; but may grow up in all things unto him." Here we learn that it is expected that we grow. The Apostle Peter, in 1 Pet. 2: 1-5, gives clearly the conditions of growth. The new-born soul is like a babe. It

needs food. As the healthy babe has a taste for the food which nature has prepared, so the truly converted person has a taste for the sincere milk of the Word. This then is the first step. Taste is a test of character. The new birth gives a new taste. He is fed by the sincere milk of the Word. Given right appetite more than milk is soon required. Prayer and Bible reading, once so distasteful, now become most precious. Next the stronger parts of the Word come into use according to God's law of growth. There is a strong desire for fellowship of the Spirit and he in turn intensifies growth.

In the plant world, many things hinder growth. A vine entwines among the branches of a tree. It may be good for the vine but is injurious to the tree. From my window, I see a small tree between two large ones. The larger trees steal from it the substance and moisture in the soil, while keeping from it sunshine and rain. It is not only making practically no growth but is actually slowly dying. Worms at the roots, blight on the branches, decay at the heart, these and other hindrances must be prevented. So also in childhood, impure food, lack of food, filth, disease, hinder growth and thwart or delay strong full-grown manhood.

This is doubly true in the spiritual life. If we would grow, there are some things we must lay aside. Peter expresses the truth by admonishing to put away all wickedness, guile, hypocrisies, envies, and evil speakings.

Worldly indulgences surely make Christians worthless. Those who indulge them lose their influence, as also the spirit of consecration. Oh, how many souls are stunted for the lack of practicing a proper amount of riddance in things injurious to growth. Feelings of hypocrisy and envy not only hinder growth, but wither character, and as for evil speakings and surmising, "If there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think of these things." If we will, we come to the Word through the Holy Spirit, and through the Word to Christ, for taste, appetite and the life which will put aside all malice, guile, hypocrisies, envies, evil speakings. And by thus doing, we enhance spiritual growth. Thus looking toward perfection, by the law of growth, we will finally be perfected unto the full manhood in Christ Jesus.

Batavia, Ill.

THANKFUL FOR THINGS I MISS.

An easy thing, O Power Divine,
To thank thee for these gifts of thine!
For summer's sunshine, winter's snow,
For hearts that kindle, thoughts that glow.
But when shall I attain to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss?

For all young fancy's early gleams,
The dreamed-of joys that still are dreams,
Hopes unfulfilled, and pleasures known
Through others' fortunes, not my own,
And blessings seen that are not given,
And never will be, this side heaven.

Had I, too, shared the joys I see,
Would there have been a heaven for me?
Could I have felt thy presence near,
Had I possessed what I held dear?
My deepest fortune, highest bliss,
Have grown perchance from things I miss.

Sometimes there comes an hour of calm;
Grief turns to blessing, pain to balm;
A Power that works above my will
Still leads me onward, upward still:
And then my heart attains to this—
To thank thee for the things I miss.
—Thomas Wentworth Higginson.



APPALLING.

The Independent of January 28 publishes a straw vote taken lately in a theatre in Lyons, France, on the question of divorce. The occasion was the presentation of a play on divorce written by M. Paul Bourget of the French Academy.

The vote stood as follows:

	Men.	Women.
For divorce as regulated by the laws of France,	55	16
By mutual consent,	73	48
By consent of either party,	60	3
Against divorce,	139	3
In favor of free unions,	341	139
	668	209
		668
Total,	877	

The poll shows that in favor of free unions or divorce by mutual consent or by the consent of either party were: 474 men, 190 women, or a total 664 out of 877. That is, more than three-fourths of the entire audience polled. The vote also shows that more than half the voters are in favor of free unions. As indicating the trend of opinion in France this revelation is appalling and points ultimately to the destruction of the home unless the people can be Christianized. We say Christianized advisedly, for the vote shows that though France is claimed as a Catholic country multitudes of the people are rank heathen.

But it is quite incredible that this vote fairly represents the average sentiment of the French people.

It should rather be interpreted as truly indicating the opinions of the theatre-going public. So interpreted it is an awful commentary on the influence of the French theatre on the public mind. Doubtless if a similar vote could be taken here in New York or in any large American city among the habitués of the theatre it would be found that a surprisingly large number hold views as loose and immoral as those of the 664 given above. It is true of course that the people make the character of the theatre as much as the theatre makes the character of the people. But even so the above statistics are a terrible arraignment of the modern theatre. Its continual pandering to sensuality makes appalling havoc of character.

What a similar poll of theatre-goers in America would disclose we cannot be sure. But of one thing we feel very certain: such a poll of 877 men and women who are wont to be found regularly on Sabbath in the house of God would not disclose one single vote in favor of "free union." A church vitalized with the spirit of Christ is the bulwark of the home.—*The Bible Record*.



THE BEST PEOPLE.

AFTER all, the best people in the world are sanctified people. They fear God, and walk humbly before him. In their hearts there is neither bigotry nor bitterness. They find good in Christians of all grades of experience, and lament what they cannot commend. They are magnanimous as well as humble, and grateful as well as charitable. Their measure is found in the thirteenth chapter of 1 Corinthians, in the apostle's description of love. Whatever is there said of love may be said of him who loves God supremely and his neighbor as himself. In such an one there is not an element of self-righteousness, pride, or vainglory—nothing forced or artificial—nothing that repels. For him or his profession no apology is requisite. His holiness needs no vocal proclamation. The light of it shines forth with steady and increasing ray. His faith excludes boastfulness and censoriousness, while his love delights in goodness, and leads him to rejoice in every observable token of prosperity in the Church of God.—*From "Sanctification."*



QUARREL NOT AT ALL.

QUARREL not at all. No man who resolves to make the most of himself can spare time for personal contention. Still less can he afford to take all the consequences, including the vitiating of his temper and the loss of self-control. Yield larger things to which you can show no more than equal right, and yield lesser ones though clearly your own. Better give your path to a dog than be bitten by him in contesting for the right. Even killing the dog would not cure the bite.—*Pittsburg Christian Advocate*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Representatives of the anthracite mine operators and the United Mine Workers of America have signed the scale which insures industrial peace for another three years

A rate war on import traffic is on among the trunk lines from the Atlantic seaboard to Chicago and other middle Western territory. The new tariffs make a reduction of one cent per hundred, and it is thought that the cut may be extended to domestic traffic.

Exempting cities of less than 5,000 population and excepting the months of November and December, the Missouri Senate passed the House bill limiting the hours females may be employed in mercantile establishments, restaurants, laundries, etc., to 58 hours per week.

Some of the eastern railroads propose to make a summer rate of \$26 from Chicago and St. Louis to Atlantic City and other seaside resorts and return. On this basis the Erie may make a rate of \$24 to New York and return. This will bring on a fight for summer tourist travel.

Two more California cities, Berkeley and San Diego, have just adopted the "commission" plan of municipal government. This plan was evolved at Galveston, merely as an emergency measure at the time of the tidal wave disaster there, but it has remained to be taken up by numerous other cities as a permanent reform.

Addressing the thirty-third annual convention of the Missouri Institute of Homeopathy President F. M. Martin came out as an advocate of prohibition. Dr. Martin said alcohol as a drug is unnecessary. He said that hot milk, hot tea or hot water should be used instead of whisky as a stimulant and that physicians should never prescribe intoxicating liquors.

A world's conference will be held in London from July 18 to 24 for the purpose of establishing a permanent Word's Prohibition Confederation. The Twelfth International Congress on Alcoholism will be in session in the same city at the same time, so that between the two meetings, London should entertain this summer a large proportion of the most prominent temperance advocates in the world.

Every day in New York City about twice as many passengers travel vertically by elevator as travel horizontally by elevated, subway, and trolley car. Figures given in a paper recently read before the Electrical Engineering Society of Columbia University show that the 8,000 passenger elevators in the Borough of Manhattan carry approximately 6,500,000 per day; whereas the last report of the Public Service Commission states that the number carried daily by the surface, elevated, and subway cars in the entire city of New York is 3,500,000.

On the request of Gov. Hadley, Senator Warner introduced a resolution in the Senate which directs the Interstate Commerce Commission to investigate the rate situation in Missouri. The resolution proposes to have the commission test the accuracy of the statistics furnished the court by the 18 Missouri railroads and upon which Judge McPherson nullified the 2-cent passenger rate in the State.

Beginning with April 12, all Mexican public schools included in their course the study of temperance, which is the result of the efforts of Miss Nellie Burger, who was sent to Mexico recently by the American Women's Christian Temperance Union. Through the department of education, Miss Berger arranged to have the course included in the studies of the public schools, and the Mexican educational department is taking a great deal of interest in the new branch of study.

Some surprising facts were learned by members of President Taft's cabinet when they discussed the North situation at length. It is feared that a scandal will develop in the census department of which North is director. North has made two different statements to the President. He is accused of having awarded a contract for \$250,000 for adding machinery to a man who owns no factory and that regular manufacturers will furnish the machinery at a much lower price.

Cipriano Castro, former President of Venezuela, is reported to be consulting with lawyers in Paris with a view to bringing a damage suit against the French government for his recent expulsion from Martinique. As the government has the power to expel foreigners at its discretion, Senor Castro, it is said, purposes basing his action on the fact that he was forcibly placed aboard a ship at Martinique and compelled to return to France without being given the option of choosing his destination.

The American Sugar Refining Company of New Jersey and the New York corporation of the same name lately paid into the treasury of the United States \$896,000, completing a payment aggregating over \$2,134,000, in settlement of all civil claims arising out of the fraudulent weighing of sugar on the docks of the refineries in Brooklyn and Jersey City. The companies further agree to give up their right of appeal. The settlement was made upon the advice of the companies' lawyers, who say that the settlement seemed wise because of the fact that the government had threatened otherwise to bring further suits for amounts reaching nearly \$9,000,000. The settlement, while it discharges all the civil claims made by the government against the companies, does not prevent the bringing of criminal prosecutions against the men responsible for the use of the fraudulent device through the use of which false weights were recorded.

During the month of April 3,984 cars of oranges passed through San Bernardino, Cal., destined for the east. Each car contained 384 boxes with about 175 oranges to the box or 268,800,000 oranges, valued at about \$4,000,000. This breaks all previous records.

Although having paid a fine of nearly \$2,000,000, the Waters Pierce Oil company can neither sell oil in Texas nor leave the State. A receiver on behalf of the State is in charge of all the property of the company and is conducting an oil business. The profits go to the company. This state of affairs may continue indefinitely or until the State can sell the property to good advantage.

Three spans of the new city concrete bridge across the Illinois River at Peoria collapsed and fell into the river. The first span to fall was the one next the bascule lift section. There was no one on the structure at the time except the watchman. Had the collapse come later a number of casualties would undoubtedly have resulted. The bridge has been in course of construction nearly three years and has cost \$225,000. Three weeks ago the structure with the exception of the Tazewell County span was opened to traffic.

A magnificent statue to the memory of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, America's most popular poet, was dedicated with imposing ceremonies in Washington May 7. The occasion was the more notable because of the presence of the President of the United States, men distinguished in letters and by practically all of the living relatives of the poet. The statue is the first erected at Washington to mark services rendered to our national literature. It is of heroic size, of pure white Parian marble, and the pedestal is of reddish brown marble. William Couper of New York is the sculptor. Chief Justice Fuller presided at the unveiling exercises.

Dr. Hugh M. Smith, United States deputy commissioner of fisheries, is receiving an avalanche of letters from almost every part of the country containing requests for small fish, fish eggs, etc., to be placed in streams, ponds, lakes and private preserves. As the result of special efforts in the hatchery work this year, the output of fish and eggs in the year just closed was greater than ever before in the history of the bureau, reaching a total of 2,871,456,280. Of this number 2,413,809,225 were young fish distributed for the stocking and re-stocking of public and private waters, and the remaining 457,647,055 were eggs delivered to State and foreign hatcheries. The output of young fish exceeds the greatest previous record for any one year by 376,000,000.

Correspondence between Abdul Hamid, the deposed Sultan, and the leaders in the recent uprising, found in the Yildiz Kiosk, proves conclusively that Abdul Hamid planned a massacre on April 25 of the Armenians living in Stamboul and of Young Turks who had been employed to form later new rules for the conduct of governmental affairs. The plot failed owing to the capture of Constantinople by the Young Turks forces on April 24. The correspondence shows that Abdul Hamid planned the massacre in the hope that it would arouse the fanatical Mohammedan population and tend to popularize the reactionary movement. The new evidence furnishes another link against the deposed Sultan in his coming court-martial and may result in a death sentence being imposed.

By a vote of 106 to 20 the Illinois House passed the Breidt bill amending the indeterminate sentence act so that juries shall fix the maximum term of imprisonment for convicted criminals. The measure is the one advocated by State's Attorney John E. W. Wayman of Cook County and by the Illinois State's Attorneys' Association. It has been passed by the Senate and now it goes to the Governor for approval or veto.

May 4 Pedro Rojas, the newly-appointed minister from Venezuela, was presented to President Taft at the White House by Secretary Knox. His recognition completes the formal re-establishment of diplomatic relations between Venezuela and the United States, broken off almost a year ago as a result of the refusal of President Castro to arbitrate disputes between the two countries. In presenting his credentials Minister Rojas brought expressions of good will from the President of Venezuela to President Taft, which were heartily reciprocated by Mr. Taft.

By a ruling of the Supreme Court of the District of Columbia, made by justice Stafford, a writ of mandamus is denied the Alsop Process company of St. Louis against Secretary of Agriculture Wilson. This decision means that Secretary Wilson is wholly within the law in declaring that "bleached flour" is against the pure food law. The order against bleached flour, issued five months ago, takes effect June 9. It is understood that the manufacturers of the bleaching apparatus and some of the millers manufacturing bleached flour will continue the business after June 9 and will appeal to the President against the interference of the Secretary of Agriculture. This will result in throwing the case into the hands of the referee board, whose continued activity has just been approved by the Attorney General.

Chicago has strengthened its claims as a health resort during the first four months of the present year. In spite of adverse weather conditions its death rate of 15.1 per 1,000 is 6 per cent below the average for ten years and 4.6 per cent under the figure of 1908. This, too, in the face of the fact that the city's mortality figures for former years were among the lowest in the country. A total of 11,049 persons died during the four months, 314 less than a year ago. The greatest part of this saving was among children under 1 year of age, there being 299 fewer deaths at this age than a year ago. More than 22 per cent of the total mortality was due to the impure-air diseases. Pneumonia caused 2,248 deaths, bronchitis 100, and influenza 114—a total of 2,462. In the same period last year there were 2,805 such deaths, or 343 more than this year.

Believing that the low standard of skill and technical knowledge possessed by the average chauffeur is responsible for many of the evils caused by automobiles, the board of city magistrates, of New York, in its annual report for 1908, just issued, recommends that a systematic plan be instituted whereby duly appointed boards of examiners should certify to the skill of automobile drivers, such certification to be a prerequisite to issuance of a license. A special license bureau, it is recommended, should be established in the office of the Secretary of State. "No chauffeur should be allowed to drive an automobile without carrying on his person or in his car a license issued by a duly established bureau," says the report. "The license should show specifically all identification marks on the chauffeur and should further bear his photograph of recent date."



Among the Magazines



CHINA'S BENEVOLENT DESPOT.

The law in China provides that the Emperor shall appoint his successor from the most worthy of his descendants or next of kin, but since the beginning of the last stage of the reign of the Great Empress Dowager—from 1898 until her death—the only law in China has been the Empress Dowager herself. She could have said with greater truth than the French Louis, "L'etat, c'est moi"; and, so far as will ever be known, it was by the sole act of her "excellent will" that the brother of the late Emperor, Kuang Hsu, was made Prince Regent, an office which constitutes him absolute ruler of China during the minority of his son. This son, the baby Emperor by a process of double adoption, was made successor to Tung Chih, the son of the Empress Dowager, who died in 1875, and "heir" to Kuang Hsu, who was himself the adopted son of Tung Chih's father. This eliminated Kuang Hsu from the imperial line on the ground that he was of the same generation as Tung Chih and hence could not worship him as an ancestor. It was this that the Great Dowager tried to do in 1898, when she de-throned the Emperor and appointed the son of Prince Tuan successor to her son, Tung Chih; but the world objected, and she yielded. Now her wish has become a fact.

This is all very strange and complicated to the Western mind, but it was the "excellent will" of the Empress Dowager; and the power which her Imperial Majesty wielded, if one ignores the simple force of her own gigantic personality, is best explained by Mr. Ku Hung-ming, who, in a brave but mistaken defense of her position against attacks in the foreign press, says: "By the first fundamental law of state in China, resting upon the principle of absolute obedience of children to parents, the supreme authority in the Chinese body politic of H. I. M. the Empress Dowager, as Mother of the nation, or country, admits of absolutely no question or doubt." And that a majority of the people in China were in harmony with this opinion is also undeniable.

When the Great Empress Dowager of China died, she not only bequeathed the throne to a ruler of her own selection, but she also left in control of the various boards of government, men of her own choice. Some of these were acknowledged to be among the most progressive of China's statesmen. The personnel of the Wai Wu Pu, or Board of Foreign Affairs, was especially satisfactory from a foreign standpoint, having as its active head a man who had proved himself to be a staunch friend of reform, and one upon whom China and the world could rely for sane and enlightened judgment in all government affairs. This man was His Excellency Yuan Shih-k'ai.

I asked one of the members of the diplomatic body in Peking for his opinion of the great viceroy.

He answered me indirectly. "Governor Yuan was of humble origin, you know," he began. "He was born in

the province of Honan—that province south of the Yellow River which is almost annually flooded by that great muddy stream called 'China's Sorrow.' As a boy he studied the Chinese classics and such foreign books as had been translated into the Chinese language, but he has never studied a foreign tongue nor visited a foreign country. And this, I think, is the first element of his greatness,—that, without any knowledge of foreign language, law, literature, science of government, or the history and progress of civilization, he has occupied the highest and most responsible positions in the gift of the empire, has steered the ship of state on a straight course between the shoals of conservatism on the one hand and radical reform on the other, until he has brought her near to the harbor of a safe, progressive policy."—Eleanor Franklin Egan, in the May Everybody's.



WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

Few things can appear more curious to a dispassionate observer than the foam of discontent seething up amongst women at the present day. Any discontent, if it be strong enough, will produce revolution; but a not uncommon result of revolution is a recoil into a more despotic absolutism than any that existed before the rebellion. It is possible that such a result will follow on the present revolt of womankind; meantime, coupled with another equally prominent feature of their sex in the present time, it is certainly one of the most curious of our social phenomena. We have studied it as such with some degree of attention, and we have come to the conclusion that, despite the prominence of its school, it is not altogether so original as it believes, and it does not very clearly know what it actually aims at and requires.

"Equality with men," we are answered. But this is exceedingly difficult to define. Of course it is perfectly easy to pass jests upon, and concoct witticisms out of, such a subject; they suggest themselves by the million. The harder effort is to avoid the attractively and facetiously ludicrous side of the subject and write upon it seriously. All jests apart, it is something difficult to define—this equality with men that is the female cry of the hour. If equality in privileges be taken, equality in liabilities must be enforced also. Are women to go to this extreme?—to become soldiers if they become surgeons; to become sailors if they become statesmen? We doubt if they are prepared to reach this length; but unless they are, the desire for "equality with men" is only another phase of the desire for every privilege and the exemption from every penalty.

We can thoroughly sympathize with the impatience of a clever woman at seeing herself excluded from an arena of public life in which some masculine fools and many masculine mediocrities succeed. We are fully prepared to admit that here and there may arise a woman of such brilliant abilities that she would be fully capable of governing an empire or manœuvring an army. But such

women come once in five centuries; and this question is not of exceptional, but of all, women. The equality demanded is not for the few, but for the many. It is of the admission of the many to its rights and exercises that we have to treat; not of the admission of the two or three great women who may adorn a century, and who, be it noted, generally contrive to do well for themselves and rarely are participants in the cry of which we have heard so much in late years. Where real genius appears it levels sex; but this is at all times rare, in women rarest, and it is of the vast mass of "the general" that we speak. Maria Theresa, Catherine, Manon, Roland, Hypatia, Corinna, Sappho, will always make their own mark on the world's history; but the plea now raised is for the admission of all women—on the simple score of womanhood—to the possession of the paths and thrones of men.—From a posthumous paper by Ouida in May Lippincott's.



DISEASES CAUGHT FROM ANIMALS.

The general acceptance of the germ theory of transmissible disease has set on foot inquiries on every side regarding the sources of such diseases. If they are due to the growth and multiplication of minute organisms in the human body, those organisms must come from some definite place; it is not sufficient to say that the disease is "in the air," still less to dismiss it as an inexplicable visitation of Providence. That animals and insects are fertile sources of disease-germs is pointed out by a writer in *The Medical Record* (New York, February 13), who says:

"A revolution of our ideas as to the transmission of disease has taken place. It is now known by every one that insects convey numerous complaints to man, perhaps almost all the tropical maladies, including malaria, yellow fever, and sleeping-sickness. Plague is believed to be transmitted to man chiefly by means of rats or their fleas. Tuberculosis, despite the dogmatic statement of Koch, is in certain circumstances conveyed to the human race, mainly to children, by the agency of cattle. More than this, the opinion has been rapidly gaining ground of late years that domestic animals are responsible to some extent for spreading several infectious diseases. The cat has been under suspicion for many years, and it has been alleged, with foundation for the statement, that the parrot has passed on disease to some of those who have come into close contact with him.

"Cohen has said, in his 'System of Physiological Therapeutics,' that the lower animals, such as cats, dogs, horses, cattle, and chickens, occasionally suffer from a pseudo-membranous affection of the upper respiratory passages simulating diphtheria and from this infection has been claimed. He, however, states that it is rare that true diphtheria bacilli are found in these animals, although they have been found susceptible to the disease experimentally produced. Osler is of much the same opinion, and so are, perhaps, the majority of veterinary experts. The point really that requires solution is this: Does the cat contract diphtheria, a disease to which cats are subject, from a person suffering from the complaint or does the animal merely act mechanically as a carrying agent?

"Recently, Dr. Caroline A. Osborne has endeavored to answer these questions in a small book entitled 'The Cat, a Neglected Factor in Sanitary Science.' From this we learn that, as mentioned before, Osler and Cohen, together with the larger number of veterinary authorities, hold that the cat does not contract diphtheria from the human subject, nor do they think that it transmits the

disease to man, at least they argue that the proofs to this effect are very slight. On the other hand there are many authorities who contend that cats suffer from true diphtheria and also convey it to men. Klein is said to believe that diphtheria is a natural disease of the cat and it has also been asserted upon responsible authority that during widespread epidemics of diphtheria, a similar affection may be found in cats, pigeons, fowls, etc. Dr. Louis W. Sambon, the distinguished authority on tropical diseases, read a paper before the British Royal Society of Medicine, published in *The Lancet*, April 18, 1908, in which he supported, by statistics, the theory that diphtheria is transmissible between man and the lower animals.

"Even if diphtheria is not contracted by cats it seems to have been proven in a sufficiently conclusive manner that they will carry the infection and are therefore a source of considerable danger. Cats are known to suffer from other diseases which are transmissible to man, such as scabies and ringworm, and a cat with mange is a fertile agency of infection to the domestic animals of a neighborhood."—*Literary Digest*.



WHY IT PAYS TO THIN FRUIT.

THERE are more people who advocate thinning fruit than there are those who practice it, chiefly because most people have not the courage to pull fruit from their trees. Yet thinning is one of the most paying operations in the fruit garden if done judiciously.

Except to cut off some of the fruit spurs, it seldom pays to thin cherries. In the Pacific Northwest apples and pears are quite frequently thinned; in other sections rarely. Repeated experiments have shown that it pays to thin these fruits if the trees are heavily laden even though it may cost fifty cents or over to thin a large tree. Much, however, depends upon the fruit-bearing habit of the variety. Some sorts, as Rhode Island Greening, usually set but one fruit from a cluster of blossoms, and may need little or no thinning; other varieties that set fruit very thickly, as Wagener and Oldenburg, are much benefited by thinning.

Grapes and all the brambles are commonly thinned by reducing the amount of bearing wood when pruning, but thinning the bunches or clusters of fruit has not proved beneficial. The berries of bunches of grapes grown under glass are usually thinned, to prevent crowding and to increase size. If the ends of bunches of currant blossoms are clipped off with shears, the size and quality of the berries are increased. Bunches of strawberries under glass are severely thinned, but in the field the only practicable method is to limit the number of plants, or it may sometimes pay, when exceptionally choice fruit is desired, to reduce the number of fruit stalks.

Fruit is thinned in two ways: by reducing the bearing wood in pruning, and by picking off part of the fruit when it has set. The fruits most commonly thinned by pruning are those that bear on one-year-old wood, as the peach, apricot, raspberry, blackberry,

dewberry, grape, and the brambles; and, to a considerable extent, Japanese varieties of the plum. The new wood, which is the bearing wood, is shortened, and it is best not to do this until all danger of winter injury has passed. Thus the laterals of the brambles are not shortened until after the buds have started and the extent of winter injury is easily discerned. After a severe winter it may be best not to shorten the bearing wood of peaches and apricots until the blossoms have appeared; then one can judge best how much fruit to thin off by pruning.

Fruit plants that bear mainly on spurs, as the apple, pear, plum, and cherry, are thinned with the pruning shears by cutting out weak or crowding spurs. The thinning of fruit spurs has received little attention in American fruit gardens; in Europe it is just as much a part of the annual pruning as the removal of crowding branches. When an amateur fruit grower wishes the choicest fruit, and can afford to devote some time to the attainment of his ambition, his pruning will become more minute and specialized; its unit will be the spur, not the tree.

The second method of thinning fruit, that of removing superfluous fruit, is usually necessary in addition to the thinning by pruning, except with the small fruits. The time when it should be done varies with different fruits, but in every case it should be after all danger from losing fruit by frost and the June drop has passed. A tree that is very heavily laden in May may carry but a thin crop in June after the drop. Some varieties drop more than others; the Italian prune is a noted example of a "self-thinning" variety. Much will be gained if it can be done safely before the pit or seeds begin to harden, when a considerable drain is made upon the vital forces of the tree.

Peaches, apricots, nectarines and plums are commonly thinned when the fruits are one-half to three-quarters of an inch in diameter, or about the size of a hickory nut. Thin so that the distance between the fruits, when ripe, will be from two to three times their diameter. This means that peaches are usually thinned to five or six inches apart, and plums to four or five inches apart at the time of thinning.

When thinning fruits that bear on spurs, remove all the fruits from some spurs, and if necessary, thin the fruits on the other spurs to one. The object of this is to give half of the spurs a chance to make fruit buds for next year's crop, which they may not be able to do if supporting one or more fruits. The only way to prevent "off years" is to limit in this way the number of spurs that bear, coupled with good culture otherwise. There is no reason why all fruit trees should not bear annually if given good care and not allowed to weaken themselves by over-bearing. But certain varieties of some fruits, especially the apple, have gotten into the habit of bearing alternate years, and it is difficult to overcome the tendency.

Remove weak, diseased, and wormy fruits regardless of their position on the trees, and burn or bury them. All thinning should be done by hand. Some people thin fruit by knocking it off with poles, but by the time the thinning is done two-thirds of the crop may be on the ground. Several hours may be needed to properly thin a large peach or apple tree; at the rate of fifteen cents an hour it may cost from twenty five cents to seventy-five cents per tree. If this adds one dollar to five dollars or over to the value of the fruit, as it may, the expenditure is certainly justified.

When the trees carry a light crop, no thinning may be needed. If certain branches on an apple tree are loaded, and others not, thin the fruit very little, as it is better to have the branches bear alternate years than to have the whole tree barren every other year. Much can be done to conserve the strength of the trees of some varieties by successive pickings. Early varieties of early apples and pears, for example, should have part of the fruit gathered when nearly mature, leaving the remainder on the trees. The early gathered fruits will ripen well in a cool place. Some varieties of pears, especially those used for canning, may be picked when little over two-thirds grown, and will ripen into good canning fruit. The Keiffer is occasionally handled in this way.—*S. W. Fletcher, in The Garden Magazine.*

Between Whiles

Domestic Tragedy.—"For goodness' sake, Harriet, why so sad?"

"The cook's left, but that isn't the worst of it; she took with her the recipe-book for all the things John's mother used to make."—*Brooklyn Life.*



Little Victor had been naughty and his father had seen fit to administer a spanking. A few minutes later, when his papa had left the room and the little fellow was alone with mama, he exclaimed between his sob, "I don't like papa." His mother, of course, told him that was very wrong and that he would have to be punished again if he talked like that. "Well," he added, looking up quickly, "I like papa all right, but I don't like his acts."—*The Delineator for May.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—Barred Plymouth Rock eggs. Pure bred, large, well barred, one dollar for 15. Reduced rates on incubator lots.—Mrs. I. C. Stine, Dallas Center, Iowa.

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58. God is a Refuge for Us.
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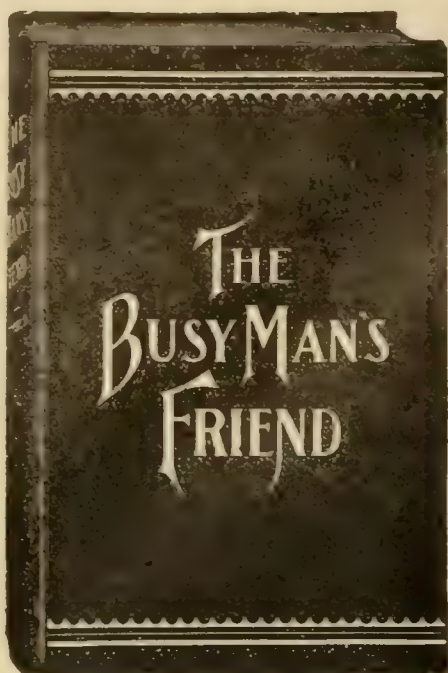
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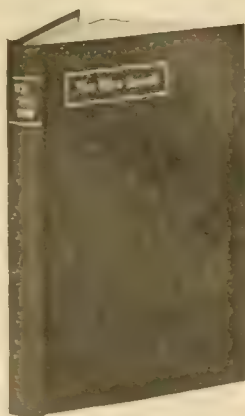
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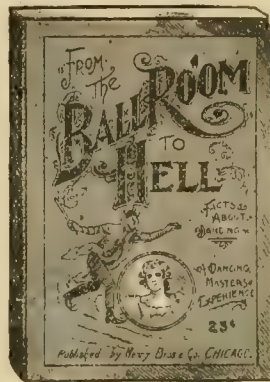
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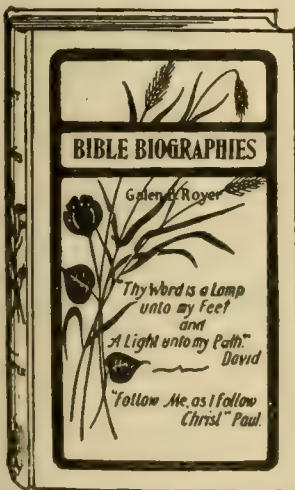
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This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth.

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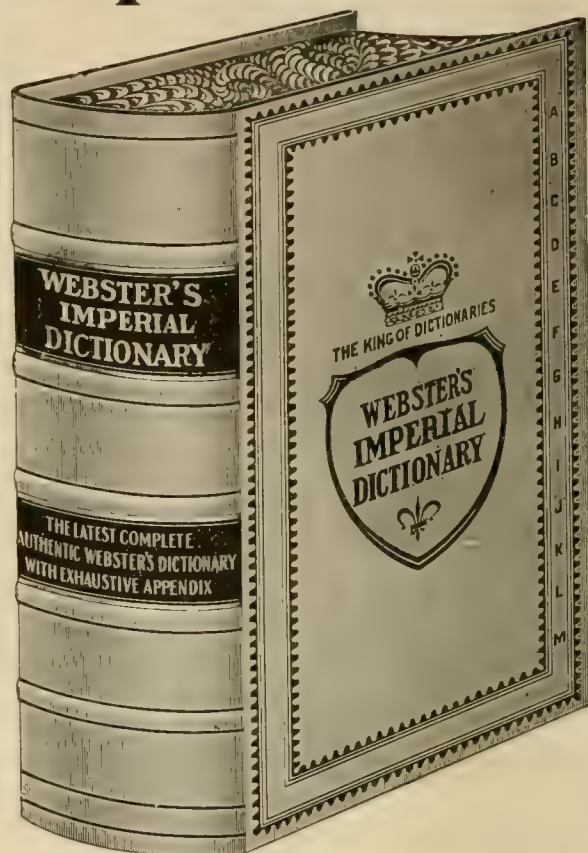
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Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



Garner Schoolhouse, One Mile West of Empire, Where the Brethren Hold Services.

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED—NEW RAILROAD BUILDING.

A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

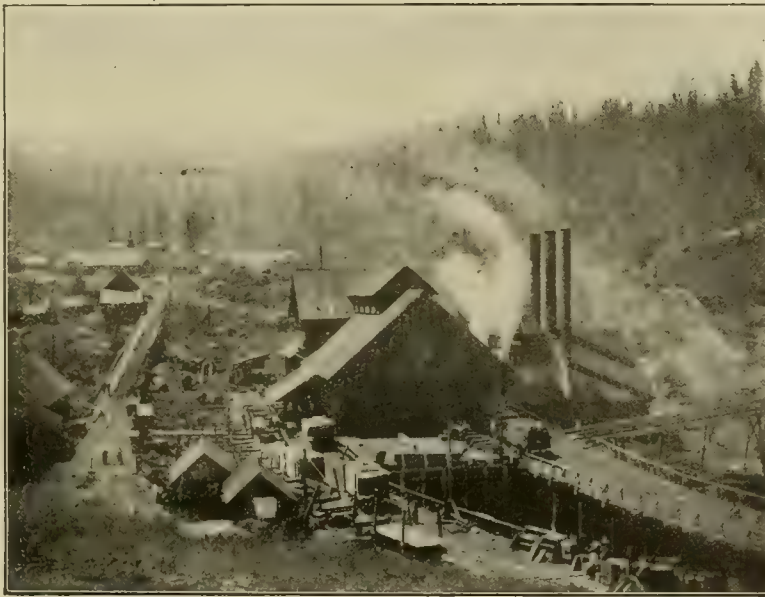
North Manchester, Ind., South Bend, Ind.

Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

THE INGLENOOK

May 18, 1909

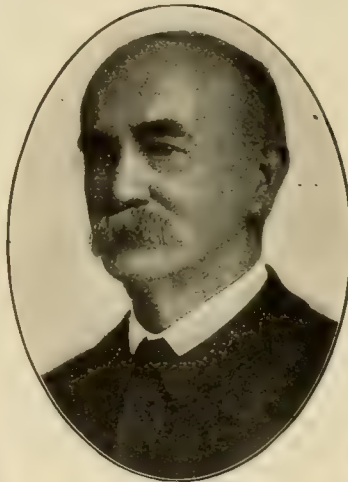
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Isaiah Wheeler
Cerro Gordo, Illinois



E. M. Cobb
Elgin, Illinois

We want to make new acquaintances and renew old ones while at the Conference. It is not our intention now to make any display on or near the grounds with a tent or booth. If you have any business to transact with any of us, you will find us at the Kavanaugh Hotel when Conference is not in session. We will be pleased to see you at any time, on business relative to the

Union Pacific

Revised Minutes

Contains the revised minutes of all the Annual Meetings up to and including 1896. Two hundred pages. Indexed under 1,200 subjects.

The Appendix.

This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth.

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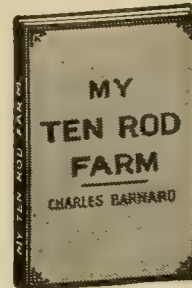
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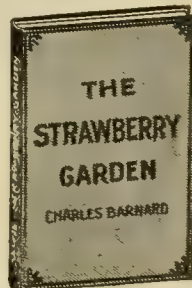
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THREE TIMELY BOOKS for the FLORIST AND GARDENER



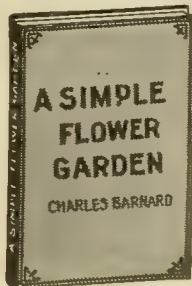
MY TEN-ROD FARM, or How I Became a Florist. By Chas. Barnard.

An interesting story of the successes and failures of a florist. Through an accident at the mill Mrs. Maria Gilman became a widow with two children to provide for. This she did by converting her small flower garden into a commercial asset which now furnishes an annual income of two thousand dollars. Attractively bound in cloth. 118 pages. Postpaid, 45 cents.



THE STRAWBERRY GARDEN. By Charles Barnard.

A very practical story concerning the Wellson family and their strawberry garden. How it was planted, what it cost and what came of it financially and sentimentally. The writer is a close student of human nature as well as a practical market gardener. A book of 104 pages, bound in cloth. Postpaid, 45 cents.



A SIMPLE FLOWER GARDEN for Country Homes. By Charles Barnard.

A practical guide. Aunt Louisa assists Frank and Gertrude in beautifying their rural home. How to start a flower garden, what it will cost and how have flowers all the year round. This little volume tells you just what you should do in each month of the year. 76 pages. Bound uniform with "My Ten-rod Farm" and "The Strawberry Garden." Postpaid, 45 cents.

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Children's Meetings, and How to Conduct Them. By Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman. With lessons, outlines, diagrams, music, and helpful suggestions. Introduction by Bishop J. H. Vincent. 9th thousand. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

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"To My Bible,"A Sermonette in Verse
"Others,"A Peep into the Secret of a Happy Life
"If I Were You,"A Recitation for Rally Day
"A Diamond in the Rough,"The Boy Question
"The Sheep of the Flock,"The Man Question
"The Twenty-third Psalm and the Parable of The Lost Sheep."

Beautiful designs. Something entirely new. Regular price of these popular post cards has been reduced from 5 cents each to 2 cards for 5 cents.

Set of Six Cards, postpaid,15 cents

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Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolei Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Stone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

May 18, 1909.

No. 20.

AMONG THE SIERRAS

D. L. FORNEY

THE Sierra Nevada Mountains on the western slope of the great American continent afford the student of nature an expansive field. Numerous are the parties who leave the heated valleys in the summer and go to the mountains for recreation or adventure. A cooking outfit, tents, food supplies and camp equipage, brown khaki suits for men and women, camera and fishing tackle are part of the necessary outfit for a mountain trip. Mountain roads to the lumbering camps can be followed some distance from the railway station. Then the main road must be abandoned and the trail taken up. King's River canyon is to be reached only by trail either on foot or on pack saddle.

This canyon is said to possess some of the finest scenery in California, even rivalling in some respects the world-famed Yosemite. Government is now constructing a wagon road into King's River canyon and when once it is more accessible and its wonderful scenery is known it will become one of the noted resorts of the State.

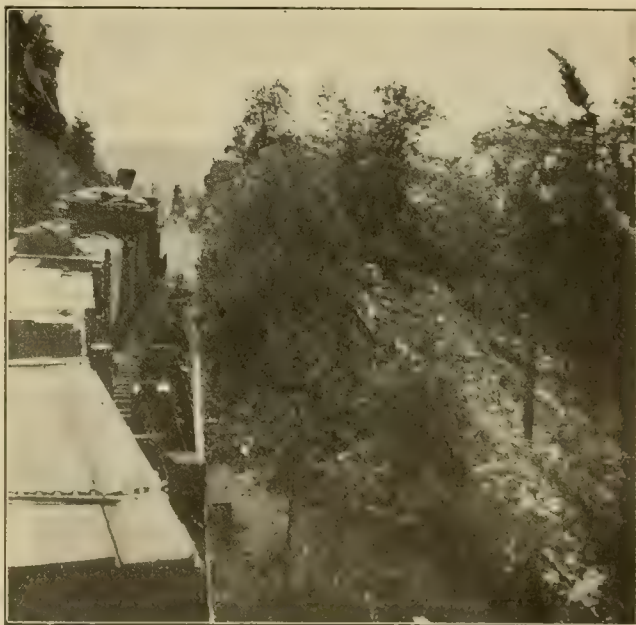
The Grant National Park where are many of the big trees is on the road to this canyon. Here many people from the valley camp for a week or two and even longer during the heated season, with the finest of spring water and plenty of shade. The fauna and flora of this part of the Sierras are a grand field for the student of nature. The birds, squirrels, chipmunk, deer, mountain lion, rattlesnake, and a variety of fish in the streams and lakes are also field for the sportsman. Trees are in wonderful variety and some of the largest in the world. Ferns as tall as a man and berries and nuts in abundance.

The commercial spirit has also invaded these mountain forests. Lumbering firms have denuded large areas of the largest and finest trees. Immense red woods (gigantea sequoia), pines and other trees have all fallen before the woodsman's ax and saw.

The Hume-Bennett Lumber Company of Fresno, California, have immense mills far back in the mountains. Some wonderful engineering skill is displayed in the collecting and handling of logs as well as disposing

of the sawed lumber. From the mills in a mountain basin to the railway is a distance of about fifty miles.

As the lumber is sawed it is placed on small, narrow-gauge railway cars. Three of these coupled together are drawn up a steep incline to the power house. Here the cable is detached and hitched to the other end of the train, when it is slowly let down the opposite side of the mountain grade. Each incline is perhaps a mile in length. And as the cable plays out to the very end of the incline a passenger on one of these cars if of a nervous or excitable nature is likely to feel his nerves tingle as he thinks of what might happen should the



"Over Trestles, Through Cuts and Around Curves."

cable break and the entire train and occupants go plunging down the mountain slope. Once down the incline a longer train is made up, a small engine is attached and an eight-mile run is made still farther down the mountain over trestles, through cuts and around curves till Millwood is reached. Here the

lumber is unloaded, tied in bundles and placed in a V-shaped trough which also carries a stream of water, now over trestles, through gulches or canyons to Sanger, a distance of forty miles. Here on the regular line of railway are located extensive drying yards and mills where the lumber is made up into every class of building material and sent to every part of the country.

About 75,000 feet of lumber are sawed daily at the mills in the mountains, but on account of the heavy snowfall in the mountains only about six months of the year are available for active work in the lumber camp.

Reedley, Cal.



FRIENDSHIP.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THERE is a friendship which endureth forever and a Friend that "sticketh closer than a brother." True friendship is deep, pure and sincere, but there is a friendship that "biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder." Is he your friend who entices you in the dram-shop? You do not wish to go, but you do not wish to lose his "friendship" by refusing. Hence you walk to your doom like a lamb to slaughter. Better to lose his false friendship than to lose life, honor, and good name.

He is not your friend but your worst enemy. He is cunning and low and seeks to ruin you and bring you to his level by flattery and persuasion. Shun him! You can live without his friendship but you can not live happily without your good name. In his heart he will love and respect you more if you refuse him firmly and turn about and invite him to come with you to your home or some equally ennobling place to spend the evening. If you follow him he will consider you as a silly dupe and will probably sneer at you or about you to his friends, boasting how "easy" you are. Show him that you have a mind of your own, that you are a greater man than even he is, that you will be neither bribed nor flattered. Show him that you are sorry for him and are determined to help him, and he will soon come to feel that you are his superior and will look up to you, which is better than for you to look down to him. This done you have saved yourself and rescued a brother from ruin.

Do not be afraid of being called a coward if you refuse to go with him. Turn the laugh on your false

friends and regard them as cowards, who dare not refuse. At all events, it is better to be sneered at by a few than to be shunned by all honest, upright persons.

Towanda, Pa.



HOT SHOT FROM A WOMAN.

SOME member of the Michigan Legislature introduced a bill to compensate the men put out of business by the local option law.

The newspaper item relating to the bill caught the eye of a woman, whose bitter experience made the item

particularly interesting to her. Signing herself "A Pauper from the Liquor Traffic," she wrote a letter to the *Detroit Journal*, in which she said a few things.

Among the things she said were these:

"I did not think that the people sent a man to Lansing with cheek enough to introduce such a bill. Instead of the taxpayers compensating the bloated liquor barons, a bill ought to be



"Millwood."

introduced confiscating what they have accumulated out of the accursed traffic in the past ten years, and this money ought to be given back to the criminals, the starving wives and destitute children they have made.

"Twelve years ago I married a mechanic in a town in Sanilac County. He was bright and intelligent and capable of earning \$600 a year. He got into the habit of going to the barrooms, first for company, and then for drinks, until I had to take in washing to support myself and children.

"After ten years of poverty and misery, two months ago he died of delirium tremens. He never was a bad man, but was lured to his doom; and I at middle age am left a pauper with two children to raise. There are a dozen men in this village that will soon follow him to their graves. Only for liquor we would have been the happiest couple in the country.

"About the time I got married, a chum of mine married a bartender. He afterward got a saloon of his own, and eight years ago he purchased a building that he turned into a hotel for \$1,500. It cost \$500 to make the changes. This building for liquor purposes he says is worth \$10,000. He has also bought a farm, has a racehorse, two bulldogs and an auto. His wife

has four silk dresses and a sealskin sacque. In ten years he got \$300 of my husband's earnings.

"Now, if local option is carried in the county, he wants compensation. He no doubt wants about \$8,000 on one hotel and a pension of about \$1,000 per year for not having a business to make maniacs, drunkards, suicides, tramps, orphan children, destitute wives and starving widows.

"The first thing that we know hangmen will be wanting compensation for lost business in States where capital punishment has been abolished. I will send the price of my next day's washing to help purchase a coat of arms for the fellow who introduced the bill with the compensation clause in it. A Representative or a Senator who would vote for such a measure could not get the votes of three honest men in one State."—*Illinois Issue.*



BUILDING A CHICAGO STREET CAR TRACK.

II. A. BRANDT.

A RIDE on the average Chicago surface street car reminds one of nothing so much as the old-fashioned country hay-ride, especially if the road was rough and the horses high spirited. The best place to get the benefit to the full is to take passage in one of the dinky trailers which are the remnant of some prehistoric age in streetcar-dom. These trailers are hitched on behind larger cars and being small and not over-substantially built respond beautifully when run at full-speed, so that one is bound to get the hay-ride experience to the music of rattling windows and screeching wheels.

Of course the down-town cars and tracks are of an up-to-date class, and these are rapidly being extended out over the main streets of the city. Of late the "pay-as-you-enter" cars have been introduced and these superb cars—perhaps as heavy as those used on interurban lines—glide smoothly and swiftly over the reconstructed tracks and one cannot help but be glad for the passing of the old order and the coming of the luxurious new cars. The great secret, however, of easy and pleasant street car riding is in the condition of the track and the solidity of the roadbed. What it costs in labor and money to put down a first-class city street car track is perhaps not fully appreciated except by those who pay for it. The city street car track is not very conspicuous and to the average man their mode of construction is only a matter of conjecture.

Except where the lines are to be extended, the first thing to be done is to remove the old tracks. The first men on the scene in this process of rebuilding are those who remove the pavement, brick or rock from between and on either side of the rails. The next agent of destruction is the man who saws the old rails up in convenient lengths for removal, for you must know that the rails are not bolted together as on the railroad lines, but on the contrary are welded

together. The rails and ties are now taken out of the way and the ballast of the old roadbed hauled off. When ready to begin laying the new track the old roadbed has given way to a trench, at least two feet deep, and of proper width for laying the new track.

Now all is ready to lay the new line in the bottom of the trench. When this is done the new track is blocked up and aligned. In ordinary railroad construction the road is gradually worked in shape as the ballast is put down, but in the case of the street car lines the track must be laid perfectly before the roadbed is put down because the ballast used is simply cement mixed up and filled in around the tracks.

The track being now perfectly straight and of proper grade, the next step is to fill in the cement roadbed which is composed largely of crushed rock with enough cement and sand to fill in between. This cement bed is filled to a trifle above the ties so that the latter are completely buried in cement. As soon as the cement bed has set sufficiently a thin layer of loose sand, perhaps an inch in depth, is filled in between the rails and on this is carefully laid the real pavement of rough cut rocks somewhat larger and similar in shape to the ordinary brick. This brings the roadbed up as high as the rails so that all that is visible of the latter is the track for the cars and the broad flange on each rail that answers for a track for the wagon wheels. Since most of the heavy hauling and driving is done on the car tracks this specially wide flange on the inside of each rail makes an ideal road for the wagons.

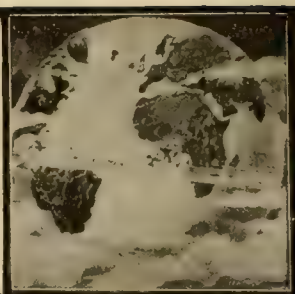
The road is now ready for the finishing touches. From a large tank one man carries bucket after bucket of hot asphalt and pours it over the rock pavement, carefully filling all the cracks between the rocks, while immediately behind him comes a man sweeping sand and pebbles over the warm asphalt. The sand and pebbles fill in any other irregularities in the pavement and give it the appearance of a neat walk just freshly sanded. Up to this time the rails have been only bolted together and wherever there is a joint of this kind it has been left exposed so that the rails can finally be welded together, and when this is done and the exposed places paved over the track is ready for service.

When one walks along these reconstructed car tracks, so smoothly and neatly paved, with the rails just shining out of the pavement on either side, he can little guess the labor and expense incident to such improvements unless he has seen the detailed process of construction. On a street car line of such substantial building in the new and smoothly-riding "pay-as-you-enter" cars street car riding is no longer an exciting experience notable for its jolts and jerks, but a real pleasure.

Chicago, Ill.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LVIII.

"ARE you an American?" asked the Judge.

Pressing the kitten more tenderly, I assumed the most soldier-like attitude, leaning forward slightly, and resting on the ball of the foot, showing every inch to full advantage of the stature upward I had been growing for some years.

"Yes, sir, I am" I answered, in a clear voice, inspired as much by the kitten as by my bravery, expecting other questions of a similar nature to follow.

That was the sole question of my judge as he sat on the Ottoman bench of law in the city of Constantinople on a Sunday morning in August.

His question contained but four easy words. My answer was complete in four.

For a brief moment we looked candidly into each other's eyes. This silent pause was probably a studied one, to increase the dramatic effect of the situation that was, as we must remember, an international one. Those standing by or employed in the court felt its influence, and I know how artfully the sagacious Judge had made me feel its potent power.

He was about to pronounce a sentence. The pause would lessen its severity.

I had no speech prepared and was ready to help on with the "case" only as I was questioned, or to summon any argument in my defense that might come to my mind at the time. The utmost frankness manifested by me towards the Court seemed to win me favor, and I expected at any moment to hear him say, "It is all right. You can go now. Your passport will protect you."

He talked to the men about him, both those who had led me from the boat to his presence and others who assisted him in his work, in Turkish.

After this, he commanded one of them to do some-

thing. It was to take me to another department of what I shall call the courthouse, for I did not ask the name of the building. The man came up to me and blubbered something with his mouth and hands, trying to tell me that I should walk along with him. In his hand he held a slip of paper on which the Judge had made some memoranda and handed it to him as he bowed me from his presence.

Back through the same door, down the court, thence into a room on the right, I was taken, where I was asked by another official to be seated. Here some more questions were asked, mostly regarding my passport, though my use of French and his use of English were too difficult to handle in technical conversation.

I understood him to say that he was compelled to keep me there,—or my passport,—and when he showed me some money held in his hand, I could not tell its significance. Having heard of the corruption of Ottoman courts I was at a loss to know whether he meant to say by its exhibition that a small or large sum from me would make my chances better, free me entirely, or whether he was asking me by

this means to pay a fine for some alleged offense of which I might be unwilling to admit my guilt.

Putting all of the incidents together, the whole affair made it appear to me that these officials were honest with me and that they were acting according to law, and that the law had pronounced the word "GUILTY!"

If a trial had really taken place—if the Judge's question, and the prisoner's four-worded reply constituted the trial, both prosecution and defense, then I was unwilling to be drawn farther into the meshes of Moslem diplomacy.

To find out these things and to gain the liberty that



Police from U. S. Consulate
Who Rescued Mr. Spickler.

was being denied me, I appealed to my United States consul.

"I wish to bring this case before my United States consul," I said, in grave tones of voice. "I wish you would send for him at once."

He did not call a messenger or go to a telephone, so I simply said, "Let me go to the United States consulate. My consul will arrange this with your government."

In the bleak chamber was a square-shaped chair or stool upon which I sat, to wait, on my own initiative rather than by his leave.

He drummed on the bare desk before him, and passed a few words with a page standing by the door.

He was again trying to talk to me when two guards entered and took their positions near me, awaiting their command from the official in this department of the police court. Better servants of a superior officer I never saw before. Without the least indication of sympathy or of prejudice in their faces, these two guards, armed for peace or for war, to let go or to bind, awaited the words of the man behind the desk. If he had said, "Bind him hand and foot," they looked as if they would have done so, or given up only after a death struggle. If he had said, "Let the gentleman pass," they would have stood aside like figures run by clock-work.

They asked for my passport, the sole defense of my liberty and of my life in Constantinople.

"My passport!" I exclaimed, "why, that's equal to my life."

But the Turkish gentleman tried to tell me that it would be in good hands, and when I proved my identity and had become possessed of the second passport issued by his government, I could be at liberty and have my own passport back.

It seemed like denying my citizenship, and I felt like doing something desperate. But what could I do?

Just then two big, handsome Turks, in gorgeous uniform, armed with long swords and heavy revolvers, with ample cords of gold lace about their necks, walked into the chamber, and in a quiet but determined manner, came straight towards me, trying, as I thought, to look kindly at the victim they were about to make away with.

"Just like them," I thought, when I saw the glittering medals on the left breast of one of the giants, "the Sultan has honored these men for obedience in taking the lives of Christians."

They spoke better English and after talking with the Turk they told me that I had just been fined the sum of two dollars, and that they represented the U. S. consulate.

"Fined! For what?"

The officer behind the desk had intimated that much to me. He had even asked me for the money, but I misunderstood him. I knew that the affair was serious

enough in its nature for me to call my consul. He had looked at these men, and then at me, when they entered, in a manner signifying their having come because I had demanded it, a privilege exercised by all American citizens.

"You have been fined because you came into the city without a pass,—a *teskere*. Your United States passport alone will not admit you here."

I was about to ask another question when one of the men said: "Come with us," taking from my hand the passport I had deemed up to this moment inseparable from my person. I went.

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INTERESTING DEMONSTRATION OF WIRELESS TELEPHONE WORK.

WILLIAM A. MEARS, western manager of the Collins Wireless Telephone Company, of Newark, N. J., recently gave a demonstration of the uses of that invention that was calculated to have caused his being burned as a witch had he lived in Salem, Mass., a hundred or two years ago.

He had constructed a large loop of wire about four feet in diameter. The wire was heavy and well insulated, and to it was connected, by ordinary telephone wire about six inches in length, an ordinary telephone receiver.

To the demonstratee was given this hoop and receiver to which no wires were attached, and with it he walked about Mr. Mears' offices and the halls of the Citizens' National Bank building, hearing every word spoken in an instrument in a closed room many feet distant.

These words were transmitted over a molecular circuit, the wires of the hoop being tuned to those in the instrument.

Mr. Mears promises to reduce the size of the hoop to that of a watch, so that the result easily can be carried in the pocket and become practicable for use by a foreman in any big establishment, who thus can direct his men at any place in the premises.

Another thing planned by Mr. Mears is the establishment of a wireless institute in Los Angeles. This will afford young men the opportunity to qualify for positions as operators of both wireless telephone and telegraph instruments.

Lectures will be given by such authorities as Francis B. De Witt, formerly of the United States submarine service; A. F. Collins, inventor of the wireless telephone; R. C. Shepard, chief electrician of the naval training station on Goat Island, and William Dubilier, chief electrician of the Collins Wireless Telephone Company.—*Selected*.



"THINKING themselves better than they really are is the only means that some people have of maintaining self-respect."

THE SCRIBES AND PHARISEES

PAUL MOHLER

WHEN Alexander and the Greek rulers that followed him began to introduce Greek culture throughout western Asia, they found one little province that resisted strenuously. Judea did not wish to change.

After the return of the remnant of Jews from Babylon and Nineveh, Ezra and Nehemiah were careful to teach the law of Moses to all the people and to see that it was obeyed. The scribes that followed Ezra and Nehemiah continued teaching the law and adding to it such regulations as seemed to them to be necessary to the literal observance of the law. This teaching thoroughly grounded the Jews in their own religion and customs. When the Greeks came, therefore, with new customs, the most of the Jews refused to change.

In many respects, Grecian culture was superior to the Hebrew. The games appealed to the wealthy classes, and the Greek rulers were careful to win as many of that class as possible, so it was not long till there was quite a strong party of "Hellenists" (Jews who favored the Greeks) in Jerusalem. At the same time, those who refused to be "Hellenized" stuck closer than ever to all that was Jewish. The Jews have always been among the stubbornest people in the world, and so the Greeks found them.

Alexander and the Ptolemies, or Greek-Egyptian rulers who ruled Palestine after his death, were patient with the Jews; but about two hundred years before Christ, Palestine fell into the hands of the Antiochs, or Greek rulers of Syria. They were not so kind. From that time on, there was constant pressure against the Jewish language, customs, and religion. This reached a crisis when Antiochus Epiphanes issued a decree that religion should be uniform throughout all the land. This brought on a rebellion under Judas Maccabæus, who, with his successors, won independence for the Jews. During all this struggle, there were, of course, the two parties of the Jews: those who were willing to follow the Greeks, and those who were not. The Hellenist, or Greek party, was favored by the Antiochs at all times; and Antiochus Epiphanes even went so far as to remove the high priest who opposed him, and replace him with a Hellenist. These Hellenists were the first of the Sadducees.

Of those who resisted the Greeks, there were many who clung very closely to the Judaism taught by Ezra. These were called Chasidim or "pious" ones. They were severely persecuted by Antiochus, but stood firm.

The Chasidim, themselves, soon divided into two parties, the Essenes and the Pharisees. Of these, the Pharisees became the more influential. They took an intense interest in the religious affairs of the

nation, and of course supported the Jewish leaders during the revolution, and the Jewish kings afterward. The time came, however, when they took offense at some of the policies of the king and turned against him. At one time, indeed, they were in control of the government, and at all times they were powerful in the sanhedrin; but cared little for politics except as it affected their religious observances.

One might think that the Pharisees and the Sadducees were on good terms because of their united opposition to Jesus; but they were not. They were simply agreed in fighting a common enemy. It would be hard to find two parties more diverse. The Sadducees were the liberal, wealthy, worldly, pleasure and power-loving class. They corresponded to the "worldly Christians" of today. They were more interested in politics than in religion, and were, indeed, entirely skeptical on many points of the Jewish religion as we understand it today. They did not believe in angels, spirits, the resurrection of the dead, or in God's influence upon human actions. The Pharisees, on the other hand, were intensely religious. They were exceedingly careful to observe the traditions of the elders, as well as the Mosaic law.

Many of them were undoubtedly really pious, and all of them practiced great self-denial; but their very system of observances tended to produce hypocrisy. They looked into the law of Moses and there saw some such commands as the general Sabbath observance law, and the special prohibition against plowing or reaping in Ex. 34:21. Such rules were much too general for them, so they must decide on just what kinds of labor could be called plowing or reaping. They very soon decided that to pluck a few ears of grain would be reaping; so they felt sure of their ground when they accused the disciples of Jesus of breaking the Sabbath when they pulled a few ears to eat on the Sabbath day. Understand that it was not the Sabbath that they kept so much as it was the law concerning the Sabbath. For example, the rabbis said that it would be unlawful to tie a knot in a cord or rope on the Sabbath; but they made exceptions in the case of a woman's wearing apparel. A woman was allowed to tie the strings of her cap, girdle, shoes, etc.

Now it was unlawful to tie a knot in the rope over a well, but since it was lawful to tie a girdle, it was also lawful to tie the pail with a girdle. Do you see the point?

Then again, the law prohibited them from lighting a fire, baking or boiling food on the Sabbath. Therefore, to have hot food for the Sabbath meal, they had to

have it hot at the beginning of the Sabbath, and to keep it hot until wanted. To do this, they were careful not to increase the heat in it, as that would be "boiling." Now it was very carefully decided in what kind of materials it might be wrapped to keep it hot. They could wrap it in clothing or flax-tow, or pack it among fruits or pigeons' feathers. They must not pack it in salt, chalk, sand, or manure. One rabbi even declares flax-tow unallowable and permits only coarse tow. It is easy to see that there is likely to be just as much if not more real "Sabbath breaking" in executing these dodges than in doing the thing expressly forbidden.

These are but samples of the innumerable restrictions of the Pharisaic teachings, all of which were directed more toward a careful observance of "the law" than of promoting real righteousness. It is not to be wondered at that Jesus had their opposition. He was so wonderfully sure in striking to the heart of every moral and religious question that he could not help laying bare their hypocrisy. It was inevitable that they should disagree; and they were so exceedingly jealous of their religious leadership, that they were certain to press the conflict to the bitter end.

Today, among the Jews, the terms "Pharisees and Sadducees" are unknown, but the Jews are again divided, and along much the same lines. Today, we have "Reformed Jews" and "Orthodox Jews"; the first corresponding to the Sadducees and the second to the Pharisees. And if I had space, I could tell you of just as strange forms of hypocrisy as any that Jesus saw.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



"THE HOME OF SHREDDED WHEAT."

DALLAS B. KIRK.

THE Natural Food Company have their plant in one of the most beautiful sections of Niagara Falls, on Buffalo Avenue. It occupies ten acres and has a frontage of nine hundred feet on the upper Niagara River. The lawn in summer time is beautiful with its rich flowers and close-cut grass.

The size of the main building is 463 by 66 feet and has a floor space of about five and one-half acres.

On going into the grand entrance hall the visitor is met and told to register his name and address in a large book, having the "loose leaf" system.

Then you can sit down at any one of the various desks where pen, ink and post cards of Shredded Wheat building are all furnished free and address as many of them to your friends back home as you wish to remember.

Stamps are sold here and one of Uncle Sam's mail boxes stands at the entrance to accommodate the one hundred thousand visitors who visit this place each year.

If you care to read, a number of the late leading magazines are within easy reach on the reading tables. The total cost of this building and its equipment was two million dollars. It contains thirty thousand lights of glass and three hundred miles of electric wire.

Visitors are welcome any day in the year except Sunday.

In due time you will be notified that the visiting party, which was seeing the process of the making of Shredded Wheat, when you first entered the building, has returned with the free guide from its tour of inspection and that it is now your turn to see the different departments of this large pure food establishment.

Being told to enter the elevator at the rear of the entrance hall, you, in company with a number of other people from different parts of the United States, start on your indoor journey. The cage filled, the uniformed elevator boy in his position, the guide stepping in last, you find yourself going to the top story.

When the elevator stops the guide leads the way out onto the roof garden. From this observatory he shows you the paper mill and power plant on the left and directly in front of you is the Niagara River, one mile wide. Here it is still and peaceful looking.

The guide now conducts the party back into the building which is made of three thousand tons of steel and four million brick.

The guide is always full of interesting talk and carries a megaphone along with him to talk through, but let us forget him and our cosmopolitan traveling companions and follow the different stages of the wheat in the making of Shredded Wheat Biscuit.

This company says, "Government inspection is good, but public inspection is better—we invite both."

The wheat you will now see going through the cleaning machines, twenty-two in number; then it is steam-cooked for thirty-five minutes in large steel cylinders. During all this time the outer coat of the wheat grains remains unbroken, thus retaining all of the nutritive elements of the wheat. No flavoring whatever enters into it, not even common salt. After cooking it is soft and the grains are somewhat larger than normal size. It is now fed slowly into a machine which dries it and takes the surplus moisture out. The drying machines extend through two floors, the cooked wheat entering at the top and moving downward between two large perforated iron cylinders, the warm air being forced through the holes in the cylinders.

Next it is allowed to dry on large wooden frames preparatory to shredding. It is now fed into the hoppers of the shredding machines, the two rows of these machines covering a floor distance of eighty-eight feet in length and containing thirty-six pairs of rollers. These rollers draw the wheat kernels out into long, porous shreds, which drop upon an endless belt, forming layer upon layer until there is enough to make the

usual thickness of the biscuit. This belt takes the layers of shreds to a cutting machine which cuts them into oblong cakes which fall into a pan with forty-seven other biscuits.

The pan is then placed in a large drum which looks something like a Ferris wheel, and this steel-armed wheel with its immense load of biscuit revolves around in a large oven. There are a number of these large ovens. After leaving this oven the biscuits are placed in another one which completes the baking process. Now they are taken in large pan racks to the large packing tables where sit the packing girls on chairs with backs. The girls are allowed the privilege of exchanging places whenever they want to. The packers put the biscuits in cartons and place them on an endless chain which takes them to a machine that turns back the flaps, glues them and seals the joint of the package with a strip of paper. It is now ready to be packed into wooden cases. These boxes are nailed together by a machine driving six nails at a time.

The most conservative visitor will agree with the makers of Shredded Wheat that "shredded whole wheat is the cleanest, purest, most easily digested, most nutritious cereal food made."

There is hardly a village in the United States but that has Shredded Wheat for sale, so widely known is this food.

The Triscuit or Shredded Wheat Wafer which easily leads and takes the place of the white flour cracker is made here also, by an electric process which is marvelous to behold.

Next you are shown the auditorium which is used for lectures and entertainments, with a seating capacity of six thousand.

At the time I was there some German musicians were holding their convention in this lecture hall and the guide only allowed us a peep through the glass doors.

The girls' dining room is on the fifth floor and overlooks the river. Free dinner is served each working day by the company.

The twenty-two wash rooms are also inspected and found in a good sanitary condition.

Next you are told to seat yourself at a small table (there are quite a number of these tables, each seating four persons) and a brief lecture is given on Shredded Wheat, illustrated by a large chart. This over, a waiter brings you a dish of Shredded Wheat served with fruit and a Triscuit served with cheese.

After eating this wheat product you are told that the company will send you after you get home a cookbook, and true to their promise, "The Vital Question" cookbook will arrive in due time. It contains a concise treatise on the "Principles of Cooking" and recipes for serving Shredded Wheat and Triscuit; with a number of colored plates.

All visitors have this standing invitation: "If ever again you are in this vicinity call in, and tell any of your friends who may be planning a trip to Niagara Falls that they will be welcome at the 'Home of Shredded Wheat.'"

Pentz, Pa.



HISTORICAL INTEREST IN COIN COLLECTING.

NUMISMATICS is defined as a science which has for its object the study of coins and medals. "In so far as it concerns ancient coins, numismatics is a branch of archæology; but as, in its broadest scope, it includes the coins of all times and peoples, it is a distinct science, wider in its field than any of those branches of investigation which it serves to elucidate and expand."

Many of the present-day collectors have not entered into the scientific study of coins, in part or as a whole, but are, nevertheless, classed as numismatists, as that term is sufficiently elastic to cover all who are interested in collecting coins from the artistic, the historical, or simply the mint-mark standpoint. Whatever may be the object of the collector, the result is bound to be educational, and collecting is therefore to be encouraged.

Before coins were invented gold and silver were used in settling accounts, but this method required the use of scales to weigh these metals. The invention of coins did away, in a measure, with weighing. Absolute accuracy in weight and fineness for every coin issued is not possible, hence the law allows, in the manufacture of a coin, a certain tolerance both of weight and fineness.

Token coins have a nominal value greater than the metallic value, and involve a profit to the government; in the United States the silver, nickel and bronze coins belong to this class. There are also metal tablets, resembling coins, known as tokens, issued by individuals—as, for example, the old copper Canadian token, which circulated freely throughout Canada during the nineteenth century; small change became scarce in Canada, and merchants issued these copper coins, twenty-five varieties in all, to supply the deficiency. Some of them bore the words "Ships Colonies and Commerce," and a full-rigged ship showing the British flag flying from the masthead; some varieties have the United States flag, the dies for which were made by a firm of New York engravers. None of these tokens are rare, but those bearing the United States flag are held at a slight premium.

Very few people know that the motto "E Pluribus Unum," which has appeared on various United States coins, and is still used on the silver dollars and five-cent pieces, was never authorized by law to be used. "In God We Trust," the motto used on the minor coins, was originally stamped on them without government authority..

"E Pluribus Unum" was first placed on a copper coin struck at a private mint at Newburgh, New York, in 1786, and the following year a New York goldsmith coined a "sixteen-dollar gold piece" on which was stamped "Unum E Pluribus." The United States mint was not established until 1792, and prior to that date the copper coins issued bearing "E Pluribus Unum" were made in England. There was no legislation authorizing the use on our coins of either motto before or after the first mint was established. In 1866 the words "In God We Trust" were placed on the two-cent piece by direction of James Pollock, director of the mint at Philadelphia, and subsequently on the silver half- and quarter-dollars by this mint; so it may be said the Philadelphia mint established the theological status of this country regardless of the constitutional attitude.

As early as 1787 New Jersey issued various copper coins bearing the motto "E Pluribus Unum," following the example set the previous year by the private mint at Newburgh, New York. Prior to this date the "Nova Constellatio" cents were coined and circulated; they are very plentiful and not especially valued except as they may be desired to complete a set.

The cent piece of 1801 in ordinary condition is worth about fifty cents, and if in very good condition, is worth much more. The half-cent of 1826 in very good condition is worth only ten or fifteen cents.

Recently a dealer in coins made a special offer on "large U. S. cents, plain dates, 1798, 1802, 1803, 1807, 1810, 1812, and 1814," the entire lot for seventy-five cents. These coins are valued at twelve cents each. An 1877 United States cent, proof, and very rare, was offered at the same time for one dollar and a half.

Collectors making a specialty of copper coins can make no mistake by taking advantage of these special offers of reputable dealers.—*Selected.*



THE FARM TEAMS.

THERE is nothing that so certainly indicates the enterprise and thrift of a farmer, or the lack of these essentials, as the condition of his team. If the work horses are strong, well kept and well groomed it is safe to set their owner down as a successful husbandman; but if the horses are thin, unkempt, and unfit for the strain put upon them, one may look for their corollary in broken-down fences, poorly-tilled fields and decaying farm buildings. These conclusions are no greater than are needed to prove the rule. A team strong enough to do with ease the work required of it, costs no more for maintenance than one unfit for its tasks; and by the simple process of arithmetic it is easy to prove that a strong, mettlesome span of horses will draw more loads and plow more furrows in a given time than a run-down, worn-out team. Therefore, aside from any consideration of pride in horseflesh

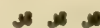
which one may have in a fine pair of horses, they are preferable from an economical standpoint.

The same reasoning will apply to the driving horse as well. There is no economy whatever in the use of a rat-tail, worn-out plug or a spavined "has been" that looks for all the world like an animated bag of bones. And yet we occasionally come across men who seem to think so.

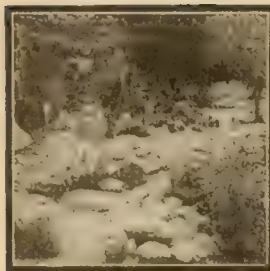
But there are other considerations besides horse pride and the economical side. The boy does not live who if normally developed does not have a genuine affection for, and a just pride in, a good horse, especially if it be one he has had a hand in raising, and there is nothing so discouraging to such a boy as to be obliged to work with worn-out, disreputable-looking horses. As soon give an ambitious boy a dull ax or hoe, a broken fork or rake to work with, and expect to see the light of ambition shining in his face, as to hope to keep him interested in farm life by obliging him to work daily with a team that ought by rights to be in the hospital. In fact, we have known more than one boy who rather than work with broken tools with which he was expected to do a man's part, declined to remain in the service of such an employer; and who can blame him? Boys are particularly sensitive, and they are oftentimes deeply humiliated and made rebellious by the jeering remarks of their young friends with respect to the "crowbaits" they are obliged daily to use.

Those who make frequent visits to large cities where heavy team horses are in constant use, are often struck by the pride the driver has in his outfit, and his genuine affection for the horses that are his daily companions. If he is drawn up to the curb for a few minutes, you will be likely to see him with brush or cloth stroking his horses or polishing their harness, and it is indeed a rare thing to see a whip used, and more rare to hear harsh or loud words addressed to the horses. The acts of cruelty which come under the attention of the humane society are practised for the most part upon the miserable beasts that have fallen into the hands of the huckster class.

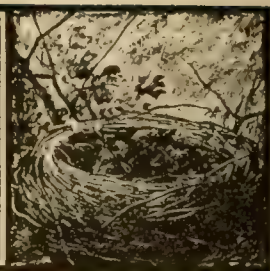
But as much as he loves and cares for the work team, the right kind of a boy will give vastly more affection to the bright-eyed, clean-limbed, quick-stepping roadster. Perhaps it is a horse that has been his since it was a day old. He has trained and petted it until he loves it like a brother, and he would as soon think of abusing that brother as of being unkind to his four-footed friend. The chance of a boy leaving such a friend for a long-day job behind a counter in the noisy town is slim indeed.—*Farm Journal.*



THE distiller rides in a steam yacht, the wholesaler in an automobile, the retail dealer in a carriage, but the consumer of the liquor is pulled round by the hair of the head by a policeman.—*Atchison Globe.*



NATURE STUDIES



Song of Baltimore Oriole.

BIRDS, THEIR HOMES AND THEIR BABIES.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

ONE bright morning we heard a loud, cheery call, cheer-up, cheer-up, and knew at once that our Baltimore Oriole had returned for the summer. He is a prince in a house of princes. The family to which he belongs is remarkable for plumage, note, nest, eggs, and habit. But Lord Baltimore shines in every one of these particulars, for in plumage, song and nest, he is an especially remarkable bird. His name Lord Baltimore Oriole was given him because when in 1628 George Calvert, Lord Baltimore, landed in this country he admired the colors of the bird and adopted it for his coat-of-arms. Some call him firebird, because of his bright, orange color, which is like a streak of fire as he flies. Others call him hang-nest, from the way he hangs his nest. We like best to think of him as Lord Baltimore Oriole. This name fits him best.

We always greet him with great joy on his return to the large maple, in our yard, where, for many years, there has been a nest. We place strings of cotton and worsted of every conceivable kind in the trees, and on shrubs and even on the porch, and then watch how eagerly Lord and Lady Baltimore Oriole will come and get every little piece and carry away to weave into their pocket-shaped nest, which is one of the most wonderful examples of bird-weaving in existence. It is made of separate threads, strings, horsehairs, or strips of bark, closely interwoven into a sort of sack, and so firmly knit together that it will bear a great weight. They secure it firmly to a high, slender, swaying branch of the old maple. A cat may look at it but never reach it. And, as Mama Oriole sits on the nest which almost closes over her head, we fancy hearing her sing:

"Rain beat! Winds blow!

Cats come! Cats go!

Safe in the nest of the maple tree."

And Lord B. Oriole sings gaily to cheer her up until the four wee babies appear. Then it takes almost his entire time to supply them with food. On an

average of every fifteen minutes daily from dawn till dark both parents visit the nest, bringing earthworms, grasshoppers, locusts, beetles, the larvæ insects, chokecherries, or other small fruits, to be crammed with sharp little thrusts into the ever-hungry mouths.

One June afternoon there was a great outcry among the birds. The three pairs of robins which had their nests nearby, called loudly, the little brown sparrows with their wee babies in the porchvine, chirped in shrill distress, and even the little brown ground-sparrows with babies in a wee nest in the Sweet Williams, flew up on the tree to see what it was all about. Papa and Mama Oriole were scolding, and coaxing, at the top of their voices, at three little baby Orioles, which they had coaxed out on the limbs of the tree. They were trying to get them to fly and would fly against each one, and push them off to make them fly, which they did. From one tree to another they went until at night three of them were some distance from their nest in a large maple, while one remained in the nest until the next day, when we found him on the ground, from which he seemed too weak to fly. Three times we set him up in a tree, and each time Mama Oriole would fly against him, and knock him to the ground, from which he was unable to fly. The parents would go to him and hold up a tempting morsel to coax him to fly or walk, but he could not. We took him and set him on our hand and took a picture of him, and put him in a safe place where both parents fed him, but the next day he was much worse, and before night died, and we have been wondering ever since what caused his death.

Wellsburg, New York.



THREE GEMS IN FEATHERS.

ALL spring and summer there is a mite of a bird that trills loudly among the trees in town, or about country homes, and sometimes in the woods and along the winding, bush-fringed streams. When you get it in the field of your glass, you find that it is a beautiful golden-yellow, with reddish-brown lines penciled

on its breast, running lengthwise. A pretty birdlet it is—a Lilliputian in plumes.

You must not mistake it for the American goldfinch, which has a plumper form, wears a coat of lighter yellow, and has put on a black cap, while his wings are also black. There is no black whatever in the dress of the little bird we are describing.

It is called the summer warbler, often the yellow warbler. The most familiar of all the wood warblers in central latitudes, it sometimes builds its nest in the trees that border our streets. Its nest looks like that of the goldfinch, being placed in a small crotch of the limbs and woven with soft material, felted together quite compactly. However, the warbler nests a good deal later than the goldfinch, which waits until about July.

Have you ever rambled through a bushy spot and heard the clamor of the famous yellow-breasted chat? If there is an odder bird than this warbler, I should like to know where you would find him! Warbler? It is the strangest thing that he should be classed with the warbler, when he does no more warbling than a crow. Indeed, he does not sing at all—he simply croaks, and screeches, and squeaks, and caws, and scolds. But that is enough. His various calls are only noise, not a note of music. He utters them when you come near his haunt, especially if his mate has a nest in the vicinity.

I said, when you come near his nest; but sometimes he gives his bugle-call when you are far away; then, if you go where he is, you will be almost sure to find a nest. You must hear him to appreciate his clownish calls and performances. Now he caws like a crow, now he croaks like a frog, then utters a wild medley of sounds that are strictly his own. One of his original tricks is to dart out into the air, then swing down to the bushes in a series of terraces, with his wings held almost straight up, shrieking all the while at the top of his voice.

His nest is quite a large affair for a warbler, being built in the bushes and having grass, leaves, and grape-vine bark in the walls. The chat is the largest of our warblers.

It is when you ramble in the lowlands, especially along the streams where thick grass and bushes thrive, that you often hear the blithe song of the Maryland yellow-throat, which is another member of the great warbler fraternity. Shall I translate his song for you? "Te-whit-te-ty! te-whit-te-ty! te-whit-te-ty!" Isn't that plain? It is as plain as Hebrew to most of you,

isn't it? But that is what he says, whatever may be his meaning.

A yellow breast, olive-yellow upper parts, a black mask over the eye, with a white or grayish border above it—by those markings you can distinguish this little bird. Its alarm-call is a harsh little "chep," sounding almost as if the bird had caught a cold in his throat. The nest is placed on the ground, amid the grass and weeds, and is very hard to find, for the owners are adepts at concealing it and at keeping their secret to themselves.

Now we have described three familiar warblers, such as breed in our central latitudes, and may therefore be studied throughout the summer.—*Lutheran Young People*.



HOW BIRDS FLY.

THE most remarkable thing about birds, to my mind, is the wonderful way in which they sail through the air, which is accomplished by the peculiar skeleton structure and the lifting power that resides within the feathers.

While the bones of all other animals are solid, the center being a cone of marrow, in birds there is a great lightness, with no loss of strength, by the bones being hollow and braced, as it were, by numerous little ducts, through which heated air is in constant circulation.

You have, no doubt, looked with wonder at the hawk, buzzard, and other birds also, as they were gliding through the air with only an occasional flap of the wing. If one of these sailing birds be taken, and certain experiments made, it will be found that the bones are not only hollow and extremely light, but that they are very warm to the touch.

If the end of the wing be lopped off, and the bird's windpipe closed it may still be seen to breathe. By this experiment we find that both heart and lungs are directly connected with the bones, and that the heart not only pumps the blood, but air, which it beats, through the bony channels and feathers.

We find also the normal temperature of birds is ten degrees greater than in mammals, and this may be increased at least ten degrees more at the will of the bird.

This produces such rarefaction of the air within the bones as to give great buoyancy, and this, with the lifting power, which I have already said resides in the feathers, gives it its power of flight.—*Selected*.



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WE get a good idea of how active this life is designed to be when we consider that the most precious things it offers,—as faith and love,—can be possessed and enjoyed only in the proportion that we make active use of them.

DID you ever think about it, that the idle people of a neighborhood are generally the busybodies? Funny, isn't it? But idleness does not mean literal inactivity but rather uselessness, and who will say that does not fit the state of the busybody?

ALL supposition to the contrary, actual experience proves that downright hard work is an essential element of success, and the sooner we give it its rightful place in our plans the sooner will we see them carried to that desired end. But hard work cannot make much headway alone; it needs hard sense to direct it. Hard work in the harness with hard sense on the driver's seat will outdistance all other equipages, however dashing in appearance, that crowd the great thoroughfare of ambition.

DISCONTENT is a fortunate or unfortunate thing, according to kind. It is a fortunate possession if it silently accuses us of mediocre accomplishments when we might attain to a high degree of excellence, with the result that we approach nearer the goal of perfection. It is an unfortunate possession if it is the noisy discontent that finds its source in the accomplishments of others to the end that their worthy efforts are discounted and one's own powers are crippled for lack of attention.

BE sure to have plenty of flowers this year. If you cannot plant them where your eyes will often rest on their sweet blossoms, then plant them wherever

you can and have cut bouquets of them in your rooms and for your friends. Just how large a place flowers have among the uplifting and refining influences of the world we cannot say but we know it is considerable. Growing *more* flowers is an easy and pleasant method of increasing these influences.

As a rule worry of any sort brings little good compared with the energy spent and the unwholesome influence exerted, but worrying over the weather is about the most senseless one can indulge in. Learned men with the aid of powerful machines have never been able to secure satisfactory results in their efforts to bring rain, and no one has ever yet attempted to drive away the weeping clouds—unless the frowns of the worrier are meant for that purpose. About the best way to meet the threatening clouds these days is to start out with a smile—and an umbrella.

HOW REGULATE?

Few people are so depraved as to contend that the saloon should be allowed to go its way unrestricted. The great panacea for the indisputable evils of the saloon, advocated by those who favor the liquor business, is regulation. Passing by the arguments advanced by these men as well as the numberless evidences of failure where this method has been tried, we wish to direct your attention to a peculiar case loudly calling for some drastic measures. Let us see whether you can find a place where the regulation remedy might be applied.

July 1 Tennessee and Mississippi will become dry States according to their State-wide prohibition laws passed some time ago. In order to accommodate the people of these States who will continue to thirst for intoxicants the liquor people have chartered all boats formerly used for summer moonlight and charity excursions along their shores and will use them as floating saloons. They will take out federal licenses and while the boats travel up and down the Mississippi River they will conduct the regular business of a saloon. Launches will carry people to and from these steamers in mid-stream.

All this is in the natural course of affairs where the liquor element is concerned and presents only an everyday problem for those who are fighting evil. The real remedy-defying feature of the case comes in these words of our informant: "Under a recent ruling the federal government can not interfere, neither can the authorities of the States." How is that for unchaining the devil and tying the hands of those who oppose him? And what sort of foundation do you suppose such a ruling has? Of course it isn't the first case where the federal government has apparently taken the side of the liquor element against the individual States, but who ever thought that the laws

of the United States were as the laws of the Medes and Persians? "The federal government cannot interfere." Truly, matters are in a terrible state! How shall we regulate?



"A JUST WEIGHT IS HIS DELIGHT."

IN this commercial age of get all you can and keep all you can, the following news item taken from the *Woman's National Daily* reads like a legend:

St. Marys, O., April 22.—The antithesis of "Jim" Patten has been found by the Jay Grain company of this place in a Dunkard farmer living near Mulberry, Ind. A letter just received from the company's agent at Mulberry states that this farmer, whose name is not given, brought his wheat to the elevator and inquired what price was being paid for the grain. When told that he could get \$1.30 a bushel, he expressed extreme disgust and said: "That is an exorbitant figure. It seems that thousands of people will be unable to buy bread if the price of wheat is kept that high." The Dunkard refused to accept more than \$1.10 for his wheat and when asked what should be done with the 20 cents per bushel he refused to accept, he replied: "Give it to the poor people who are unable to buy bread because of the corner in wheat." The agent has asked the company here how he shall proceed to dispose of the money to best advantage.

The fact that this incident found its way into the pages of a newspaper printed in another State shows how rare such incidents are. Indeed, is it too much to say that some people have gone so far on the opposite road that they will not be able even to appreciate the incident? They will put the man down as lacking good business sense instead of taking off their hat to him as the highest type of a business man. We trust, however, that there is no one among our readers who will fail to value rightly such a keen sense of justice.

Not so long ago, and it is still true in some places and to a slight degree, the name by which this man is designated stood for the purest type of honesty and justice. Those who bore it firmly refused the world's corrupted definition of these principles and clung to the one given by the Originator of the principles himself. Their word was as good as their bond. They could be trusted implicitly in the least as in the greatest matters. But alas! The world's business standards at last found their way into the hearts of these people and now the name is often a mockery of what it once signified. We have sold our birthright for a mess of pottage! We have joined ourselves to Mammon and have sat down to eat and drink with those who are drunken with the riches of this world! Oh, is it not a lamentable condition?

It is true that James Patten is largely to blame for the recent rise in wheat products, but how are we to class the thousands of people who knowingly took advantage of the unnatural prices—prices brought about by a method of gambling? We have become so accustomed to taking the world's way in matters

of business that we never stop to ask if there is wrong connected with it somewhere, unless we happen to be of those who must pay the price.

We love truth. We rejoice in those who deal justly. With these redeeming graces let us readjust our dealings with men and regain the priceless position now all but lost.



DOUBTFUL PROSPERITY.

NEW YORK and Chicago dailies published under large headlines, recently, the statement that George Williams, a janitor in one of the public school buildings in a small town in Missouri, had fallen heir to a large estate in Great Britain. All the papers said it was a great stroke of "good fortune" for him. The amount of money represented by the estate was over a million dollars. Without knowing anything about the circumstances of this man's life, it would be almost a miracle if that amount of money could come suddenly, without any effort expended, into the daily program of any living man without doing him great moral injury. Everything we get in this world without working for, without some form of service rendered, is a danger to us. Even salvation is not free in the sense that we have nothing to do to get it. It is free only in the sense that bread is free, because wheat is made by God, and cannot be made by men. Wheat is given to men as a free gift, but before a loaf of bread from the wheat goes onto the table, thousands and millions of people have labored long days at hard work to make the wheat into flour and the flour into bread. It is very much a question whether it is a stroke of "good fortune" for a poor man suddenly to become extremely rich. It is in any case a test of one's ability to stand prosperity, if that is the word to use, and most men break down under it.—*Selected.*



SOME DAY.

THIS is a world of change. What was wise a few years ago may be foolish now, and what is wise today may be foolish a few years hence. What is wise in one place may be foolish in another.

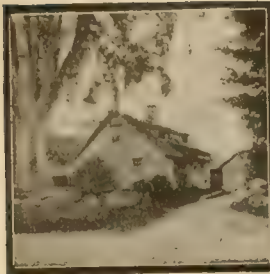
Some day our economic sense will revolt against spending over a quarter of a million dollars uselessly in order to get twenty thousand dollars in the city treasury.

Some day our sense of pity will revolt against depriving women and children of a million dollars' worth of home, food, clothing and education.

Some day our economic sense will revolt against the waste of human energy by the saloons.

Some day our moral sense will revolt against the moral waste of human souls directly traceable to the saloons.

The date only is uncertain. The ultimate result is as sure, in our estimation, as the rising of the sun.—*Selected.*



THE HOME WORLD



SOME THINGS WE OUGHT TO TEACH OUR CHILDREN

CATHARINE BEERY VAN DYKE

A Divine Purpose in Our Lives.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough hew them as we may."

THERE is much truth in these inspired lines of Shakespeare and we may well make them a text for serious consideration in the study of God's purpose in our lives.

Often we have seen people making their plans seemingly unconscious of the fact that God has anything to do with their business. And while I believe that God delights to plan and control each individual life, I believe also that his plan and purpose may be turned aside through the rebellion, the disobedience or even through the indifference of the individual, for God does not force us to do his will.

"The ground of a certain rich man brought forth plentifully and he thought within himself saying: What shall I do, for I have no room to bestow my fruits? And he said: This will I do: I will pull down my barns and build greater; and there will I bestow all my fruits and my goods. And I will say to my soul: Soul, thou hast much goods laid up for many years; take thine ease, eat, drink, and be merry. But God said unto him: Thou fool, this night thy soul shall be required of thee."

The Bible abounds with illustrations of God's adjusting men, women and children to his wise plans. Look at Miriam, Moses, Joseph, Samson, Ruth, Samuel, the Jewish maid in Syria who had Naaman sent to be healed; and later John the Baptist, Nicodemus, the Eunuch of Ethiopia, Cornelius and Saul of Tarsus! Many of these lives were shaped from infancy to the will of God; some had a decided opposite bent.

I wish to present the idea of God's purpose in individual lives in a way that parents may use it effectively in the training of their children. If we looked upon each individual as existing alone, selfishly, it would be harder to see in every life a Divine purpose; but we are taught that God's creatures and creations all are interdependent. "None of us liveth to himself and no

man dieth to himself." As a burr or small screw may make or mar the usefulness of some great engine or other large piece of machinery, so each little life is instrumental and important in the process of making perfect God's great plan for all human life. "Train up a child in the way he should go" does not conflict in any way with the "divinity that shapes our ends," for the "divinity" is demonstrated in the trainer as well as in the child. The danger lies in the neglect of the parents to observe the adage of Solomon.

While we must look betimes at the thought of God as a whole, embracing every thing that comes under all the natural, moral and spiritual provinces of the universe, which he has made, we must also follow him in the little things—in the detail of his works, in the individuals of every order of creation—for it is in these that his marvelous greatness is even yet more marvelously portrayed than in the universe as a whole. We must think of his constant, loving care, his interested concern about all he has made. Not a sparrow falleth without his notice.

God has always put a high price upon human life. Vegetable life and animals he has given man privilege to "slay and eat." The mighty oak bows beneath the ax and is fashioned into houses and furniture for man's use. The yearly growth and consumption of our gardens attest the provision by which God helps to feed us. Our beautiful domestic animals, as well as many wild ones, succumb to man's strength and intelligence when he reduces them to the supply of his needs. But nowhere has God provided that a human life should be taken for food or in any way be used for the material appetite of other human beings. On the contrary, he holds it as a peculiar treasure and has taught us that it should be zealously guarded from accident, disease, poison and foolhardy destruction. He has called our living bodies the temple of his Spirit. He gives us a further notion of his value of human life when he says: "But the very hairs of your head are all numbered." "The bruised reed shall he not break

and the smoking flax shall he not quench," and in giving for us his own Son to redeem "whosoever will," he not only holds us in a possessive sense but also in fellowship and immortality.

And what is it all for? It is because of his infinite love to us. It is because through that infinite love he was moved to plan the creation of the universe for man's habitation—to fill that universe with light and air and food and other material things and forces for the sustenance of man's life and for his occupation and growth; and when man disappointed him he planned the great redemptive scheme that man might not only be restored to a state of favor with God, but that he might also ascend to God's own place of abode and live eternally with him.

Even men place human life at high cost. The governments throw around it the greatest possible protection. It is the aim and end of many of the sciences—medicine in particular—to save and preserve and enhance human life and health. More is being done today to prevent ailments and suffering than has ever been done before. Pure food, fresh air, proper time for recuperation of muscle, nerve and brain and other sane habits are urged by scientific men that man may not only attain to greater longevity but that he may be at his best as the years are passing on.

With human life held at such value by both God and man it is not hard to imagine that there is a Supreme design in individual lives. All of God's plans are complete and perfect. He unfolds them to us as we become able to comprehend them and so will he unfold them to our children. Bearing these things in mind it will not be hard to lead out our children in training along this line. "How?" Well, first, from the time you first look upon their sinless little faces, so fresh from the moulding hand of the Creator, believe in them. Believe in God. Believe that God has given you this child with some definite purpose in your own life and in that of your child; and from that day till the day of your death do not swerve one hair's breadth from that belief. "Suppose he turns out bad?" Your belief in God's purpose in your life and his will not make the conditions any worse but will rather present to you many an opportunity, many a method which you can use for his good along the way, making it less likely for him to go astray than it would be possible for you to do were you not governed by this faith.

Second, when the child is growing to think and to compare for himself let him be controlled by a conscious feeling that God is not far away; and that it is possible for him to live in such friendship with God that he need not be afraid of anything but doing wrong. Let him live under such assurances as: "Thou God seest me." "The eyes of the Lord are in every place beholding the evil and the good." Do not let him be afraid of God, but believe that he is his sweetest,

dearest, most faithful Friend. By talking often and familiarly about God in the home the children are bound to think of him in a friendly way. Why keep God so much out of your conversation and teaching that children get the notion that he is so great that little ones have no right to know him nor to talk about him nor to commune with him? How sweet it is of Jesus to touch the little ones and bless them and to say: "Suffer the little children and forbid them not to come unto me."

Third, after having them know that God is their personal Friend, lead them to yield to him and trust him with their closest secrets and most cherished hopes. They may sometimes feel blue and discouraged and lonesome. This does not alter his watch care, his love nor his purpose. They may sometimes get boastful, self-confident, independent. This does not change his mind but he warningly says: "Let no man think of himself more highly than he ought to think." "Which of you by taking thought can add one cubit to your stature?" "Thou canst not make one hair white or black." When they are weak, timid or fearful tell them that like as a father pitieth his children so the Lord pitieth them that fear him. "What time I am afraid I will trust in thee." "Certainly I will be with thee." Sometimes they may be sick or tempted or oppressed or bereaved or persecuted. "His eyes behold, his eyelids try the children of men," and he still assures us that if we suffer with him we shall also reign with him.

Children thus nurtured will not, when they grow older, be inclined to be pessimistic in their views of things nor be willing to give up hope and courage every time they cannot understand themselves or others or the things that happen to them.

The beauty of a good old age is that calm resignation which makes men and women contented with their lot, that hopeful looking forward to the time when God shall call them to himself, that sweet assurance they daily have of his love and companionship and that desire they often express that their dear ones shall also prove faithful to him who cares so much for them.

We must not think nor teach that while God has a protecting, directing, and loving care for each child that their purpose ends with the good of that child alone. Some lives touch others in a way that the others are made far more useful, as we look at it, than the one who sets the good influence amove.

In a foreign land one day a mission teacher was called from her busy workroom to go to rescue a little girl baby that had been cast out on the refuse heap. She gathered up the baby, nursed it back to life and health, kept and taught her while she grew up and longer—until that castaway, despised little girl baby became a worker for Christ and was the means of bringing many people to him.

A few days ago my husband called me to his office

to see a young woman. About a year ago she was working in a laundry and standing near an upright revolving bar one day taking a drink of water when her hair caught in the bar and was wound round and round. She was lifted several times from her feet but finally the entire scalp was torn from her head. One of her ears was torn off, one eyelid injured and the brow gone. She was all alone in the little room, but when loose from the bar she ran in terror to where the others were at work. She was taken to a hospital. The scalp was too badly mutilated to be put back, so, after weeks and months of suffering, having gone under the influence of anæsthetics nineteen times, her head, through the process of skin grafting, was covered and healed. Never again can she have a head of natural hair. She is out of the hospital now and will perhaps soon be ready to work again. My heart melted in listening to this sad, distressing history and I said to her: "Surely God has something particular for you to do for him since he prized your life so highly!"

In China some years ago a little heathen girl of six or seven years was married to a man twenty years her senior. She was taken at once to be the slave of her husband's mother. Here for years she was treated most unkindly. It is said that she had a hot temper as well as a warm heart and she often resented her unjust treatment, and was often tempted to take her own life. In trying several times to do so the strangling frightened her and she gave it up. Finally, into her neighborhood came some good teachers of righteousness. She became interested in the new doctrine and after long persecution gained the consent of her mother-in-law and her husband to attend the meetings. She was converted to the Christian religion and after a time her mother-in-law died, her husband relented and she is now a happy, useful and successful Bible woman. So God's purpose in some lives is to use them as torches to set other lives aflame for him.

"I know not where the palms may lift
Their fronded leaves in air;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care."



RECIPES.

— Take a word or two of kindness,
Season well with some good deed,
Add of charity a plenty,
And of hope a generous meed;
And if you will mold them rightly,
Which may be no easy thing,
You will find you have a dainty
Fit to serve to any king.

Take a brimming pint of patience,
And of faith an equal share,
Stir them thoroughly together
With the sparkling wine of cheer;
Mix with these a cup of wisdom,
Add a dash of self-control,

And 'tis yours to quench the craving
Of a famished human soul.

Take of happiness full measure,
From the granary above,
Knead it with some inspiration,
Leaven it with abiding love;
And perhaps you may be able
To supply, with gentle art,
All the bread that is required
By one hunger-stricken heart.

—Ralph Methvin.



FATHER: PRIEST OF THE HOUSEHOLD.

MANY things have been spoken and written—yet not one syllable too many—about the happy and holy influence of a good mother, but there yet remains a solid philosophy in the old adage, "Like father, like son."

You no more surely cast a shadow upon the ground on a bright, beautiful day than you, as father, impress your moral shadow upon your home and your household. The father is the head of the house for good or evil. He ordains the law, he fixes the precedents, he helps very largely to create the home atmosphere, and the "order of the home" remains in the habits of the children, though they migrate to the ends of the earth. Truly, under the Divine plan, the priest of the home.

"His father was a Catholic," or, "His father was a Protestant," as a rule, determines the religious belief and position of half of the people of the country. "His father was a Republican," or, "His father was a Democrat," is the only reason given for a large number of ballots cast at any State or national election.

"He is a chip off the old block" is a very apt statement, in common use today, in giving identity of child to parent. They mean to say, "That son is like his father in thought, in habits, in character, as well as in looks." But if the "old block" is bad in its appearance, gnarly, cross-grained and partially decayed what about the chips?

In nature, the life of leaf, flower, and fruit is merged into that of other leaves, and flowers, and fruits that follow after. So it is also with human life. Here is a father, toiling, planning, sacrificing for his children. He never thinks of himself. In youth, he was strong, fresh, vigorous. As the years creep upon him, the fire goes out from his eye; the iron from his blood; the elasticity from his step; his form is less erect, bent with the burden of years. His life force and power have been given freely to his children. But the father's influence is far more far-reaching. He is making impressions every day for good or ill on the sensitive soul-plate of his every child. Every father should remember that his influence will have measure, not in the profession he makes, the long prayers he utters, and the sermonic lectures he delivers to his children—but in the life he *lives*.

Ceremony inducts the king or the president into his official position. Not so the parent. When a man becomes a father, there can be, on his part, no evasion of responsibility. He cannot say, "I decline to act." The most important office in the world is that of parenthood. In the development of society and of nations, the father was the first magistrate and priest.

You know how children learn most readily, not from precept, but from example. You well remember how they watched your every move; how they stood by your knee or sat in your lap, intently interested in all you said or did. You have watched their eyes grow big with wonder as you related some incident in your day's experience. You were a king in their eyes. Your station in life might have been humble, your home not entirely free from want, and your heart and life far from satisfactory to yourself, yet, to those childish minds, you were nobility itself. Hence how grave your responsibility. If our children can see every day in their home a man fixed in kindness, thoughtfulness, cheerfulness, hopefulness, helpfulness; a man who speaks the truth and can deny himself and trust God; a man who thinks more of high character than he does of cattle, bonds, stocks, style, and fast living, they will have good thoughts enough themselves, about such a man, and of the beauty of such a life, as are necessary to inspire them to noble living. Children are keen observers—especially of their parents. This truth is evidenced by the reply a little boy gave his Sunday-school teacher who asked him if his father were a Christian. Without the least hesitation, he replied: "Yes, ma'am; but he does not work at it very much." We cannot hide our graces, much less our faults, from our children's eyes. They love us, hence they will give us credit for a thousandfold more of goodness than we ever possess. What will prove most effective in winning our children to the true way of life is sincere, earnest, constant, unselfish love—the same love as is so beautifully revealed in the parable of the prodigal.

The great need of society today is to get the "man" in the household. We speak of "the man behind the gun," "the man in the chair," "the man in the office," "the man in the pulpit." We express our need and admiration for the "man" everywhere, but too often fail to put the true emphasis upon the "man" in the home.—*Charles Edward Odell, in Vick's Magazine.*



"Ammonia 'kills' grease by a chemical process and lends luster to silver in the same manner."



"THE real policy of economy is only found through a well-balanced system of expenditure."



"THE piety that will not work well in the kitchen is worthless in the church."

RENOVATING MIXTURE.

DURING spring cleaning, it is well to have a good cleanser that will answer more than one purpose. For removing paint, grease spots, and oils, and for clearing bed furniture of vermin, this is excellent: Soft water, one quart; dissolve in this one finely shaven cake of good shaving soap—about one ounce; saltpetre, one teaspoonful, and aqua ammonia four tablespoonfuls. After the soap is dissolved, add the other ingredients and let stand for a day or two, shaking well, to dissolve everything. Keep well corked. For removing grease, or oil, or paint, saturate the spot well with the mixture, sponging and rubbing well; if one application does not answer, try it again. Then wash off with clear, cold water. This is claimed to remove old, hardened paint, and also that it will not injure the finest texture. For removing dirt and handmarks from woodwork, wet a cloth in the mixture and go over the soiled spots. If put on the bedstead, in the crevices or cracks, it will exterminate bugs, kill the eggs, and thus rid the premises. Do not use on painted surfaces, as it will remove the paint.—*The Commoner.*

The Children's Corner

NUTS TO CRACK.

T. H. FERNALD.

WHEN the day is stormy and unfit for the children to play out-of-doors, let them try to make the names of common nuts by changing the letters in the following misspelled words:—

Lazhe—Eancp—Hlabselkr—Ecbeh—Madlon—Chykoir—Noarc—Tuntrueth—Briftel—Hunttecs—Uawltn—Tuocanoc—Nuapte—Mugten—Atacans.

Perhaps our editor will give me permission to publish these correctly in some future number of the NOOK.



THE CHILD'S WORLD.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful world,
With the wonderful water around you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are wonderfully dressed.

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly earth, how far do you go
With the wheat fields that nod and the rivers that flow,
With cities and gardens, and cliffs and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I tremble to think of you, world, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers today,
A whisper inside me seemed to say,
"You are more than the earth, though you are such a dot:
You can love and think, and the earth cannot!"

—William Brightly Rands.



THE QUIET HOUR



CHERISHING JOY.

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

Let thy day be to thy night
A letter of good tidings. Let thy praise
Go up as birds go up, that when they wake
Shake off the dew and soar. So take Joy home,
And make a place in thy great heart for her,
And give her time to grow, and cherish her,
Then will she come, and oft will sing to thee
When thou art working in the furrows; aye,
Or weeding in the sacred hour of dawn.
It is a comely fashion to be glad,—
Joy is the grace we say to God.

—Jean Ingelow.



FOOLISHNESS OF GOD WISER THAN MEN.

J. S. FLORY.

It is a fact that the simple, ordinary, and common things of God confound the worldly wise. This is clearly proven in the way the "higher critics" endeavor to throw odium on the simplicity of divine revelation. They say the history of the origin of man and woman as given by Moses begins with a "huge joke," especially in regard to a "helpmeet" for Adam.

Let us see on which side the "joke," if any, really belongs. See those two beautiful roses bushes over there in the park, the admiration of all visitors? One to all appearance is older than the other, but the younger looking is just as glorious or more so than the other in its magnificent beauty, and it throws out a flood of fragrance that makes all who come nigh stop, look up and take notice. It is equal in its sphere of usefulness to fill its place.

The question how came it there may not concern us much; yet let us refer to its history briefly. The gardener desired a mate to it, so with his pruning shears he clipped a short slip—maybe three inches in length—full of life and planted it in the nursery. Then he cultivated it and transplanted it in due time to where it stands now, so grandly conspicuous to all lovers of the beautiful. There was an *involution* from the parent stock of life principle and as *like begets like* its evolution has been wonderfully like its mate. Who can for a moment doubt the fact that *involution* was the *cause* of its present state of evolution? All in the same order of enfoldment.

Now, take notice. Why should any common-sense, normal, thinking mind think it a "joke" to say a slip

taken from Adam's side by the heavenly Gardener, our Creator, and nourished with its life energy should produce a helpmeet for the original plant just like it in all of its physical and spiritual characteristics? No mystery about this. Indeed the simplicity of God's wisdom brings to naught the professed knowledge of men.

Then again, we notice the theories of man, so often based upon logical reasoning, teach that man has a spirit of life energy which is the creative substance that individualizes itself into intelligent human organic personality. This, too, in material bodies composed of many atoms of cellular life, each of which continually receives its share of omnipotent life. While it is the Spirit thus working and the embodiment of Divine energy, all intelligent beings become fully triune creatures with spirit, soul and body, or in other words *substance*, *individuality* and *personality* or material expression. In the lower form of cellular life organic appearances are free from the distinguishing features of male and female, as it appears in the human species and many other creatures.

Now that the make-up of this wonderful "harp of a thousand strings" is being better understood there is no need of his spiritual embodiment being misunderstood or the spiritual side of man being an enigma to all who are in possession of the divine life. Saying nothing of the wonderful beauty of the imagery of Moses, David and the prophets of old, and the wonderful figurative language of Christ, John and other holy men whose words were on the spiritual side of life, there is enough to make us realize what we are in our relation to God and that the Bible to us may be a lamp to our feet. And as Paul at Mars' Hill flung into the face of the heathen Grecian philosophers the fact that their own poets taught we are the "offspring" of God, we can say fearlessly that all the reasoning of critics is but foolishness in the wisdom of God who "makes wise the simple."

Pasadena, Cal.



FIRE AND FULNESS.

SOME are saved by fire, some by fulness. Some are dragged around the doorpost of the Eternal City, with the loss of all; others, like a ship entering port with a fair wind, under full sail, an abundant entrance being ministered unto them. Some, like Lot, lift the anchor

with reluctance, and have need to be prompted. "Haste thee, escape, for I cannot do anything till thou hast come hither." Others land with safety and honor, with the music ringing in their ears—"Lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee." Lot is saved, and all his companions are destroyed; Paul is saved, and all his companions with him. One is saved by a horrid separation, the other in abundant fellowship. Lot was saved because of Abraham, all hands were saved for the sake of Paul. One by fire, the other by fulness. These illustrate the great truth, so frequently forgotten in a selfish world, "No man liveth unto himself." This vicarious service is often rendered in ignorance, sometimes with semiconsciousness, often with a heart unwilling. David said, "The Lord shall light my candle," but that light was for others more than for David. He has passed into history, but his name is great today. Many think only of themselves, they do not know that they live for others, which is the true mission of life.

An old fisherman went to bed on the rocky coast of Scotland; he could not sleep, he dressed and went out to the headland. He saw a ship acting unusually, she was drifting. He aroused the village, soon a fleet of boats were out to the rescue; before the dawn eighty souls were landed in that obscure village. "Thou holdest mine eyes waking, I am so troubled that I cannot sleep." You think of yourself, God is thinking of others. "Love thyself last."

We read when God destroyed the cities of the plain that God remembered Abraham, and sent Lot out of the midst of the overthrow. There is always some one behind.

When Augustine's mother was bemoaning the waywardness of her son, a holy man said, "It is impossible for him to be lost, when one thinks of the prayers piled up by his mother." Lot was saved for Abraham's sake. Passengers and crew were saved for Paul's sake. This law of life avails today. The voice of the Lord speaks in silent might to many a man, heads of companies, men of influence; speaks to millions of mothers in the silent eloquence of Love. "Lo, God hath granted thee all them that sail with thee."—*H. T. Miller.*



RELIGIOUS EDUCATION IN THE HOME.

THE influence of early training, and, particularly, the influence of a mother's teaching, was perhaps never better shown than in the statement made by one of our early statesmen, John Randolph, who had been charged with being a Frenchman rather than an American. "The charge was unjust," Randolph once said to an intimate friend, "but the truth is," he continued, "I should have been a French atheist had it not been for one recollection, the memory of the time when my departed mother used to take my hands in

hers, and cause me on my knees to say, 'Our Father which art in heaven.'" It is to be greatly feared that the sense of parental responsibility for the religious training of children has greatly weakened in these days. Parents are inclined to leave all that to the church, as they are wont to leave the responsibility for a secular education to the state. One is inclined to wonder if there is not danger that all responsibility will be put upon the state, with the result that the Christian home will have passed away. There is hardly a more important and threatening subject before the Christianity of the day than this matter of religious education.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*



THE FELLOWSHIP OF SUFFERING.

You are not sent into the world to be honored and pampered; nor even to receive your righteous due. If God aimed at your immediate glorification, he would take you to heaven; but he aims at your humiliation, that you may be like his Firstborn. You are to have fellowship with the Only-Begotten in many ways, and among the rest, you are to be partakers of his sufferings. Expect to be misunderstood, misrepresented, belied, ridiculed, and so forth, for so was the Son of the Father. You are to look for ill treatment; for as the Father sent his Son into the world which was sure to treat him ill, so has he sent you into the same world, which will treat you in the same manner if you are like your Lord. Be not surprised at persecution, but look for it, and take it as part of the covenant entail; for as Ishmael mocked Isaac, so will the seed after the flesh persecute that which is born according to promise.—*Spurgeon.*



BLESSED MINISTRIES.

THERE is a sphere continually around man in which he must sow freely if he would reap joyfully; in which he must give largely if he would receive bountifully; in which he must serve patiently if he would be treated lovingly; and in which he must bear bravely the burdens of others if he would move lightly under the pressure of his own. Unspeakably wonderful and beautiful are the ways of God in having bound man by such tender cords to such blessed ministries; by having established on earth an institution which constantly and mightily draws forth and trains to their full tension those unselfish affections, sympathies, and passions by which human communities are helped, blessed, and saved.—*Baldwin Brown.*



THE object of life, as the silent, unrecorded years of Christ's life teach us, is neither to be known, nor to be praised, but simply to do our duty, and to the best of our power to serve our brother men.—*Dean Farrar.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



It will cost \$6,000,000 to complete the funeral ceremonies of the late Chinese emperor.

Twenty-seven ocean liners now have a daily newspaper, furnished with news by wireless service.

The lower branch of the Missouri Legislature killed Representative Johnson's bill to limit the grounds for divorce to a single statutory allegation. The bill lacked seven votes of the constitutional majority.

The Chicago board of education is square with the world for the first time in years. The schools have \$8,000,000 for current expenses and \$4,000,000 for buildings. Last year the board was \$600,000 beyond the appropriation a year ago, and some years the overdraft has reached \$2,000,000.

Augusta Evans Wilson, author of "St. Elmo" and many other novels, popular a generation ago, and still widely read in the South, died at her home in Mobile, Ala., May 9. She was born in 1835 in Columbus, Ga. She was the daughter of Matt Ryan and Sarah Howard Evans, one of the oldest families in the South.

Gov. Shafroth of Colorado has signed the campaign-expenses bill, and the unique measure becomes a law in 90 days. The bill provides that the State shall contribute for campaign expenses every two years 25 cents for each vote cast at the preceding general election, the sum to be divided among the political parties according to the vote cast for their respective candidates for governor.

Judge William L. Penfield, solicitor of the Department of State from 1897 to 1905 and an authority on international law, died after a long illness at his home in Washington, May 9. His death was due to a complication of diseases. Judge Penfield was 63 years old and a native of Dover, Mich. He was formerly a judge of the Circuit Court in Indiana. In the early '70s he taught German and Latin in Adrian College, Michigan, and practiced law at Auburn, Ind.

Those persons attempting to encourage a public sentiment to prevent immigrants from coming to the United States would find very little consolation or support in Brazil. The President of the State of Sao Paulo has recently signed a decree fixing the number of state-aided immigrants to be received in his State during the current year at 10,000. All immigrants coming to Sao Paulo qualified for this subvention must be Europeans. Every Spaniard over twelve years old will be given \$28; \$14 for those between seven and twelve, and \$7 for those less than seven and more than three years old. To all other Europeans except Spaniards, the subvention for persons over twelve years old will be \$31, and those of lesser age in like proportion.

The city of Los Angeles has solved the pole nuisance to a large extent by providing a joint pole committee, whose object is to eliminate unnecessary poles and cause the various companies to run their lines on the same poles. The committee has been at work for two years, and 10,000 poles are now being used jointly by the different companies, thus doing away with a like or even larger number that would otherwise be necessary.

The birth rate is more than twice as large in Russia as it is in France. In Normandy, where the birth rate is lowest, the births at times fall as low as 15 to the 1,000 inhabitants in a year. But in Russia there are many districts, as in Orenburg, where the births are as high as sixty to the 1,000 in a year. Notwithstanding the enormous emigration from Europe in the nineteenth century, its population now is nearly double what it was at the beginning of the century.

A manufactory at Turin, Italy, has built for several Americans an automobile which will be presented by them to Pope Pius. It will be a handsome machine of from twenty to thirty horsepower and especially adapted for use within the Vatican gardens. It will be elegantly equipped, being lined with white leather and having on the left side a gold medal of St. Joseph, the Pope's patron saint, and on the right a pocket which will contain a richly bound breviary. The pontifical arms will adorn the doors. The interior of the car will be lighted by electricity.

A new method of transmitting photographs to a distance has recently been devised. A gelatine negative is used, in which the picture is formed in relief. A style travels over the uneven surface of the negative and operates a rheostat in the main line. At the receiving station a luminous ray plays over a sensitized plate, and the intensity of its light is varied by the rheostat. The reliefs and hollows of the original are thus reproduced in light and shadow on the sensitized medium, and form the picture. This method of transmitting pictures was recently tried with success on the line between Paris and Lyons.

It is stated on the highest semi-official authority that the British government not only has not made, but does not intend to make any move to purchase the absolute rights to the Wright aeroplane patents in Great Britain. And thereby hangs a peculiar reason. National jealousy is back of the plan to keep the American inventors' airship out of the country despite the admitted fact that Great Britain is far behind the other nations in its fight to conquer the air. Bright inventors with a war office connection have convinced the ministry that although the Wright machine is by far ahead of anything else on the market, yet there are essential crudities in it which have not been overcome and rob it of its effectiveness.

The Russians who have entered Persia have made preparations for a long stay. In order to preserve quiet among the Shah's adherents they have occupied the entire Tabriz district. Gen. Sparsky, the commander of the expedition, has taken personal supplies for one year. The force of occupation will be increased to 7,000 or 8,000 infantrymen, with the necessary artillery and cavalry detachments required to insure the safety of Americans and foreigners in Northern Persia until such time as the Persians themselves are able to maintain order.

The New York Central has issued a new order that will be bewailed by dog lovers. No passes will be issued for dogs to go in the passenger cars, no matter how powerful a plea may be made. Dogs may be checked as baggage the same as in the past, two dogs on one ticket, but they will have to have chains attached or be crated and the owner must sign a release from all liability on the part of the company. The most important part of the new rule is the one that prohibits the carrying as baggage of any dog valued by the owner at more than \$25.

On a charge of conspiracy to commit peonage, Manager W. S. Harlan of the Jackson Lumber Company of Lockhart, Ala.; Robert Gallagher, assistant superintendent, and three of the company's foremen, must serve sentences in the federal prison at Atlanta, Ga. The Supreme Court of the United States has just affirmed the sentences imposed three years ago by the United States Circuit Court. Manager Harlan is a nephew of Justice Harlan of the Supreme Court of the United States. He is one of the biggest lumbermen of the South. The mills at Lockhart, where it was alleged foreigners were held as peons, are the largest in that section.

If we are to believe two French scientists who have been investigating the matter of ventilation by means of electric fans, there is about as much danger in their use as there is in the heat that would be experienced if the fans were not running. These scientists analyzed the air in a factory both before and after the fans had been placed in motion. Thirty-nine cubic inches of the air which was examined before the fans were started contained 18,000 bacteria, but after they had been in motion for an hour, the same amount of air contained 42,000 bacteria; and an hour later 65,000 were found. Two hours after the fans were stopped the number of bacteria in the same amount of air had sunk to but 21,000. Naturally, the conclusion of the investigators is that the movement of the fans stirs up the dust and the bacteria and makes persons in the vicinity all the more likely to breathe them. If dangerous bacteria are stirred up, of course all the more risk accrues to those present.

Recently in a New York hospital there was performed for the first time in this country an operation upon a human being in which the cavity of the thorax was opened while the lungs were kept inflated from an air chamber at pressure greater than the atmosphere. This new appliance is known as the positive air pressure apparatus. It consists of two chambers with a door connecting and another door connecting the smaller chamber with the outer air. The chambers are lined with rubber and are connected by pipes and valves with an electric air compressor. The operating table is so arranged that the patient lies with his head within the main chamber, a rubber neckpiece fitting tightly, so as to prevent the escape of the compressed air.

General Cipriano Castro, deposed president of Venezuela, is now in Santander, Spain. The erstwhile dictator says that he has received cables from Caracas telling him that the army and people earnestly desire his return. However, he adds that he will never return to Venezuela, as he intends settling definitely at Santander. Senor Castro's wife is on her way to Santander from the West Indies on the Guadeloupe.

As the result of a thorough investigation into the alleged discrimination by Ohio coal carrying railroads, the Interstate Commerce Commission has declared that the Hocking Valley Railroad Company and its various subsidiary concerns which the Circuit Court of Franklin County, Ohio, recently held to be an illegal combination, seemed to be dominated absolutely by what is known as "the trunk line syndicate." It is charged by the commission that an agreement was entered into by the roads and the Hocking Valley July 29, 1903, for the purchase of a large amount of common stock of that railroad.

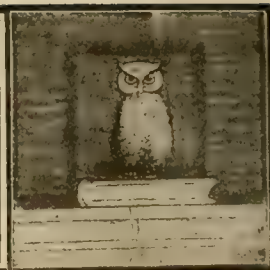
James Boyle and his wife who kidnaped Willie Whitla, of Sharon, Pa., March 18, were found guilty by the jury and received their sentence May 10. Boyle was given the heaviest penalty the law of Pennsylvania inflicts for that crime—life imprisonment. His wife was sentenced for twenty-five years which by good behavior may be reduced to fifteen. At the conclusion of the trial Boyle gave out in writing what he claimed was a complete history of the kidnaping which implicated a near relative of the Whitlas. However as he had nothing to prove his statements, it is not likely that anything further will be done in the matter.

Fifteen to 13 the Missouri Senate voted down the Cross House bill prohibiting the sale and manufacture of cigarettes and cigarette paper in Missouri. However, the Rosenberger bill is up to Gov. Hadley for signature. It imposes a fine of from \$10 to \$100 on dealers or persons who sell or give away cigarettes or cigarette papers to any person under the age of 18 years, and for the second offense not less than \$50 nor exceeding \$500, half of the fine to go to the complaining witness. The act also makes it a misdemeanor for any person between the ages of 10 and 18 years to smoke cigarettes on any street, park or other lands used for public purposes, or upon any railroad train, street car or place of amusement. For this latter offense the fine is not to exceed \$10.

By July 4 next there will have been removed from the exterior of every saloon, restaurant and hotel in New Jersey the hundreds of thousands of dollars of signs advertising the various makes of beer, whiskies and other liquors, in compliance with a law passed at a recent session of the New Jersey Legislature and signed by Governor Fort. The bill was introduced by Assemblyman Eppinger of Hudson County and went through the House of Assembly and the Senate without much opposition. It provides that all signs advertising breweries and wholesale liquor dealers of manufacturers must be removed from the outside of the establishments of retail dealers in intoxicating beverages by July 4. Failure to do so will result in criminal action against the violator of the law. In Trenton while the bill was under consideration by the Legislature it was freely said the brewers were behind the bill. The retail liquor interests were opposed to it. The purpose of the brewers in procuring the passage of the law is to put an end to the growing and expensive practice of putting up large and costly signs.



Among the Magazines



ECONOMIC LOSS THROUGH THE MOSQUITO.

It is well understood that the mosquito, as a vehicle for the spread of disease, is responsible for an untold amount of sickness and general inconvenience. Not all of us, however, appreciate the heavy incidental losses due to the depreciation in the value of mosquito-infected districts, the impairment of the vitality, and, therefore, of the earning capacity, of malarial patients, and the large total resulting losses as expressed in dollars and cents. A valuable study of this subject has been made by Dr. L. O. Howard, Chief of the Bureau of Entomology of the Department of Agriculture, and presented in a recently-issued bulletin upon the subject of the economic loss to the people of the United States through insects that carry disease. The subject is dealt with mainly under the three heads of Malaria, Yellow Fever, and the Typhoid Fly. In the present notice we confine ourselves to the mosquito as a vehicle for the spread of malaria.

It is contended that malaria has retarded in a marked degree the advance of civilization over the North American continent. Particularly was this seen in the march of the pioneers through the middle West and the Gulf States west of the Mississippi. In attempting to estimate the economic loss from the prevalence of malaria, reference is made to the method of Prof. Fisher, given before the recent International Tuberculosis Congress, by which he arrived at an estimate of over a billion dollars annually as representing the cost of tuberculosis to the people of the United States. In this estimate Prof. Fisher considered the death rate for consumption, the loss of the earning capacity of the patients, the period of invalidism, and the amount of money expended in the care of the sick. No such definite basis is available for estimating the effects of malaria; but Dr. Howard, by using the statistics of deaths due to malaria in sixteen of the northern States during the period from 1900 to 1907, arrives at an approximate death rate for the whole of the United States of 12,000 per year. In the case of malaria, however, the death rate is a less sure indication of the real economic loss than in the case of any other disease; for a man may suffer from malaria for the greater part of his life, with a reduction of his productive capacity of from fifty to seventy-five per cent, and yet ultimately die from some entirely different immediate cause. Sir Patrick Manson, writing of tropical countries, declared that malaria causes more deaths, and more predisposition to death, than all the other parasitically-induced diseases affecting mankind, together. Celli states that, owing to malaria, about five million acres of land in Italy remain very imperfectly cultivated. Creighton says that this disease has been estimated to produce one-half of the entire mortality of the human race; and, inasmuch as it is the most frequent cause of sickness and death in those parts of the globe that are most densely populated, he considers that the estimate may be taken as at least rhetorically correct.

Now, although there is no perfectly sound basis for a close estimate, at least in this country, between the number of cases of malaria and the number of deaths resulting therefrom, an estimate based by analogy upon Celli's investigation of malarial mortality in Italy leads Dr. Howard to the conclusion that the approximate number of cases of malaria in the United States must be about 3,000,000. We quite agree with the doctor that it is no exaggeration to estimate that one-fourth of the productive capacity of an individual suffering with an average case of malaria is lost. With this as a basis, and including the loss through death, the cost of medicine, the losses in malarious regions through the difficulty of obtaining competent labor, it is estimated that the loss to the United States, from malarial diseases, under present conditions, is not less than \$100,000,000 every year.—Scientific American.



MARION CRAWFORD'S COSMOPOLITANISM.

At once the most prolific and the most cosmopolitan of American novelists, Francis Marion Crawford, who died at Sorrento, Italy, on April 9, had won and kept his fame simply by his marvelous gifts as a story-teller. Excelling in descriptive power, Crawford despised the cult of realism in fiction. He told the story for the story's sake. His pictures of certain European cities were so minutely faithful to detail that they have served the traveler as guides; but their accuracy was as spontaneous as anything else that went into the Crawford books. Those street scenes formed the backgrounds of vivid mental photographs. They were essential to the narrative, not merely the stage accessories. The author's brain was peopled with more heroes and heroines than could be projected on his canvas, rapidly as he worked. Some of Crawford's contemporaries, it is well known, have toiled painfully to create characters to fit mechanically devised plots. In the case of Crawford's stories, on the other hand, plots and characters were inseparable, and the combination was rarely so improbable or fantastical as to appear artificial. In a very real sense, Crawford's stories were a part of himself.

What manner of man, then, was this American who knew his Rome as few Italians know it and his New York better than many New Yorkers? He was a citizen of the world without losing his Americanism. As a boy he knew a half-dozen European languages; in early manhood he mastered Russian, Turkish, and finally Sanskrit and Hindustani. Born in Italy, he was educated partly in America and partly in England and Germany. His father, Thomas Crawford, was the sculptor of "Liberty" on the dome of the Capitol at Washington. His mother was a sister of Julia Ward Howe and a descendant of Gen. Francis Marion, of the Army of the Revolution. Although most of his life was passed in foreign lands, Francis Marion Crawford could not, if he would, have freed himself from the influence of American tradition.

The distinctive quality in all of Mr. Crawford's work is the sympathetic treatment of the human materials. Few Americans have known intimately so many peoples. None has yet arisen who has been able to picture so effectively other civilizations than our own. Equally at home in Europe, the Orient, and the United States, Mr. Crawford wrote with as full a sympathy and as quick a comprehension of one nationality as of another. It was a marvelous gift, and we must only regret that its master did not live to employ it with even greater success in the service of formal history.—From "Marion Crawford, the Novelist," in the American Review of Reviews for May.



THE DELUSION OF THE MILITARIST.

The militarist of our day betrays certain symptoms with which the student of pathology is not altogether unfamiliar. There are obsessions which obtain so firm a grip upon the mind that it is difficult to banish them. For example, a man who has the impression that he is being tracked by a vindictive and relentless foe is not going to sit down and quietly listen to an argument the aim of which is to prove that no such enemy exists, and that the sounds which have caused the panic are the footfalls of an approaching friend. The militarist will listen to no man who attempts to prove that his "perils" are creations of the brain. Indeed, he is exceedingly impatient under contradiction; and, here again, he is like all victims of hallucinations. To deny his assumptions or to question his conclusions, is to him both blasphemy and treason, a sort of profanity and imbecility worthy of contempt and scorn. He alone stands on foundations which cannot be shaken, and other men who do not possess his inside information, or technical training for dealing with such questions, are living in a fool's paradise. The ferocity with which he attacks all who dare oppose him is the fury of a man whose brain is abnormally excited.

Recklessness of consequences is a trait which physicians usually look for in certain types of mental disorder, and here again the militarist presents the symptoms of a man who is sick. What cares he for consequences? The naval experts of Germany are dragging the German Empire ever deeper into debt, unabashed by the ominous mutterings of a coming storm. The naval experts of England go right on launching Dreadnoughts, while the number of British paupers grows larger with the years, and all British problems become increasingly baffling and alarming. The naval experts of Russia plan for a new billion dollar navy, notwithstanding Russia's national debt is four and one-quarter billion dollars, and to pay her current expenses she is compelled to borrow seventy-five million dollars every year. With millions of her people on the verge of starvation, and beggars swarming through the streets of her cities and round the stations of her railways, the naval experts go on asking new appropriations for guns.

The terror of a patient who is suffering from mental derangement is often pathetic. Surround him with granite walls, ten in number, and every wall ten feet thick, and he will still insist that he is unprotected. So it is with the militarist. No nation has ever yet voted appropriations sufficient to quiet his uneasy heart. England's formula of naval strength has for some time been: The British navy in capital ships must equal the next two strongest navies, plus ten per cent. But notwithstanding the British navy is today in battleships and cruisers and torpedo boats almost equal to the next three

strongest navies, never has England's security been so precarious, according to her greatest military experts, as today. It has been discovered at the eleventh hour that her mighty navy is no safeguard at all, unless backed up by a citizen army of at least a million men. It was once the aim to protect England against probable combinations against her. The ambition now is to protect her against all possible combinations. In the words of a high authority in the British army, she must protect herself not only against the dangers she has any reason to expect, but also against those which nobody expects.

Like many another fever, militarism grows by what it feeds on, and unless checked by heroic measures is certain to burn the patient up: Men in a delirium seldom have a sense of humor. The world is fearfully grim to them, and life a solemn and tragic thing. They express absurdities with a sober face, and make ridiculous assertions without a smile. It may be that the militarists are in a sort of delirium. At any rate, they publish articles entitled, "Armies the Real Promoters of Peace," without laughing aloud at the grotesqueness of what they are doing.

The militarist is comic in his seriousness. He says that if you want to keep the peace you must prepare for war, and yet he knows that where men prepare for war by carrying bowie knives, peace is a thing unheard of, and that where every man is armed with a revolver, the list of homicides is longest. He declares his belief in kindly feelings and gentle manners, and proceeds at once to prove that a nation ought to make itself look as ferocious as possible. In order to induce nations to be gentlemen, he would have them all imitate the habits of rowdies. To many persons this seems ludicrous, to a militarist it is no joke. He is a champion of peace, but he wants to carry a gun. The man who paces up and down my front pavement with a gun on his shoulder may have peaceful sentiments, but he does not infuse peace into me. It does not help matters for him to shout out every few minutes, "I will not hurt you if you behave yourself," for I do not know his standard of good behavior, and the very sight of the gun keeps me in a state of chronic alarm. But the militarist says that, for promoting harmonious sentiments and peaceful emotions, there is nothing equal to an abundance of well-constructed guns.

A droll man indeed is the militarist. What matters it what honeyed words the King of England and the German Kaiser interchange, so long as each nation hears constantly of the launching by the other of a larger battleship? And even though Prince Bulow may say to Mr. Asquith a hundred times a week, "We mean no harm," and Mr. Asquith may shout back, "We are your friends," so long as London and Berlin are never beyond earshot of soldiers, who are practicing how to shoot to kill, just so long will England and Germany be flooded with the gossip of hatred, and thrown into hysteria by rumors of invasion and carnage.—Atlantic Monthly.



MILK TESTING WITHOUT APPARATUS.

THE following process for the detection of added water or of skimmed milk in ordinary milk is more accurate than the simple use of the lactodensimeter without the creamometer check. The whole test can be made in five minutes. The result does not show whether the adulteration consisted in the addition of water or in the subtraction of cream, but as a rule

this matters little to the consumer. What he wants to know is whether or not he had what he paid for.

The suspected milk is stirred with a spoon, in order to disseminate into the whole liquid the cream which may have come to the surface. Then one volume of milk is poured into fifty volumes of water. (One fluid ounce to two and a half pints.) A candle is lighted in a dark room. The experimenter takes an ordinary drinking glass with a tolerably flat and even bottom, and holds it right above the candle, at a distance of about one foot from it, so as to be able to see the flame of the candle through the bottom of the glass. He then pours slowly the diluted milk into the glass.

The flame becomes less and less bright as the level of the liquid rises into the glass. The flame is soon reduced to a dull white spot. A little more liquid, slowly added so as to avoid pouring an excess and the flame becomes absolutely invisible. All that remains to be done is to measure the height of the liquid in the glass, this being most conveniently ascertained by dipping into it a strip of pasteboard and then measuring the wet part. It should measure not over one inch if the milk is pure. With good quality milk, diluted and tested as stated, the depth will be about $\frac{7}{8}$ of an inch before the flame is lost to view. A mixture of one volume of milk and a half a volume of water should show a depth of $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches. A depth of 2 inches indicates either partially skimmed milk or a mixture of one volume of good milk with one of water, and so on.

The reader has already understood that the process is based upon the close relation between the opacity of milk and the number of fatty corpuscles contained in it. Both skimming and the adding of water work in the same direction, namely, to decrease the opacity of milk. The same cannot be said of the density. Skimming increases it, adding water decreases it; and the common test, which consists in the mere introduction of the lactodensimeter in milk, is worthless, as a skimmed milk may have a normal density if care has been taken to pour into it a certain amount of water. Density should be taken before and after skimming, and the percentage of cream should be determined with the creamometer. Thus applied, the density test requires a lactodensimeter, a thermometer, and a creamometer, and the test requires twenty-four hours, while the result is not much more accurate than the opacity test just described.—*Scientific American*.



CONSERVATION ON THE FARM.

NOWHERE else is it so easy to be wasteful as on the farm, and nowhere else is it so important that the precepts of wise economy be carefully observed as on the farm. The faithfulness with which such precepts are followed measures the entire difference that exists between success and failure in farming. Not only does the wise farmer seek to save and use to best pos-

sible advantage "every scrap" that enters into the economy of farm life, but he makes a careful study of soil conditions, so replenishes the soil with fertilizers, and rotates his crops as to "keep up his land" and not utterly exhaust and impoverish it. In the early history of nearly every Western State, farmers almost universally planted and replanted their land to wheat year after year, until it had become utterly worn out and the farmers themselves were almost bankrupt. Later, learning from bitter experience, most of these farmers wisely went into stock-raising, and thereby "brought up their land" to something of its old-time efficiency. The successful farmer knows that it is not so much what he takes off from his land and sends to market that makes him permanently well-to-do, but the earning power which he conserves in the land he tills.—*Selected*.

Between Whiles

Couldn't Understand Plain English.—By the extraordinary contortions of her neck, he concluded that she was trying to get a glimpse of the back of her new blouse; by the tense line and scintillating flash about her lips he concluded that her mouth was full of pins.

"Umph—goof—suff—wuff—sh—ffspog?" she asked.

"Quite so, my dear," he agreed. "It looks very nice."

"Ouff—wuff—so—gs—ph—mf—ugh—ight?" was her next remark.

"Perhaps it would look better if you did that," he nodded; "but it fits very nicely as it is."

She gasped and emptied the pins into her hands.

"I've asked you twice to raise the blinds so that I can get more light, James," she exclaimed. "Can't you understand plain English?"—*Chicago Record-Herald*.



Slightly Tongue-twistiferous.

Druggist—Little boy, what do you want?

Juvenile Customer (in a great hurry)—Mr. Blinkly, I want a sheet of shiky stypaper—no, I mean a steet of flicky shypaper—I guess that ain't right, either; I want a—

Druggist (equally hurried)—I know what you want, boy. It's a flite of picky—no, it's a peet of—well, here it is. Five cents. Run along. What is it you wish, madam?—*Chicago Tribune*.

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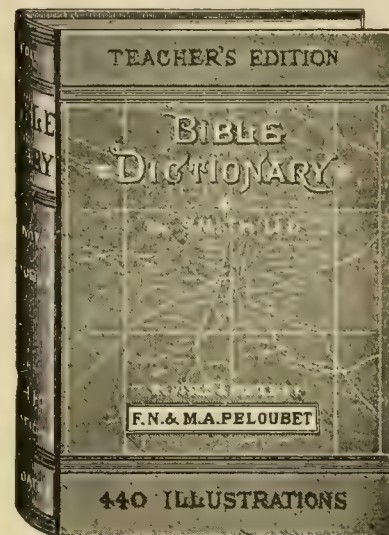
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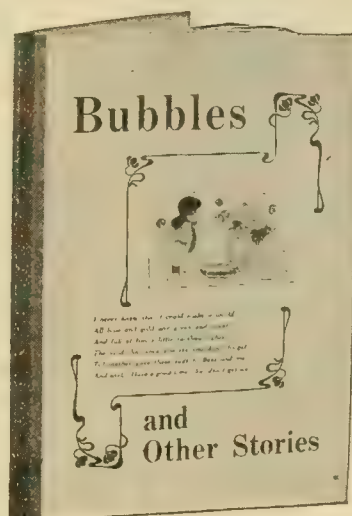
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57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
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We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

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The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



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Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED—NEW RAILROAD BUILDING.

A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

North Manchester, Ind., South Bend, Ind.

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THE INGLENOOK

May 25, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



OUR FALLEN HEROES

L. U. Hulin.

Sleep sweetly, noble heroes, the bugle sound is hushed,
The Monster that defied thee for evermore is crushed.
'Tis sunshine where the shadows, in deep profusion, fell;
From our Matins till our Vespers 'tis with Columbia well.

'Tis well, thou land of freedom, where nothing can appall,
When every heart with loyalty responds to duty's call,
When every breast is surging with patriotic pride,
For the land of fallen heroes who for our country died.

'Tis well, when those entrusted with authority and power
Are men of thought and action, true to duty every hour,
Who falter not nor waver when sorely vexed and tried,
But are like those noble heroes who for her glory died.

Then place your fairest flowers upon the hero's grave,
Who for his country's glory his life so grandly gave.
And if tears of sorrow moisten the spot whereon they lay,
'Twill be a fitting tribute to their memory to pay.

Stars of unfading luster, in thy glory I rejoice,
In the galaxy of nations thou art my pride, my choice.
No monarch, crown or scepter, can thy glory from us thrust,
While we love our fallen heroes, while in truth, "In God we trust."
North Lima, Ohio.



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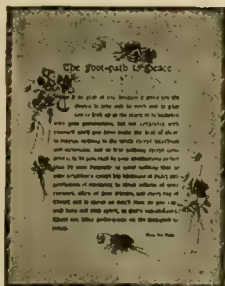
We want to make new acquaintances and renew old ones while at the Conference. It is not our intention now to make any display on or near the grounds with a tent or booth. If you have any business to transact with any of us, you will find us at the Kavanaugh Hotel when Conference is not in session. We will be pleased to see you at any time, on business relative to the

Union Pacific

I regret that it has become necessary to change the above advertisement as it will be impossible for me to attend the Annual Meeting at Harrisonburg, Va.; business calls me elsewhere. I have looked forward for years to the time when I would meet my friends at Harrisonburg from which place I took the first carload of colonists to California JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH, Omaha, Nebr.

Words of Help and Cheer



Only a faint idea of the beauty of these cards is conveyed by the accompanying illustration. The text matter is attractively arranged and printed on a hand-made three-ply ripple board and artistically decorated in water colors by hand in violets or clover as designated in list. A plain white envelope of antique paper to match, is furnished with each card. Size of each card, 7x9 inches. Order by number.

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is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

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The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.			
Name	Acres	Tons per A.	
Mark Austin,	35	18	
Company Farm,	90	16	
Allen Bissett,	2	18	
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½	
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19	
Geo. Duval,	6	26	
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½	
Geo. Duval,	170	14	
Rogers' Farm,	20	24	
Gough & Merrill,	10	18	
A. V. Linder,	25	16	
David Betts,	14	15	

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.			
Name	Acres	Tons per A.	
C. M. Williams,	5	19	
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18	
E. E. Hunter,	27	16	
Wm. Hansen,	6	16	
Melcher & Boor,	37	15	
A. E. Wood,	18	16	
P. A. Gregar,	6	15	
R. F. Slone,	5	15	
Thos. Weir,	14	23	
Wm. Melcher,	21	22	
S. Niswander,	26	17	
John Ward,	10	22	
W. B. Ross,	5	23	

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

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G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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CYRUS HALL McCORMICK

JOHN W. WAYLAND

SEVERAL months ago the present writer contributed to the INGLENOOK a series of sketches of famous persons, men and women, who were born just one hundred years ago—in the year 1809. At that writing the names of at least two distinguished men were overlooked, namely, Philip Saint George Cooke (1809-1895) and Cyrus Hall McCormick (1809-1884). Cooke was an American soldier and author; McCormick was an inventor, manufacturer, financier, and philanthropist. It is with the latter that this sketch shall deal.

McCormick was the eldest son of Robert McCormick, who was a farmer and mechanic of Rockbridge County, Virginia. The McCormick homestead is located not far from the Augusta County line, ten or twelve miles from the now famous little town of Lexington, and about twice as far from the great Natural Bridge, from which Rockbridge County is named. The family came of the hardy Scotch-Irish stock that had settled the region early in the eighteenth century, and that still is the predominating nationality in Rockbridge and Augusta. Sam Houston, the liberator of Texas, and Andrew Lewis, the commander of the whites at Point Pleasant, came of the same stock and from the same region. The country is rugged, like many of the early pioneers; and the mountains, the Blue Ridge on the east, the Alleghanies on the west, point skyward in plain view.

The McCormick homestead is known as Walnut Grove Farm. The old, two-story brick house, with an L, is preserved in good condition; and the log blacksmith shop, in which the first successful reaper was built, stands not far away.

A hundred years ago the McCormick farm, with others in the same part of the country, was far removed from the centers of learning and culture. The nearest large town or city was more than a hundred miles away, over the hills and mountains. Cyrus McCor-

mick's education seems to have been limited to that afforded in the neighboring old-field school, supplemented by the longer terms upon his father's farm and in the blacksmith shop. The institution at Lexington, first known as Liberty Hall Academy, now as Washington and Lee University, was in McCormick's youth known as Washington College; but there is no record of his presence there as a student.

The father, Robert McCormick, was a man of inventive skill. He was a blacksmith, carpenter, and machinist, as well as a farmer. He erected his own sawmill and gristmill; he made all the implements needed on his farm, and many for his neighbors; he devised a threshing machine, with which he did the work that had been done with flails by his ancestors for hundreds of years. At an early date he conceived an idea of a reaping machine. About the time of his son's birth he was endeavoring to work out this idea into practical form; but the machine he constructed at that time would not work. Seven years later he finished another machine intended for cutting grain, and after nine years more of expensive experimenting, in 1825, he completed a third. This machine was almost a success. It answered the purpose well when the wheat stood up straight on flat ground. But the wheat was frequently leaning or tangled, and the Rockbridge fields were not always flat. The problem was so difficult that Robert McCormick abandoned it. He consoled himself somewhat by inventing and making a successful hemp breaker.

The son, Cyrus McCormick, took up the task where his father had left it. As a boy of fifteen he made a harvesting cradle for his own use, with which he was able to do the work of a full-grown man. He also invented at an early age a hillside plow, so adjusted that, driving one way along the hillside, the furrow would be thrown to the right; driving the other way the furrow would be thrown to the left; always down-

hill. The advantage of such a device will be appreciated by every boy and man that has ever tried to turn a furrow uphill on a steep slope.

In the year 1831 Cyrus McCormick completed the first successful reaper. It was a clumsy-looking machine, drawn by one horse; the reel threw the cut grain back on a wooden platform, and thence it was raked off in proper-sized bunches by a man who walked at the side with a hand rake. Another man or a boy rode the horse to guide him.

The conservative neighbors no doubt thought old Mr. McCormick and his son a bit visionary, and it was likely with some misgiving that they came together one day in July, 1831, to see the new machine tested. The experiment was made in a small field of oats, owned by a Mr. John Steel. At the end of the test the reaper was declared a success. By the next year the machine had been further improved, and fifty acres of wheat were harvested in a continuous trial, with such rapidity and thoroughness as to leave no doubt that a great invention had been brought to a successful stage.

But it was only after three years had elapsed that young McCormick applied for a patent on his reaper. The meantime was probably spent in still further perfecting the machine. At least, such a course has been characteristic of the inventor, and has accounted in large measure for his great achievements: he was not content with mere success; he constantly aimed at improvement. A patent was finally obtained June 21, 1834. It granted the right of exclusive manufacture and distribution for fourteen years.

During the next several years the McCormicks became extensively engaged in the smelting of iron ore, an industry which is still important in the neighboring town of Buena Vista, but in the great financial panic of 1837 the family fortunes were overthrown. But they met the issue squarely and honestly. Excepting the old homestead and the shops, all their property was sold, and every liability was discharged, dollar for dollar. A new start in life had to be made; and then the reaper was taken hold of in earnest. Cyrus McCormick and his father, with his brothers, went into their shops with strong hands. For weeks and months they hewed wood and forged iron, and at the end of a year two reapers had been made and sold at a hundred dollars each. During the next year seven machines were sold at the same price, and during the following year about four times as many.

The difficulties of manufacture in this isolated region may be imagined. The steel sickle for each machine had to be brought in on horseback from a distance of forty miles. The reaper soon became well known in Rockbridge County, but the great mountains prescribed a small territory for its convenient sale. Nevertheless, the fame of it finally got abroad. In 1844 an order

was received from Cincinnati for eight machines. That city was only two hundred miles away in a straight line, but the mountains intervening were at that day a formidable barrier; so a roundabout route was chosen instead. The machines were hauled eastward sixty miles, through a gap in the Blue Ridge, to the head of navigation on the James River. Thence they were transported by boats to Richmond; thence by ship down to the mouth of Chesapeake Bay, down the coast and around the point of Florida to New Orleans, thence up the Mississippi, and finally up the Ohio to Cincinnati—in all a distance of over three thousand miles.

These machines introduced McCormick to the prairies of the West and to a great field of opportunity. He rode through the mountains, and made temporary arrangements for the manufacture of his reapers at Cincinnati. In 1845, a new patent, covering important improvements, was secured. Other improvements were patented in 1847. In the meantime the inventor went riding on through Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Wisconsin, and New York, making his reaper known to thousands of farmers far and near. One of his machines was put on exhibit by the American Institute, and a gold medal was awarded him. This was the first formal recognition of his great achievement.

In 1847 Mr. McCormick rode into the ten-year-old town of Chicago, in order to make arrangements there for the manufacture of his reapers. His comprehensive vision had discerned in the busy young guardian of the lakes the great wheat center of the West. He was a stranger to most men in the place, but he was able to impress his character and plans so favorably upon Mr. Ogden, the mayor of the town, that the latter became his partner, and furnished money to start the enterprise. From the new factory reapers worth \$50,000 were sent out in all directions for the next harvest. In the Chicago fire of 1871, McCormick was the heaviest loser; but the energy of character and power of industry that had before conquered inertia and distance now brought forth new factories from the ashes of the old. It is said that today one of the intricate machines is completed every three minutes.

Having established his trade in America, McCormick took his invention abroad. In 1851 he had a machine on exhibition at the London World's Fair. The American exhibit was very poor, and at first sight McCormick's reaper did not bid fair to redeem it. The thing was odd and ungainly in appearance, and was the object of much wit. The *London Times* described it as a cross between a circus chariot, a wheelbarrow, and a flying machine. There were several other reaping machines on exhibit, and some of them were very handsome to behold. The main thing that distinguished them from McCormick's reaper was that, in

the practical field test, his machine cut wheat satisfactorily while the others did not. The London Times was honest as well as witty. It came out in praise of the odd machine, and declared that it was worth to the farmers of Great Britain the whole cost of the fair.

At the Paris Exposition of 1867 McCormick himself directed the work of his reapers in the field trials, and the Emperor Napoleon III walked through the stubbles after them. He was so delighted that he conferred upon the inventor the decoration of the Legion of Honor. Many other honors were received at various places from time to time.

Some of the telling factors in McCormick's character, added to his native bent for mechanics, were tenacity of purpose, energy, industry, and honesty. By such qualities he rose above the limitations of obscurity, meager education, and physical difficulties. His heart retained the love of his native land and his fellow-men even in the midst of many cares, and when the power of wealth was in his hand. He contributed largely to the establishment at Chicago of the Presbyterian Theological Seminary of the Northwest and he afterwards endowed a professor's chair in Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va. Mr. Leander J. McCormick of Chicago, a member of the inventor's family, gave \$50,000 to the astronomical observatory at the University of Virginia. But the greatest service that the family has rendered to humanity has been the gift of genius to the labor and life of the farm, the best training-place for useful citizenship.



BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

FANNIE R. MILLER. (AGE 14.)

WE are surrounded by the beauties of nature on all sides; we can enjoy all of them and it will cost us nothing.

Overhead is the beautiful sky, with here and there a moving cloud. In the distance are the green and shady woods, where the sweet flowers grow, which girls are so eager to gather.

To the right, flows the proud Shenandoah, whose murmuring sounds have been heard through many decades. To the left in the far distance is presented a beautiful mountain scene, where numbers of peaks seem rising heavenward. In the rear are to be heard the sweet sounds of a shepherdess and the bleating of her playful lambs. In front is the broad expanse of the grand Shenandoah Valley; and on all sides can be seen the golden grainfields with their gentle waves silently creeping over them, and the green grass fields gradually ripening for the scythe. The air seems to be filled with the twittering songs of birds and is laden with the sweet perfume of the blossoming orchard, and the odorous smell of the roses and shrubs. In the far distance, white-robed mountains of clouds are

springing up, a summer shower is gathering. They become denser and denser, their color changing to black. At intervals vivid streaks of lightning are seen flashing through them. Following each are heard speeding across the heavens the rumbling sounds of thunder. Finally lone streaks of rain are seen pouring down upon the thirsty earth; though here the sky is almost cloudless and the sun is shining in all its brilliancy. The shower has lasted but a short while; the rain has performed its mission, the clouds are most all gone, and the beautiful rainbow with its many different colors is seen arched across the heavens.

The brilliant sun is sinking toward the west. Presently it is seen gradually disappearing beneath the horizon with its rays reflecting on the few scattered clouds, turning them to red, and I am beholding one of those beautiful sunsets which poets paint so vividly and artists strive to imitate. And I am made to exclaim as the psalmist did of old, "O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all."

Sangerville, Va.



SYSTEMATIZING U. S. NOTE DESIGNS.

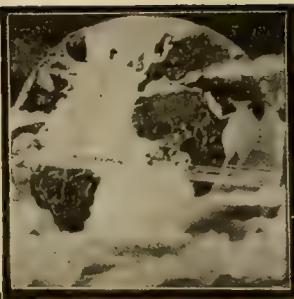
COUNTERFEITING and confusion is enhanced by the fact that so many of our certificates and greenbacks of the same denomination have different designs, and the treasury officials have this week announced the completion of a system whereby they hope that counterfeiting will be discouraged, and the paper money will be all the more easily recognized by the public. There are at present for the various United States notes and coin certificates 19 different designs; under the new plan there will be but nine. The \$5 note has two designs. The \$10 gold certificate has on it a portrait of Michael Hillegas, the first treasurer of the United States, while the \$10 silver certificate has a portrait of Thomas A. Hendricks. On the \$10 greenback there is the picture of a buffalo. According to the new plan all the paper money of the same denomination will have the same portrait. The face of Washington will be on the \$1 silver certificate; that of Jefferson on the \$2 silver certificate; Lincoln's portrait will appear on the \$5 notes, both certificate and greenback; on the \$10 gold and silver certificates and United States notes will be the portrait of Cleveland; Jackson will be on the \$20; Grant on the \$50; Franklin on the \$100; Salmon P. Chase on the \$500, and Alexander Hamilton on the \$1,000. Thus the portraits of Hillegas, Monroe, Silas Wright, Lewis, Clark, Mansfield, and others, and the eagle, the buffalo, and the Indian head will all be done away with. Different colors are to be used for different classes of notes.—*The Pathfinder*.



"ALL permanent things are founded upon reciprocity, and survive only upon that condition."



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LIX.

As the two armed men led me from the police court I noticed that the streets became wider and better built. We were entering the best part of Pera, the Europeans' portion of the city, with its fashionable hotels, luxurious shops, and wider streets. The few foreign signs above the shops I had seen coming up from the sea, such as Italian and Greek, which had given me courage (for even such strange names seemed homelike in Turkey) had now increased in number, and in a few places English and French decorated their front windows with their best wares just as merchants had done in their respective countries.

Not far from the Tribunal my two guards told me they had been sent to my defense; that they were regular employees of the United States consulate; that the consul, on hearing of the matter between me and the Turks, had despatched them at once to my rescue.

But I had my doubts. They looked too ferocious. Their long, curving, slender swords of keenest steel looked too much like battle. Their revolvers, with bright handles exposed from the heavy leather pockets, were not pleasing to look at. I was more than half afraid that they were taking me to any place but to the United States consulate.

Though the money was in my pocket I objected to paying the fine, for I believed the conditions which prevented me from securing the special passport were sufficient to clear me. Before leaving the court, I had made the appeal to my consul, for in every important city in the world our country maintains an official citizen of the United States whose business, among other important duties, is to look after the welfare and safety of subjects of the United States when traveling through the country in which he is located.

At the moment therefore when it was made clear to me that I had been fined or detained by law I asked the officials to send a message concerning the affair to the United States consul. This they did. The coming of the two Turkish attachés to my relief was the answer. But my assurance of the honor of these men was only confirmed when we drew up before an office

door, in a fine street, over which waved the beautiful silk American flag.

"This is the consulate," they told me. "Go in."

We passed up a flight of stairs and entered a comfortable sitting room. The calendars on the wall, the books and papers lying about, as well as the furniture all looked "American" to me. How restful seemed the chair in which I sat! How quickly Constantinople came back to me in all of her magnificence as I had first seen her from the deck of my steamer, that morning!

As it was Sunday, a date was made for me to call on the consul Monday morning.

"We will keep your passport until the affair is settled," said the clerk, "and in the meantime you may go to your hotel."

"You can go now," said one of the guards at the door as I came from the office of the consul."

Though I felt more like a bird with clipped wings without my passport, the fact that it reposed in the faithful hands of the United States consul gave me no serious alarm. I sought at once a hotel. Not far from the consulate I passed Hotel De London on the right side, near a fine park, and a little farther down toward the Galata Bridge, was met at the magnificent entrance of Hotel Bristol by the manager of the hotel and his Turkish porter. In keeping with the secretive atmosphere of Turkey, a heavy curtain of rich goods fell from the inside to break the gaze of too curious eyes from the outside.

He put out his hand and I put out mine. That was enough. I was his fast friend from that moment, and no matter how often I return to the Sublime Porte, I will put up at his hotel.

I walked up the flight of eight marble steps, flanked by heavy marble pillars in Grecian style, laying my hand upon the elegant balustrades on the inside, also of marble, and determined to register at *Hotel Bristol* whether I went to prison, or not.

After an hour or less in the artistic dining hall where I was served by a waiter who gave me every attention, I looked about the interior of this public home of cultured luxury. It was the most luxurious of all hotels on the continent and possessed the only

American elevator in the city and possibly in Turkey. Electric push buttons were in my rooms to summon servants when I needed them. Fine baths adjoined them.

Opposite Hotel Bristol, still farther down the street, called Rue Grand, I think, was the Pera Palace, a rather more aristocratic hotel than the Bristol, but not so beautiful or homelike. Here, I was told, was one of my fellow countrymen, a man by the name of Doctor Harper, from Chicago. I could hardly believe that my old teacher of Hebrew was within a stone's throw of me in Turkey. I went over and gave my card to the proprietor, asking him if such a man was stopping there.

"Yes," he replied, "he occupies the first room up the wide stairway."

"I know him. May I call upon him?"

He took up my card and at once returned. "He will see you. Go up."

Yes, it was Dr. Harper, lying in bed, very sick. He was too ill to recognize me. Even then he was slowly dying from the malady that later took his life. But as Dr. Harper had been a prodigious worker I supposed he had overtaxed his strength while exploring some biblical antiquities in Asia or that he was suffering from a cold. So I told him about my work, that my studies at the University of Chicago under his leadership had inspired in me a great desire to see the whole world; that even I was on my way "around the world without a cent," earning my way by all kinds of work, and living usually among the masses. As his own ideals had been world-wide, and as he had found from experience the value of money in any great enterprise, I ventured to suggest that I myself could use a little more money to splendid advantage, and asked him if he believed that my mission was a worthy one, and if so, whether he could let me have a little money to help me on in my undertaking.

He surprised me by his answer.

"No. I could not spare you any. I came away with only so much, and I have barely enough to get back with."

If it was evident that he was more than a little indisposed. He was quite sick. The smile of approval or at least the good words that he would have given me in his office in Chicago were all lacking. Not

many of his students were better known at sight than myself, but he had quite forgotten me. It was his illness, and from the color of his fingers and nails I believed that he was much worse than he himself imagined. For I had been "reading hands" by the lines of the palm, and by the other marks that usually denote illness or health, and from three points in his own hands, which I saw at a glance, I inferred that his malady was intestinal.

He was so weak I took my leave a minute after, glad that while I had brought absolutely no money along with me, that I could get hold of as much of it as I wanted by earning it, and that time and industry were the two only requirements. The great man was afraid he would run out of money. I carried my *mint* right with me and *coined* it at pleasure. He was getting home to a big salary. I was just only started well on my long journey, glad to get back with youth and health.

On Monday I went to the consulate. The consul met me with genuine cordiality and I almost felt sorry for him because I was causing him an international trouble.

"You are required now," said he, "to carry a special passport called a 'teskere' here, in addition to your own passport. It will cost you something to get this,—a charge made by the Turkish government. You can not avoid this. Besides,

you will have the fine of two dollars to pay, because of your landing in Turkey without this teskere."

Then I told him how it was, how I had gone to the Turkish office in Smyrna to apply for and secure this same teskere, but that it was Friday, the Moslem's Sabbath, when the office was closed and that I was forced to leave on the steamer that sailed away before the office was reopened.

"I am afraid you will have to pay the fine. No one is exempt. It is an imperial edict."

"I think, however, Mr. C., without wishing to appear to you as an adventurer, that I shall refuse to do so."

"In that case," said the consul, "you may have to go to jail. Would you like to be imprisoned here in Turkey?"

"I should say I wouldn't," I replied, "but rather than to pay the fine which I believe to be unjust, I believe I will go to prison, if they send me there."

I remembered at this moment that before leaving



"The genial manager of Hotel Bristol met me at the marble entrance."

Smyrna I had gone to the United States consulate there, explained to him fully how I had gone to the Turkish consulate for the *teskere*, and had found it closed; that I was just leaving on the boat lying then in the harbor and that I might have serious trouble when I reached Constantinople without this special pass. Although the consul at Smyrna did not believe it was necessary to do so, I urged him to give me a piece of writing,—a letter from him, to this very effect, so that I might use it, if necessary, in Constantinople. He immediately took his pen, and on one of his official letter-heads he wrote over his signature, just the words that I now knew would avail me the greatest possible help.

The next moment I had removed it from my inside vest-pocket and laid it down before him.

It was not the two dollars I cared so much to save, yet that was no small argument for my plea in this land of almost impossible earnings by a stranger. It was the principle. The argument for the fine seemed absurd. They could compel me to get a passport or leave the country. But how they could fine me for not having one before I landed in Turkey, I can not see. Granted that it were possible to procure this *teskere* from Washington before leaving the United States, by tourists touching at Constantinople, suppose I had started on my voyage around the world at Honolulu, or South Africa, would I have been able to get the necessary passport before setting out? Or, suppose again that I had been on my way to Russia, and passing up through the Bosphorus, over the Sea of Marmora, had intended to leave the boat at a Russian port, and that while en route, right in the bay of the Golden Horn, before Constantinople, our vessel had taken fire, and I, among others, had been able to swim to land, rescued there by the Turks, and at once *put under*

arrest, as I had been, because upon my naked body *they could find no teskere*! Or again, suppose a tourist from America to the Holy Land should desire, after leaving his home land, to go aside to Turkey, and include that city among his sightseeing before he returned. Should he be compelled to lie in the harbor on the same boat that had carried his friends who had provided themselves with the *teskere* before leaving home, while he saw them enjoying the sights in the city, without also himself disembarking and seeing just that much more with practically no more expense? The more I reasoned out the fine the less I felt like paying it.

"I have decided not to pay the fine. It seems unjust. That letter from my consul at Smyrna ought surely to release me."

"I will do what I can for you," replied the consul, "but you will have to pay for the issuance of the *teskere* to you. We will keep your United States passport here until you pay the fine and secure a *teskere* or until the case has been settled and you have received your *teskere*."

I had done what I could. The United States had given me my passport. The United States had taken it from me, for the good consul represented my country in Turkey. Though it seemed hard to walk out of the consulate without my means of identification, there would be no need for its use so long as everything went well with me. As in most European countries, foreigners are arrested and taken away to jail when found near the spot where a riot has broken out or any other serious trouble that has called out the police, no matter how innocent they may be. During the few days I would be in Constantinople without the protection of the passport I would use double care to prevent any collision with the "law or the prophets."

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JOURNALISM

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

JOURNALISM, which in its broadest sense includes all classes of literature, is the greatest and most impressive instructor in the world. It teaches more of life, of science and of art, than do all the universities of learning. It is a profession of the highest dignity, the widest influence and the greatest power. From the reporter on the country weekly to the editor-in-chief of the greatest metropolitan daily, to whom the rulers of the world pay tribute; from the writer of the interesting short story to the author whose name is known and esteemed throughout the civilized world—are all journalists.

The field covered by the modern newspaper is

marvelous. It rivals the magazines in the excellence of its literary products, in its graphic description of historical events, in the cleverness of its fiction, and in the accuracy and artistic value of its illustrations. The latest and greatest achievements of art, of science, of discovery, of exploration and of travel are given their first publicity in the public press.

With more than twenty thousand periodicals published in the United States and Canada, covering every field of literature from the cheap-priced high-class edited newspaper to the popular-priced high-class literary magazine, it is manifest that journalism never before offered such splendid and inspiring inducements

as it does to those who enter it with a determination to succeed. No other profession surpasses journalism in opportunities for rapid advancement, and it is also one of the few occupations that give their followers a choice of residence. Many of our noted writers live quietly in obscure places merely as a matter of choice. To those preferring travel, or life in a metropolis, the field is open.

And now with this brief review of journalism, I will take the case of the young writer in the country who wishes to become a journalist. Instead of at once rushing to a great city, where you have no kindred nor friends, and where you fight for every inch of ground, why not begin where you are? In nine cases of ten you will find it the wisest course to begin your efforts with your home as your background.

In a country newspaper the ambitious young journalist may serve his novitiate with credit. He may acquire the indispensable art of writing crisp, snappy, clever paragraphs. It is a much greater accomplishment than to write a long essay. The scholar who carries off the first prize at school, for composition, often fails when he tries to be brief, to tell something in a short compass. In the country newspaper too, the young writer may learn to look about him for interesting happenings; for he who writes must be the one who sees and who makes haste to tell while his impressions are fresh.

A young writer who has done good work in the several departments of a village or a country paper may come to a city with a well-founded hope of slipping into a niche there. He will probably become a space writer, receiving payment at the regular rates for whatever his paper prints, or he may secure regular assignments and be enrolled as a reporter in some department of a daily journal.

To the beginner of journalism the following suggestions will be of great assistance, as they will be found to cover many subjects:

Is there a historic place or building near your home? What is its history? What is its present condition? Who did own it? Who owns it now? Hunt up all interesting incidents and get pictures.

Whenever you want to get up a successful feature article make every effort to get good photographs. Pictures often sell a story when otherwise it would not be taken.

How about the man or woman in your neighborhood who is called a "character"? He (or she) says and does things that makes them distinctive from their neighbors. Get pictures and write them up in bright style.

Are there industries peculiar to your neighborhood? Why are they peculiarly adapted to that place? Tell how they started and progressed. Mention names and projectors and those most interested.

Hunt up sayings of the neighborhood children.

There is always something attractive about a bright child's remarks or questions if they are presented in good fashion. Is there a child prodigy where you live or near there? A photograph and the story of his talent is in order.

Has a man from your town risen into prominence? Perhaps you know something of his early struggles that would make very good reading. Hunt down the story.

Have you a philanthropist who is doing something unexpected now and then? He is worth a story.

Do you know anyone who has a fad or hobby? Is it unusual? Tell about it. Does he pursue a fad as a relaxation, or is it a dominant impulse that will break his rest and cause him to desert his interest at times?

Do you know anyone who seems to be the constant victim of unfortunate circumstances? He is good for a feature story and may be used to advantage in fiction.

Have you a squire or minister who has married an unusual number of people, or who has done unusual things? Get the story and picture.

Has any young man left your town and made a decided success in some particular line in a city? Or any young woman? What have they done? What were the steps of their progress? Always have an eye out for detail.

Are there any superstitions in your neighborhood? Who is affected by them and how?

Is there a haunted house, haunted road, haunted trail, or hollow near your home? Pictures, picturesque story.

Has any one you know of or have heard of, fallen heir to a legacy hedged around with peculiar restrictions? Is it worthy of writing up?

Is there a historic tree or stone marking some boundary line, which has caused disputes between neighbors or has been the resting place of some noted officer or prominent person? Or the scene of a romance? Story and picture.

Is there a historic tavern which is falling to decay in your part of the country? Tell of the successive changes it has seen.

Does any author, musician or artist make your neighborhood his summer rendezvous? What is his favorite amusement and daily occupation when "off duty"?

Is the name of your town unusual? How did it get the name? What does it mean?

Does anyone near you have a model garden or an old-fashioned flower garden? Many magazines make specialties of this sort of matter.

Rare coins, arms or other curios are always of interest, especially if the property of some one of note.

Odd collections of curios, china, laces, jewels, pictures, musical instruments, etc., make good money for those who see their news value and write interestingly about them.

THE SCRIBES

PAUL MOHLER

IF you will turn to Ezra 7: 6, 11, 12, you will find that Ezra was a ready scribe. That means that he was a good writer. Ezra was a priest, and it was his especial work to make copies of the sacred Scriptures. There were many such scribes, some whole families devoting themselves to this profession. It is a far call from the scribes of Ezra's day to those whom Jesus met; but there is after all a logical connection between them. It would be impossible to understand the later scribes without a knowledge of the former. The term "scribe" is but one of the titles of the New Testament class. Other titles were "Doctor" "Lawyer," "Rabbi," "Father," the "Wise," "Understanding," etc.

Ezra and Nehemiah were teachers of the law. After they had pushed the work of rebuilding the city of Jerusalem forward sufficiently, they called the people together and read to them the law, and bound them by pledges to keep it. Ezra is generally supposed to have collected and edited the sacred writings making up the Bible of the Jews. To have a law is to have lawyers also, for the law must be explained. Who should know the law so well as the scribes? So when teachers and interpreters of the law became necessary, this work fell naturally to the scribes. This was especially appropriate when the scribe was also a priest. The scribes of course magnified the law, and as the law became more precious in the eyes of the people, the scribes rose in importance. It was not long after Ezra's time until there began to be pious laymen, students of the law, in harmony with the priests, but independent of them. These were also called scribes, and they too had many pupils; and when, during the Grecian period, some of the scribes of the priests forsook the ways of their fathers, the lay-scribes became their opponents and the leaders of the people. When the Maccabean struggles began, these scribes were most zealous for the law and when the sect of the Pharisees was formed it naturally received their support. One of the Hasmonean rulers yielded so far to their influence that he gave them a seat in the national council, the great Sanhedrin, where they took equal rank with the chief priests and the elders. Indeed, it was but a short time until they far outranked even the priests in the eyes of the people. From the close of the Hasmonean period to the time of Christ, the scribes were the real leaders of the nation, although not the political leaders. They were nearly all of them Pharisees.

When Jesus came to the world, the Jews were intensely legal. To them, the law was the greatest gift of God to man, and nothing was right if it was not

in accordance with law. They cared but little for spontaneous acts of righteousness. The virtue of any act lay in its being prescribed by law, rather than in the nature of the act itself, or in the condition of the heart of the doer. It had not always been so, and the fact that it was so then was due largely to the work of the scribes, for the scribes applied the law. The law contained many commandments, enough for anybody it seems to me; but not for the scribes.

Since nothing was right unless lawful, they must examine every action minutely and see if it were lawful. For example, they must know whether or not it is lawful to carry a ladder from one pigeon roost to another on the Sabbath; whether they might eat eggs that were laid on a holy day; or whether fringes were needful or not to a square linen nightdress. Again, it is written, "After the Lord your God ye shall walk." The scribe says, "How is it possible to walk after God?" Then he infers that he must clothe the naked, because God clothed Adam and Eve in the garden. He must visit the sick, because God visited Abraham immediately after he had been circumcised. He must comfort the mourner, because God blessed Isaac after the death of Abraham. He must bury the dead, because God buried Moses.

By the time the scribes had risen to prominence, there was an immense collection of oral teachings that had been handed down from antiquity, and which was considered fully as binding as the written law. This was said to have been given by God to Moses on the mount as the authorized interpretation of the written law. This was never to be written, but was to be kept by oral tradition. It was part of the work of the scribe to teach this to as many pupils as he could find, as well as to apply it to the circumstances of life. So the scribe sat on his seat with his pupils around him. They sat on the ground or on lower seats at his feet. Saul was brought up at the feet of Gamaliel in very truth since Gamaliel was his teacher. To these pupils, the scribe repeated the oral traditions again and again until they were learned by heart, never to be forgotten. It was the ideal of the pupil to be like a cemented cistern that loses not one drop that it receives. The teacher also presented practical cases to which the pupils must apply the law. This with the rapid fire drill in their knowledge of the law sharpened the wits wonderfully, and we need not be surprised at Paul's readiness to meet and dispute with the Jews. He had been trained in controversy.

It was customary for the pupils to question each

other as well as their teacher, so we may understand the action of Jesus in sitting with the doctors (scribes), both hearing them and asking them questions. The scribes, themselves, met frequently to discuss points of law, and their pupils were allowed to attend these discussions. At such times, the questions were decided by the relative rank of the disputants. If there were decisions on that point already, those decisions stood, unless the scribes reviewing the point were more numerous or more honorable than the first. If it were a new point, the most honorable scribes controlled the decision. When there happened to be two great scribes of equal rank, but not of similar views, there was likely to be a division of sentiment, and two opinions offered. That meant two schools of scribes while those men lived.

Of course the Jews had courts of justice. They had their supreme court or Sanhedrin, just as we do, and many inferior courts. One did not need to be a lawyer to be judge, but he might be a better judge if he knew the law. How natural then for the scribes to be judges. And indeed many of them were. In the Sanhedrin they had their seats, and when cases came up for trial their influence must have been very strong. Later, especially after the destruction of Jerusalem, their authority became supreme in the courts of the Jews.

As said before, they were held in great honor; they enjoyed this very much. They loved to be called "rabbi" (my lord, or teacher). It was a part of their teaching that the pupil must love his teacher next to God. If his father and his teacher had each lost something, he must help his teacher first, and then his father. If both were in captivity, he must free his teacher first. This because his father only brought him into this world, but his teacher who teaches him wisdom, brings him into the life of the world to come.

All the teaching of the rabbi was supposed to be free of charge; the scribe who had no income, working at his trade, as Paul did, to support himself. But from what the Lord said in rebuking them, we infer that they knew how to enrich themselves at the expense of the people; and even Paul maintains his right to demand pay for his teaching.

Do not conclude from this article that the scribes were all evil men. Just remember what the Lord himself said of the scribe who hath been made a disciple to the Kingdom of Heaven (Matt. 13: 52). A number of the rabbis were great and good men, as was Gamaliel; and many of their teachings were deeply spiritual. It was far better to be a conscientious scribe than a worldly Sadducee. Their writings, you will find in the Talmud, and a wonderful book it is. If you have fifty dollars, you can buy a good English translation of it, but it is hardly worth the money.

There is some fine wheat in it, but too much chaff. Better read your Bible; it is all good.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



IMPORT JAPANESE WHITE OAK FOR RAILROAD CROSS-TIES.

THE growing scarcity of American timber suitable for railroad ties has induced one of the largest Japanese importing companies to introduce Japanese white oak as a desirable foreign species to take the place of the American oak, for railroad purposes. Several of the western roads have already purchased a large quantity of the Japanese white oak to be used in replacing worn-out ties along their rights of way.

The increasing cost of all railroad ties has naturally led the railroad companies to desire to prolong the life of the species of wood used, by preservative methods, and only recently an application was made to the United States Forest Service to conduct experiments at their Berkeley timber testing station to determine the value and life of the Japanese oak timber when properly treated.

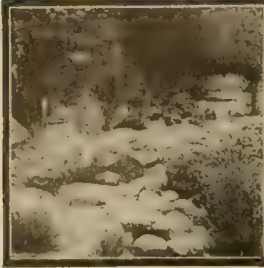
This application brought up the interesting point as to whether or not the Forest Service would be allowed to undertake experiments with foreign species of timber, inasmuch as the act under which these experiments are carried on specifically requires that only American grown timbers shall be treated. The Forest Service has found it necessary, owing to pressure of other work, to decline to undertake this experiment, and therefore this point was not considered. It is estimated that there is a large supply of this white oak in Japan and should its use for railroad purposes prove satisfactory, it is probable that a large market will be created for it in this country.—*The Forester.*



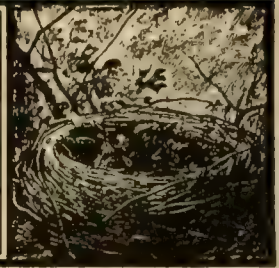
RARE COIN FOUND.

COIN collectors are interested in the recent discovery of an entirely new twenty dollar piece of the Cincinnati Mining and Trading Company, dated 1849. So diligent have collectors been in their search for specimens of the gold coinage of the West, and so high have been the premiums paid for rare coins of this series that it was supposed that all the varieties had been found.

A twenty dollar piece of California bearing a date earlier than 1851 was not known. The Cincinnati company had been accredited with gold coins of the denominations of \$5 and \$10, both of which are extremely rare, one of the ten dollar pieces not long ago bringing \$3,000 at an auction, but no one knew that the same company had contemplated the issue of a twenty dollar piece until the coin in question came to light a short time ago in the possession of an Ohioan.—*Selected.*



NATURE STUDIES



WILLOW CATKINS AND GALLS.

N. J. MILLER.

EVERY American is acquainted with some kind of willow tree. The catkins have not failed to attract attention, but the flowers themselves, the individuals forming most of the catkins, are usually overlooked since they are without bright color, very small and unattractive. The masses of flowers, or catkins, may or may not unfold before the leaves (that depending on the species), and are of two kinds, each growing on separate trees. The loosely set masses (a) are usually slightly colored, hairy structures covered at maturity with powdery particles, pollen, and each of the flowers consists of a scale, one or two little glands and usually two slender filaments called stamens (s). On the other hand the closely set catkins (b) are usually soft gray or green and each flower usually consists of a scale, gland and one hairy pistil as figured (c), the club-shaped part developing into a conical



fruit or capsule. These appear in April, late spring or early summer.

These alone if ever fertile, are concerned in developing the "seeds" or "fruit" of the willow and not the peculiar growths on the ends of willows twigs called "pine-cone willow-galls." In summer they are green, soft, hairy structures and in winter hard brown, gray or black, very much resembling pine cones. Should a longitudinal section be made of a cone in winter time, a tube near the center, containing a white, footless, wriggling larva or worm-like form, will be seen. This larva is intimately connected with the development of the cone. An insect, a gall-gnat, deposits in early spring an egg in the tender, juicy, terminal bud of the

limb. This does not kill the bud but affects it in a wondrous way.

The leaves do not develop into the long, narrow normal structures (1). They form short and broad scales and the stem fails to lengthen, thus forming a "pine-cone willow-gall." It recalls the formation of the "witch's brooms," those unusual forms in willow trees—masses of twigs closely set and originating from a single branch. The peculiar, brushy forms, I suppose, suggested uncanny things to those who named them witch's brooms. In this case insects sting the growing point of a branch so severely that the branch remains short, thickens and the lateral buds, which otherwise would lie dormant a year or two, rapidly grow upward to form the peculiar structure.



The "pine-cone" gall begins to develop soon after the egg is laid and the larva, developing from the egg, feeds upon the plant juices, coming to the growing cone all summer. During the winter season it is well protected in this home and in early spring is ready to develop into a pupa which manages to move along the tube to the apex where it is transformed into a two-winged gnat. Then the tube opens to the surface and the gray animal flies away to deposit eggs in other young, tender and juicy terminal buds of the willow. The deserted cone, easily recognized by the hole at the top, soon drops off and disintegrates while new cones for the next generation of gall-gnats are gradually forming. So a "pine-cone willow-gall" is an abnormal growth due to an injury caused by a gnat, and has no connection with the fruit of the willow.



BOB WHITE AND THE MEADOW LARK.

NINE-TENTHS of the harmful insects that pester in orchard, field and garden are at some time in their career on the ground. If they are there by accident then the ground owner is justified in taking drastic measures for their removal; if they are there as a part of nature's scheme of furnishing food for birds, then the ground owner cannot count himself blameless if

he fails to permit the bird to come to breakfast in perfect liberty and freedom.

This article has to do with two birds,—one, Bob White, the Quail, the other called the Field Lark in the southland and the Meadow Lark in the northland. Bob White, the Quail, is to the nature student a most unique subject. Our Creator endowed that bird with some peculiar characteristics. First, it is the most prolific bird on the face of the earth; that is to say, one pair, Robert and Julia, will rear more young ones in a season than any other pair of birds; second, these birds never feed their young.

Before going into a consideration of their economic value in the place intended by him who doeth all things well, let us take a peep at their home and study their domestic life. It is the May-time. Robert, seated in a wheat field or on an orchard fence, is talking in an endearing tone to loving Julia, who in the grass or growing wheat is industriously hunting a home, a place where she may act in accordance with that first law of nature, the propagation of species. All she asks of the landowner is four inches of his field. Into that nest she will place, usually, seventeen eggs, sometimes twenty-five, so precisely that if you remove two from the charmed circle you can scarcely put back one. Nineteen days after the last egg is deposited, an observer who cares to see things in nature as they are can have a happy hour. First from under Julia will come a timid, shy, fuzzy creature, to be quickly followed by another and another and another. All the eggs will hatch within forty minutes from the time the first egg cracks. The ones to have the first great view of this world of ours will begin to play hide and go seek on and around their mother. In less than thirty minutes after the last shell has been broken that mother will start away from her home followed by her large and interesting family, three or four of them with half a shell sticking to their backs. and behind them will come Robert, happy, fatherly Robert, with head erect, watching with anxious eyes for intruders.

The mother is leading her family in quest of food. Too many children to carry food for as most other birds do, therefore she was ordered on creation day to point out the dainty morsels and let the children gather for themselves. She is an ideal rambler, and will lead those children around and around in that small field for many days if left undisturbed.

When the children are two-thirds grown, father and mother will lose them and proceed to have another home and another nest filled with eggs. The same operation of hatching and seeking for food is repeated; and when the second family are half grown the first children are hunted up, a reconciliation takes place, and then they go rambling around as a united family of from twenty-five to thirty-five active, whistling, agricultural implements.

The Secretary of Agriculture at Washington, D. C. has issued a special bulletin, which may be had for the asking, entitled "The Economic Value of Bob White." In that bulletin conclusive and absolute proof is furnished that quails are fond of at least sixty different species of harmful insects. I desire to call the reader's attention to this strange fact,—that the young quails in the wheat field are hatched just at harvest time, and that the Hessian Fly evolves from the larval condition just as the wheat is ripening, leaving the fly in the wing stage on the stubble of the wheat immediately after harvest.

The Meadow Lark is just what we call it. Mr. Meadow Lark belongs to the Oriole family and is a weaver of grass. He is so cunning in his weaving that he provides a home, covers it so carefully that many of our readers have passed within two feet of one of those brown grass fronts without seeing it.

Four eggs; then come four little children with long, yellow necks. Go some time before daylight, conceal yourself five or six feet from that home; see mother sitting on the little children, father about a foot and a half from them, with his head pointed toward them. Watch them before daylight as they start off through that meadow, hugging the ground so closely lest harm come to them before they are able to furnish their children breakfast. See them as they return again and again to that home, feeding their children more than one hundred and fifty times daily. Then with a pair of glasses examine the food that their children are fond of. You will discover that nine-tenths of that supply consist of wire worms or click beetles.

There will come a time when a Meadow Lark in the northern meadow will be considered worth twenty-five dollars; and after he has spent the summertime in the northern meadow, and goes to the cotton fields of the South for his winter work, he will be considered of such value that the man who dares to harm him will be placed in jail, where he belongs. The cotton industry of our southland is one of vast importance to all the civilized people on earth, therefore whatever machinery has to do with success in cotton growing is too valuable to be used as a target.—*Col. Isaac W. Proven in Bible Record.*



THE INGLENOOK

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DURING these days of uncertain weather it is well to remember the promise that "while the earth remaineth, seedtime and harvest shall not cease."



WE often hear people complaining because they are misunderstood and laying their failures to this fact. It is an unfortunate condition, but as a misfortune it can in no way be compared with that of one misunderstanding himself. To go through life without knowing where we are or what we are is nothing short of a calamity.



By the time this issue reaches our readers many of them will be completing arrangements for attending the Annual Conference of the Church of the Brethren, to be held at Harrisonburg, Va., May 27-June 3, and those coming from the far West will be on their way. The editor hopes to be able to arrange the office work so as to attend a part of the meeting, at least. Sometimes it is worth while to do extra work for a time in order to have a few days off, and when attendance at our Annual Conference is the prize held out in return for the extra hard work we think it is *always* worth while.



If any one is contemplating sending us an article for the Fourth of July issue, treating some historical phase or in the way of suggestions as to a proper observance of the day, please bear in mind that the manuscript should be in our hands fully three weeks before the date of that issue, which this year is June 29, making June 8 the latest date for receiving copy to insure its appearance in that issue. This is necessary because of the arrangements made in the composing-room and pressroom for the getting out of the paper. We would be pleased to receive a number of contributions suitable for a Fourth of July issue.

PEACE ORATORICAL CONTEST.

ON the evening of May 1 there was an oratorical contest at Bloomington, Ill., between the colleges of the State which have organized peace societies. Ten colleges have these societies, seven of them bring represented in the contest of this year. Many of our readers will be exceedingly gratified to learn that the representative of Mt. Morris College, A. E. Myers, won second place in the contest and received the second prize, fifty dollars.

While recognition of the gift of oratory and the prize money are considerations not altogether to be ignored, they are insignificant compared with the real object of the contest which is the growth and strengthening of the peace sentiment, and we believe that those who are back of the contest have hit upon an effective means of increasing the peace forces thereby. To give this direction to the thought of those who are in the process of developing and training their thought powers is bound to bring a harvest of practical, effective work when the student later gets out into the field of action.

The contestant who won first prize in the State contest, Harold Flynn, of Illinois Wesleyan University of Bloomington, later represented Illinois in the interstate contest held in Chicago May 4, in connection with the National Peace Congress.



CARNEGIE HERO AWARDS.

THE Carnegie Hero Fund Commission at its regular quarterly meeting in Pittsburg, May 3, made awards to twenty-three persons in different parts of the country for deeds of heroism considered since the last meeting. The awards consist of sixteen bronze medals, seven silver medals, \$14,000 in cash, and annuities amounting to \$125 a month. Ten thousand dollars was also appropriated by the commission for the relief of relatives of the victims of the two mine explosions in the Lick Branch mine at Switchback, W. Va., on Dec. 29, 1908, and Jan. 12, 1909.

As many of our readers knew, this "hero" fund of \$5,000,000 was established in 1904 by Andrew Carnegie "to place those following peaceful vocations, who have been injured in heroic efforts to save human life, in somewhat better positions pecuniarily than before, until again able to work. The field embraced by the fund is Canada and the United States, and the waters thereof."

This hero fund is significant of the humane idea of this age, and its estimation of real bravery. Slowly but surely we are growing away from the idea, so long predominant, that the hero is the man who risks his life to *kill* others instead of to save them. The man who could force the largest number of his enemies into a position where they could be easily done to death and the man whose sword was deepest stained with the

blood of his fellow-men were once (would that we might say in the misty ages of the past!) awarded the hero medals and accorded every honor to show the high value placed upon such deeds. This in civilized (?) nations, though the same rules obtain in the hunting lodge of the savage when the "braves" return with their string of scalps, or heads, as in the case of headhunters.

It is true that the Carnegie Hero Fund does not reach all the real heroes of the present time, and neither does it aim to do so, but because it does not is no reason why we should discourage the beginning it has made in recognizing the noble, self-sacrificing impulses that are to be found in many human hearts. If it does nothing more than to cause us to consider seriously what constitutes a real hero, thus pointing out to us the thousands who go quietly through this life unrewarded as such, the fund shall not have been established in vain.

The medals awarded by the Carnegie Hero Fund Commission are encircled with these words: "Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." Following are the interesting statistics of the five years since the fund was established: Cases considered, 3,219; granted, 246; refused, 2,059; pending, 914. Gold medals awarded, 13; silver, 113; bronze, 120. Pecuniary awards to heroes and their dependents, including pension allowances, \$164,941.54.



THIS TOO SHALL PASS.

A mighty monarch in the days of old
Made offer of high honor, wealth and gold
To him who would produce in form concise
A motto for his guidance,—terse yet wise—
A precept, soothing in his hours forlorn,
And one that in his prosperous days would warn.
Many the maxims sent the king, men say,
The one he chose: "This, too, shall pass away."

Oh, jewel sentence from the mine of truth,
What riches it contains for age or youth.
No stately epic, measured and sublime,—
So comforts, or so counsels, for all time,
As these few words. Go write them on your heart,
And make them of your daily life a part.
Has some misfortune fallen to your lot?
This, too, shall pass away—absorb the thought,
And wait; your waiting will not be in vain.
Time gilds with gold the iron links of pain.
The dark today leads into light tomorrow;
There is no endless joy, no endless sorrow.

Are you upon earth's heights? No cloud in view?
Go read your motto once again: This too
Shall pass away; fame, glory, place and power,
They are but little baubles of the hour,
Flung by the ruthless years down in the dust,
Take warning and be worthy of God's trust.
Use well your prowess while it lasts; leave bloom,
Not blight, to mark your footprints to the tomb.
The truest greatness lies in being kind;
The truest wisdom in a happy mind.

He who desponds, his Maker's judgment mocks;
The gloomy Christian is a paradox.
Only the sunny soul respects its God.
Since life is short we need to make it broad;
Since life is brief, we need to make it bright.
Then keep the old king's motto well in sight,
And let its meaning permeate each day.
Whatever comes, "This too shall pass away."

—Unidentified.



TOO MUCH LITERATURE.

IN our eagerness to persuade all families to have their homes supplied with plenty of good literature, let us not forget that it is possible to have too much, even of the kind of literature which is sound and helpful. That is, it is possible to have so many good books and good papers that the study of the Bible and other necessary study is neglected. In some homes there is to be found a liberal supply of standard works, especially of the latest out; all the books and papers published by their respective denominations; special papers devoted exclusively to temperance, or lodgism (for or against), or horticulture, or stockraising, or mothers, or Sunday schools, or young people's movements, or education, or other special lines; all the county papers and one or two leading dailies. If these are carefully read (and what is the use in having them if they are not) where is the time left for Bible study? We can see how any of the above may be used to advantage in the family of average intelligence, but we can also see how that there is either some money wasted in buying literature which is never read or time wasted by displacing the Bible by literature of less importance. When confronted with too great a variety of literature, we are not always wise in selecting and reading the best. Every family should determine as to what is best in the selection of good literature, and discard the rest.—*Gospel Herald*.



OUR PART IN THE WORK.

ALL of us at times are afflicted more or less with the feeling that we have accomplished much less in the world than we might have accomplished had we tried harder. We have done nothing to attract the attention of mankind; we have looked constantly for some great work or noble opportunity for brilliant service and it has not come; we feel that we are almost failures. And yet, if we have not attracted the attention of the world, we have at least, by our care in doing our duty, led the man who has the desk next to us to do his, when otherwise he would probably have failed. Our positions may be humble, but in them we are like pieces of the mechanism of a great machine. If we were not there and did not do our part, then the work of the machine would be imperfect. No man need be termed an absolute failure this side of the grave.—*Selected*.



THE HOME WORLD



WHEN LOVE COMES TOO LATE

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me."

THERE is always the future, like a shining stretch of sea, vast and unfathomable. To know the present hour is to know the value of the whole future. Now, O child, your life is free from care, you have only longings for the gifts that the years alone can bring. The sunshine, the bright flowers, the song birds, the clear sky are all for you. And you are impatient for what the years will bring? They will rob you of the joys of today, and no man can say what they will leave in their place.

"Now," you have the dear mother with you, and the family circle is complete; now is the time to say to one and all, "I love you," "You have done so much for me." You ought to live your life with God. All its daily duties, all its small delights should be refined and uplifted because of him whom you serve. There will come some things that are hard to bear, trials, and sharp conflicts and pain, and at the last there is a shadowed valley where each one of us must receive a mortal thrust. But "now" we see none of those things, the sun shines and love and joy are ours.

Yes, and now is the time to be patient and forbearing with those whom we love the best, a word of love and appreciation means so much to them. If we are too busy, too much occupied with our own affairs, to love and cherish them as we should, we may have unavailing regrets when they are taken from us. The Spaniards have a saying that there is no house without its "hush." Sooner or later there comes to every home the hush of bereavement.

"And the heart can have no sadder fate,
Than some day to awake—too late!
And find love dead."

One young lady who lived in Washington told this sad story. Her father was a physician, he had a large practice and the family lived in comparative luxury; then he died suddenly and there was but little left for their support. The daughter said: "I do not mind being poor, but I am broken-hearted because none of us saw that he was dying. Was it not pitiful that he

should think it not best to tell us that he was sick? And yet we knew that he suffered at times, but we all went on just the same, hoping it would come out all right. If I could only remember that even once I had pitied his suffering or felt anxious about his life I might bear his loss better. My own dear father; how terrible it is to love when it is too late!"

Is she alone in her vain regret? No, for the story is common enough. Many a father goes on, year in and year out, carrying the burden and managing to support his family in luxury, while those whom he tenderly loves hold with but careless hands the gold he worked so hard to gain. Then some day it is all over, head and hands can toil no more. Then the family suffer just as did this daughter, and in their sorrow they long for one more opportunity to tell their love. If the dead could return how graciously they would atone for their neglect.

"But when the love we hold too light
Is gone away from our speech and sight,
No bitter tears.
No passionate words of fond regret,
No yearning grief can pay the debt
Of thankless years."

We remember another instance. A young girl was anxious to continue her work of nursing. Her physician warned her that to do so was to endanger her health. She answered, "I cannot give up this work upon which I have set my whole heart without testing my strength a little further!"

But the doctor frowned. "Has any one ever told you that you are a very selfish girl?" he asked unexpectedly. "Even should you be so foolhardy as to continue nursing, have you any idea of what it would mean to your father and mother whom you pretend to love? You are the only sister to whom several brothers look for counsel and sisterly help. After all that your home people have done for you, have they no claim upon you? Have you the right to throw away your life? Would you sacrifice your nearest and dearest, and cause them untold suffering for the sake of the very questionable good that you in the present

state of your health might accomplish for a while,—in behalf of strangers?"

It was a strong appeal, and after some sleepless nights she decided that she would do all she could to make the dear ones at home happy, with never a backward glance at the sacrifice it demanded of her. And she never regretted her decision. She said once, "I am glad that I have been spared the remorse which would have been my portion if I had taken my own way, selfishly."

It is worth while to think of these things now. While life is new, while years are few, while feelings are tender and character is forming, let us guard against those things that may give offense or that may cause us self-reproach. The time is coming when our home ties must be sundered. But if the mourner finds cause for self-accusation and remorse in connection with his grief, his sorrow culminates there, and amid such sadness the eventide of life may often find us weeping over the errors of the morning.

"Gather blossoms for the living,
They'll enjoy their sweet perfume;
Do not wait till they are resting
In the dark and silent tomb.
They may brighten life's dull pathway,
Some poor sufferer they may cheer,
Send them in their radiant beauty,
Heaven may seem more near and dear."



THE POWER OF THE HOME.

THE welfare of the state depends absolutely upon whether or not the average family, the average man and woman and their children, represent the kind of citizenship fit for the foundation of a great nation; and if we fail to appreciate this we fail to appreciate the root of morality upon which all healthy civilization is based. There are certain old truths which will be true as long as this world endures, and which no amount of progress can alter. One of these is the truth that the primary duty of the husband is to be the home-maker, the breadwinner for his wife and children, and that the primary duty of the woman is to be the helpmeet, the housewife and mother. The woman should have ample educational advantages; but, save in exceptional cases, the man must be, and she need not be, and generally ought not to be, trained for a lifelong career as the family breadwinner; and, therefore, after a certain point, the training of the two must normally be different, because the duties of the two are normally different. This does not mean inequality of function, but it does mean that formally there must be dissimilarity of function. On the whole, I think the duty of the woman the more important, the more difficult and the more honorable of the two; on the whole, I respect the woman who does her duty even more than I respect the man who does his.

No ordinary work done by a man is either as hard or as responsible as the work of a woman who is bringing up a family of small children; for upon her time and strength demands are made not only every hour of the day but often every hour of the night. She may have to get up night after night to take care of a sick child, and yet must by day continue to do all her household duties as well; and if the family means are scant she must usually enjoy even her rare holidays taking her whole brood of children with her. The birth pangs make all men the debtors of all women. Above all, our sympathy and regard are due to the struggling wives among those whom Abraham Lincoln called the plain people, and whom he so loved and trusted; for the lives of these women are often lived on the lonely heights of quiet, self-sacrificing heroism.

Of course there are exceptional men and exceptional women who can do and ought to do much more than this, who can lead and ought to lead great careers of outside usefulness in addition to—not as substitutes for—their home work; but I am not speaking of exceptions; I am speaking of the primary duties; I am speaking of the average citizens, the average men and women who make up the nation.

Into the woman's keeping is committed the destiny of the generations to come after us. In bringing up children mothers must remember that while it is essential to be loving and tender it is no less essential to be wise and firm. Foolishness and affection must not be treated as interchangeable terms; and besides training your sons and daughters in the softer and milder virtues you must seek to give them those stern and hardy qualities which in after life they will surely need. Some children will go wrong in spite of the best training; and some will go right even when their surroundings are most unfortunate; nevertheless an immense amount depends upon the family training. If mothers through weakness bring up sons to be selfish and to think only of themselves, they will be responsible for much sadness among the women who are to be their wives in the future.

There are many good people who are denied the supreme blessing of children, and for these we have the respect and sympathy always due to those who, from no fault of their own, are denied any of the other great blessings of life. But the man or woman who deliberately foregoes these blessings, whether from viciousness, coldness, shallow heartedness, self-indulgence, or mere failure to appreciate aright the difference between the all-important and the unimportant—why, such a creature merits the contempt as hearty as any visited upon the soldier who runs away in battle, or upon the man who refuses to work for the support of those dependent upon him, and who, though able-bodied, is yet content to eat in idleness the bread which others provide.—*Theodore Roosevelt.*

THIS BABY OF OURS.

There is not a blossom of beautiful May,
 Silvery daisy or daffodil gay,
 Nor the rosy bloom of apple tree flowers
 Fair as the face of this baby of ours.

You can never find on a bright June day
 A bit of fair sky so cheery and gay,
 Nor the haze on the hill in noonday hours
 Blue as the eyes of this baby of ours.

There is not a murmur of wakening bird,
 The clearest, sweetest that ever was heard
 In the tender hush of the dawn's still hours
 Sweet as the voice of this baby of ours.

There's no gossamer tint of tasseled corn,
 Nor flimsiest thread of the shy woodfern,
 Not even the cobweb spread over the flowers,
 Fine as the hair of this baby of ours.

There is no fairy shell by the sounding sea,
 No wild rose that nods on the windy lea,
 No blush of the sun through summer showers
 Pink as the palms of this baby of ours.

May the dear Lord spare her to us, we pray,
 For many a long and sunshiny day,
 Ere he takes to bloom in Paradise bowers,
 This wee bit darling—this baby of ours.

—Author Unknown.

**THE LITTLE THINGS.**

Do not punish the children for accidents which can not be helped, or which occur in unaccountable ways. Talk to them, and tell them that with a little care the loss could have been avoided, and impress it upon their minds that every breakage, or bit of destruction is, in some sort, a loss, and will bring hardship, or self-denial in order to be replaced. Teach them to think, and to realize that carelessness is always costly.—*Selected.*

**REMOVING ALL SORTS OF STAINS.**

ACID stains, such as vinegar, wine or fruit stains, can be removed by pouring boiling water through the white cotton or linen cloth, by holding the cloth over a vessel.

Blood Stains—Make a thick paste of cornstarch wet with cold water. Apply to the material and when dry, brush off. Soaking in tepid rainwater is very good. Or use tepid solution of one tablespoonful of kerosene to one gallon of water. Let stand a few minutes, then soak in cold water. Then wash in a good, soapy water and hang in the sun.

Chocolate or Cocoa Stains—Use cold water, then pour boiling water on the stained portions.

Coffee Stains—Pour boiling water through the cloth.

Cream Stains—Dampen the spots with diluted ammonia water as one to four of water. For badly stained linen try five parts of glycerine, five parts of water, and one-fourth of ammonia. Apply to the stain and let it remain six or eight hours, then rub with a clean cloth.

Egg Stains—Table salt and a wet cloth will remove egg stains.

Fruit Stains—Powdered starch applied instantly will take out almost any fruit juice stain from wash goods, if allowed to remain on the goods for a few hours until the discoloration passes into the starch. If the spot has been fixed some time soak the article in a weak solution of oxalic acid and rinse immediately in boiling water or hold the spot over the fumes of sulphur.

Grape Stains—Wash with warm, soapy water and a little ammonia water, sponging afterward with clear, cold water.

Grass Stains—Saturate the spot in alcohol or kerosene, then in clear water.

Grease Spots—For grease in cloth make a paste of fuller's earth and turpentine. Rub on fabric until turpentine evaporates.

For silk, use gasoline. The fabric should be cleaned with a piece of the same goods, the cloth rubbed lengthwise and with the weave.

Grease spots can be removed from marble by applying a paste of potash and whiting.

Grease spots can be removed from wallpaper by rubbing with soft bread-crumbs. Work in a rotary motion.

Ink Stains—Sweet milk or use lemon juice and salt or oxalic acid, which is stronger solution, rinsing in hot water.

Iodine Stains—Soak the spot in alcohol, then in soapy water. If powdered starch be applied immediately and allowed to remain until dry, then brush off, the stain will leave.

Iron Rust—Lemon juice and salt and put article in hot sun. Oxalic acid is a sure remover, but one must be careful in using it, as it will eat the goods. Dip the article quickly in hot water.

Mildew—Soak the article in sour milk and lay in sunshine to dry; or dip article in one part of chloride of lime and twelve parts of water (strained) and lay in the sunshine. As soon as white, rinse thoroughly.

Oil Paint—Remove oil paint with pure turpentine. Ammonia is sometimes good; rinse in clear water.

Perspiration—After rubbing soap on stain, lay the garment in the hot sunshine. This only applies to white goods.

Scorch—Rub the article with soap and bleach in the sun.

Soot Stains—Rub the spot with dry cornmeal or salt.

Tea Stain—Boiling water poured through the cloth will remove freshly made stains. For obstinate stains use either a strong solution of tartaric acid, chloride of lime water, or javelle water. Soak in the bleaching mixture until stain disappears, then rinse in several clear waters.

Tar Stains—Rub the soiled part with lard, then with soap and water.—*Household Journal.*

The Children's Corner

THE LADDIE FROM LILLIPUT LAND.

CLARA NORTH RULEY.

BETTY and Mary Belle were out under the wild grapevine, making a playhouse. It was a most accommodating grapevine, twining and creeping over an apple tree in such a manner that a delightful shady arbor was the result. Near it was the partition fence that separated their yard from the one that belonged to the House just North.

The House just North was a house of mystery, though it was very commonplace in appearance, but for weeks, though it was rented, neither Betty nor Mary Belle had been able to catch a glimpse of the occupants. They had watched patiently for some one to enter or leave the place but so far their patience had been unrewarded. Just now they had forgotten the House just North, for Mary Belle was busily engaged in the manufacture of a cupboard for their dishes and Betty was deep in the mysteries of a playhouse stove. This last must be constructed with great care, for sometimes mama let them build a real little fire and cook real dinners in the playhouse. This was when they had both been very good and mama had time to sit out on the lawn within reach in case of an accident. Betty had finally decided that she would need to call in the aid of her brother John who, though he was younger than either of the girls, was a very practical little boy and could make many things for the girls when he was so minded. Suddenly Betty missed Mary Belle's constant chatter, and looked up from her task to see what had happened, for it was a serious thing indeed that stopped Mary Belle's tongue.

There she was, one black eye glued to a knot hole in the fence, the other rolled desperately toward her sister. Up went her finger as Betty was about to speak. Then she motioned. Betty crept curiously up to the fence and in turn applied her eye to a crack, no other knot hole being available. There stood a real little Lord Fauntleroy, long golden curls, velvet suit and all.

Betty was a romantic little soul and for a moment she thought she had been transplanted to a land where fairies ruled. Perhaps she herself was changed, but no—with a pang of regret she saw the patch on her apron and Mary Belle's pig tails had the same uncomplaining quirk in them that they had a while ago. There was John in his Brownie overalls, busily sharpening skates on this summer day getting ready for winter. John was the one to be ready for anything. No, it was only in the yard of the House just North that enchantment reigned.

Betty leaned over to Mary Belle and whispered

softly, "Do you suppose he is a real little boy, Mary Belle?"

"'Course he is," answered Mary Belle, scornfully. "I 'spect his mama's a silly woman that thinks it looks nice to dress her little boy up in his Sunday clothes every day. Most likely it will kill him, for I heard Uncle Doctor say that it was very bad for children to be dressed up all the time."

"But," objected Betty, "they can't be Sunday clothes, they arn't a bit like John's."

"Well, they are, anyway," insisted Mary Belle, stoutly.

"Let me peek through the knot hole, Mary Belle; this crack is such a tiny thing that when I am looking at little Lord Fauntleroy's face I can't see his curls."

But Mary Belle, secure in the right of possession, would not surrender the knot hole. So Betty secured the aid of John, who widened the crack into a very respectable looking knot hole. By this time their whispers had become audible and attracted the attention of the little boy in the yard of the House just North. He came over to the fence. Mary, nothing loth to begin a conversation, said, "Hello, little boy, do you live in the House just North, and are you a fairy boy or a real boy?" To the children's astonishment he told them that he didn't even believe in fairies. "Who are you then?" said Mary Belle.

"I'm the laddie from Lilliput Land."

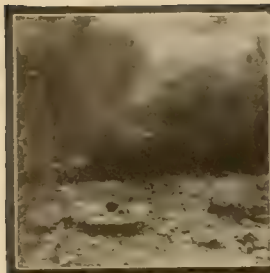
If he had said he was Prince Prettywits, from Fairyland, they would not have been more puzzled, so he explained to them that he was the little boy in an extravaganza making a summer run in the nearby city.

Just then a big fat man and a pretty lady came out of the house. "Is that your mother and father?" said Betty.

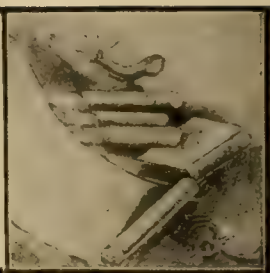
"No, indeed," said the laddie from Lilliput Land. "That is the Manager and the Leading Lady. My mama!" and he laughed, "Why, my mama is a heap prettier than that lady. Why, she just looks like that lady going across the street," and Betty, Mary Belle and John all cried, "That is *our* mama."

Then the laddie from Lilliput Land told the children that his papa was dead and his mama had been ill for a long, long time. One day the Leading Lady happened to see him. She told the Manager she had found the very little boy they needed for the play, so the Manager, who was a very kind-hearted man indeed, advanced money to the Laddie's mother, so she might go to a sanitarium and get well and strong again, and the Leading Lady brought the Laddie with her to this house in the suburbs for the summer. Just then a big colored woman, the biggest Betty, Mary Belle and John had ever seen, came to the door and called the little boy. He ran to the house with the promise that he would come again the next day.

Milford, Ind.



THE QUIET HOUR



SERMONS,—LONG AND SHORT.

J. G. ROYER.

MUCH has been said by mouth and pen, first and last, about long sermons and short sermons. At this time the shorts seem to have it. Clocks are now placed inside of the churches presumably to keep from staying too long, and the preacher has his watch lying on the book-board to keep from saying too much.

In my earlier church-going, when, as it now seems to me, people had more religion, clocks were put on the outside of churches to keep the people from coming too late; and the preacher looked at the face of the congregation, rather than at the face of his watch, to regulate the length of his sermon. Observation has taught me that the face of the watch sometimes says thirty minutes, while the face of the congregation is saying an hour, an hour! Better stick to the face of the congregation, my brother.

Every preacher ought to have some short sermons and some long sermons; for there are, so to speak, some short hearers and some long hearers, short subjects and long subjects, long occasions and short occasions. Things ought, as far as possible, to be made to quadrate, *i. e.*, to fit or suit and correspond.

I once heard of a preacher who went out to a country schoolhouse on a wintry morning. On his arrival he found a few men and women rather meagerly clad, on the sunshine side of the house, shivering from the bleakness of the morning. The preacher invited them to listen to a sermon over an hour long, on the love of the world and the danger of riches. At the close of the meeting one of the congregation was heard to say to the one next to him that he doubted if the entire congregation could have raised a dollar and a half.

Now, a short sermon would have suited better on that morning, and heaven would have been a more suitable subject, closing with the hymn:

"No chilling winds nor poisonous breath
Can reach that healthful shore."

Then there are times when everything seems to say: "We want it long today." Long heads, high heads, and broad heads are present—farmers, mechanics, merchants, teachers, editors, and housekeepers,—all are present on this beautiful summer morning, and everything seems to say: "Dear brother, we are with you today as long as you please. Share with us liberally the good things of the Lord." Now you can give them

a long sermon. They will not only stand it, but they will be glad for it.

But night will draw on. The bright sunshine of the morning will be asleep in the west, and the balmy breezes will have lulled. It will be sultry and close this evening. The room will not be uncomfortably crowded—plenty of seats—quiet will reign. Now, better give them one of your short sermons.

A preacher is always safe in giving a short sermon to a long hearer; but it is unwise, if not cruel, to try to crowd a long sermon into a short hearer. A good sermon need not be long, and a poor one ought not to be long. I have heard forty-five-minute sermons that were shorter than some twenty-five-minute sermons I have listened to.

And such it seems to me is the long and short of sermons.



THE CLOSED HEART.

D. D. THOMAS.

A SHELL lay open in the shallow waters of the ocean shore, taking and assimilating such food as came within its reach. A delicious morsel lay just beyond. It yearned passionately for that especial bit of food, refusing to partake of any other. It was compelled, however, to see another denizen of the deep pick it up, and to the shell it was lost forever. Slowly it closed its stony jaws and there disconsolate it died at last.

One could not question the right or wrong of the shell for such a thing, as by no code or reasoning could we fix responsibility upon it. But we can see how it lost life when it could have lived, how it delved into the clouds when there was plenty of sunshine, how it became a stranger to hope when hope was knocking at the door.

There are questionable elements that enter into an action of that kind. The "other denizen" might have starved so far as the shell was concerned. The pleasure of eating was more to it than the searching where most life could be given. Self-denial was not an element that it harbored. Then when it saw the morsel go it became envious and it could be said that envy ate its vitals out. In its heart no doubt its fellow being was murdered though it was helpless to perform the overt act.

Heaven showered blessings upon it and what it had of life was a song. It looked forth and saw that which would benefit others and began to covet. That was the

starting down hill toward the exit of life. For even the life within the shell is affected by that law, that "he who would gain life shall lose it," and it is a law that the highest animate life cannot change. An affection sprang up, very ordinary at first, but grew and grew into inordinate, that excluded the love from heaven itself. Well, the source of life was cut off, and one can see how death could not be excluded. But such are the mercies of God that even under conditions of this kind there is still hope. The waters are there to bear the morsels of life, the power is within to assimilate.

It has coveted and lost. It has shut out the source of life. A false pride arises not to be humbled by admitting some other morsel. Here they are all around. The waters are teeming with them. The voice of appeal is heard but it is deaf to all these. The winds bear the glad tidings of the goodness and glory of God, but the little shell fitted by the Maker to preserve life lies listless upon the ocean shore. It has been deluded into believing that it was suffering martyrdom, when it was the victim of intense selfishness; that it was acting righteously, when every act was destroying life; that its virtue would be acceptable to God, when its example would result in the extinction of all living beings. So delusive is the light that Satan sheds upon his victim's work.

Let us imagine another course open to the shell. The wraiths of the sea are ever a feast to it. These songs, now low, now high, then dying away in the distance, now rising with a grandeur, so fill its life that it is very happy. The sunshine gladdens it and the darkness soothes it. The tears of heaven refresh it and the waters of the sea replenish it. Its days are filled with rejoicing and its nights are serene with peace. It grows and enlarges its life and at death there are no stings of pride or thrusts of envy. Even when the life has escaped, the organs of its being torn down, its shell all that remains, then the laughing maid upon the shore picks it up and she hears it sing of the sea.

Lafayette, Ohio. ❀ ❀ ❀

THE TEST OF MEN.

ONE recognizes in our own rough daily judgments that fidelity is the discriminating test of men. We are told that So-and-So has made a certain statement. That gives the statement no significance of value to us. But So-and-So also made it. That quite alters the matter. He is a faithful man and his own trustworthiness covers all that issues from him. It is what we seek in servants—simple fidelity in all quiet and unostentatious duty. And it is what we crave in friends. "Give us a man," said Dean Stanley, "young or old, high or low, on whom we can thoroughly depend, who will stand firm when others fail; the friend, faithful and true; the adviser, honest and fearless, the adversary, just and chivalrous; in such a one there is a fragment of the Rock of Ages." For, as Paul joyfully realized, fidelity is the very nature and

characteristic of God. Whatever else changes, he changes not. He abides faithful because it is his own being. He cannot deny himself.

Love, says Paul, is a greater thing than faith or hope, but love in this sense is simply fidelity, the realization in life of the faithfulness of God. Paul's doctrine is that fidelity, which is simply veracity in action, is sovereign over life. And this is Christ's doctrine: "Be thou faithful unto death, and I shall give thee a crown of life." That was the closing verse in a small Christian tract prepared for distribution to the Japanese soldiers going to Manchuria. A captain read it with delight. "That is the religion for us," he said. A curate whom the late Archbishop Temple proposed to send to a very difficult post, was urged by his friends to decline, on the ground that he would not live two years in the strain and trial of it. He came to Temple, "Yes, it may be so," was the reply, "but you and I don't think of things like that, do we?"

Dying is a trifle, an incident in the temporary episode of life, but fidelity is no trifle. It is an anchorage in the eternal moral integrity of God. To betray it for the sake of life or any other bauble, is to trade glass for diamond; to build hay, whose end is fire, instead of gold, which is to be tried and to endure.

This conception of what, after all, is the greatest thing in life, dignifies our common ways. It brings the heroic within the reach of each one of us. If we can display the divine nature in our common living then that glory is possible to every one.

And it is by taking advantage of this possibility of fidelity in the ordinary things of life that we shall come some day without knowing it to the glory of the Divine character realized in life.—*Robert E. Speer.*

❀ ❀ ❀ WHICH?

READER, there are two ways of beginning the day, with prayer and without it. You begin the day in one of these two ways. Which?

There are two ways of spending the Sabbath, idly and devotionally. You spend the Sabbath in one of these ways. Which?

There are two classes of people in the world, the righteous and the wicked. You belong to one of these classes. Which?

There are two great rulers in the universe, God and Satan. You are serving one of these great rulers. Which?

There are two roads which lead from time to eternity, the broad and the narrow road. You are walking one of these two roads. Which?

There are two deaths which people die, some die in the Lord and some die in their sins. You will die one of these deaths. Which?

There are two places to which people go, heaven and hell. You will go to one of these places. Which?

—*Parish Visitor.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The State Supreme Court of Kansas has decided that a distiller, brewer or wholesale wine dealer cannot invoke the aid of the courts in collecting a bill for liquor in Kansas. The suit was brought by the Nelson Distilling Company in Butler County.

In order to protect the consumers of bread against the microbes that may infect it while being transmitted from the bakery to the customer, the Montclair, N. J., board of health has adopted a rule requiring that every loaf delivered in the town shall be delivered in a sealed aseptic bag.

In Canada an effort is being made to induce Swiss immigrants to settle there, a somewhat difficult task, as in Switzerland the emigration laws are very strict, the circulation of literature describing foreign countries being forbidden, as well as personal solicitation. Only about 6,000 Swiss leave their native land each year to settle elsewhere.

An attempt is to be made to acclimate the Korean wild fig in California. The fig, growing on a hardy vine, on trees, trellises, and hedgerows to a height of 30 feet, bears a delicious fruit. Some of the seed has been sent to the Department of Agriculture, California State University. The fig grows wild in Korea, and has proven of great value there.

Nearly \$8,000,000 of treasure was found in the Yildiz Kiosk, which had been placed there by Sultan Abdul Hamid. It has been decided that out of this sum will be paid the expenses of the mobilization and the maintenance of the army which overthrew the Sultan. All other monies belonging to the deposed Sultan will be confiscated by the state.

The minister of marine, Admiral Mirabello, has obtained the approval of the Italian Cabinet to a naval programme that provides for the construction within 'three years' at a total expense of \$52,800,000 of four Dreadnoughts and several fast scout cruisers. A local paper says the decision to build these vessels was reached after Italy had learned that Austria-Hungary was going to spend \$40,000,000 on increased naval power.

Miss Addie M. Hunt, a trained nurse, has secured one of the largest judgments in the history of New York personal damage actions. The jury awarded her \$58,000 damages against the Long Island Railroad Company. Both of Miss Hunt's legs were taken off by a Long Island train two years ago. She fell beneath the car and her petition charged that the train started to move before she could board it. Four months ago, at the first trial of the case, Miss Hunt was awarded \$25,000, but the court set the verdict aside on the unusual ground that it was inadequate.

Prince Lidj Jeassu, 13 years old, grandson of King Menelik of Abyssinia and heir apparent to the throne, was married May 16 to Princess Romanie, 7 years old, granddaughter of the late Emperor John and niece of Empress Taitou. The marriage is of great importance politically, as it unites the two dynasties and families of powerful chiefs.

The faculty of Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, have taken drastic measures—that might well be widely patterned after—to compel the elimination of objectionable matter from the university paper, the Quax. The annual edition, just published at a cost of \$3,000, was confiscated and the editors compelled to cut out offensive cartoons that reflected on one of the faculty and one of the students.

The Duke Di Litta has sent an Italian inspector of emigration to his big estate on the Manatee River in Florida to study the economic and hygienic conditions with reference to the proposed colonization there of 5,000 earthquake sufferers. The Duke made his offer to the government shortly after the earthquake devastated Messina and Reggio. He owns great tracts of land in southwest Florida which he proposes to permit quake victims to farm on shares.

Dr. H. O. Beeson states that a very common and entirely avoidable cause of indigestion is the use of common salt in excess. Salt, if used in the proportion of 4 parts or less to 1,000, is beneficial to digestion, but beyond 6 parts to 1,000 it is positively harmful. Our daily average consumption is approximately 22.5 parts to 1,000, whereas sea water contains only about 27 to 1,000. Our daily army ration contains 307 grains of salt, of which only 15 are assimilated.

A novel device has been invented for use in hotels, to enable the patrons to determine the exact time at any hour of the day. A small telephone receiver is connected to the head of the bed in each room, and may be placed under the pillow, if desired. The device is connected to a master clock. When the sleeper wishes to know what time it is, he places the 'phone to his ear and presses a button. A set of gongs will then strike the hour, the quarter, and the number of minutes past the quarter.

The commandant of the Paris police has devised a pair of spectacles by the aid of which his men can not only see what is going on in front of them, but at the same time note what is taking place to the rear. Small concave mirrors are attached at the outer edge of the corners, being so placed as not to interfere in the least with the forward view. A trial of the spectacles is said to have proved to be very satisfactory, and it is expected that the efficiency of the police will be increased by making use of them.

A special committee of the Turkish Parliament is considering an amendment to the constitution by which the succession to the throne will no longer go to the oldest male descendant of Othman, the founder of the dynasty. The Young Turks favor a descent from father to son, as in other European countries. If the proposed change in the constitution is effected the Young Turks plan eventually to ask Mehmed V to abdicate in favor of a prince of greater physical vigor and—what is more important—more in touch with modern ideas and with the world of men.

The Netherlands General Peace League has started a movement to try to induce all the governments of the world to become parties to the Danish-Netherlands treaty of obligatory arbitration. This treaty, it will be remembered, is without limits either as to time or classes of disputes. It refers all controversies for all time to the Hague Court. It is therefore the model treaty. It contains a provision also that other governments may become parties to it. The Netherlands Peace League is asking the peace societies and workers in all countries to aid in securing the realization of their proposal.

Miss Carolina H. Huidobro, well known in peace circles for her peace addresses, which were devoted mostly to the interpretation of the events leading up to the erection of the great peace monument, "The Christ of the Andes," on the boundary between Chile and Argentina, died of heart disease at her apartments in the Hotel Clarendon, New York, on April 13. Miss Huidobro was a native of Valparaiso, Chile. She came to this country at the age of seventeen, to complete her education, and then returned to Chile. She returned to this country fifteen years ago and remained here. She was much interested in the peace movement and was a good speaker.

The colored folks at the national capital and in the nearby States of Virginia, Maryland, Pennsylvania, New York, etc., are making arrangements to be largely represented at the big national convention of the National Negro American Political League, which is to begin its second annual sessions on May 27 at Columbus, in the Buckeye State. This organization is widely extended and has its headquarters at Washington. The National Negro American Political League was formed in the City of Brotherly Love, in Pennsylvania, about a year ago as a merger of a number of national, State and local political organizations. Its purpose is to convince the colored voters, particularly in the North and West, of the necessity of using their ballots primarily to secure race rights, rather than in the interest of any political party.

The first sweeping change in the affairs of the New York custom house under the administration of Collector Wm. Loeb, Jr., was recently announced when it was officially stated that the offices of four of the five United States weighers had been abolished. The change, which went into effect at the close of the business May 12, removes from office Chas. H. Wardell, Jr., Archibald Edmunston, John W. O'Brien and Chas. DeWitt Drew. There is now but one United States weigher, Thomas D. Hyatt, who was of assistance to the government in the prosecution of the sugar frauds and other short weight cases. The weighers' offices of the docks have been removed to the custom house. Ten of the assistant weighers who were of assistance to the government in bringing to light underweighing frauds have been made deputy weighers with an increase of salary.

Yielding to the insistent demands of a large part of the Russian public, the Czar has ordered the release from Fortress Peter and Paul of Admiral Nebogatoff and Gen. Stoessel, who were undergoing life imprisonment, the former for the surrender of his ships to the Japanese in the battle of the Sea of Japan and the latter for lowering his flag at Port Arthur. Both the admiral and the general are in failing health and it is believed that Stoessel has but a short time to live.

In the hope of guarding against future disturbances among state employes, the French Government has begun drafting a statute granting its employes the right to form benefit associations, but denying them the right to strike or confederate themselves with civil unions. The passage of the measure when completed is practically assured. The postmen's and telegraphers' strike is dead. Both the postal and telegraphic services, however, are suffering from the harassing tactics employed by the remaining strikers. The regular handling of printed matter was resumed today.

Owing to the discontinuance of public relief to the earthquake sufferers, thousands of victims of last December's catastrophe are pouring back into Messina at an alarming rate. Since the quake most of Messina's population that was not killed has been sheltered throughout Sicily and Southern Italy. These people are now flocking back and an increased population of from 20,000 to 40,000 is threatened within a few days. Local authorities are imploring the government to take some remedial steps, but owing to the prevailing red tape in all government affairs it will be days before any relief can be had.

The lower branch of the Michigan Legislature has passed the Crampton-Warner liquor bill, the most rigid saloon regulation bill which ever was acted upon in the State. Among the many provisions, it is declared that the wholesaler, if nonresident, must pay \$500 annual fee and an extra \$50 for each warehouse, and that he can sell only to a retailer. No ex-convict or woman can own a saloon; two violations of law forfeit licenses; druggists can sell liquor only on physicians' prescriptions or for scientific or sacramental uses; saloons are limited in number to one to each 500 of population; no new saloons shall be within 400 feet of a church, and no signs advertising liquor shall be placed outside the saloon.

Upon his return to Washington from Baddeck, Nova Scotia, where he had been taking part in the aerodrome experiments for the last six months, Prof. Alexander Graham Bell said that heavier-than-air machines of this type would prove valuable chiefly as an aid to warfare. He called attention to the fact that the weight of these aeroplanes increases faster than their size, which seems to bar their successful use extensively for transportation purposes. With the tetrahedral kite system, however, the increase in size, weight, and lifting power is found to be about equal, and he sees no reason why machines of this type could not be constructed capable of carrying 100 men or more. At the same time it would be possible to maintain a low-rate speed not possible with the aeroplanes of the Wright type. He believes that his machine, the Silver Dart, which recently made successful flights at Baddeck, is superior to the Wright machines.



Among the Magazines



ALCOHOL AND THE CORSET.

Evidently realizing that the above title would prove somewhat perplexing to his readers, M. Marcel Prévost, the author of the article appearing thereunder in a recent number of *Le Figaro* (Paris), explains in his opening paragraph that "it is not the title of a fable, nor is it the fantastical juxtaposition of two words drawn at random from the dictionary. It is the rapprochement,—perhaps unexpected,—of the names of two of the worst plagues that ravage humanity called 'civilized,' and particularly the people of France. One is more especially a masculine plague; the other is exclusively feminine. Both, however, have this common characteristic, that their attraction is purely artificial."

All children are naturally gourmands; but the taste for alcohol is not inborn. The first time a child tastes it he makes a grimace; and he is only brought to take it by means of the addition of sugar. M. Prévost refers to the reprehensible practice of the women of Normandy, who give their babies slices of bread steeped in diluted brandy, the result of which is that the boy of ten "is already an assiduous frequenter of the cabarets." He adds:

"Were the consumption of alcohol suppressed today, humanity would not have one pleasure the less. The suppression of alcohol would be no greater loss to the French people than the suppression of opium."

Equally "the feminine plague of the corset is a sort of diabolical suggestion, which satisfies no true need of either well-being or estheticism." M. Prévost reminds his countrywomen that the Venus of Milo exceeds thirty-eight inches round the waist; and he calls their attention to the admirable group of "The Dance" on the facade of the Paris Opera House, in which the figure of the man exhibits a waist no larger than those of the women dancers. The estheticism of Carpeaux, he says, was that of ancient Greece, and of all the world in the main, "for no maker of corsets ever pretended that the lines of his models would conform to the canon of the artists." The following little "lecture" is then addressed to womankind:

"Some women say: 'It is impossible for me to walk without corsets'; but this should be translated: 'The deformity which was imposed upon me from infancy is now acquired definitively. I am not a normal woman.' Just as the slave of alcohol says: 'I am ill when deprived of my beverage.' A good half of the feminine beings scattered over the globe walk without corsets. The compression of the waist was suggested to women neither by the desire to be more beautiful nor with a view to comfort. It was a suggestion as unforeseen, as stupid, as the compression of their feet by the Chinese women or the dilation of the neck among the 'swells' of Padang. Do you know, Madame, what is the height of fashion among the grand ladies of Padang? At the age of six an iron collar is fixed around the neck of the young girl;

each succeeding year another collar is added, each being solidly riveted; little by little the intervertebral cartilages are distended, until in the adult the neck becomes as long as the face."

M. Prévost, in the course of a fierce denunciation of alcoholics, says:

"Thousands of human beings are wretched through alcohol; and one cannot find a single soul that it has made happy. One statistician (I believe a German) has calculated that a single alcoholic has in the space of a hundred years cost the state 900,000 francs, through the misery, sickness, insanity, and crime of his descendants."

The effects of the feminine plague are less tragic in appearance; but appearances must not be too implicitly relied on. "Anything that threatens the equilibrium, the health, of the women is exceptionally grave; for the woman is the mother, and the scarcity of mothers is the ruin of the race." After citing the views of eminent physicians as to the injurious effects of the corset, M. Prévost asks the women to try a little experiment for themselves.

"Lay aside your corsets for six months, Madame. At the end of that time your waist will have increased from four to six inches, and the organs will have recovered their normal volume. 'But this would be frightful! Increase my waist six inches! Sir! you are mad!' This is simply the argument of the Chinese ladies and of the grandes dames of Padang."

The evils of corset-wearing are summed up in the following terms:

"From all this results this sad phenomenon: With a smaller expenditure of energy, with a régime more sober and more chaste than that of man, with less of alcoholism, the modern woman is less healthy than the modern man. She is becoming more and more a being fragile, bizarre, dyspeptic, and neuropathical. She is fitted less and less for the duties of maternity; and thus the feminine plague conspires with its masculine fellow to attack the race at the very root."

What should be done with regard to these two plagues? M. Prévost answers:

"Deal with them as with all plagues,—with discretion, constraint, and force; and force here means the law. Already laws for the regulation of the sale of alcohol have been devised. But laws against the corset,—will any one dare to introduce such? In Bulgaria and Roumania girls are forbidden to wear corsets in the state schools; in Germany a similar prohibition exists for the female students in the gymnasia; in Russia the girl pupils of the lyceums and the high schools are required at entrance to discard 'the cuirass which they wear under the name of corset,' . . . but in France an ordinance of the Council of Health forbidding the use of corsets during lessons in gymnastics is not executed and, moreover, is not executable for the very good reason that 'the habiliments of the young ladies do not admit of the discontinuance of the corset.'"

"But," concludes this entertaining narrative, "fashion, even if absurd, is not invincible, as witness the passing of the custom of piercing the ears. When women are convinced that the compression of the waist is more dangerous than the mutilation of the feet, as in China, they will doubtless themselves call for a law to wipe out the feminine plague."—Review of Reviews.



FREE TEXTBOOK TROUBLES.

The practice of supplying books to public schools at public expense is gaining ground rapidly. As a dollars-and-cents proposition it is a success. Books can be bought much cheaper in large quantities, and as they are used on an average about three years, their cost per pupil is much less than when the parents had to buy books separately for the children, at retail prices. In some places, no doubt, poor judgment is used in the furnishing of free textbooks; the publishers have ways of unloading undesirable books on the authorities. In the District of Columbia schools, for instance, they are now using spellers dating back to 1890. In these spellers the names of the types used in printing are given as "pica," "bourgeois," etc., whereas these terms are now discarded and the "point system" is in general use—the inch being divided into 72 "points," and pica type being now called "12-point," brevier "8-point," etc.

California has for some years tried the scheme of publishing her own textbooks, in order to evade the exactions of the schoolbook trust. The results have not been entirely satisfactory, for textbook-making is an art, and no single State can afford to put money enough into the preparation of the different books to make them first-class.

The promiscuous use of schoolbooks by pupils of all grades of dirtiness is obviously very objectionable on hygienic grounds. Our schools are already a hotbed of disease, for whatever one pupil "has" is quickly spread into all the homes of the community, and the adoption of public books has been a boon to the little germs. Then, again, one pupil is cleanly in habits and he will use a book a year without soiling or injuring it to any great extent, whereas the next one will so befoul and tatter his book that it will not be fit to give out again. The fact that the books are paid for out of the public funds leads many pupils to be careless, and some teachers are opposed to the free system on this ground, for a pupil who has to provide his own book takes pride in it as his own property.

A compromise system has been proposed by Principal Armstrong of the Canton, Ohio, high school. He believes as a matter of economic as well as hygienic policy, each pupil should have some pecuniary interest in the books he uses. His idea is that the books should in the first instance be provided at public expense. After being used, those of each kind are to be divided into three classes, first, second, and third, according to condition. Then each pupil can buy from the school the class of book he sees fit; if he is particular he can pay the price and get a new book. In any case, at the end of the year he will turn in the book and receive credit for it according to its condition, so that he will only pay for the actual damage he has done to it. At present a careful, cleanly pupil often has a dirty and torn book, while a careless pupil draws a new one. This is not fair, and it does not encourage careful habits. Prof. Armstrong's proposed remedy seems to be a good one, but it will probably not be favored by the parents, who have directly to foot the bills.—The Pathfinder.

ABOUT THE MATTER OF PURE DRINKING WATER.

The water question, in so far as health is concerned, is one of the most significant questions with which the individual or the community can concern itself. What we shall drink, whether it be river or well or lake or spring water, is of the utmost importance. Our country is so large, our streams so much used. Take a river like the Ohio, which flows first in the shape of many branches through Pennsylvania and West Virginia, passing towns like Wheeling, McKeesport, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville and other places, before finally joining the Mississippi at Cairo—there could be nothing more dangerous in the shape of water than that. It is at once the drain and the sewer of innumerable villages and towns, the place in which is dumped all the refuse and from which is drawn again the water with which the streets and toilets are flushed.

You mustn't think, either, because you have a well in your yard that you are perfectly safe. Do you know where the water comes from? Have you any idea what drains into your well? How far is it from a sewer? How far from a cesspool? Have you ever had it tested? Do you know that some so-called pure, cold well water contains enough lime or sodium or other chemical to undermine your bone or muscles and produce certain forms of disease? You can just as easily have your system undermined and destroyed by what you drink in the shape of pure cold water as by what you do in any other harmful way, and more so. It is more insidious.

It is no excuse to say that you can not help yourself. The water question can always be helped. Wells can be deepened; drains looked after. If you live in cities, examinations can be asked and secured. Then, at least, if anything happens to you or your children, you can bring an action for damages which will not only relieve your private needs, but be so significant that it will create public sentiment and perhaps bring about better sanitary conditions for your neighbor. Try it, anyhow.—The Delineator for June.



CEMENT HEN HOUSE.

CEMENT or concrete is the proper material to use in building hen houses. They can be whitewashed inside and out, and by putting a quart of cement into each gallon of lime-wash, it makes a durable paint which will not rub off.

The cement wall is more easily whitewashed than rough boards, and there are no hiding places for vermin.

The ingredients for cement walls are cement, sand, gravel and water.

Every farm with a gravelly creek bed has the foundation of a cement plant already in operation; the sand and gravel are already mixed and wet, so that not much more water is needed.

Make a rough box, half as long as a wagon bed, and twice as wide—or it can be made a little longer and not quite so wide. In this put the gravel, and for every five bucketfuls of gravel put in one of cement. Then with a short-handled shovel throw it from one end of the box to the other, three times, which will thoroughly mix it. Then pour in the water, making a good

mortar, having it too thin rather than too thick, so that it can be readily poured into the mold.

The easiest and quickest way to build the walls is to set up two rows of scantling and tack boards inside; pour the mortar between these boards. Allow them to set two days to give the wall a chance to become good and firm, and then the boards can be removed.

If the mortar is too thick it does not run together properly, and is apt to leave air-holes, and these connecting with other air-holes make a bad wall. The mortar should be well pushed down to prevent these air-holes.

If the full length of the wall can not be built at one time, do not try to make it connect straight up and down, but let the mortar run out and dry obliquely. Then when the next filling is put in, drive some spike nails about half their length in the partly dried mortar, say about eight to ten inches apart. This will make a solid, continuous wall that will not come apart at the joining.

Door and window frames must be put in before the walls are built up, and they must be placed permanently, for the opening can never be changed.

We built a wall, solid, which if continuous would have been seventy-eight feet long and seven feet high. Seventy sacks of cement and three times as much sand and gravel built this, and there was enough left to make a twenty-barrel water tank.—*Farm Journal*.



A BOGUS GEOLOGIST.

CLEVER detective work and prompt action on the part of the police of Oakland, California, prevented a bogus geologist of the United States Geological Survey from fraudulently collecting and making off with a possible couple of thousand dollars.

One D. P. Coble, possessing several aliases and hailing from Vancouver, B. C., has confessed to the authorities that he thought it would be a simple and easy way to outfit himself for a trip to Mexico by stopping in Oakland and engaging a number of young men for United States Geological Survey work in Alaska during the coming season, requiring them to deposit with him \$65 each as a guaranty that they would not quit the service. He therefore opened an office in Oakland, hired a stenographer, had \$25 worth of work done in printing Geological Survey letterheads and elaborate blanks, forged several cleverly-written letters addressed to himself from the Director of the Survey showing his authority to hire young men for government service, and then inserted an advertisement for such young men in the Oakland papers.

He was well prepared to carry out the game; but unfortunately for him the Oakland detectives were on the watch for just such confidence schemes and a member of the "force" applied for one of these Alaskan jobs at "\$60 a month and found." Then followed a little 'quick communication between the

Oakland chief of police and the San Francisco office of the Geological Survey and also the Director of the Survey at Washington. In the meantime the applicants for the Alaskan positions were many and Coble was evidently expecting a rich haul for his three days' work. Thirty applicants were to report on Tuesday and clinch their places by depositing with Coble \$65 each. If they hadn't the sixty-five handy, but could raise \$25, for instance, he would, he had stated, personally advance the difference against the applicants' future salary. To lend color to this scheme he had a forged letter from the Director of the Survey and also blank expense checks against salary account. But by Monday the mesh had been sufficiently tightened around the enterprising but unsuspecting Alaskan promoter, and he was unceremoniously arrested and, after a brief hearing, jailed, thus indefinitely postponing his Mexican trip. His offense is stated to be punishable by \$1,000 fine or three years' imprisonment, or both, and he is being held for the action of the Federal Grand Jury.

The only people, it appears, who are out of pocket in the matter are the stationery printers and the stenographer. The typewriter purchased on approval for the Alaskan work and the reservations of ten steamship berths for the Alaskan applicants were recovered and canceled respectively.



A southern colonel had a colored valet by the name of George. George received nearly all of the colonel's cast-off clothing. He had his eyes on a certain pair of light trousers which were not wearing out fast enough to suit him, so he thought he would hasten matters somewhat by rubbing grease on one knee. When the colonel saw the spot, he called George and asked him if he had noticed it. George said, "Yes, sah, Colonel, I noticed dat spot and tried mighty hard to get it out, but I couldn't."

"Have you tried gasoline?" the colonel asked.

"Yes, sah, Colonel, but it didn't do no good."

"Have you tried brown paper and a hot iron?"

"Yes, sah, Colonel, I'se done tried 'mos' everything I knows of, but dat spot wouldn't come out."

"Well, George, have you tried ammonia?" the colonel asked as a last resort.

"No, sah, Colonel, I ain't tried 'em on yet, but I knows dey'll fit."—*Everybody's Magazine*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

BINDER TWINE—Highest grade standard 7½ cts. lb. Club together and send us your order. We save your money. Farmer agents wanted. Free sample.—Central Supply Co., Mt. Morris, Ill.

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If your school is not using these popular Sunday-school helps we will gladly allow you to use them for six months at half price. We could not afford to make this liberal offer if we did not feel quite sure that you will continue to use them for years to come.

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The Home Model Washer

Contains new features that should concern all who are in need of a washer. By means of a thumbscrew, the lever can be quickly set for long or short leverage, for light or heavy work, a good feature.

The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address: **WM. S. MILLER, Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.**

Buckeye Pure Home Made APPLE BUTTER



Is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all. Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Arnold's Chart of Paul's Journeyings

A useful teacher's tool that you should have close at hand while teaching the life of Paul. Prepared by Bro. C. E. Arnold. Clear outline journey maps; and the principle events and places arranged in easily read columns; all on one sheet of paper, 12 inches by 19 inches. Folds within stiff covers small enough to slip into one's pocket. Twenty cents.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois**

NEFF'S CORNER

Just about the time this appears in print Clovis will celebrate the second anniversary of her existence. She is now a county seat and has a population of about 3,500. I have been here 21 months and in that time property values have increased 400 to 800 per cent, owing to location. Another railroad is building toward the town, and for it also Clovis will be a division point. We expect a population of 10,000 within three years and a proportionate increase in property values. I have charge of 23 rent houses, but turn many applicants for houses away. Houses are still building on every hand and they are usually rented in advance and tenants moving in before they are finished. Being here on the ground and acquainted with the situation, I am in a position to pick up a bargain now and then. If you have funds to invest, it will be worth your while to write me. Address

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico.

CLASS COLLECTION ENVELOPE.

A tough manilla envelope, on which may be recorded the amount of class offering for entire year, with totals for each quarter. Price, each, 2 cents. Price, per dozen, 15 cents.

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois**

Real Art Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only

25 cts.

Set of eight designs, postpaid,

\$1.50

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers

by

Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D.

How would you like to have fifty-two of the greatest preachers of the world for the past 1,700 years come before you one at a time for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—every Sunday for a full year—and each one preach to you the eloquent sermon which made him famous for all time? The possessor of "Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers" will have conferred upon him, in the nearest possible manner, this inestimable privilege and benefit. Dr. Hurlbut has selected the fifty-



two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 681 large pages, bound in elegant cloth.

Publishers' Price,\$2.00
Our Price,95

(Postage extra, 24 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

WHITE BOOK By C. D. Meigs. Deals with Teachers' Meeting; (a) Its Vital Importance; (b) Two Plans for Starting it; (c) Five Gilt-Edged Rules for Governing it; (d) A Program for Conducting it. Price, 5 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six,15 cents
Two packs,25 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Teacher's Class Book.

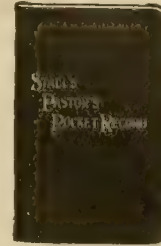
A neat folder with blanks for one year. Can be carried in Bible. Very complete yet simple and compact. Price, per dozen, 35 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

Pastor's Pocket Record

Arranged by Rev.
Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members; over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms; 84 marriages; 105 funerals; 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.



Ministers will find this an excellent little volume to carry with them at all times. It contains nearly 200 pages and is bound in black leather, size 3 3/8 x 5 1/8 inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket. Price, prepaid, only50 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

OUR 1909 GENERAL CATALOG

contains description and price of nearly 1,000 Books: 178 Bibles and Testaments; 193 Silver Text Cards; a fine line of Blotters; 25 Silk and Celluloid Bookmarks; an entirely new line of Art Pictures and Floral Wall Mottoes; 12 Magazine Club Offers; 10 Post Card Albums; Post Cards in 700 designs; 50 Sunday-School Reward Cards; Christmas and New Year Cards and Booklets; Maps, Blackboards, Cradle-Roll Supplies, Home-Department Helps, Teacher-Training Textbooks, and other Sunday-School Supplies.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,

Elgin, Illinois.

FOR LAND SAKES

come to **Reedley, California** where you can raise all the oranges and lemons you want and make a fortune at the same time. Where snow is practically unknown. Located in the heart of the famous **San Joaquin Valley**, the home of the raisin, peach, pear, apple, fig, nuts and vegetables of all kinds. An extra fine place to go into the dairy or chicken business. Have fine **alfalfa** land and there are hundreds of tons raised here. Located on two railroads and on the banks of the Kings River and always in sight of the stately Sierra Nevada Mountains. Nearly perfect climate. Come to California where you don't freeze to death. We always use the Golden Rule in all our dealings and it will pay you big to see us before you locate. For further particulars address

FINCH & HOLDERMAN

Employment Office

Reedley, California, Box 602

Southwestern Kansas Lands

For a home or a profitable investment.

THE GARDEN CITY LAND & IMMIGRATION COMPANY (Inc.), GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, Offers a fine selection of irrigated, sub-irrigated and diversified farming lands at attractive prices.

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

640 acres in Brethren settlement, 12 miles from County Seat, on line of new R. R. Level, fertile land. All tillable. 480 acres cultivated. 340 acres winter wheat. 3 wells fine water 50 feet. Wind-mills, tanks, etc. Good house and outbuildings. 10 acres fine bearing orchard. Good shade trees. All fenced. 1/2 mile of school. Near church. Telephone. R. F. D. Only \$25.00 per acre. Easy terms.

160 acres choice level land 1 1/2 miles Garden City. Irrigated from the United States Pumping plant. All under cultivation. All high class alfalfa and sugar beet land. Price, \$10,000.00.

160 acres well improved irrigated farm. 12 miles from good town. A snap at \$25.00 per acre.

Write for descriptive literature and full information.
DO IT NOW.

Webster's Imperial Dictionary

New and Up-to-Date. Reset from New Type. Thousands of New Words. This is the Only New and Complete Webster Dictionary issued since 1890. For it is the Only "Webster" in which common sense and discrimination have been shown by the editors in the use of capitals. In the Imperial all proper names begin with capitals and other words with small letters. It is strange that so important a feature should have been overlooked in the other Websters—but it was. This is but one of the hundreds of illustrations of the thoroughness with which Webster's Imperial has been prepared.

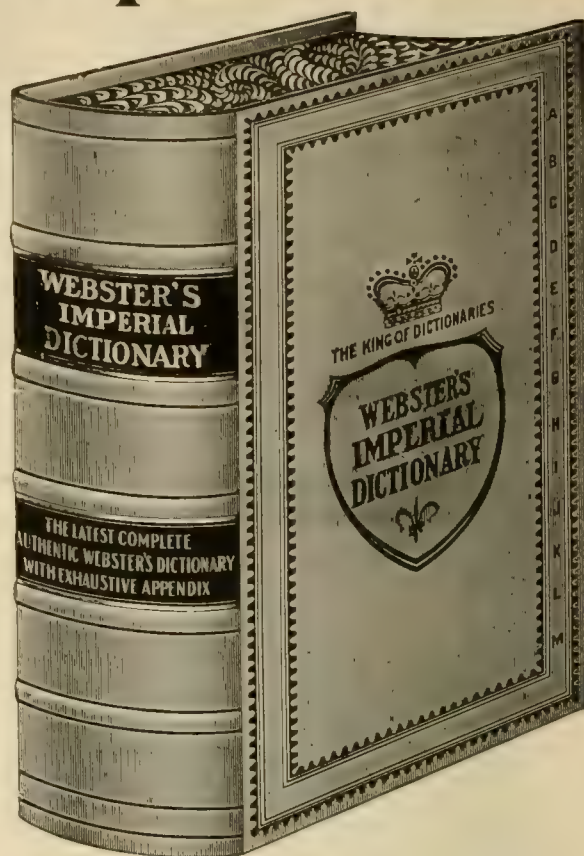
It is the Best and Most Practical, as well as the Latest Complete Dictionary of the English Language, giving the Spelling, Pronunciation, Etymology, and Definitions of Words, together with thousands of Illustrations.

Full Sheep Binding with Patent Index.

Publishers' Price,\$5.00

Our Price (f. o. b. Elgin), 3.98

(If sent by mail add 95 cents for postage.)



The New and Complete Universal Encyclopedia

Self-Pronouncing



Complete in Eight Volumes. Size 8x5 $\frac{3}{4}$ inches. Over 4,100 double-column pages. Hundreds of Illustrations. Extra Cloth Binding. Beautiful Full Gilt Backs. Weight, 16 Pounds. Packed in Wooden Case.

This Cyclopedia stands alone in freshness and variety of matter presented in concrete form. It

is the only Cyclopedia making a pretext of being published in recent years. It contains Nearly Double the Number of Articles Found in the Encyclopedia Britannica.

It Tells About every great subject in Science, Art, History, Philosophy, Biography, Geography, Mathematics, Law, Chemistry, Medicine, and scores of other subjects, all of which are treated simply, thoroughly and concisely.

For Home, School, Office and Library. The Universal Encyclopedia fills the need for an up-to-date, well digested, exhaustive, condensed work. Bound in Cloth, With Full Gold Stamping on Back.

Publishers' Price for eight Volumes,\$12.00

Our Price, f. o. b. Elgin, 4.35

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the north. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melts all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. I. J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones or other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



Garner Schoolhouse, One Mile West of Empire, Where the Brethren Hold Services.

IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED—NEW RAILROAD BUILDING.

A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY
North Manchester, Ind., South Bend, Ind.
Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

THE INGLENOOK

June 1, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



The Stars and Stripes Waved from the Highest Floor.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILLINOIS

A New Book Out And It Is Free

A large party of Brethren from California, in charge of S. P. Bowman, are on their way to the Annual Conference at Harrisonburg, Virginia. As they passed through Omaha, they were each one presented free with a copy of this new book, "JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO."

Following are the names of the parties in charge of Mr. Bowman:

Cornelia and Mary Johnson.	Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fesler.
F. L. Hepner, wife and children.	D. A. Norcross, wife and son.
A. N. White, and wife.	Mrs. Katie Bashore, and child.
Mrs. M. Myers.	Mrs. Fannie Gibbel.
Miss Wampler.	Mr. Percy E. Zug.
Mr. and Mrs. Moses Brubaker.	Miss Elizabeth Snider.
A. H. Emmert, and wife.	

Those persons who attend the Annual Conference at Harrisonburg, and fail to get a copy of this free book, will receive one by mail by writing the undersigned; or should there be any who for any reason will not be permitted to attend the Conference, we would be glad to have them write us asking for a copy of this booklet. It is new and bristling with the history of the church and missionary statistics which will be helpful. Not only send your own name and address plainly written, but the names of other brethren and sisters who you think would be interested in this booklet.

Address all orders for the new book, "JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO," to Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

Life and Sermons of Elder James Quinter



We have just completed the second book and are filling orders every day. We feel certain that several of our customers neglected to place an order in advance, and have printed a few hundred copies besides those needed to fill the advance orders.

The work should prove helpful to thousands of our readers who know little of Bro. Quinter. In his day he was one of the most scholarly and devout men among us, and it will do the younger generation of members good to learn more of his life and experiences. His sermons will prove especially interesting.

The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

The binding is an artistic cloth, on which back and side titles are stamped in white foil.

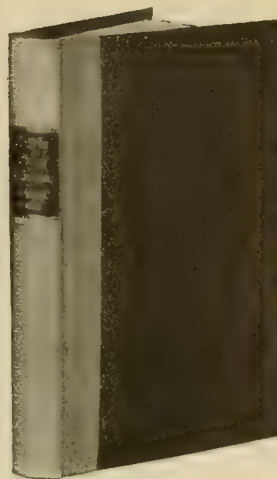
If you are interested, order today.

Price, postpaid,\$1.00

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**
Elgin, Illinois

Two Centuries of the Church of the Brethren

This book contains the twenty addresses delivered at the Bicentennial Conference, Des Moines, Iowa, June 1908. The first large edition was soon exhausted and we have not been able to fill orders



for some time. The second edition is now ready and will be in demand, as several thousand of our readers neglected to purchase during the life of the first edition.

This new edition is printed on thin paper, making a volume about two-thirds the size of the former edition. Typographical errors have been corrected and the binding improved. Large, clear type, 400 pages.

The book is embellished with Twenty-five Full-page Photogravure Effect Portraits. These illustrations consist for the most part of portraits of the speakers who delivered the Bicentennial Addresses at the Des Moines Annual Conference. The frontispiece presents a splendid likeness of the five men composing the Bicentennial Program Committee.

The book is a fitting souvenir of the Bicentennial year and should be found in every Brethren Home.

Send your order by return mail.

Price, in artistic cloth,\$1.50
Half leather, gilt top,\$2.50

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois

\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

Southwestern Kansas Lands

For a home or a profitable investment.
THE GARDEN CITY LAND & IMMIGRATION COMPANY
 (Inc.), GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, Offers a fine selection of irrigated,
 sub-irrigated and diversified farming lands at attractive prices.

SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

640 acres in Brethren settlement, 12 miles from County Seat, on line of new R. R. Level, fertile land. All tillable. 480 acres cultivated. 340 acres winter wheat. 3 wells fine water 50 feet. Wind-mills, tanks, etc. Good house and outbuildings. 10 acres fine bearing orchard. Good shade trees. All fenced. 1/2 mile of school. Near church. Telephone. R. F. D. Only \$25.00 per acre. Easy terms.

160 acres choice level land 1 1/2 miles Garden City. Irrigated from the United States Pumping plant. All under cultivation. All high class alfalfa and sugar beet land. Price, \$10,000.00.

160 acres well improved irrigated farm. 12 miles from good town. A snap at \$25.00 per acre.

Write for descriptive literature and full information.
DO IT NOW.

EVERY SUNDAY SCHOOL TEACHER

has often heard class-members say: "I cannot understand the Bible." They could not understand any other book that was printed three hundred years ago. So many English words of that day were different.

More than forty new dictionaries have been required since then, to keep up with the changes in the English language. The



American Standard Bible

Edited by the American Revision Committee

uses the words of our day, which make the meanings of the Bible writers clear to us.

Write for Our Free Booklet, "How We Got Our American Standard Bible"

No teacher can afford to be without it.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

CAP GOODS

SISTERS, when in need of Cap Goods remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List Free.

Mention the Inglenook.

Mary A. Brubaker

Box 331

Viriden, Illinois

CLASS COLLECTION ENVELOPE.

A tough manilla envelope, on which may be recorded the amount of class offering for entire year, with totals for each quarter. Price, each, 2 cents. Price, per dozen, 15 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Elgin, Illinois

Pastor's Pocket Record

Arranged by Rev.
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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Elgin, Illinois

Arnold's Chart of Paul's Journeys

A useful teacher's tool that you should have close at hand while teaching the life of Paul. Prepared by Bro. C. E. Arnold. Clear outline journey maps; and the principle events and places arranged in easily read columns; all on one sheet of paper, 12 inches by 19 inches. Folds within stiff covers small enough to slip into one's pocket. Twenty cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Elgin, Illinois

NEFF'S CORNER

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JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis,

New Mexico.

Teacher's Class Book.

A neat folder with blanks for one year. Can be carried in Bible. Very complete yet simple and compact. Price, per dozen, 35 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, ILL.

WHITE BOOK By C. D. Meigs. Deals with Teachers' Meeting; (a) Its Vital Importance; (b) Two Plans for Starting it; (c) Five Gilt-Edged Rules for Governing it; (d) A Program for Conducting it. Price, 5 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, ILL.

The Home Model Washer

Contains new features that should concern all who are in need of a washer. By means of a thumbscrew, the lever can be quickly set for long or short leverage, for light or heavy work, a good feature.

The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address: **WM. S. MILLER,**
 Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.			
Name	Acres	per A.	Tons
Mark Austin,	35		18
Company Farm,	90		16
Allen Bissett,	2		18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½	
C. G. Nofziger,	5		19
Geo. Duval,	6		26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½	
Geo. Duval,	170		14
Rogers' Farm,	20		24
Gough & Merrill,	10		18
A. V. Linder,	25		16
David Betts,	14		15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.			
Name	Acres	per A.	Tons
C. M. Williams,	5		19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½		18
E. E. Hunter,	27		16
Wm. Hansen,	6		16
Melcher & Boor,	37		15
A. E. Wood,	18		16
P. A. Gregar,	6		15
R. F. Slone,	5		15
Thos. Weir,	14		23
Wm. Melcher,	21		22
S. Niswander,	26		17
John Ward,	10		22
W. B. Ross,	5		23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
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THE ART OF GIVING

MYRTLE WHISLER

GIVING is an art in which some are more proficient than others.

In the earlier times barter was originally in the form of exchanging gifts. The primitive people would receive a gift, guess upon the value of the article and in return give a present of about the same value. Some people still are so primitive as to give in this same way.

In speaking of the art of giving, the good only is taken into consideration and not the giving of such things as hard words, sarcasm, hatred, jealousy, and a long list of harmful gifts.

We have come to realize that it is not the gift that is so appreciated but the motive that prompted the giving. It is not the value of a gift that determines the reward. The woman who gave her all,—only two mites,—gave more than the rich man who dropped his gold in the treasury and had an abundance left.

God teaches us giving. He gave us his Son, the Great Redeemer of our souls. He gives us beautiful, sunny days, beautiful flowers of all sizes and shapes, supplies these plants with showers of rain and he actually seems to smile on all mankind.

Nature teaches that to use any of its gifts only multiplies them, for the seed will mildew in the garner, but if sown will fill the ground with riches.

Emerson has said, "We show only half our real selves, the other half is felt but not expressed." One cannot give out all he feels when in contact with nature, with saintly people and with God. We cannot give the best of ourselves, neither can we give the worst. Scattering smiles, saying kind words and doing deeds of love must all be cultivated, for truly the more we give the more we have of something which is grander and nobler.

This verse often crowds into my thoughts after the day is over:

"Count that day really worse than lost,
You might have made divine,

Through which you scattered lots of frost
And ne'er a speck of shine."

The more we live for others the greater beings we become and the more we are living the life we were destined to live. This can be well illustrated by the life of the lowly shepherd girl of France, Joan of Arc, who left all and obeyed the voice within her that bade her free France, and by doing so she freely gave her young life in the effort.

There is strong logic in the true story of the peasant woman who lost her only son. The neighbors came and spoke sympathetically, but all in vain; she could not be consoled. Queen Victoria heard of her grief. She came to see her, put her arms around her and wept with her. The peasant woman exclaimed, "She has comforted me more than any of them." They asked her, "Why?" She replied, "She wept with me."

Give the best of our time to study and we will reap a rich reward not only in knowledge, but we are rewarded by the power of concentration.

To give is to beautify life. In "The Vision of Sir Launfal" is shown the difference between true heart giving and giving only to appease conscience or to get rid of a beggar. Sir Launfal could not recognize the Holy Grail until he had seen more in the leper than his ragged clothes and his repulsive body, until he could love and sympathize enough with the outcast to share his last crust of bread with him and give him a drink from his cup. Then Sir Launfal's eyes were opened and he recognized the Holy Grail which he had spent his youth in hunting and the leper who was none other than the Christ.

Nature says, "Give, give, give." Our own true selves say, "Give, fulfil thy mission and be happy."

Imagine two people lost in a snowstorm: One has become unconscious because of the intense cold; the other sees this, is alarmed, forgets his discouragement and begins to chafe and arouse his companion. By doing this both are kept alive and at last rescued.

Contrast the miser's life with that of the missionary's, the former living for self, the latter all for others. The first is miserable all through life, fearing every one and fearing death; the second extremely happy in fulfilling his mission and welcoming death as his friend. The one a coward, the other a soldier; the one friendless, the other with hosts of friends. Who would not be the missionary!

All who help others are great and their deeds live after them. We get inspiration from such men as Shakespeare who left us his great dramas, Bryant who left us "Thanatopsis," Bunyan because of his "Pilgrim's Progress," Lincoln the liberator of the slave, and from painters, sculptors, musicians, scientists and so many other great benefactors.

Again, we find that the ones most bountifully rewarded are the ones who put forth their entire effort for the accomplishment of that one thing and remain at it till it is completed. Why! the more a man *has* (we can easily supply *does*), the more shall be given unto him. When a laborer is needed, the lazy man with nothing to do is not asked, but the already-overworked, busy man is sought.

Who does not appreciate the little courtesies of life which mean so much but are so easily omitted? They brighten our lives just when we need them the most. A cheery "Good-morning" is better medicine than a tonic.

Better give and never receive, better give and be deceived by the giving than never give at all, for after all you gain your reward, your character is made more beautiful.

The giving up of some high ambition we have held for years when it hinders some one else's progress or pains them, will, in the future, have some greater reward than the fulfilling of that ambition. To illustrate: Washington when a young man gave up his desire to go to sea because of the pain he caused his mother. In after years he developed into a stronger man than he could ever have become had he gone to sea and he won the name, "Father of his Country."

The world cannot live without love. There is no power in the universe like friendship and friendship is love. It is in helping others, giving our best to others and they in return to us, that our lives are most enriched.

We are changed and made better by gaining a new friend, are made happier and gain some new truth never realized before. We understand mankind more thoroughly. Listen to what Frances Willard has said: "The world wants the best things. It wants your best."

"There's never a rose in all the world
But makes some green spray sweeter;
There's never a wind in all the sky
But makes some bird wing fleetier;

There's never a star but brings to heaven
Some silver radiance tender;
And never a rosy cloud but helps
To crown the sunset splendor;
No robin but may thrill some heart,
His dawnlike gladness voicing.
God gives us all some small, sweet way
To set the world rejoicing."



OUR LITTLE TRAMP.

M. M. WINESBURG.

EVERY one had gone to bed but little Kate and I, and we were awaiting up until Buzz came home from the shop, for it was Saturday night and Buzz was always late that night, and while we awaited we were also keeping up a roaring fire, for it was needed.

The weather had been pretty cold for several days, but it had been still colder all day Saturday; and when night settled down it was simply stinging cold, with snow thick on the ground and frozen until it was crust-ed, while the pond and little streams were solid sheets of ice. The air had been sharp all day long, yet as the hours of darkness advanced the coldness seemed to increase, and Kate and I huddled up close to the roaring fire, and then could not keep from shivering.

It must have been along about ten o'clock, when we heard a knock on the front door, and wondering who it could be at that time of the night I went to the door and opened it, to find a boyish-looking figure, enveloped in a big overcoat, standing on the porch.

As I looked out he asked, "Please may I get warm by your fire?"

"Certainly, come in," I replied, stepping back to let the boy enter, although I did not have the least idea who he was; still the thought struck me that probably he was one of the boys from the ridge, who had been up to the village and froze out on his way back home.

The boy sank wearily into a chair at one side of the fireplace, while I stirred the fire up still brighter and threw on some more fuel, and at the same time took stock of our late visitor. One good look satisfied me that he was none of the boys from the ridge, but one of those unfortunate beings we call tramps.

The young fellow did not look to be over eighteen, and while his garments were only of the common kind, yet they were serviceable. A warm cap for his head, and felt boots on his feet, while a heavy overcoat was buttoned up close to his throat and concealed his other garments, but the right sleeve of his overcoat was empty; the poor boy had but one arm.

After I had made the discovery that the boy was a perfect stranger and crippled also, I took a good look at his face—when he was not noticing me—and saw that he was rather good looking, with dark eyes and hair and that clear white skin that one sometimes sees with dark eyes and hair. But one side of his face was badly scarred and the ear on that side of his head

was almost gone. Clearly the boy had been the victim of some horrible accident, and I felt a throb of pity for the poor fellow.

Now I must confess that I had some reasonable curiosity to know who our visitor was, but I asked him no questions for he was even then nodding in his seat; and before long he sank into a sound slumber. He must have been almost frozen when he came to our door.

What to do with our tramp I did not know, as every bed in the house that night was occupied then, or would all be when Buzz came home; so Kate and I sat there and kept up the fire for some time longer. Then I went and awakened the "Head of the House" and told him about the half-frozen boy out by the fire. The "Head of the House" sat up in bed and peered out at the boy for a moment and then said: "Oh! go to bed whenever you are ready and when Buzz comes, I will waken the lad up and bunk him down somewhere."

But before we got off to bed Buzz came stamping in almost frozen and I'll not forget his look of astonishment when he saw our sleeping tramp.

Kate and I now went to our room, and Buzz pulled the "Young Hopeful" of the household out of his cot and took him off to bed with him, while the "Head of the House" awoke our little tramp and bunked him down in the cot vacated by our "Young Hopeful."

The next morning our tramp of his own accord gave some account of himself. He said that on Saturday he had tramped from a small town about twenty miles from us, in all that intense cold and snow. It was no wonder he was almost frozen—and he also told us his name and where his home had been, for he was now homeless.

He said that his home had formerly been in a well-known mining town in Ohio, and that after his mother died he and his father and brother still continued to keep house and work in the mines until that

terrible day when the country was shocked by one of the most horrible mine disasters on record and his father and brother had both been killed, while he had had his right arm blown off and the right side of his face and head badly lacerated.

His injuries had kept him in the hospital for a long time, and after leaving the hospital he had picked up a living the best he could. He had now been a cripple for nearly five years, and getting tired of trying to earn a living he had started out on a long tramp, and he rather surprised us by stating that he was undertaking the stupendous feat of tramping the country through to Florida, in hopes of finding his only living brother who had gone to that State about a year before the mine disaster, but whose present address he did not know, though he hoped to trace him from where he had been when last heard from.

The boy had surely undertaken a big job for the winter months, for I would not like to have tackled the trip at that time of the year. The boy also seemed rather bright and must have had a fair common school education, for he could write fairly well with his left hand, in fact a great deal better than I have known many to write with their right hand.

All day Sunday and Sunday night our little tramp staid with us, for the weather was still stormy on up until night fell again, and then it got some milder. When Monday morning came the sun came out bright and warm and the snow began to melt away, and after dinner on Monday our little tramp again started on his way to Florida.

I had no money to spare to help the boy on his way, or he would surely have got help, so all I could do was to wish him a safe journey through. Afterwards I wished that I had asked him to write, and let me know if he made the trip all right and found his brother. I hope he did, though I shall probably never know, but I do know that I have often thought of our little tramp, especially on real cold winter nights.



SONNET

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

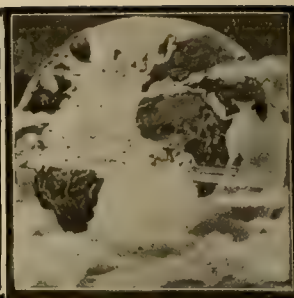


Without a voice how should I sing the song?
The restless, mocking, inner life of me
Is much like other lives. I have no key
To win men's hearts from out their breasts, in long
Pulsations of swift joy or keenly strong
Passions of pain. How could I ever be
The pitying singer of humanity!

I should but do our human life a wrong.
O sweet bird-singer on your apple bough,
Give us your message of divine content.
Show us a heaven in each ample note!
You are God's message, singing here and now,
And you teach poets when their songs are spent.
How dare they sing who have no song-bird's throat!



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT

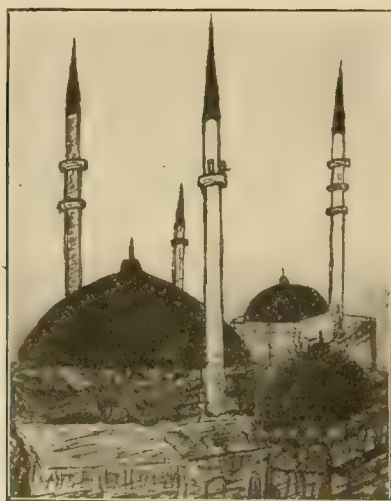


HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LX.

FROM the Hotel Bristol as a center I made daily trips in all directions, going alone on all of these excursions except when I was furnished a guide to take me to certain mosques and museums.

The city is made up of three different main divisions. Pera is that European portion crowning the hill in the eastern part; Galata is the business portion running



Moslem Minarets—"tapering candles of prayer."

along the water and also lying between Stamboul,—the third section,—and Pera; on the other side of the narrow Golden Horn, Stamboul, just across the famous Galata Bridge. This is the portion of the city occupied almost exclusively by the Mohammedans, while Armenians, Turks, Grecians, Frenchmen, Englishmen and Jews are found in Pera and Galata. The Golden Horn, so often spoken of by writers, is that narrow arm of the sea that swings into the land and receives the "Sweet Waters" of Europe. It looks like a river flowing down out of Turkey into the Bosphorus, and as it has no tide, its salty taste is about the only evidence that it flows in from the sea.

On both sides of the bridge hundreds of ships lie easily at their moorings, some loading, others unloading, while hundreds of caiques and little boats mass together at the landings. The water is so deep along

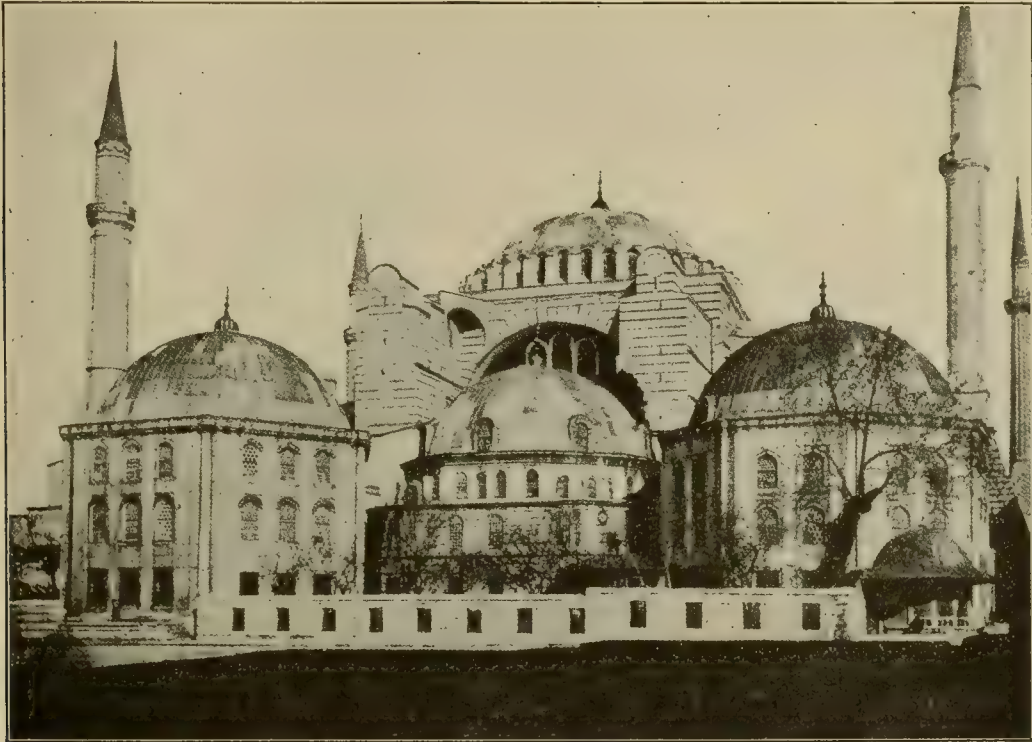
this dock as to afford draughtage for the biggest ocean steamers, and the entire frontage is capable of receiving at one time one thousand vessels. The Golden Horn presents one of the most lively water scenes around the world. In fact, it has no equal for magnificent water effect, hill-crowned groves, and brilliant buildings.

The government forbade the use of my camera within the city, the only civilized place in the world probably where the use of the kodak was absolutely forbidden in the streets. The few scenes stolen by me were taken on the responsibility of a gentleman who guaranteed me against any harm, and who was with me when I carried my camera. To have been caught taking pictures in that part of Turkey would have meant certain arrest and fine. From the hotel windows I caught a picture of a funeral procession, Grecian, I think, with pallbearers dressed in long, black gowns, bearing the uncoffined body above their heads. The Turkish government forbids the use of coffins in order that guns and ammunition may not be secreted in them and mock funerals thus paraded by the citizens opposing the government, as had been done in the past. With arms thus gathered together the enemies of the Sultan could make a stiff resistance to his forces, and thus endanger the throne of the Ottoman tyrant. At another time my friend took me to the roof of a restaurant on the opposite side of the street so that I could catch a good view of the magnificent hotel at which I was living for seven days. The American flag was flying at the highest floor, and also down over the portals, with other flags of the representative nations at various elevations. As a substitute for photographs I will submit a few sketches of striking scenes that may be able to give even clearer ideas of the curious.

Though I regret my inability to show more pictures of the Queen of the Golden Horn, I feel stronger in my character that I did not break the law except on the guaranty of a man of such prominence as made it equal to a special permit. And even though I might have carried away a hundred fine views of the place I believe that if I ever visit the city again the Turks, who found me honest in my dealings with them at this time, will be more liberal themselves in giving me

a photographer's license to catch just those scenes that, seen by our countrymen, will entice more tourists to their city and so increase their wealth by the money left by them in hotel living and in the purchase of valuable souvenirs. The best pictures of Constantinople can not be shown in photograph. The real image of her mysterious atmosphere can be seen only on the retina of a lively imagination. To get the exact conditions and know why Constantinople is so much different from any other capital, it is necessary to go there

Sophia, which was not a mosque, but a Christian church. A charge of fifty cents is made at the door, where I again worked my card game. The man at the door, an old Moslem, took my card, looked at it upside down, my picture and all, pretended to read the printing on it, looked wise, and handed it back, with a wave to me to go on in. It was so ridiculous,—looking at my photograph upside down without knowing the difference, I could scarcely keep from bursting out in a laugh. But I could well afford to hold in a good



St. Sophia, Constantinople.

in person. No sooner will you come here than you will feel just that particular mystery that no one describes in his letters or dares to speak of to his friend even in a whisper, until far away on his homeward journey.

"Tips" are expected and demanded here as in few other places. My sight-seeing, of all the important features of a place, necessitates my entering each day many places for which a small admission is charged. To give ever so little to all of these would soon bankrupt me. I exercised the most frugal expenditure. When I came to the Galata Bridge to cross over into Stamboul, the tollkeeper expected me to pay the regular fee charged to all pedestrians. A penny saved is a penny made, so I showed him my "card," and motioned to him to allow me to go across without paying anything. I hardly thought he would give me this privilege on a public highway, and although he at first objected with vehemence, he afterwards told me to pass on across.

The finest mosque in the world is probably St.

laugh for fifty cents! What might I not secure with my picture right side up! On the inside were big slippers to be worn by all tourists, for no one is allowed to walk on the pavement within its sacred walls, in their boots or shoes, or without slipping these slippers over them. With these big slippers on my own feet I was entitled to go through the mosque, a mosque built by Justinian, the Christian Emperor, fourteen hundred years ago,—the pillage of the Mediterranean. It is ornamented by huge white marble and green breccia columns which support the mammoth arches on which rests the splendid dome two hundred feet above. It became a mosque when it was captured by the Turks, the Moslem conqueror taking it in the name of Mahomet and dedicating what was left immune from the wild destruction of the savage soldiers to Mahometanism. The Christian crosses and other gospel emblems were removed and Moslem characters and crescents substituted. One important text was left just as the Christians had placed it there: "I am the door; by

me if any man enter in, he shall be saved." Here also hovers the image of a dove near the cross, over the open Bible. I was almost afraid to read aloud this text for fear that the Moslems, in their furious fanaticism, might remove this also and substitute texts from their Koran.

The bazaars in Stamboul are considered to be the greatest bazaars in the world. In one of these, the Grand Bazaar, were said to be three thousand different stores or shops in which everything conceivable might be purchased. I stopped after walking through six hundred and eighty-seven of them! Silks, souvenirs, carpets and rugs are the chief articles of display, through nearly everything, needful and otherwise, can be bought here of the courteous but determined merchants. The guide who took me through introduced me to one of the proprietors who made me a present of the Turkish crescent-flag, in red silk, with the crescent moon and star embroidered heavily in finest white silk.

Everywhere I went were great numbers of dogs,—fat dogs, lean dogs, little dogs and big dogs, scratchy dogs and sleepy dogs, but dogs, dogs everywhere. They usually lay at corners, and seldom or never made any effort to get out of the way of passing wagons. These dogs have their own precinct and ward, and govern those particular parts, it is said, with masterly skill, each set getting its living in its own district. They have no master, no name, no friend, no kennel,

no work, no fun. They just exist. Though living alone they are kindly treated by the Turks, who would resent the least insult offered one of the meanest of them. As a rule they lie and sleep in the open street in the daytime, and when night comes, begin their rounds of scavenging, cleaning the streets of such materials as may be safely eaten by them. It is a rule of the shopkeepers to toss into the street what garbage they can not dispose of to customers, knowing that the dogs will come around at night to remove it. At times, in order to get a good living, the dogs must be contented with food that is undesirable, and as they eat so much of this kind, they have developed unthinkable digestions, eating things that would stagger an ostrich. Perfectly harmless, it is said they never sicken with the hydrophobia. At my Hotel Bristol several dogs came each night, the same ones, and I brought out to them delicate morsels of food saved from my portion at the table, just to see them eat something real good. Then, too, as I knew the high regard the Turks paid to them, it was good policy for me to show an interest in them. They choked on my fine menu at first, they ate so greedily. Then they wagged their thick, clumsy tails, straight and stiff like a pump-handle, and walked off to the next place of business stiff-legged and slow, like the tramps in our own country who get rheumatic by sleeping out nights.

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THE MACCABEAN INDEPENDENCE

PAUL MOHLER

THE location of Judea was not in all respects a fortunate one. It lay between Egypt and the powerful nations to the north and east. On account of its location as well as its wealth, the land of the Jews was a province to be desired by any nation so fortunate as to possess it. Only the favor of the Lord could keep so small a nation out of the hands of such powerful neighbors. In view of these facts, the Maccabean Independence was a remarkable demonstration of national power.

The Antiochs, or Greek rulers of Syria, were eager to Hellenize the Jews, or to make them like the Greeks. Many Jews saw the superiority of Grecian culture and accepted it. By careful, patient labor, they might have gained their point in the course of time, but Antiochus Epiphanes spoiled the whole plan. He was an erratic, impulsive ruler, doing all sorts of unaccountable things.

In 168 B. C. he undertook to conquer Egypt, but was prevented by the Romans. Foiled in this, he took his spite out on the Jews. He had at several different times persecuted the faithful Jews cruelly; but this

time he was going to make a clean sweep. The officer whom he sent to carry out his purposes compelled the Jews to give up their worship of Jehovah, destroy their copies of the law, cease their observation of the Sabbath, circumcision, etc., and to sacrifice to the Greek gods instead. All who refused were slain. The Syrians also took possession of the temple, dedicated it to Olympic Zeus, and offered sacrifices to their gods on the great altar of burnt offerings. Schurer says that this is the fulfillment of the prophecies in Dan. 11:31; 12:11.

All the Jews who could, escaped from the city; the places of those who left the city and those who were slain were filled with Greek colonists. The walls of Jerusalem were thrown down, and a citadel or fort was built for the Syrian garrison. Frequent searches were made throughout the land for copies of the Law and for signs of the faithful observance of the Jewish rites. Offenders were put to death.

At Modein, a town near Bethel, northwest of Jerusalem, dwelt a faithful Jew, Mattathias, with his five

sons, John, Simon, Judas; Eleaser, and Jonathan. One day, seeing a Jew offering a sacrifice on a heathen altar, he became so indignant that he killed the Jew and the king's commissioner who was directing the sacrifice, and broke down the altar. Then, of course, he fled to the mountains. There he found a large number of Jews, also in hiding. But about this time a detachment of Syrian troops came seeking the refugees, and attacked them on the Sabbath day. By this time, the Sabbath was held in such great reverence, that rather than lift the sword on the Sabbath, almost the whole party allowed the Syrians to take them and cut them down. This event was a very strong object lesson to Mattathias; and it seemed to him to be a very poor way to serve God; so he and those with him decided to resist with all the might that God should give them. If necessary, they would even fight on the Sabbath. So he gathered together all who were willing to fight for their faith and went up and down the country, overturning the altars, killing unfaithful Jews, and encouraging opposition to the Syrians. But Mattathias did not live to see the movement become a great one. He died, and was buried at Modein with great lamentation.

Befor his death, however, he exhorted his sons to carry on the fight, naming Simon as a wise man of counsel, and Judas as the leader in battle. Judas was indeed a very hero. He attacked the Syrians with such astonishing energy and dealt them such swift and terrible blows, that he was soon surnamed "Maccabeus" or the "Hammer." And indeed the whole party soon came to be known as Maccabees. From the first, the Lord was evidently with them; for every Syrian force that was met was defeated until the Syrian king thought it necessary to send a real army into Judea to quell the revolt.

Imagine now the situation of the Maccabees. Judea was but one province of a mighty empire. It was like Cuba fighting Spain with no sea between. It was apparently simply a question of how hard the Syrians cared to try to put down the revolt. And apparently the king was in earnest, for he sent a large army under the command of three generals. With the army, went a large number of merchants, who expected to buy the Jewish captives as slaves. So sure were they of victory, that they divided the army, sending a strong detachment against Judas, while the remainder remained in camp at Emmaus. But Judas by this time had a real army at his command, thoroughly drilled and organized and enthused with religious fervor. When he heard of the Syrian movement, therefore, he boldly moved his army in between the Syrian divisions. Attacking the Syrian camp with great energy, he beat them badly, and when the other division returned, they drew off in fear. Thus were the Jews completely victorious, and the Syrian merchants despoiled of their prey.

The next year, a still greater army was so badly defeated that its commander had to return to Antioch to gather more troops. Then Judas found time to return to Jerusalem, and renew the service. The temple garments, vessels, and even the great altar had to be destroyed on account of the Syrian defilement, and new ones had to be made. After all things had been put in shape, the temple was reconsecrated in a great feast lasting a week. This feast was kept yearly as the "Feast of the Dedication of the Temple," mentioned in John 10:22.

Judas had now gained his main object; but there was still the Syrian garrison in the citadel and his efforts to drive out this force brought on him the Syrian hosts again. Long years of struggle, with great Maccabean victories and defeats followed. Judas never lived to see his country entirely free from the foreign yoke; nor did his brother Jonathan, who succeeded him, but in the year B. C. 143-142, complete independence was given to Jerusalem and Judea, including a large share of Palestine that was not, in the beginning, even claimed as Jewish territory.

The story of how all this was done is exceedingly interesting, and reflects great glory on Jewish diplomacy as well as bravery; but it is too long a story to tell here. Get hold of Josephus, the first book of the Maccabees, Schurer's "Jewish People in the Time of Jesus Christ," or a number of other books. Perhaps Josephus tells the story best.

But isn't it a pity that this nation which fought so bravely for the privilege of keeping the forms of their religion should have refused the very heart of it when Jesus came? Is it possible that Christians would do the same thing if he were to come to day?

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



RAISING AND GIVING.

THERE was consternation in the Ladies' Aid when it was rumored that Mrs. Drivewell would decline a re-election to the presidency.

"Whatever can we do without her?" cried little Mrs. Breezy, impulsively. "Such a worker in the church—where shall we find her equal?"

It was, indeed, a problem, for the Ladies' Aid leaned upon Mrs. Drivewell rather than upon the Lord for help in every time of need or trouble, and her ability at raising money was unquestioned.

"Who will manage the Colonial supper?" wailed Mrs. Timid. "We had never thought of one even until she came among us, and see what heaps of money they bring in. Everyone patronizes our Colonial suppers."

"A good reason why they should," snapped Mrs. Sharp. "It isn't every day they get a chance at a dollar supper for twenty-five cents. Sharp says if I ever do the work on another one, he'll get a divorce

from me." Mr. Sharp was known as a noisy, unregenerate man with none too much respect for church or church methods, so this harrowing domestic condition failed to arouse much sympathy—indeed, Mrs. Sharp was the thorn in the side of the Ladies' Aid at all times, though they were loth to extract her on account of her ability to "make things hum," as one sister expressed it.

"Mrs. Drivewell says that the work is too heavy. That her physican has strongly protested against her taking it another year," remarked Mrs. Heuston with a sigh; "but, as you say, I do not see how we are going to get along without her."

"Why couldn't we divide the Ladies' Aid into two sections, with a president for each?" suggested Mrs. Ames, thoughtfully. "I have heard of its being done in other churches."

There was a tumult of delighted approval.

"The very thing; and that would relieve Mrs. Drivewell of at least half the burden. That nice little Mrs. Dey, who has lately joined us, has been a great worker in the church, I hear. Why not elect her for the second section?" Mrs. Clark had done more thinking than talking until now.

"A good idea," observed Mrs. Breezy; adding, shrewdly, "It wouldn't do to have two Mrs. Drivewells, for the dear woman does love her own way. Her best friends cannot deny that."

"Her best friends know it better than anyone else, I reckon," Mrs. Sharp added, dryly. Thus it came to pass that on election day, the Ladies' Aid was divided as proposed, and Mrs. Drivewell and Mrs. Dey elected as presidents. There was a marked difference between the two ladies.

Mrs. Drivewell was large, commanding, and with a decisive speech which reminded one of a general on the field. She always had her way. She knocked down adverse opinions as a player bowls down ten-pins, and the Ladies' Aid meekly hurried them out of the way and gave her a victorious score. Mrs. Dey, on the other hand, was small, unobtrusive, but *not* inefficient. She had ideas, and it was not very long before her section of the Ladies' Aid began to take notice.

It was after the blaze and glory of the Colonial supper. At that great yearly event all the ladies of the church were expected to give, and give liberally, of money, stores and labor for the success of the enterprise, and in consequence a feast was spread which attracted the outside element as molasses draws flies. Crowds came and licked up the tempting viands till there was scarcely enough left with which to serve the weary and perspiring waiters.

"I never was so tired in all my born days," remarked Mrs. Breezy, as she fanned herself with her apron. "I've been right in this hot kitchen since eight

this morning, and my husband says if I ever agree to do it again he'll get me a strait-jacket." It was a noticeable fact that the husbands of the Ladies' Aid made vigorous speeches before and after these brilliant events.

"Well, he'll smile broadly enough when he hears how much we have made," replied Mrs. Drivewell, calmly, as she juggled a promising looking bag. "Seventy-five dollars isn't to be sneezed at these hard times."

"Only seventy-five dollars! That means that we have fed three hundred people on hotel fare and taken the materials to do it with out of our own living." Mrs. Sharp's suggestive logic was too convincing to be denied, and even Mrs. Drivewell looked a little sheepish.

"It's the only way I know of to raise money for the church," she said, with a defiant toss of her shapely head. "Of course it means work and plenty of it, but if anybody knows of a better way—"

"With the parsonage to keep in repair, and the new church furniture to get, the Ladies' Aid must earn money," murmured Mrs. Timid, deprecatingly.

"You're right we must," asserted Mrs. Drivewell, aggressively, "and as I said, if anyone knows of a better way—" and she looked about, as if expecting some one to pick up her gage of battle and daring them to do so. Mrs. Dey half opened her lips as if to speak, but closed them again for a better time and occasion. She had just come from a church where the giving was managed on such a different scale that she longed to see the plan tried in this, her new church home, but she was a wise little woman and bided her time.

Her division responded with some little curiosity when the call came for a meeting. "She is such a quiet little body I am curious to see how she will conduct a meeting," confessed Mrs. Clark.

It began with a prayer. "We need wisdom to know how to do our work and do it in the best way," she said simply, and no one doubted her sincerity as they heard her fervent appeal. Work meant more to them when they arose from their knees, and a solemn hush fell over them instead of the usual chatter and laughter when they were together.

"I believe that we are all anxious to do and to give of our very best for the Lord's cause," Mrs. Dey began, her sweet voice full of feeling, "but before we make any definite plans for our future, I wish to study with you the difference between raising and giving. What is it that we understand by raising money for the church?"

"Getting money or goods out of somebody who doesn't want to give it," answered sharp-witted Nellie Phillips, who was often on soliciting committees because of her wits, "like I teased a whole ham out of our butcher for the Colonial. He said we church

people were the most unblushing beggars he ever saw, and he'd have to raise on the price of our meat for a year to make good, but he gave it, all the same."

A pained look flitted across Mrs. Dey's expressive face. "One instance where the name of the Lord Jesus was not honored as it should be," she said gently. "I have made a study of this question of raising or giving money for the Lord's cause, and I have come to the conclusion that there is only one right way, and that is to *give* with free hearts and willing hands what is needed. To give until we really know we are giving, and then pray the Lord to bless the result of our giving, as we cannot ask him to bless our *raising* money by the questionable methods which our young sister has so graphically described."

Mrs. Dey had thrown a bomb with her gentle hand, and the ladies of section Number Two looked at each other in surprised consternation. "I think I can illustrate what I mean," continued Mrs. Dey, "by telling you the story of our church at Moreton. We had always *raised* money in that church. Some of our weary, wornout sisters had actually grown grey in its laborious service, and an almost endless succession of small bickerings and jealousies had followed. They were so heated and tired out, poor things, over the much serving at suppers and socials that cross words were spoken, and even looks misinterpreted, under the strain of the continual *raising* of money. Money was the flourishing cause of much evil, but we could not see it when our eyes were so hidden by the Almighty Dollar. The Lord sent us a new pastor, a veritable man of God, who believed in spiritual tithing as well as money tithing. He believed that faith and prayer and the pocketbook should go hand in hand, and that each one should give for himself or herself, and not for another. Heretofore, about a dozen of us had done the work of the *raising* of money in the church, but he began to show us the better way, and he never rested until he had abolished the serving of meals for pay, and brought in the new era of each one giving as the Lord had prospered them, even to the little children, and when we met together socially our church hospitality was free."

"And did it pay?" asked Mrs. Sharp, incredulously.

"It certainly did, though doubting Thomases were as thick as blackberries at first," smiled Mrs. Dey. "Families gave dollars where they had given nickels before, and the Lord's cause prospered wonderfully. The backs of the church drudges began to straighten up and they could take time to visit the sick and to do the real work of Christ's church in the world. The missionary society took on new life, and the congregations became so large that a new church building was necessary."

"Oh, mercy," sighed Mrs. Clark. "It makes my back ache even to think of a new church."

"But when it becomes a necessity, I hope we shall

find a better way of helping than keeping a church restaurant," replied Mrs. Dey, so sweetly that no one could be offended by her remark. "Really, dear ladies, what would be your estimate of what it cost you in food, labor and money for that Colonial supper, for instance?"

"Counting the four of us who went to the supper, at least three dollars," promptly replied one sister who had not before spoken.

Others responded with greater or less sums, and Mrs. Dey took the record on a slip of paper. "As nearly as I can judge, the price of the supper added to the cost of the materials you furnished leaves so small a margin of profit that it is really not worth mentioning. The same sum given to the Lord's cause with prayer, and faith in his power to multiply it, would have saved all this hard work, and, in my opinion, come much nearer to the scriptural idea of giving."

"But the most of us have no purse of our own," remarked Mrs. Reddy, with a sigh. "It seems to be the only way we can give."

"But every one of us has some talent, some way in which we can earn, for that fact was brought out in our experience social," Mrs. Best said, her bright eyes shining with interest. "I earned my dollar making jelly for our grocer, and he was so bound to have more that I kept on until I earned my fall hat."

"I earned mine making baskets for Miss Parnell's Angora cats," laughed Nellie Phillips. "I had no idea there were so many ways of turning an honest penny until I heard the reports read at the social."

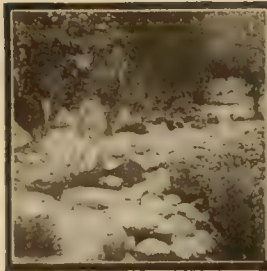
"Suppose we try the plan for a year, quietly and unostentatiously, not even letting our left hand know what our right is doing. Let us assume half the sum which the Ladies' Aid raises annually and give, each one according to her ability to earn or otherwise lay aside for the Lord's work, and compare results at the end of the year."

Mrs. Drivewell's section of the Ladies' Aid was greatly puzzled, before the year was half gone, at the seeming indifference of Section Two on the financial question. "I was afraid that Mrs. Dey hadn't the gimp to make a good president," remarked Mrs. Drivewell. "Not a single supper have they had this year, and only one social, and that was free, except for a collection. Of course, it gives us a freer swing, but where is their money coming in?"

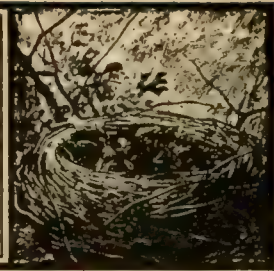
The pastor's wife smiled knowingly. She had knowledge of Mrs. Dey's plans, and she had been delighted to note the growing love for the spiritual work of the church among the ladies of her section.

The prayer meetings were better attended, and the young people's classes were branching out in lines of work for which they had neither time nor interest before, and the pastor was greatly encouraged.

There was a joint meeting when the question of the annual supper came up, and Mrs. Dey brought forth



NATURE STUDIES



WEST HILL NATURE CLUB.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

THE time was May, 1900, a beautiful sunny day, and the place, a small schoolhouse, nestled cozily in the hollow near a small brook. The fresh white paint gleamed out against the hillside, surrounded by trees,—maples, oaks, and the sturdy hickory,—an ideal place for a country schoolhouse, and this day Mrs. Rich had invited all the children of the neighborhood to meet her at the schoolhouse.

Mrs. Rich is a farmer's wife, and before her marriage she was a teacher in the public schools, and after marriage still enjoyed the company of the children, and helped them to have some jolly times, as well as taught them some new things.

They already had a well-organized Band of Mercy which was doing good work. They always responded gladly when Mrs. Rich asked them to meet, as they felt sure they would be well entertained. This day about twenty boys and girls gathered with eager questions to know what was to be done. Mrs. Rich called them to order and after all had repeated the Lord's Prayer and sung a Band of Mercy hymn, she told them she had decided to take up Nature Study, as outlined and given out by the State College of Agriculture, Cornell University, Ithaca, New York.

Each Junior Nature Club must have four members and as many more as can be secured. The lesson leaflets each month are supplied free to each teacher and scholar in New York State, on application, a charter for each club also being furnished free of charge. The dues to be paid each month were letters written on the subjects furnished. John W. Spencer, who is in charge of the work, asked that all letters be written him to begin, *Dear Uncle John*:—And he is an uncle to be very proud of, always so good and kind, answering letters and answering or having answered all questions asked by the boys and girls, or, as he always calls them, his dear nephews and nieces.

After four letters had been written he sent them a club button, white with red butterfly, and the words, "Cornell Junior Nature Club." The idea is to make a study of plants, birds and animals and other outdoor subjects. The object is to teach the children to love nature and the country and country life.

Mrs. Rich organized the club and it was called West Hill Junior Nature Club, and when the charter arrived and was nicely framed and hung up in the schoolhouse and the first month's leaflets arrived, the boys and girls began in earnest. Even little Ethel Ayres, only four years old, printed her letter with the others and was very much pleased to receive one from Uncle John to her. The first leaflet was "A Children's Garden," with an offer from a noted florist, offering to furnish flower and garden seeds for one cent a packet. Mrs. Rich sent for sixty packets, the boys mostly choosing garden seeds, but Levi and Charles each took some sweet peas, and pansies, and some of the girls choosing, besides their flower seeds, to raise vegetables also, for as Ethel said, How could they make any jack lanterns if they raised no pumpkins.

The gardens were duly planted and well cared for by the earnest little workers. The club met once a week on Tuesday afternoon, either at the schoolhouse or in the grove or at the home of Mrs. Rich and each week reported their work or asked for further instructions. Many subjects were studied, usually one plant and one bird, or animal, being given for each meeting, each one learning what he could about it. The meetings were very interesting; the birds were studied with opera, or field glasses; the bugs and insects were studied with a magnifying glass. All were much surprised at the beautiful things in nature which they had been in the habit of seeing every day but never observed, and all were surprised that they were so very ignorant of the things all around them.

The teacher, Mrs. Rich, offered as a prize a book to each one who did a full year's work. The end of each year's work was fittingly observed by a public meeting at the schoolhouse to which the parents were invited. Besides the singing and recitations of the children, some minister or public speaker was always invited. One of the boys, Levi, brought a camera and the pictures taken each year are greatly prized by all. Much care is taken to trim the schoolhouse for the annual meetings. The color scheme is always in red and white with plenty of greenery, red and white being the Cornell colors. Nearly all kinds of flowers are worked into the scheme. Mrs. Rich each year paints them all badges on red satin ribbon lettered in white.

This club is now in its tenth year of work. Mrs. Rich has never given less than ten books in one year and never more than sixteen. Of course some start in well and do not quite finish and so lose the book. Ethel Ayres, who started in at four years of age, still belongs to the club and is the only one who has done perfect work every year since the club started. Levi was perfect for seven years, Hazel for six and Cornelia for five. Others have done well, but in the ten years many changes have come; families moving out and in;

her with a gayly-colored blanket of leaves, after which she slept many days and nights, until a frosty, starry hour came, when she stirred a little and whispered, "Mother, I'm cold."

Then her mother covered her with a white blanket, soft as down upon the mother-bird's breast, and our cowslip slept softly, but soundly, many weeks.

One May morning she heard a delightful rustling in her bed, not knowing that the rustle was caused by the whispering of her companions underground,



The Flowers and Vegetables in the Foreground Are the Products of the Nature Club's Work.

three of the girls are married and some have moved far away. Only one has died and she was far from us at the time. Much good has been done in the neighborhood with the flowers raised and much kindness and help given to those in need of help and sympathy by the club. One could be organized in every community, whether through a college or not.



A LEGEND OF THE COWSLIP.

THERE was a time, long ago, when the cowslip had no golden blossoms. To be sure, she wished to have them, but as she did not know how to bloom she contented herself for one summer with her rich dark leaves, and in autumn fell asleep with her feet curled close and warm underground and her head tucked beneath the cover which her mother had provided.

But one night she woke with a little shiver and said, "Mother, I'm cold"; and her mother hastened to cover

who, like her, were just awakening from happy dreams, pushing out their white feet, and stretching up their tiny hands, as you have seen waking babies do.

Then she heard a robin sing; but as the earth still covered her, the song was but half understood, and to hear better she lifted her head high enough for a yellow sunbeam, who had been looking everywhere for her, to see her.

She remembered both the sunbeam and the robin, and so glad was she to see them both that she laughed a low, sweet "Ha, ha, ha ha!" and there she stood in full bloom every ha-ha having become a smiling, sunny-hearted blossom.

Of course, she was amazed, and hung her head in a sweetly modest fashion, as do cowslips to this day; for since that happy springtime not one of the family has forgotten to laugh itself into golden bloom when it hears the robin and sees the yellow sunbeam of merry May.—*Unidentified.*

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THIS is the season when the children are being turned out to feed on the chance influences around them. May they find pleasant pasture and may it contain no harmful thing to poison their minds or corrupt their hearts.

WHAT is so genuine and so profound as the faith of a little child! And that is the kind of faith we should have in our Father,—the kind we *must* have to be acceptable, for, "Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

WE talk about the wholesome discipline of opposition. Just now we may consider the thrifty weeds in the light of such discipline. But, though they directly antagonize the plants, we must take them as *our* opposers and so proceed to annihilate them. The particular blessing lies in the process by which they are overcome.

TAKE time to enjoy the beauties around you. Look up often at the deep blue sky and the fleecy clouds, Draw in deep breaths of the pure, fragrant air. Turn aside to listen to the murmuring brook and to look at the lovely flower. How is it possible for us to appreciate the things which "eye hath not seen and ear hath not heard" if we do not enjoy the wonderful things here which God has made?

THANKS to the crusade that is being made against the common house fly through the columns of many publications, no one needs to remain ignorant of its harmful, disease-carrying habits. What is needed now is to make the crusade one in deed by waging a relentless war against the pest throughout the season. Screen the flies out of the house and then see that they have no feeding or breeding places outside around the premises.

SUPERSENSITIVENESS.

IN the religious world there are few congregations that are not more or less afflicted with the presence of people who are forever getting their feelings hurt. And not a small part of the minister's work is the task of petting these people and protecting them from imaginary personal thrusts. As a rule this extreme sensitiveness is childishness, pure and simple, and it is unfortunate that one cannot cure the possessor of it as a child is cured of its naughtiness. Does not Christianity include forbearance,—suffering long and being kind?

In the majority of cases no offense is intended, but, suppose it is intentional, what is the attitude of the Christian? Surely not that of a cry-baby! These supersensitive people are also to be found in neighborhoods and in the home. Is it too much to say they have more feelings than religion, more feelings than neighborly kindness, more feelings than love of home folks? And these feelings, what is their origin? Evidently the most intense selfishness. Thinking of self—jealousy over self's dues, rights and privileges—is the beginning.



MARS AHOY!

A GOOD deal of comment is being made by newspapers and magazines on the idea expressed by Prof. Pickering of the Harvard observatory that when the planet Mars comes within 35,000,000 miles of the earth we might be able to send signals to the inhabitants, if inhabitants there are. His plan for attracting the attention of the Martians is by means of a system of mirrors arranged so as to flash light in a rhythmical manner upon the planet. He estimates the cost of such an undertaking at \$10,000,000. Prof. R. W. Wood, of Johns Hopkins University, suggests the simpler and cheaper plan of using a huge strip of black cloth, winding it from one roller to another and making it appear and disappear at regular intervals. He thinks the alkali deserts of the Southwest would be a good place for such an experiment.

According to one report some people in the State of Texas have taken Prof. Pickering so seriously as to offer to put up the money if he would come to Texas and put up the mirrors. But the professor has declined the offer, saying that as yet our knowledge of Mars is not extended enough to warrant our going to so great expense in trying to send signals. Of this particular phase of the subject, and of the subject in general the *Scientific American* says:

"Would it be worth while to carry out the idea? To us it seems that if the experiment proved a failure, and no answering signal were received from Mars in reasonable time, the matter would not be conclusively settled. Knowing practically nothing of the conditions on Mars, it would naturally be unsafe to conclude from a failure that the planet is uninhabited, for which

reason the habitability of Mars would still engross Flammarion, Lowell, and the host of newspapers that accept their utterances as astronomical gospel. On the other hand, if an answering signal should be received, it would be safe to say that the event would transcend in human interest and importance the most stirring occurrence in the history of the earth, and would inaugurate a new era in the progress of the human race.

"Even in the face of this tremendously alluring but exceedingly remote possibility, it seems to us that the \$10,000,000 stipulated by Prof. Pickering, and the smaller indeterminate sum required by Prof. Wood, could be more worthily expended, particularly so when we examine the evidence on which the theory of Martian habitability is based.

"To the indefatigable studies of Prof. Lowell we owe whatever facts have been gathered that bear at all on the question. But Prof. Lowell's arguments have been riddled by the inexorable logic of geologists, astronomers, and physicists. He is wedded to the Laplacean theory of planetary evolution, although that theory is considered inadequate by many astronomers in the light of recent celestial observations. He assumes that the history of the earth is the history of Mars. He advances the theory that Mars is a planet which has shriveled up during the course of ages; that its surface is one vast parched desert, with the exception of the snow that gathers each winter about the poles; and that the chief concern of the inhabitants, if inhabitants there be, is to conserve this paltry supply of water, and to conduct it, as the snow melts in the spring, to those regions in the equatorial and temperate zones which would still blossom if they were watered. Evidence of this gigantic irrigation system, which dwarfs anything of the kind that we have ever attempted, Lowell finds in that network of lines which Schiaparelli first discovered, and which were called by him 'canals' for want of a better name. As spring and summer approach, the lines slowly creep down from the poles toward the equator, and the dull red or orange of the supposed desert region changes to green. With the advent of autumn and winter, the green resumes its dull red or orange hue, and the lines or 'canals' gradually disappear. In these chromatic changes Prof. Lowell sees the seasonal growth and decay of vegetation. His argument for the habitability of our planetary neighbor is based on the undeniably remarkable regularity of the 'canals.' It is pointed out that they are usually the shortest distance between the points that they connect and that they meet in groups of three, five, seven, and more in well-defined spots, which he terms 'oases,' like so many spokes converging in a wheel-hub. In other words, there is nothing haphazard in the arrangement of these canals as Prof. Lowell sees them. They are to him so artificial that they are the symbols of an

intelligent race, who have sunk all political and international disputes in the one vital problem of postponing the day when their orb must eventually dry up and they themselves perish.

"To reinforce his argument, Prof. Lowell points to the earth. He argues that all terrestrial life emerged from the ocean, although no geologist will positively assert how life did originate on this planet; that the earth was once wrapped in a damp, cloudy envelope, although there is much evidence that moisture, even in geologic times, was of local prevalence only; that the earth is gradually drying up, although all geological evidence points to the fact that the proportion of land to sea has always been a fluctuating quantity, with no marked tendency in either direction; and that deserts on the earth are the harbingers of an ultimate dearth of water extending over the entire earth, although geologists maintain that deserts have always existed. Perhaps the most vigorous attack on Lowell's theories has been conducted by Prof. Andrew E. Douglass, who has studied the 'canals' by the methods of experimental psychology, and has shown that there are fundamental defects in the human eye which produce faint canal illusions, and that these have worked serious injury to our observations in the past. It must be confessed, however, that Prof. Douglass has not explained away the seasonal appearance and disappearance of the 'canals' and 'oases.'

"Ingenious as Prof. Lowell's explanation of Martian phenomena undoubtedly is, so much of it is based on unsound geological reasoning, and so much on sheer conjecture, that it seems almost futile to make any attempt at signaling in the hope of obtaining something like experimental evidence that Mars is really a living world peopled by intelligent beings."



A REFORMER.

Before the monstrous wrong he sits him down—
One man against a stone-walled citadel of sin.
For centuries those walls have been a-building;
Smooth porphyry, they slope and coldly glass
The flying storm and wheeling sun. No chink,
No crevice, lets the thinnest arrow in.
He fights alone, and from the cloudy ramparts
A thousand evil faces gibe and jeer him.
Let him lie down and die; what is the right
And where is justice in a world like this!
But by and by earth shakes herself, impatient,
And down, in one great roar of ruin, crash
Watch-tower and citadel and battlements,
When the red dust has cleared, the lonely soldier
Stands with strange thoughts beneath the friendly stars.

—E. R. Sill.



HONOR is but the reflection of a man's own actions shining bright in the face of all about him, and from thence rebounding upon himself.—*Wise Sayings.*



THE HOME WORLD



THE CHILD--ITS PROBLEMS AND POSSIBILITIES

GERTRUDE A. YODER

"HEAVEN lies about us in our infancy." We call it heaven because of the state of perfection suggested by the pure, innocent and loving lives of children. They come as gifts from God, bringing hope and thoughts of the future.

Charles Dickens says, "We love these little people; and it is not a slight thing, when they, who are so fresh from God, love us." How great is the responsibility of the parents' relation to the child! How careful they should be about the way in which they accomplish the work of nurturing and cultivating the child's love and confidence and molding the character which tells for two worlds—this and the next.

In every beginning think of the ending. This will help solve half of the child problems. There are many child problems during childhood, youth, womanhood, and manhood which must be solved, some by the growing child, more by the help of parents and society.

The child is a problem and has problems. Children have trials and troubles that are just as real and as hard for them to bear as have the boys and girls of larger growth whom we call men and women. These too were once in their places and loved so dearly the things of the child-mind. As they became men they put away childish things—some put them so far away that they are not always as considerate toward the rights of children as they ought to be. A child's mind is not a man's mind, nor can it be without *gradual* growth. Men are not men in their childhood, for youth is only the springtime of life. "Childhood shows the man as morning shows the day." As a child is trained so will he be.

Children and youth must have fun and merriment. They are not easily spoiled by happiness—more injury is done by repressing their buoyant spirits.

The germs of the beautiful, sublime and heavenly should be sown in every true home and plenty of good

literature supplied that the child-mind may be filled with wholesome thoughts, thus making the soul beautiful and the character firm, strong, high and broad.

How may teachers and parents best solve the problems of character-building, soul-winning and the preparation for their possibilities of life and other problems of equal importance? Force will not solve them. Criticism will not solve them.

Children are very imitative and far more thoughtful than they are often given credit for. They need more models than precepts,—models in our parents and homes. Many problems are made difficult by an ill-governed home. Some one has said, "The best paternity is that which can be at once mentor, counselor, sympathizer and friend. To influence the young to their being governed without their knowing it—by being at once of them, with them, and still above them—is the ideal type of successful management."

Hamilton says,

"Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls,
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded."

Another writer says, "The home came from heaven, modeled on the Father's house and many mansions, and was meant to be a training place, the one for the other."

"A good boy," says Professor Peabody, "is the natural product of a good home. The great and overshadowing peril of a boy's life is not, as many suppose, bad companions, or his bad books, or his bad habits, it is the peril of homelessness. I do not mean merely homelessness, having no bed or room which can be called one's own, but that homelessness which may exist even in luxurious houses—the isolation of a boy's soul, the lack of any one to listen to him, the loss of roots to hold him in his place and make him grow. This is what drives the boy into the arms of evil, and makes

the streets his home and the gang his family, or else drives him in upon himself, into uncommunicated imaginings and feverish desires. It is the modern story of the man whose house was 'empty,' and precisely because it was 'empty,' there entered 'seven devils' to keep him company." How important the ideal home—the home which is attractive, happy with the sunshine of contented dispositions, with plenty of a father's wise counsel and a mother's fond love, and in which the Gospel of Christ is taught. So far the character problem is solved in the home and the answer is either wrong or right, according to the nature of the home.

An author has said, "The mere enforcement of good conduct is not enough; the mere inculcation of sound principle is not enough. If we would truly bring up our children 'in the nurture and admonition of the Lord,' it is not enough that we simply teach them what is right. True knowing, true doing and true being involve each other. Above all things instruct them from the Word of God, taking Jesus for their example in patience, meekness and love," showing by example the beauty and strength of prayer and church services, and continually pointing them to their Savior.

"We cannot," says Bishop E. H. Hughes, "evangelize the world by the wholesale in some miraculous way. We must deal with individuals—above all with the individual child,—and win him or her to Christ. What attitude shall we adopt toward the child? We should treat him as a child pupil, not as an adult pupil. Too often we deal with children as if they were adults or else dead children.

"The only point of agreement that the churches for a long time were able to reach was, 'All dead children are saved.' Today we no longer tolerate the shutting-out of the kingdom of heaven of living children and the condemnation of childhood as inherently evil and full of sin. Admitting the presence of evil-inherited tendencies in children, we see them in grown people also. Moreover, there are as many inherited good tendencies as evil tendencies in children, and we must not lose sight of that.

"We remember, for example, that there is never more faith and fervor in our relation toward God than when we are in our childhood. Indeed, far from condemning children because of the perversities that we may find in childhood, we should bear in mind the words of the Master, who himself best defined the relation of the child to God, 'Suffer the little children to come unto me; for of such is the kingdom of heaven.'"

The child's possibilities for good or evil, success or failure, depend entirely upon the solution of its problems, for as Richter says, "The clew of our destiny, wander where we will, lies at the foot of the cradle."

Hemet, California.

LOVE, HONOR AND OBEY.

"How shall I make my children obedient?" asked a young mother.

"By never allowing her to be disobedient," replied a wise matron.

The parents should exact from the children love, honor, obedience. This part of the marriage service should be incorporated into the training of sons and daughters.

One cannot begin too early, but to judge by some of the letters I receive I should fancy that some mothers have never begun at all. Questions as to whether one should spank or not spank, punish or not punish, demand obedience or plead for it would seem to indicate that the average mother finds child training a sad problem.

While I am a determined optimist, in that I feel that the world is growing better all the time, I do think that there is much to be desired in the way of respect for and submission to authority from the average American child. I am an old-fashioned mother and insist that implicit obedience should be demanded from the child to the parent. I was recently present during a public discussion of modern educational methods and was surprised when several of the mothers who spoke confessed frankly that they did not send their children to the schools they (the mothers) wished them to attend because, as one of them put it, "This is the day when children go where they please and do as they please, and we parents must comply with their wishes and conform to their ideas. So my boys and girls have chosen their own schools, and their father and I have decided to yield gracefully."

This manner of dealing with children reminds me of a story I once heard of an argument between a young married couple. The husband was telling of the first difference of opinion he and his wife ever had.

"It was with regard to the upholstery of our drawing-room furniture," he said, "and we could not agree as to what color would be best. My wife wanted green; I preferred blue."

"Well," said the listener, "how did you settle the matter without any unpleasant feeling?"

"Oh," replied the ingenuous husband, "we *compromised* on the blue!"

That is the way in which many parents secure what they consider the obedience of their young people. They "compromise" on that which the child wishes.

I believe entirely and unreservedly in the rule of love, but such love as seeks for the dear object that which is really best—not that which gives most pleasure at the moment. The wise mother does not raise unnecessary issues, but when she once gives an order or utters a prohibition she demands from her boy or girl the obedience which will be a training in self control and which will best develop the child's character.

Each of us is under authority to some one, and to submit gracefully to that authority is half the battle. The self-willed boy will have to learn lessons in obedience sooner or later, and the sooner the easier will they seem. Moreover, his love for and confidence in his mother should make him yield gracefully to her wishes. If not, he must be forced to yield.

And right here comes the question of punishment—how and when it should be administered.

The child should never be punished in public or in the presence of others. To do this is an insult to the child's self respect and an offense to the spectators. But the youngster should know that, as surely as night follows day, naughtiness in public will be followed by some penalty in private.

Absolute rules as to methods of punishment are impossible. Different children require different treatment. I know I am likely to call down a storm of protest about my ears when I state my belief that some children need to be spanked. Others are ruined by corporal punishment. I have in mind two brothers, born in the same environment. One, with a violent temper, could only be checked or brought to reason by a very small but decided little switch. All other expedients failed. Coaxing, pleading, solitary confinement, putting to bed, washing the face in cold water, and sundry other remedies suggested by well-meaning friends had no effect. When the child was crossed in his purpose, or denied anything he wished, the small body would stiffen and the not small lungs would roar forth screams and yells of rage, while fists struck out and feet kicked furiously. And these fits of rage would continue until the application of the small switch aforesaid, when the writhing form would relax, the cries cease, and the child would be ready to listen to reason. Then there would be the quiet time, when the mother took her little boy on her lap, and explained to him that if he behaved like a small wild animal he must be punished as one. She would talk to him of this evil habit he had and urge him to conquer it while he was a little chap and before it grew so great that it would conquer him. She made him understand that as God had put him in her care it was her duty to make a good man of him, even if the process made him and her suffer. By the time the little fellow was five years old he had learned his lesson and conquered his temper. It was *there*, just the same, and occasionally his eyes would flash and his small fists clench, but the angry scream was suppressed and the blows and kicks restrained. His small brother was not lacking in temper, but a gentle reprimand would bring him to a state of reasonableness even when very angry, and for him the switch was unnecessary. Both boys attained self-control and both grew up to be strong, manly fellows, with will power to resist temptation and to rule their own spirits.

So the mother must make a study of the individual temperament of each boy and girl. There are two things she must demand if she would develop the best side of the natures that are in her care. One is absolute truthfulness, the other is absolute obedience. In the extreme cases where corporal punishment seems necessary the child, if properly trained, should never need such after he has reached eight or ten years of age. Common sense and reason should by this time have been so well developed that "spanking" should be put away with other babyish things.

I have found that an appeal to a sense of justice rarely fails and is understood even by the toddler. It is never too early to enforce obedience. The tiny baby soon learns if screaming brings what he wishes.

No parent should ever allow herself to punish when she is angry. There may be some question as to when one should discipline a child, but there is no doubt that the time when discipline should *not* be used is when the disciplinarian is vexed.

As soon as the child is old enough to be taught the rules of cause and effect make him understand that every transgression of any law brings its own punishment. This is a lesson that will stand him in good stead as he grows older.

To the sensitive nature one of the most painful results of transgressions is the inner consciousness that one has done wrong, that one has not lived up to the best in one's own nature and to what the Creator expects of one. Inculcate this principle in the child and he will be that which you long and pray to have him—the father of the noble man he will some day become.—*The Circle*.



WHEN GENIUS IS NOT INHERITED.

THE human brain is made up of countless billions of cells.

The work of a great genius is done by an inconceivably minute part of the brain. It may be due to a development of this minute cluster of brain cells, in connection with freedom from defective construction elsewhere.

Genius marries, and when his children are born the world wonders because they are dull and commonplace.

The same is true of the ordinarily able man, the successful citizen.

Do you want your son to inherit your ability?

Make your wife the companion of your brain.

Your wife gives you children. She cannot give you that which you will not give her.

If you do not share your brain with her, if you do not share your interests, if you do not associate her and your love for her with your noblest thoughts, your most earnest work, she cannot give you a son possessing qualities which you have withheld from her.

A man of genius has a commonplace son because his

marriage is a commonplace marriage, and this is the fault of the man of genius.

Almost invariably, as you may learn in Galton's "Hereditary Genius," or in any racing guidebook, you will find that talent comes through the mother.

The mother's interests, unlike those of the father, are not scattered. Her best and strongest emotions are reserved for the home life.

Her noblest thoughts are associated with her married relationship, and her child inherits the best that is in her.

The man of genius lives in a selfish, isolate atmosphere of his own.

His wife has the pleasure of sharing his annoyances, his dyspepsia, his private grievances, his rheumatism and his general bitterness. He laments loudly that his son develops into a commonplace nothingness. And often, poor fellow, he imagines that the fault is his wife's.

If you are a great genius, or even a man of ordinary ability, you want your son to inherit your strength. Make your wife a real partner now. Let her be ever associated in your mind with the best work of your brain, and you will not have to sigh because you are the father of a fool.—*Journal*.



IN CASE OF LOCKJAW.

A DISTRESSING case of lockjaw has been cured by the following remedy after the doctor decided that the patient would die: Three bricks were put in the fire to heat and water in a kettle to boil. A teaspoonful of cayenne pepper was put in a cup; over it was poured boiling water which was sweetened. This was poured gently into the open mouth of the patient; she sucked in between her teeth two tablespoonfuls. Then the bricks were taken out of the fire and placed in a bucket filled with boiling water sufficient to immerse the bricks half their thickness; then the patient was covered closely with a blanket and placed over the steaming bucket and held there in position to allow the hot steam to encompass her body. In less than five minutes the spasm of lockjaw relaxed and she was able to speak to her husband and family. Finally she fully recovered. This remedy has been used successfully with other ailments. Do not make the hot drink so strong as to strangle.—*Green's Fruit Grower*.



EGGS IN DYSENTERY.

THE egg is considered one of the best remedies for dysentery. Beaten up slightly with or without sugar, and swallowed at a gulp, it tends, by its emollient qualities, to lessen the inflammation of the stomach and intestines, and, by forming a transient coating on those organs, to enable nature to resume her healthful sway over a diseased body. Two, or at most, three, eggs per day would be all that is required in ordinary cases; and

since the egg is not purely medicine, but food as well, the lighter the diet otherwise, and the quieter the patient is kept, the more certain and rapid is the recovery.—*Selected*.

The Children's Corner

POLLY PUTOFF.

HER real name was Polly Putnam, but everybody called her Polly Putoff. Of course, you can guess how she came to have such a name. It was because she put off everything as long as she possibly could.

"Oh! you can depend on Polly for one thing," Uncle Will would say. "You can depend on her putting off everything, but that is all you can depend on." And I am sorry to say he spoke the truth.

"Polly, Polly," mother would say in despair, "how shall I ever break you of this dreadful habit!"

It was just three days to Polly's birthday, and she had been wondering very much what her mother and father intended to give her. She thought a music box would be the best thing, but she was almost afraid to hope for that. A man who went about selling them had brought some to the house, and Polly had gone wild with delight over their pretty musical tinkle.

"Polly," mother said that morning, "here is a letter that I want you to post before school."

"Yes, mother," answered Polly, putting the letter in her pocket.

As she reached the schoolhouse she saw the girls playing, and she stopped "just a moment." Then the bell rang, so she could not post the letter then. She looked at the address. It was directed to a man in the next town. "Oh, it hasn't got very far to go. I will post it after school."

After school she forgot all about it.

"Did you post my letter, Polly?" asked mother when Polly was studying her lessons that evening.

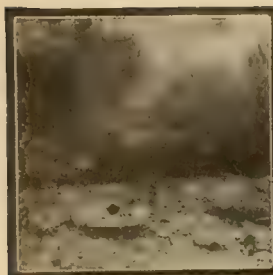
Polly's face grew very red and she put her hand in her pocket. "I will post it in the morning," she said, faintly.

"It is too late," answered mother. "The man to whom the letter is directed went away this evening, and I haven't got his address. It really only matters to yourself, for it was an order for a music box for your birthday?"

"O mother!" exclaimed Polly, "is it really too late?"

"I don't know where he is now," said her mother. "If you had not put off posting the letter he would have received it before he started and sent the music box. It is too late now."

Wasn't that a hard lesson? It cured Polly, though; and she has nearly lost her old name.—*Christian Uplook*.



THE QUIET HOUR



"OLD SOLDIER'S FAREWELL."

CONTRIBUTED.

Into the glory of sunset my lone bark is gliding,
Where in the silence eternal it soon will be hiding;
Yet from the gloom sounds a most gladsome bassoon,
Leading me onward confiding.

Soldiers, ye stand on the eve of a battle of glory,
Winning the world and the loved ones of Christ for his
glory:
Strength to your arms! Heed not Old Mammon's alarms!
Angels will herald the story.

Comrades who labored with me for the old world's re-
deeming,
Binding the sheaves of fruition while daylight was gleam-
ing;
Leave not your task! Nobly endure to the last!
Fields are all ripe for the gleanings.

Into the glory of sunset my gaze now is turning,
Back in your camps are the beacons of hope brightly
burning:
All now is well! Fondly I bid ye farewell!
Heaven is the end of my journey.



OUR INSISTENT ENVIRONS.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

THE world insists upon companionship; yes more, she calls for service. Her demands upon time and energy are wonderfully exhaustive of vital life forces. No one can continually comply without weakening vitality and causing his powers to ebb low.

A century ago Wordsworth realized a condition which, wherever attendant upon mankind, has limited the development of highest natures. He expresses the situation tersely,

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers."

The truth of these words is evident to any one who gives the matter thought. Nor are these powers the least significant in the makeup of mortals. Continuous resort to the bartering marts of the world will whet into keenness the sense of the business man. Attendance upon public duties will augment the ability of the professional man. But even the sense of these may be dulled by unrelaxedly being sacrificed upon the altar of world service.

The graces that adorn the soul cannot be developed when the oppressive burdens imposed by the world are constantly borne. In such instance there is no opportunity wherein the soul may be nourished by its necessary

food which is not of the world. The waste of sacred power creates disaster. It is the work of sin and the end of sin. Conservation of soul power ministers unto the efficiency of mental and physical power. Rather than waste all three, wisdom dictates the simultaneous cultivation of all.

Soul interests are not promoted in never-ceasing contact with the temporalities of the world. There is another time and another place for that. That time comes when the mantle of world-care is laid aside and a cloak of childlike freedom is substituted—childlike in its humility, teachableness and quick discernment of truth. That place may be in the home, surrounded by an affectionate circle; it may be in the sanctuary of the Most High; it may be in the inner chamber, or it may be in God's great out-of-doors. The pleasure is too great and the prize too precious to forget the time, or fail to reach the place.

However insistent the world may be for constant attention, acquiescence need not forever be granted except man will it so. The world must pass away. We may not attach ourselves too firmly to it lest we miss it when it goes—and we go.



OUR LOVE FOR GOD.

MANY find it difficult to love God because they have not been taught that God is lovable and in every way worthy of their love. They have been taught evil doctrines and unattractive views of God, which have made them afraid of him rather than to love him. They have been taught to look upon God not as a loving and merciful Father, but as a tyrant and a taskmaster, who watches carefully in order that he may note and set down against them the lapses of conduct and the slightest mishap or neglect, who busies himself to mark down with extreme and severe exactness what is done amiss.

It is scarcely to be wondered at if persons who have been thus taught in their youth find it difficult to love God even then or in their maturer years. Who has ever been frightened or threatened into loving any being? How can we love anyone who does not seem to us kind, merciful, amiable, loving? Our love must be called out by God's love. If we are to love God, it must be because he has first loved us.

But he has loved us and he does love us. The dark and cruel thoughts about God, which, in all ages, have

been too prevalent, are not what this kindly and beautiful world about us teaches. Kindness, goodness, and sweetness beam from the earth, air, and sky. Neither are they what the New Testament teaches. God is good, God is kind, God is the most fatherly of all fathers, more loving than springs forth from a mother's heart. Dull, indeed, must be the heart that can feel no love for the God of whom the Gospel speaks! Perverse, indeed, must be the mind if it can wrest the matchless story of Christ's salvation into a doctrine that would represent God as harsh and unloving.

"God is love," says John, "and he that dwelleth in love dwelleth in God, and God in him." If we could believe that, and we need not say in all its fullness, but if we could only believe it just as we will if we let Jesus help us, then love to God will be born in our hearts, and we shall feel for him all that the natural, loving little child feels for its loving mother.

If we really believed that God, who made heaven and earth, was calling us and beseeching us by the sacrifice of his only begotten and beloved Son to give him the love of our hearts, we could not help giving the fullness of our love to him.—*Methodist Recorder*.



DEFECTIVE CONSCIENCE.

JESUS taught the brotherhood of man not as beautiful theory but as a practical ideal to be realized in our everyday relations. To desire and to labor for the common good of all is the Christian purpose. The Christian conscience must be as broad in its reach as the Christian Gospel. It must be considerate of the welfare of the unknown brother a hundred miles distant as well as of that of the blood kin living in the same house. But how far are Christians today from realizing this ideal in daily practice! The man who is very careful that healthful conditions prevail in his own home is often very slow to correct sanitary evils in the house of his tenant. The man who is most solicitous to provide for the education of his own child often does not scruple to employ the underaged children of his neighbors in his factory. The man who would not think of imposing impure milk, diseased or immature meat, upon his acquaintances, without an apparent pang of conscience, consigns it to the distant city market where it is disposed of to unsuspecting people. Such examples of defective conscientiousness almost daily come to our attention. The Christian Church has still before it the gigantic task of socializing the Christian conscience; that is, educating the conscience of Christian people to the true Christian standard.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



LET HIM IN.

THERE is no such great mystery about conversion. You know already what it is to let some human being

enter into your life. You know all that it means. Everything is changed by it more or less. Those whom we house in the innermost chamber of our hearts seem sometimes to have more to do with the making and shaping of our existence than we have ourselves. Today, perhaps, you came to this chapel without one thought of Christ. He made no part of your thinking, of your acting, of your planning, or of your dreaming. If you will hear his voice today, and let him in, then everything will be altered. He will really come into your thoughts. He will speak to you. You will speak to him. You will say to yourselves, "What would he think of this? What would he do in my circumstances? What would he think about this scheme? How would he have me to direct my life?" When that comes to pass you are living the Christian life, however imperfectly and poorly. You are a Christian: Christ is to you a reality. He will not be at first all that he will come to be, but he is willing just to enter, and once over the threshold he will become more and more to you, till from Guest he turns to Host. What could be better, happier, wiser for you than to open the door to this Seeker, this Knocker, this Beseecher? Let him in. Say to him, say it to him now in the silence of your souls, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord; why standest thou without?"—*W. Robertson Nicoll*.



GROWING OLD.

A little more tired at close of day;
A little less anxious to have our way;
A little less ready to scold and blame,
A little more care for a brother's name;
And so we are nearing the journey's end,
Where time and eternity meet and blend.

A little less care for bonds and gold,
A little more zest for the days of old,
A broader view and a saner mind,
And a little more love for all mankind!
And so we are faring a-down the way
That leads to the gates of a better day.

A little more love for the friends of youth,
A little less zeal for established truth,
A little more charity in our views;
A little less thirst for the daily news;
And so we are folding our tents away
And passing in silence at close of day.

A little more leisure to sit and dream,
A little more real the things unseen,
A little nearer to those ahead,
With visions of those long loved and dead;
And so we are going where all must go,
To a place the living may never know.

A little more laughter, a few more tears
And we shall have told our increasing years.
The book is closed, and the prayers are said,
And we are part of the countless dead.
Thrice happy then, if some soul can say:
"I live because he has passed my way."

—Unidentified.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



In forty-two and a half years the Dr. Barnardo Homes have rescued, trained and given a good start in life to 68,050 children. The homes today shelter the largest "family" in the world, 8,391 boys and girls.

In compliance with the demand for cleaner street cars made by the city officials and citizens of Des Moines, President George B. Hippee has issued an order forbidding smoking on cars, even on the platforms.

The final plans are now being prepared at Twin Falls, Idaho, of what the engineers claim will be, when completed, the highest bridge in the world. It will serve to carry the tracks of an electric road across the Snake River Canyon at a point a short distance below the Great Shoshone Falls of that river. The under side of the bridge will be 700 feet in the clear above the water.

Declaring that he believes this time he will reach the North Pole in an airship, Walter Wellman, the Chicago newspaper man, has sailed for Norway, from which country he will proceed to Spitzbergen. Twice before Wellman has visited Spitzbergen with the intention of making a polar flight, but each time he has had to abandon his plans. This year he hopes to start for the pole in August.

The Oklahoma State board of health has issued an order that all cattle intended for breeding or dairying purposes which are shipped into Oklahoma must be accompanied by a health certificate issued by a State or federal veterinarian showing they have stood the tuberculin test. This does not apply to shipments of animals for slaughter nor to shipments for grazing when the ultimate destination is northern or eastern markets.

A special commission has been appointed to draft a bill reducing the number of public holidays in Russia. A memorandum points out that France has only 56 holidays, including Sundays; England, 58; Germany, 60, and Russia, 91. The excess of holidays, it is stated, costs Russia \$1,000,000,000 yearly. Many of the holidays come during the season of work in the fields and keep agriculture backward. The bill proposes that 28 of the holidays be eliminated, leaving 68, including Sundays.

Believing that their men will do better work and about as much with less strain and less danger of accident if they rest on Sunday instead of working, the managers of the United States Steel Corporation have closed the National Tube Works at McKeesport, Pa., on the Sabbath. It is understood that this is the first step toward the closing on that day of all the mills under the charge of the corporation. The only exception to the rule will be the blast furnaces and other departments which when once started must be kept running.

The Illinois Senate by a unanimous vote passed Jones' bill limiting the hours of work of female employes of laundries and mechanical factories to ten hours a day. This was the original eight-hour bill which the Illinois Manufacturers' Association fought but was amended by its introducer to limit the hours to ten and the employments to laundries and mechanical factories.

The Prussian military authorities have decided to discontinue the enlistment of negroes in the army. This ruling applies chiefly to the military bands, in several of which there are African drummers. The explanation offered is that the negroes in question have adopted the vices and none of the virtues of the German civilization. It is said that they have degenerated rapidly and are not amenable to discipline.

The Zeppelin Airship Co. is now busy pushing its plans for establishing a line of airships from north to south, from Lucerne to Hamburg, by way of Friedrichshafen, Strasburg, Frankfort, and Cologne, with branch lines if occasion calls for them. It is hoped that the line will be in operation by May, 1910. New works are now being built at Friedrichshafen and after they are completed, the company will be able to turn out 10 airships annually.

Henry H. Rogers, vice president of the Standard Oil Company, active leader in the organization of the Amalgamated Copper Company, builder of the Tidewater Railway, one of the most successful fortune-makers in the world, and one of the chief figures in the famous government oil suit, which resulted in the imposing of a \$29,240,000 fine in Chicago, which was later reversed, died of apoplexy at his home in New York City. He was 69 years old. Mr. Rogers' fortune is estimated at \$100,000,000.

There is a wide range of difference between people in their ability to hold their breath. Many find it difficult to refrain from breathing for half a minute, while those who have very strong lungs may extend this time to a minute. The pearl fishers of Ceylon will remain under water a minute and a half, but only by taking a number of deep respirations before going down. By this preliminary deep breathing the blood is freed from carbonic acid and other poisons and thus the period until the next breath can be much prolonged. A girl named Wallenda some years ago stayed under water four minutes, 45 seconds, and that is the highest record of that sort. M. Vernon, however, has now succeeded in holding his breath the astonishing time of eight minutes 13 seconds, by breathing deeply for six minutes and then taking several breaths of pure oxygen. Too long continued deep breathing is dangerous, as it causes a kind of paralysis of the muscles and vertigo.

Dispatches from Bluefields, Nicaragua, say banana plantations have been laid waste by night riders near there and the people are awaiting news of a revolution led by night riders. The attacks are being directed against the Bluefields Fruit Company. Seven American and Mexican warships are in that vicinity. The greater part of the Nicaraguan forces are already in the field and more than 5,000 men are assembled on the Honduras frontier, while smaller forces are stationed in other parts. A large army is being mobilized by Gen. Aurelio Estrada.

Cologne Cathedral, which is in unsatisfactory condition, according to the report of the architect of the cathedral, who says the stone is crumbling rapidly, due to acids in the air, and that the necessary repairs will cost many millions of dollars and take many years to carry out, is one of the noblest specimens of Gothic architecture in Europe. It was begun in the year 1248, and the choir was consecrated in 1322. Through centuries the building was slowly carried on and the foundation stone of the transept was laid in 1842. Six years later everything except the towers was finished, and these were completed in 1880. The towers are 512 feet high and the edifice is 443 by 200 feet. Experts declare it will take several million dollars to repair the cathedral properly.

A firm of patent swindlers operating in New York City under the name of Walsh Brothers & Co. has recently been found guilty of using the mails to defraud. The firm posed as an agency for soliciting patents, and those who answered the advertisement were confidentially informed that John T. Sherlock, one of the members of the firm, possessed a special influence with the Patent Department, which gave him an advantage over other agencies. The inventor was thus induced to pay a registration fee, and the only return he received for his money was a small cut of his invention. By this method the firm managed to take in from \$500 to \$1,000 per week. Sherlock has been sentenced to serve a term of two years in the Atlanta Federal prison and pay a fine of \$500, while John Walsh, another member of the firm, must serve eight months in the penitentiary and pay a fine of \$100.

Financial problems constitute the gravest feature of anxiety on the part of the Cuban government, and with the protracted delay in the presentation of the budget for the coming year the general feeling of uncertainty and lack of confidence becomes accentuated. Governor Magoon's budget for the current fiscal year ending June 30 was \$24,250,000 and the estimates of revenue a little more than \$27,000,000. Careful estimates of the revenues for the coming year indicate a total of probably not more than \$24,000,000, exclusive of the taxes available for the payment of the interest and sinking fund of the \$35,000,000 loan for the payment of the army of the revolution. The sources of revenue applicable to this purpose always have been and continue to be ample, with a very considerable surplus. Estimates of the expenses of the government for the coming year place the total at not less than \$30,000,000 and by some authorities as high as \$40,000,000, indicating under the most favorable conditions a very serious deficit. President Gomez is opposed to burdening the country with an additional issue of bonds, and one of his first acts was to decide against the issue of the loan of \$15,000,000, authorized by Governor Magoon, to meet the cost of the contracts for the sewerage and paving of Havana and the waterworks of Cienfuegos.

A new axle train-lighting system has recently been devised, in which the generator is located in the baggage car of the train. The generator is placed in the body of the car, where it is open to inspection at any time, and it is driven by belts from the axle of one of the trucks. The belts are made self-adjusting so as to take up slack due to the flexing of the springs. A storage battery which is charged by the dynamo serves to furnish current for the lights when the train is standing still.

That alcohol was the cause of insanity in 46 per cent of the patients admitted to the Norristown, Pa., State Hospital between April 1, 1907, and April 1, 1909, is the assertion of Dr. C. R. McKinnis in a paper read before the Association of Pennsylvania Hospitals for the Insane May 15. Dr. McKinnis said that in two years 530 patients had entered the institution. Alcohol caused insanity in 240, and 71 cases were diagnosed as alcohol psychosis. In cases of epileptic insanity the work of alcohol could be traced.

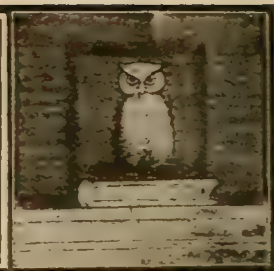
Under direction of Circuit Attorney Jones the St. Louis, Mo., grand jury is investigating rich tax dodgers. While the deposits in banks aggregate \$400,000,000, not more than \$4,000,000 is listed for taxation. To make a false tax return constitutes perjury, with the sentence of from two to seven years in the penitentiary. However, indictments can be found charging the making of a false affidavit, which is a misdemeanor, punishable by a fine or a workhouse sentence, or both. Owners of automobiles say that the machines belong to their wives. If so the wives may be arrested for not having license to act as chauffeurs. Before the investigation ends the officers of every bank in the city may be summoned before the grand jury.

President Taft signed a proclamation opening for settlement and entry a million acres of rich farm land in the Coeur d'Alene Indian reservation in Idaho, the Spokane reservation in Washington and the Flathead reservation in Montana. Coeur d'Alene is the point for drawing sites in all three divisions. Registration will begin July 15 and terminate August 5 of this year. The drawing will begin at 10 o'clock on the morning of August 9 and continue as long as it is necessary to dispose of the lands. The points of registration at which applications must be executed and sworn to are as follows: For the Flathead, either Kalispell or Missoula, Mont.; for the Spokane land, at Spokane, Wash., and for lands of the Coeur d'Alene reservation, at Coeur d'Alene.

President Taft send back to the War Department the estimates submitted to him for the support of the military establishment for the fiscal year 1911 and indicated his desire that they should be cut approximately \$36,000,000. The estimates were prepared during Secretary Dickinson's visit to Panama and carefully scrutinized by Acting Secretary Oliver, who reduced them to \$171,650,000—\$18,000,000 less than the estimate for 1910, but about \$16,000,000 more than the appropriations for the current year. When Mr. Taft saw the figures he expressed his wish that they be \$20,000,000 less than the appropriations for this year. Army officers say the reduction in estimates, if persisted in by the President, means practically no construction work for the army during 1911.



Among the Magazines



OVEREDUCATING CRUDE BRAINS.

That we are attempting to force too many different types of brain through the same course of training in our schools, and that we should pay more attention to racial factors in our public education, is asserted by an editorial writer in the *Interstate Medical Journal* (St. Louis). He says:

"Every now and then there is an unwise assertion that the educational system is a failure, and a demand is made that it be replaced by an industrial education as at Tuskegee—the school to take the place of the old-fashioned apprenticeship and the graduates turned out ready to make a living—a stride toward Socialism. Yet there is just enough anatomical basis for these criticisms to cause us to pause and determine whether we are correct in thrusting higher education upon those unable to accept it, and whether the money had not better be spent upon the lower grades beyond which such a huge proportion of children never pass, reserving the higher courses for the few able to pass rigid tests as to ability. Perhaps a study of ethnic types in the high schools, colleges, and universities will throw light on the subject. It is a huge, uncultivated field bound to give rich returns, as we may find that most of the types in the higher schools are descendants of immigrants from countries where there is a large number of higher schools per million of population, and that our lower types have no use for the higher schools for the same reason here as in Europe—inability to use them.

"At least one thing is certain—the extreme necessity of training what brain exists in each little citizen. The public-school system must be developed more and more. But we must strongly combat the popular delusion that such education causes an effect in the way of increased number of cells and fibers, for Donaldson ('Growth of the Brain') shows that the cells cease their multiplication before birth. Even if there were an increase, there is no evidence that such acquired characters are ever transmitted. Pedagogues quite commonly assert that education for two or three generations will markedly increase the intelligence of the descendants, but there are no facts whatever upon which to base such an opinion. Indeed, Greece was on the down grade at her greatest pedagogic period. Education is a process of making a better society of the material at hand by enhancing the economic value of each unit—eugenics does not enter the question at all. In Europe, apparently, it is intelligence which is developing education, and not education which has evolved the larger and better brains which characterize the higher races."

But does the perpetuation of American institutions, the writer goes on to inquire, demand an education which was not obtained by the men who created those institutions? Will not the men with brains rise without prolonged education, as did Franklin, Lincoln, and Garfield? Of course no one doubts that our self-made men would

have been better off for more schooling; but are we not injuring too many boys by thrusting on them a training of which they are unable to profit in the struggle for existence? Says the writer:

"Thousands are starving in all the professions, who should be on the farms like their ancestors, raising healthy country lads instead of anemic, under-fed city weaklings. The 'failures' have muscles for mechanical work, but not brains for intellectual labors, and if the muscles had been properly trained, they might not have been 'failures.' Percherons are not trained for the Derby, and our pedagogues may find therein why such a small percentage of children who enter a high school are able to graduate.

"The great discussion now going on as to the large percentage of 'backward' children in the public school, might end if it is shown that they are as far advanced for their age and brain as they should be, and that forcing them on may be injurious. In other words there is a danger that pedagogy, unchecked by ethnic brain studies, may lead itself astray unless each child's abilities are studied as carefully as a horseman studies a colt's, and then training adopted to suit each individual, for no two boys are exactly alike."—Literary Digest.



THE ECONOMIC ARGUMENT AGAINST THE SALOON.

More and more the economic argument is influencing voters to abolish the saloon. The man who frequents the saloon is not so strong in body nor intellectually so keen, nor professionally or industriously so efficient as the man who does not. A man who has no scruples on the subject, but has good common sense, soon discovers that he is handicapped in the heated competition of life when he becomes a patron of the saloon.

The New York Central, the Lackawanna, the Pennsylvania, the Baltimore & Ohio, the Wabash, the Rock Island, the Great Northern, and other railroad systems have adopted the following rule: "The use of intoxicants by employees, while on duty, is prohibited. Their habitual use, or the frequenting of places where they are sold, is sufficient cause for dismissal." The Michigan State law will not permit a man who is not a total abstainer to have anything to do with the running of trains. The premium on temperance in railroad circles is so great that 25,000 employees of the Northwestern Railroad signed a pledge of total abstinence at one time.

Business houses generally discriminate against the drinker in the employment of men. The United States Commissioner of Labor sent a note of enquiry to 7,000 concerns employing labor; 5,363 of them responded that they took the drink question very much into account in hiring men, and that they had to be the more careful in selecting responsible help because the law held them liable for injuries caused by accident. The young man of ambition and hope who wants to get into a good place

and succeed in it knows full well that he must stay away from the saloon. This business argument sends hundreds of thousands of employees into the ranks of those who are fighting the traffic.

The people paid last year a billion dollars for intoxicating drink, \$108,000,000 more than for all the necessities of life, and it is a protest against this colossal material waste and a desire to divert some of the drink money to better uses that has prompted many to vote no-license in the campaigns. The billion dollars paid over the counter for drink for the year is only about a half of the material damage the traffic causes, requiring institutions to be maintained by the public.

The large amounts of money paid into the treasuries of States and municipalities by the liquor-dealers are no compensation for the material as well as the moral waste in the community, and while there are many friends of law and order who vote for license because they think the saloon ought to be made to pay a part of the price of its public injury, the people are getting to believe more and more each year that the damage of the saloon is too great, and they are unwilling to tolerate it and are voting "no" on the proposition to permit it.—From "Another Year of Defeat for the American Saloon," by Ferdinand Cowle Iglehart, in the *American Review of Reviews* for May.



WHO IS THE WISE GIVER?

There is a growing tendency among rich men to give their money to institutions, rather than to leave it to their sons or grandsons. In America, money is seldom handed down from generation to generation in large estates. The highest type of individual is he who can see farthest into the future and direct his actions so that they will be operative for good fifty or one hundred years hence. For this reason wise givers, wise and loving parents, are learning not to give all of their fortunes to their children. Why? Because there is a surer way of investing it, so that it will yield interest to their children and grandchildren, than by handing down to them swollen fortunes with the accompanying evils.

The best inheritance any man can have is an environment that promises health, that gives opportunity to be self-supporting and to make his own fortune, in whatever way seems to him most worth while. Not the man who leaves money for his grandchildren's education, but he who gives money to make the school system provide good education for all children, is the wise giver. Not the man who builds a model tenement, but he who enables his town to enforce the tenement-house law that protects all tenements for all time; not the man who gives a home to convalescent mothers and babies, but he who gives a fund to teach the public to educate all mothers to save their babies.

Our interest is no longer in the maintenance of a particular family, but in a better race of Americans—i. e., in a better environment.

The money of Americans is their conscience, the use of it, if not the getting of it, expresses an ideal—now a health ideal, now beauty, now government, now social welfare. May it not be that one hundred years hence the man, not known today as philanthropist or benefactor, but who uses his money, his thought, his time and energy to put his ideal into permanent form on a commercial basis, will be lauded as the Charitable Man?—Editorial in *The Delineator* for June.

GRAIN VERSUS CASH RENT.

WE are not now discussing the question of whether it is better for the owner or the tenant to deal on the basis of cash rent or grain rent. That will be settled in different ways by varying conditions. When seasons are favorable and prices of grain high the landlord would naturally prefer grain rent, because experience has shown him that he receives more net income in this way than he would dare to ask the tenant in cash.

When the owner is so situated that he can keep an eye on the farm operations and can dispose of his share, he prefers the grain rent, of course. When he lives a long distance from the farm, however, and can neither keep in touch with its operations nor market his grain, then he is willing to accept cash rent. When the seasons have been bad for a number of years, so that grain rent has not paid well, he then insists on cash rent. If he holds the farm for speculation and cannot lease it for more than a year at a time, he again prefers the grain rent, other things being equal.

The tenant of limited means prefers grain rent, knowing that if he should meet with a bad season or misfortune in any way he might otherwise sink his capital or savings. On the other hand, the tenant who is forehanded and can engage in live-stock farming and can secure a lease for a number of years, naturally prefers cash rent. Decades hence, when we settle down to a regular system of farming in the West, we believe that cash rents will be the rule and grain rents the exception. This, however, is not what we started to speak about, but rather the effect of cash and grain rent on the farm itself. For we are interested in the land as well as in the landlord and the tenant. They will pass away; the land will remain, and the welfare of the future generations will depend very largely on whether the land has been farmed in such a way as to retain, if not increase, its available fertility.

It may be safely assumed in all deals between landlord and tenant that each will look after his own personal interest. The tenant, whether paying cash or grain rent, will do his utmost to get all that he possibly can out of the land during the term of the lease. He will get every bushel of wheat, every bushel of corn, every ton of hay that he can possibly obtain in that year. He won't have the farm the next year. Whether it gains or loses in fertility is a matter of no consequence to him.

In renting for a share of the grain he can deal only to a very limited extent in live stock; hence can have a very limited amount of manure available. Therefore, it seems to us that the custom of grain rent so common in recent years will sooner or later tend to decrease soil fertility. This would also be the case where the land is rented for cash for a single year. The landlord must not expect the tenant to lie awake at night or work extra hours to maintain the fertility

of land when his tenure is definitely limited by the lease to a short period.

Cash renters generally have a longer tenure, that is, their leases are for a longer period than grain rent, and cash renters naturally pay much more attention to live stock than those that rent for a share of the grain. Live stock means manure; and on the lands of a neat farm that manure will be hauled out for the looks of the thing as well as for increasing the fertility of the soil.

If the lease is for a long period, or for a short period with the understanding that it is terminable at will of either party, where, if the tenant is a good one and the landlord lives, it is likely to continue for a series of years, in that case the land is likely to maintain and even to increase its fertility, to the benefit not only of the parties directly interested, but of the entire community. Therefore, the sooner we settle down to business and deal in land as a permanent investment, the profit of which is determined largely by the maintenance of its fertility, the sooner we will drift into cash rents for a period of years, or at least with the understanding that the lease can be continued at the will of both parties.

The tenant, unless he is forehanded, cannot afford even in a section where crops are reasonably certain to pay a large cash rent for a single year. A hail storm or an untimely frost or a wet harvest or a season of drought or flood may prevent him from making more than a bare living, to say nothing about paying the rent. Or he may be able to make only half the rent; and in this case he exhausts his available capital and is not likely to continue to rent for another year; whereas over a period of five years he is morally certain to have two or three good years, possibly one or two where he can "make a killing."—*Wallace's Farmer*.



RAISING AND GIVING.

(Continued from Page 537.)

the report of her section for the three quarters since she had held office. Mrs. Drivewell fairly gasped in her astonishment. "How have you done it?" she asked, breathlessly.

"Simply by giving heartily, as unto the Lord," replied Mrs. Dey, calmly. "I am proud of my band of workers, and now we have a proposition to make to you. Why not make our donations to this annual supper a cash offering and thus save the backaches, the nerve-wearing operation of the supper itself? The ladies of my division are ready and more than willing to do their share."

Mrs. Drivewell was loth to give up her pet scheme for raising money, but the husbands approved so energetically that it was agreed to follow Mrs. Dey's lead for once, and the results were so surprising that

even Mrs. Drivewell became reconciled to the idea of giving, instead of raising, the necessary funds for the needs of the church.—*Home Herald*.

Between Whiles

He'd Help.—Caller—"Sir, I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute anything?"

Editor—"With pleasure. Call tonight with the ambulance and I will have some poets ready."—Judge.



The Cure.—"Can I offer you a little friendly advice?" "If you'll take a little in return."

Here negotiations ceased.—*Louisville Courier-Journal*.



Pride Goeth, Etc.—Professor (coming from his club holding up triumphantly his umbrella to his wife)—"You see, my dear Alma, how stupid are all the anecdotes about our absent-mindedness. You see, I haven't forgotten my umbrella."

Mrs. Professor—"But, my dear, you didn't take your umbrella with you: you left it at home."—*Frankfort Witzblatt*.



A Keen Observer.

Ethel, aged three, had been to visit her cousins, two fun-loving and romping boys. She had climbed upon her father's knee and was telling him of her visit. "Papa, every night John and George say their prayers they ask God to make them good boys," said she. "That is nice," said papa. Then thinking soberly for a few minutes, she said, "He ain't done it yet."—*The Delineator* for June.



Johnnie: "Pa, won't you please buy me a microbe to help me with my arithmetic?"

Papa: "What good will a microbe do you?"

Johnnie: "I just read in this paper that they multiply rapidly."—Judge.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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FARMS FOR SALE—From \$40.00 to \$60.00 per acre. If you are in the market for a farm write at once for a 1909 price list giving full description.—*M. H. Miller, Bristol, Ind.*

FOR SALE—5x8 Printing Press, including type, cabinet, ink, and unprinted stock. Worth \$150.00. A bargain at \$50.00 cash. Other business. Green stamp brings samples of work.—*Dallas Kirk, Pentz, Pa.*

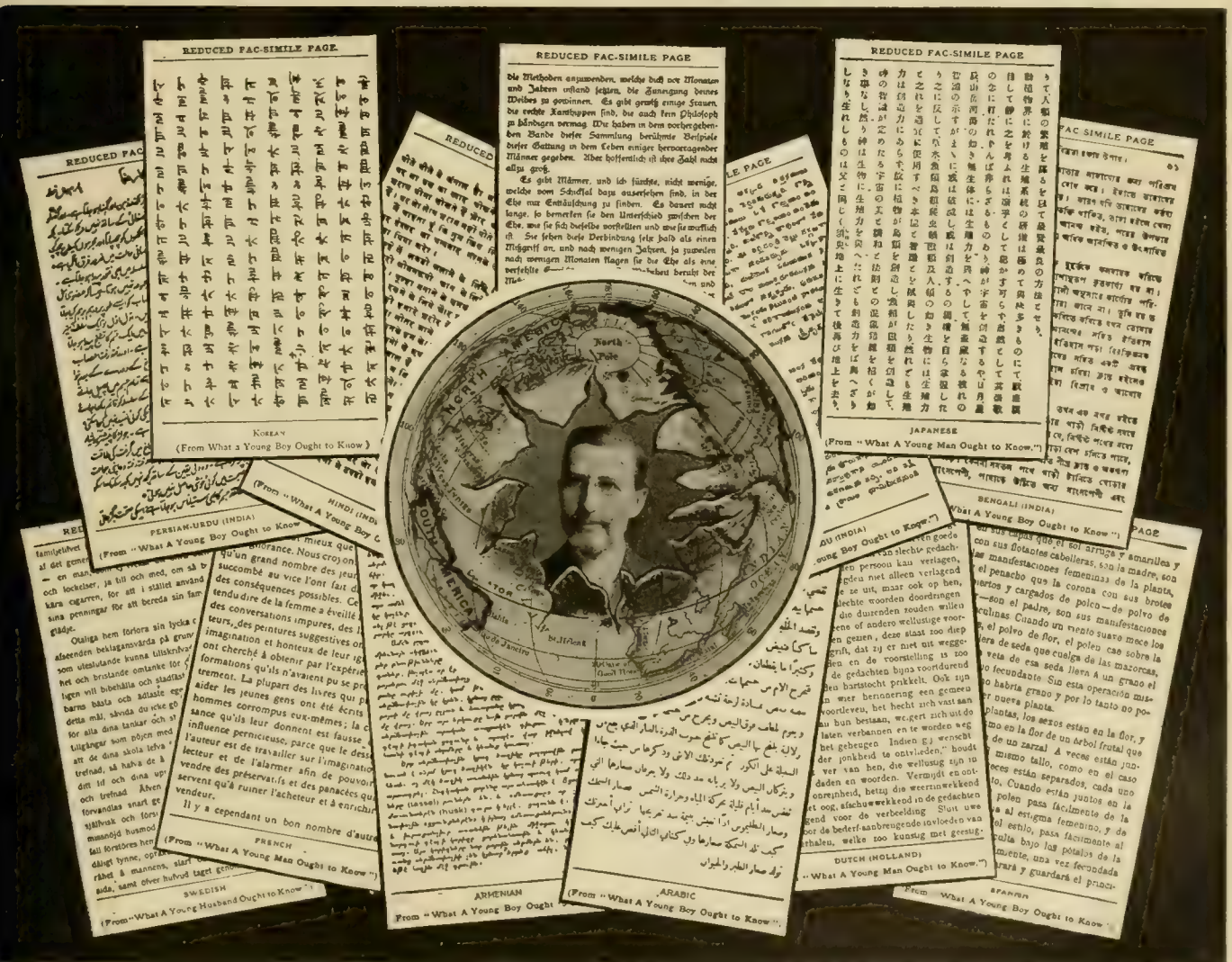
BOOKS THAT BELT THE GLOBE

L. M. CROSS

THE necessity for self-knowledge is becoming daily, almost hourly, more apparent. The ominous and costly silence of the centuries is at last broken. The clouds of ignorance are being dispersed by the demand for pure knowledge of what has always been considered an avoided subject. This has been brought about somewhat by the scandalous details of evils published in the daily press, by the stories in the juvenile courts of youthful depravity and vice, by the

But the voice spoken through the printed page that has done most to awaken the nations of the earth from their fatal slumber has been that of Sylvanus Stall, D. D.* When the columns of the press and the voices in the pulpit were silent, when doctors and educators were busy with other matters, he endeavored to dispel the darkness of ignorance by sending forth the light of proper intelligence.

It was when Dr. Stall was a young minister, think-



editorial and contributed articles in the columns of some of the leading periodicals which have told in pathetic and heartrending language of the awful sacrifices demanded from the very flower of our young manhood and womanhood because of ignorance concerning subjects which intimately affect the temporal and eternal well of every human being.

ing of the dire need of proper literature and the sad condition that existed in society, that he realized that some one should brave public sentiment, and perchance even censure, and afford boys and men pure, clean and honest books upon these matters. His thought formed itself into a resolution that if God spared his life, he would some day, with his help, undertake to write

such books. Whenever he saw a book which he judged would prove helpful he purchased it and laid it away for the propitious time which he believed, in God's good providence, would surely come. He attended clinics in medical colleges, visited hospitals and made careful preparation in every way for the purity work which is now firmly established.

About ten years ago he kept his covenant and published "What a Young Boy Ought to Know," and "What a Young Man Ought to Know," and awaited with confidence the judgment of the public upon them. It exceeded his greatest expectations. Words of heartiest approval came from such clergymen as Theodore L. Cuyler, Charles L. Thompson, James A. Worden, F. B. Meyer, Bishop Vincent, and Josiah Strong and from such laymen as Edward W. Bok and John Willis Baer and from such women as Frances E. Willard and Lady Henry Somerest, and many others of the great and good in all parts of the world.

So universal was the encouragement he received from appreciative people everywhere that he recognized in it a leading of providence and resolved to consecrate his entire thought and energies to the one idea of disseminating pure literature along these vital lines. Then followed "What a Young Husband Ought to Know," written in that language which only a pure heart and brain could conceive. Then when he reached the period of middle life, he found that men of forty-five and over were as ignorant of the changes through which they were passing as boys at the period of adolescence, and there was a fourth book, "What a Man of Forty-five Ought to Know."

Dr. Stall, although believing that his special work was for men, was not without interest in girls and women. He realized that they also should have the right kind of literature, and he seems to have been providentially led to secure the services of Mrs. Mary Wood-Allen, M. D., and Mrs. Emma F. A. Drake, M. D., who have written in the same pure, chaste and informing way for girls and women upon the things they should know.

Some of the far-reaching influence of Dr. Stall's books is made apparent by the fact that several of the large church missionary societies, at their own expense, have had one or more of these books translated and published for the use of their missionaries in their work in different portions of Asia. The books have been translated into nearly all of the European languages and many of the Asiatic tongues—in all twenty or more. Reduced page productions of some of these languages appear above.

In this series of books the whole question of the reproductive nature is presented as Dr. Stall conceived God must have thought of it when he created man and woman and endowed them as he did, and gathered about the relation of husband and wife, and parent and child the tenderest and most sacred relations of life.

Dr. Stall is a man with a definite, clear and soul-consuming message and he has known how to deliver it. He has spoken in the vernacular of the people. Like his Master it can be said of him "the common people heard him gladly." The influences of these books will never die. If their wise counsels are heeded it will mean a better brand of people in the coming generations. The faculties which have been covered with the blight of ignorance in the past will be purified and lifted to that eminence which God intended them to occupy.



WHY THE AMERICAN STANDARD BIBLE IS THE BEST VERSION OF THE SCRIPTURES

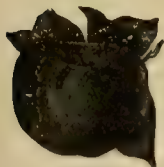
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ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1. J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five miles from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones and other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED—NEW RAILROAD BUILDING.

A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY
North Manchester, Ind., South Bend, Ind.
Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

THE INGLENOOK

June 8, 1909

One Dollar Per Year

IT IS THE MEANER PART THAT DIES

Though love be bought and honor sold,
The sunset keeps its glow of gold;
And round the rosy summits cold
The white clouds hover, fold on fold.

Though over-ripe the nations rot,
Though right be dead and faith forgot,
Though one dull cloud the heavens may blot,
The tender leaf delayeth not.

Though all the earth be sunk in ill,
The beauteous autumn's mellow still;
By virgin sand and sea-worn hill
The constant waters ebb and fill.

From out the throng and stress of lies,
From out the painful noise of sighs,
One voice of comfort seems to rise,
"It is the meaner part that dies."

—Sir Lewis Morris.

A New Book Out And It Is Free

A large party of Brethren from California, in charge of S. P. Bowman, are on their way to the Annual Conference at Harrisonburg, Virginia. As they passed through Omaha, they were each one presented free with a copy of this new book, "JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO."

Following are the names of the parties in charge of Mr. Bowman:

Cornelia and Mary Johnson.

F. L. Hepner, wife and children.

A. N. White, and wife.

Mrs. M. Myers.

Miss Wampler.

Mr. and Mrs. Moses Brubaker.

A. H. Emmert, and wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Sam Fesler.

D. A. Norcross, wife and son.

Mrs. Katie Bashore, and child.

Mrs. Fannie Gibbel.

Mr. Percy E. Zug.

Miss Elizabeth Snider.

Those persons who attend the Annual Conference at Harrisonburg, and fail to get a copy of this free book, will receive one by mail by writing the undersigned; or should there be any who for any reason will not be permitted to attend the Conference, we would be glad to have them write us asking for a copy of this booklet. It is new and bristling with the history of the church and missionary statistics which will be helpful. Not only send your own name and address plainly written, but the names of other brethren and sisters who you think would be interested in this booklet.

Address all orders for the new book, "JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO," to Geo. L. McDonaugh, Omaha, Neb.

Paul the Herald of the Cross

By J. W. Wayland



The story of Paul's life is told in an interesting and instructive way. A splendid sidelight to the Sunday-school lessons for 1909.

It will appeal to boys and girls, and older persons, too, and will leave them the better for reading it. Brother Wayland follows the Great Missionary from youth to death, and all the way he holds the attention. One

cannot read the book without feeling a desire to help in spreading the Gospel.

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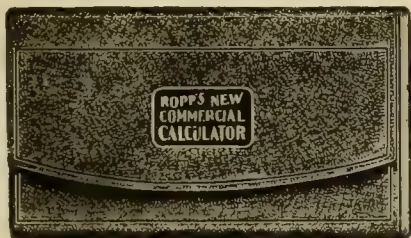
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Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

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The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

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makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address: **WM. S. MILLER,** Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.

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I now have another offer to make in keeping with our rapidly growing, progressive city. A specially desirable lot will cost \$375.00. A 4-room frame house 24x26, drop siding outside, ship-lap inside, nicely finished with canvas and wall paper, wood work stained and varnished, two coats good paint outside, outhouse built and painted, all complete, will cost \$575.00 Total, \$950.00. Such a property will rent readily for \$20.00 per month, which is a little better than 25 per cent on your investment. The demand is not nearly supplied for such properties, and you not only get a good income from such an investment, but outlook at present is, your property will rapidly grow in value. If you have less than \$950.00 to invest, try our Investment Association plan. Money invested on this plan earned 17 per cent last year over and above all taxes, insurance and other expenses, and every investor has received his money back who asked for it. Full particulars on request.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico.

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A full page of suggestions on each lesson of the second half of 1909. The outlines in this booklet have been prepared by Eld. J. G. Royer. Splendid topics! Helpful outlines! Timely suggestions! Order a booklet for each member of your society.

July-December
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Write for descriptive literature and full information.
DO IT NOW.

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

June 8, 1909.

No. 23.

A CHEST OF DRAWERS

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

I LOVE the old Perkiomen River. The craggy hill-sides sloping down to the water's edge, the old oak trees and weeping willows all draw me like a magnet. So though I have but two weeks' vacation I come here to enjoy it. I have taken rooms in a tiny cottage and I board myself. One day I stopped in at Mrs. Allebach's house, just in time to escape a shower of rain. I found her the most delightful old lady, ready to talk about old times and new.

"What a beautiful old Windsor rocking-chair!" I exclaimed one day, as she urged me to take a seat.

We were old acquaintances by this time, and I knew by the way she sat down and smoothed her apron there was a story coming, and I waited, anxious for her to begin. "Yes, an' I had a good many other things that was just as nice as that rockin' cheer, an I wisht I had 'em yet. That's what I do."

"What became of them? Did you have a fire?" I asked.

She looked at me rather patronizingly. "Then you've never seen these men who go round the country, buyin' up anticks?"

"No," I answered her laughing, "I have never had anything to sell, so they have left me alone; are they peddlers?"

"Peddlers?" she queried with lofty scorn, "no indeed, you wouldn't dare to call them stylish lookin' gentlemen peddlers! Why, I thought they was lawyers when they came here the first time. They knocked on the front door an' I went an' let 'em in. They set down in the settin' room, an' then one of 'em says, 'Madam, we are lookin' for antick furnitur; would you let us see what you got?' It just bothered me, I couldn't think what to say for a little spell. An' then I said 'I don't believe you'd want our old stuff.'"

"The men laft: an' one of 'em pinted right at a chest of drawers 'at had belonged to my grandmother, an' he says, 'Would you sell that?' It beat me so

I think my heart quit beating. I got cold all over. You see Nathan was short of money that fall from havin' to pay a big doctor bill for me in the spring, an' I had worried about it a good deal; night times I couldn't always sleep for thinkin' about it. An' I seen right away that they would buy if they could." Here she went to the kitchen to see if her beans needed any more water.

"Did your dinner burn?" I asked, sympathetically.

"No, it's all right," she said. And then she continued, "'Have you any old things up in your garret?' one of 'em asked. Well, I thought I could easy spare some of the things we had put up there, an' so I took 'em up. An' they just went pokin' around until they found my old spinning-wheel and some old hombly cheers. An' then they spied some pewter plates I had put there because I got tired of scouring them. An' they took them to the window an' I could see they wanted 'em."

"Well, I suppose you were glad to sell them, as you did not use them," said I, for Grandma Allebach was silent, thinking of the past.

"Oh, you're too young to know just how I felt. We used to have them pewter plates on the table when Rosy an' Willy was little. An' then we come downstairs agen, an' then the one went up to my chest of drawers an' says he, 'We'll give you twenty-five dollars for this piece if you'll sell it.'"

"'I'll have to talk to Nathan about it,' says I. 'We'll come back again tomorrow,' says they, an' then they went away."

"When Nathan come home, I was a-tryin' to get supper. but I was so flustered I couldn't tell him at first. He see there was something wrong, an' when we was a-settin' at the table I told him about the men a-wantin' our furnitur and pewter plates an' other things. An' Nathan didn't say anything for a spell, an' then he got up from the table an' sat in that rockin'

cheer an' I see he didn't want to give that one up. Then last of all I told him they were goin' to pay us twenty-five dollars for the chest of drawers."

"That's a big sum," said Nathan, "but we're used to it an' mebbey we'll be sorry when it's gone."

"But of course Nathan always let me do as I please, an' when the men come next day, I up an' says, 'What'll you give fur all you looked at yisterday?' An' the one answers reel prompt like 'Fifty dollars,' an' I says '*you can have em!*' I said it quick, so that my word would be out an' I'd have to keep my promise. But that chest was over a hundred years old. An' my brother Amos an' me had both kep' our clothes in it when we were children. An' my children's clothes had all been kep' in it, an' I couldn't hardly bear to take the things out of them drawers. But they come that very afternoon to get it, an' I let everything go."

"I suppose you and Nathan got used to doing without them, as you were not using them," I said.

But Grandma Allebach shook her head. "I *want* 'em right now. But we most had to have that money an' so the things were gone. But I seen my chest since, an' at first I didn't reckonize it."

"How was that?" I asked.

"Deary me, I never shall forgit how I felt. You see it was this way. Rosy's daughter Lovina lived in Philidelphy, an' she kep' writin' for me to come an' visit her. So last fall Nathan an' me went down one Saturday to stay over Sunday. She has things fine an' stylish, an' when she took us upstairs to go to bed there was the prettiest chest of drawers in the corner, an' I walked right over to it an' says I, 'Lovina, where did you get that?'"

"That ship-on-ear? oh, we bought that with my other furnitur. I like it because the drawers hold a lot an' it's well made," says she.

"I was a-examinin' it; some ways I couldent let it alone. 'Let me look in the lower drawer?' says I. An' with that she pulled it open. 'Certainly,' says she. 'Pull it clear out,' says I. An' when she did, I emptied the things on the bed. Then I looked on the under side of the drawer an' there sure enough, we all saw 'G. Hendricks, 1830,' cut in the wood. An' then I just broke down an' cried."

I waited a moment for grandma to become composed.

"I am glad you got it, Lovina," says I. "Your mother kep' all her clothes in it, when she was a girl, an' it's still in the family. Your great grandfather made it."

For a moment she was silent as if that was the end of the story; then she added, "An' you'd never believe it if I was to tell you what they paid for that thing."

"Chiffoniers are rather expensive," I answered.

"They paid seventy-five dollars for it, an' I'd a give it to Lovina if I'd a knowed she wanted it."

A JOURNEY ALONG THE COQUILLE RIVER OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

H. D. MICHAEL.

LEAVING from near the headwaters of the Coquille River early one July morning of 1908, as the health-giving dew was glistening like diamonds on each blade of grass and the air was clear and fresh, filled with the melody of the beautiful song birds as it floated to my ears from across the fields and mountain pastures; I started on a journey along the winding road that leads among prairies, fields and mountains. Up in the higher altitudes it led me, before it finally made an abrupt turn off among the timber to follow the river's course down a large canyon, where the stately fir and cedar trees are growing to an enormous size and so thick that as I passed along among this timber and in this deep canyon it seemed to be just getting dusk; for it is always somewhat dark among such heavy timber.

Imagine if you can this beautiful scene of nature: The green, mossy knolls, the dark recesses where the prettiest of ferns and wild flowers grow in profusion, and the clear mountain stream, winding along below, as it runs along smoothly for a while, then over falls or rapids where it always seems to be murmuring some sweet song of its charming surroundings. In noting these beautiful sights the thought came to my mind of the fair morning of youth as the child starts on its long journey of life with most of its surroundings quite pleasant and scarcely a thing to mar its happiness; then later on in life rough roads and difficulties appear as they did for me, for a little farther on the road was quite stony and steep as well as dangerous. As I passed around some of the steep bluffs I could see the river almost underneath the road and a considerable distance below, and in thinking of the dangers of passing along this road I also thought of the dangers along life's journey that so many rush into and are derailed, as it were, from the paths of duty and become wrecked on the road of life, all for their inability to see the danger or to heed it when it is pointed out to them.

In passing along through one of the finest bodies of timber still standing in the West, I noted the size of the stately firs and white cedars and admired their symmetrical growth and how smooth and pretty the bodies looked to the first limbs which were usually from seventy-five to one hundred twenty-five feet from the ground. But there were also scrubby oaks and a second growth of fir trees, that are limby and sometimes covered with the poison-ivy or poison-oak vines which often completely cover the bodies of the trees and climb to a height of one hundred feet or more.

The poison-ivy or oak is a very pretty plant, especially in the fall of the year when the leaves have turned a fiery red, and it has justly been named poison-ivy or oak, for it resembles both the ivy and oak and will cause a poisoning of the skin which will result in

eruptions and an itching and swelling of the skin. Therefore it is shunned by most people, but some seem to be exempt from its attacks.

With the sight of the poison-oak came the thought of so many that appear very nice but are a serious menace to their associates on account of their poisonous influence that is so easily thrown in the way of the one that, like the giant firs, is trying to make a symmetrical growth and follow the example the firs set in towering as high as is in their power, not content to be one of the small, low or scrubby trees, like those around them.

A little farther on in coming out on a turn in the road where the grade is quite an elevation above the river, a beautiful panoramic view unfolded itself before me. Below I could see the beautiful blue of the deep water of the river, then the towering bluffs covered with pretty mosses, ferns, and wild flowers, and on farther the timbered mountain slopes with the tall trees waving in the wind, while in the distance was the beautiful green of the grass-covered mountain prairies where still the wild deer feed in apparent safety on account of the almost inaccessibility of the places. Here countless numbers of elk roamed, too, not many years ago, but they are almost exterminated now by the hand of the relentless hunters that slaughtered them for the sole purpose of obtaining their hides.

In viewing the picture before me I thought, how grand! how sublime! Then another picture came to my mind of when God, our Creator, created all that lay before me, and it seemed a beautiful theme to muse upon as I hurried on my journey. What grand scenes and what goodness and provision are shown in all of it with man placed here to tend and keep it. But oh! how neglectful so many have grown of their duties toward God; neither do they appreciate the blessings received continually. To me it seemed a great privilege to view these scenes and know that I had seen some of the beauty of this world of ours while many pass along the same road only noticing the jolts received, the dust in the air, and the dangers of getting over the grade and rolling and tumbling to the depths of the canyon below.

Along this road are some of the finest of little creeks and springs of clear, cool water as it comes trickling out of the mountain side. Near by are wild berry vines in profusion and at this season of the year I found an abundance of ripe wild blackberries. The natural thing to do was to stop and eat as many as I wished, so of course I did so. They are a very delicious berry. That is also another proof of God's goodness and wisdom in providing food for the wild animals as well as man, for at this season bears live on these blackberries almost exclusively, though in some places they find an abundance of a species of wild clover known as the bear-clover, and are very fond of

that also. The little chipmunks enjoy eating blackberries, too, but it may surprise some to know that though the seeds are very small they eat only the kernel of the seed, leaving the outside or flesh part of the berry.

As I passed some of the rapids and falls of the upper river, I wondered what this country could be transformed into when all of this waste power is harnessed by man. But on gradually coming on down into the valley I noticed the beauty of the tracts now transformed by man into gardens and orchards and thought of the time when but a few years before, the road I was now traveling was only a horseback trail and this whole valley lay as waste land except for a few fields tilled by white settlers that had found their way into this fertile valley.

But just take notice if you will of the contrasts so easily seen in both farms and modes of farming. There were some of the old, original worm (rail) fences put up by the first settlers, or at least long ago, and old driven picket fences covered with briars and brush and old dilapidated buildings still in use, while many of the farmers now have fine modern buildings, water piped from some nearby spring and their farms well fenced and all in fine order. The first-mentioned class made me think there were still some that Solomon might cite to the ant for a lesson. Soon we were in the heart of the beautiful little Coquille (Kokeel) valley nestled in among the mountains that protect it from winds and afford the hunter much pleasure and recreation, and often much exercise and no game if unskilled in the art of hunting the wild game. From here on the river grows less attractive as it deepens and becomes more sluggish and one must turn to the towns, dairy farms, and orchards to find interesting sights. But who would not be interested in watching and studying the different habits of the fine herds of from twenty-five to one hundred fifty head of milch cows to each dairy?

But at last I am to the mouth of the Coquille River where its waters pour into the Pacific Ocean, and after watching the breakers roll and break against the rocks for a while I felt that the trip had been an enjoyable one and instructive as well.

Pasco, Washington.



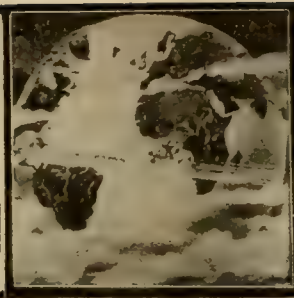
EASILY SETTLED.

A PAID speaker for the "wets" was soaring in his speech in a neighboring city recently and wanted to know, "What would become of the brewery men, the drivers, the saloon proprietors and their families if the town went dry?"

A woman in the audience arose and said: "I have washed for twenty years to support a family and educate three children—all on account of a drunken husband. If our town goes dry, those people can have my job."—*Illinois Issue.*



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXI.

AN excursion of great importance was my visit to the old Seraglio in Stamboul, the former official residence of the Sultan and the place where all the royal affairs were transacted.

Numerous of the Sultans are buried here and their royal tombs are exposed to the public view. The kind of "fez" or cap worn by the monarchs is shown at the top of the monument, which though undergoing but little change in fashion during centuries of use, gives a hint of the various styles of "hat" worn by the Turks.

From season to season and month to month this same "flower-pot" has been the style of all good Moslems. Though millions of fezzes are worn, the trade in them is ever slack. The average size will fit almost any head, and it is worn from day to day until totally unfit for use. Being of good wool, honestly dyed, in colors red and black, it survives rough treatment for years. Hat factories in the city of the False Prophet are not the most thriving institutions, for unlike Chicago, where the style changes with the moon, the men in Constantinople experience no alternation in the style of their regulation "fez" during all their lifetime. The extravagant amounts squandered in our country by foolish men and women, for silly headgear alone, would board and lodge the average Moslem, individual to individual. The crazy styles of hats designed by prostitutes in Paris and first adopted by "fallen women" in New York and Chicago, and then made worse by the flimflam art of half-baked milliners who wouldn't know a buzzard feather from an ostrich plume, or a bird of paradise from a swamp-snipe, instead of improving the beauty of feminine charm, make it hideously ridiculous. These "hanging gardens" of Babylon, as if designed by inmates of a mad-house, having the added power of movement not possessed by the curious gardens constructed by the heathen king, change their relative position to the sun, moon and stars, at the will of the wearer, giving congregations full of them the appearance of a burnt Canadian forest transplanted by exotic freaks of Zululand and roamed over by disemboweled specimens of a prehistoric zoo. The unnatural colors, heightened to excess, mixed like the gaudy wares in a Chinese toy

shop, put a taste of poison in the mouth like the arsenic paint sucked from the baby's tin-horn. No man with brains in his head or good taste in his sense of the beautiful and appropriate would ever want to see his sweetheart or wife with her pretty little head crushed into inhuman deformity and transformed into a flaring monstrosity that, were she the sole specimen of such overdress, would send tired horses off at a breakneck runaway, and bring jeers of mockery from loafing street wags.



"Turkish tombstones that look like a petrified football team making a touchdown."

Such malformations as these, running all the way from a tin-cup to a cartwheel, after being cast aside by the wretched women of the street, are picked up and worn by one who pretends to be virtuous, the heart of the poor, befuddled simpleton under the grotesque curio as treacherously false as is the caricature of harmony that flounces in billows of cheap ribbon, stinking turkey-quills and glass-eyed birds, above.

The little boy who was found beating the life out of his sister's new hat, having mistaken it for a real bugaboo, was a wise brother. The mother who bought it was the one who needed the chastising; the hat couldn't help itself. The simple headdress of the Turkish woman could be adopted with the gain of economy, good sense, much time and a fine husband. Girls with heads gracefully shielded by the mantilla of the Spanish beauty and the double covering of the Turkish woman look much more caressable than when stagger-

ing under Himalaya juggernauts. And when women cease to be attractive to good men because of the fake ornamentation of the head, the flirt's secret boudoir and not the baby's home, is established.

The recollection of my first visit one evening at twilight to the Turkish graveyard revives in me the violent shock of fear its tatterdemalion aspect gave me. Scarcely a stone was perpendicular and many were in the act of lying down, as if for slumber, or like contestants in a prize ring, were pummeling each other to a finish. No two stood parallel. The slab was thin and narrow, and of such a height as to suggest, too realistically for my pleasure, human ghouls, with pails turned over their heads, about to do some fiendish work. To increase their spectral deception, each stone was topped by what looked like a human head. On nearer approach I found this to be the shape of the "fez" or cap of the Musselman, carved from the same stone, or set in by a hole and pin. The "fez" marked the graves of the men.

The monuments for the women were without the cap. Two tall stones, one at the head and one at the foot, usually marked the resting place of the earnest follower of the prophet of the desert. Our own graveyards have been known to frighten timid folks. What wouldn't they do if their tombstones were more slender and crowned by men's hats and inclined to every angle of the vision! Many of these Turkish monuments were of white marble; others were of common stone or wood, and nearly all were engraved or painted in epitaph lettering. The Turk's fondness for the cypress causes him to plant many of these trees with this dense, dark foliage in cemeteries, and they believe that the souls of the bodies that repose below them, when drawn out of their graves by the little tuft of hair always left by the barber at the top of the shaven head for that purpose, may flit about in the shade of the leafy arbor awaiting the judgment of the two seraphs who sit on each of the "caps" on the two stones.

The longer I looked at the queer tombstones that first evening when I stood in my first Turkish cemetery, the more vividly did the picture come into my mind of a petrified foot-ball team in the act of making a "touch-down." Standing here alone as the darkness stole over the city, the monuments seemed to be moving. As no one can hold his head perfectly quiet while the blood is pumping hard at the valves in the neck, so my head moved slightly back and forth like a short pendulum vibrating in a small clock. The tall, slender slabs, so close to one another and at such crazy angles, completed the illusion, registering the slightest movement, not of my body but apparently of the stone men with their caps on in the city of the dead. The sense of horror that followed was sufficient to turn my steps directly from the grounds.

The sketch submitted herewith is exactly what you

would see in the Turkish cities of the dead. Not a single stone stood erect. Some were falling over, others lay prone upon the ground. The one fair feature of the Moslem's cemetery is the grave of dark cypress trees planted in it.

Famous for their daily baths and consequent cleanliness of body, the Turks enjoy the dilapidated aspect of their graveyards and allow them to become laughing objects of wonder.

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THE COMPLAINTS OF AN OLD HAT.

ZETTIE ELLEN STEPHENS.

MANY years ago I was a new hat. Oh, how proud my master was of me! He was always careful where he put me. He did not pull me over his ears when the wind blew. He would not let his sisters use me as a house for their paper dollies. They were angry with him because of this.

But one day, Leo, his little sister's dog, finding me on the floor where I had fallen, picked me up and ran outside with me. He was a little dog and so I was dragged along on the ground. It had rained in the night and the ground was very muddy. Leo was an outdoor dog and he liked to chase up and down the road. There were puddles of water there and he ran through these. After chasing up and down the road several times he ran into the house, and left me lying there. His sharp little claws had torn my brim into shreds.

About five minutes after Leo left me, a great lumber wagon came along. Its wheels passed over me. The mud held me to one of the wheels and I was carried along to the front gate of a little cottage. There I lay on the ground in the cold wind all night. In the morning I found that the wind had dried the ground. I saw three little girls and a boy playing in the yard. They looked very happy. Soon the children came out to the gate. The little boy saw me and ran at once and picked me up. He shook the mud off me and then put me on his head. He pulled me over his ears, too. He was smaller than my master and so I fitted down on his head. I had no brim now; Leo had torn that off.

At dinner time they ran into the house. The boy threw me on the floor. As soon as dinner was over I was carried out and put into a little brook near the house. The girls' dolls were placed in me and I sailed away down stream. After a time they became tired of playing with me. I was pulled out of the water and thrown into a gutter. The gutter was full of muddy water. I lay there a long time and was soaked through and through. One day a little dog saw me and pulled me out of the water. He tore me to pieces. The wind was blowing and I was blown into a nearby meadow. The sweet flowers nodded their heads over me, but I was a hat no more.

THE HERODS

PAUL MOHLER

It is generally understood that the Herods who ruled Judea during the New Testament age were Romans, because they administered the Roman authority. But this is a mistake. The Herods were not Romans but Idumeans; Edomites, probably descendants of Esau.

The land of Edom, or Idumea, which lay southeast of Judea, was brought under Jewish authority by David and Judaized by John Hyrcanus, one of the Maccabean kings in 109 B. C., who compelled its inhabitants to be circumcised. During the reign of Alexander Jannæus B. C. 104-78, a man named Antipater was appointed governor of Idumea, which office he handed down to his son, also named Antipater.

We hear much more of the second Antipater than of the first, for it was he who stirred up the civil strife between the high-priest Hyrcanus and his brother Aristobulus, which made it easy for the Roman conqueror, Pompey, to take Jerusalem, B. C. 63.

During all the changes of masters which Palestine experienced during the great Roman civil war, Hyrcanus and Antipater managed to keep in favor, cleverly foreseeing each change, and changing sides just in time to win the favor of the new master, with perhaps one or two exceptions. When Julius Cæsar became master of Syria, he appointed Hyrcanus ethnarch and high-priest of the Jews in Palestine, and Antipater procurator or governor of Judea. Under this arrangement, Antipater became the real ruler of Palestine under the Roman governor of Syria, since Hyrcanus was completely under his influence. He held the government in name, Antipater in fact.

Antipater had two sons, Phasael and Herod. Phasael became governor of Jerusalem, Herod of Galilee. Herod was at this time twenty-five years old, and full of a wonderful energy, which made his a remarkable career. It is a long story, that of his rise to the throne, telling of wars, murders, victories and defeats. The picture which Matthew gives us of his cruelty and jealousy is just like him. This was indeed very near the close of his life, at a time when his heart was especially bitter and when the Jews were very uneasy under the galling yoke of his tyranny, but it is true to his character.

Herod was a great builder. The Maccabees had destroyed many of the Greek cities of Judea, especially the pagan temples. Several of these Herod rebuilt, among them Cæsarea, where he built a temple to Augustus, colonnades, a mole, and many public build-

ings, making it the chief city of his kingdom; and Samaria which he renamed Sebaste in honor of the wife of the Emperor Augustus. Here also he built a great pagan temple and many public buildings, the ruins of some of which remain to this day. He built many amphitheatres and theaters at Jerusalem and other cities, establishing games at Cæsarea and Jerusalem. All this was pleasing to the Greek inhabitants of Judea but not to the Jews. To please them, he rebuilt their temple in great magnificence, making it one of the noblest buildings of antiquity. To prevent the cessation of the service during the building great care was taken so that during that entire period, the operations had rather the appearance of repairing the old temple than building anew.

You will remember that when the temple was rebuilt by Zerubbabel after the captivity, it was a rather humble affair, so much so that Jews who remembered the glory of Solomon's temple could but mourn its departed glory. In the time of Herod, there were many private dwellings that far eclipsed it in grandeur, so that Herod's services in giving them one of the finest temples of the world must have pleased the Jews exceedingly.

Herod had ten wives, one of whom was a Jewess, Mariamne, a member of the Hasmonean or Maccabean family. She was his favorite wife and he loved her so jealously that on two separate occasions he gave orders that in case of his death, she should be killed, so that no other man should ever have her. This caused her to hate him and in a jealous rage he had her executed B. C. 29. So great was his grief and yearning for her that he indulged in the wildest excesses until he became sick, almost losing his life.

The two sons of Herod and Mariamne would undoubtedly have inherited his kingdom, uniting as they did the royal blood of the Jews with that of Herod; but here again the evil of his plural marriages appeared. His other sons, being of humbler birth, united against them and so poisoned his mind that they too were executed.

At Herod's death, B. C. 4, he left a will dividing his kingdom among three sons, Archelaus, who was to have Judea, Idumea and Samaria with the title of king (Matt. 2:22); Herod Antipas, who was given Galilee and Perea, with the title of tetrarch; and Philip, who was made tetrarch of the region beyond the Jordan (Luke. 3:1).

This will had to be approved by the emperor, and

since it gave Archelaus the chief legacy it was opposed by the other brothers. The Jews, too, opposed it, pleading with the emperor to give them no more Herods; but all in vain. Archelaus was given the title of ethnarch instead of king, but his inheritance was the same.

Of the three, Philip, the son of a heathen woman, was the only decent one. He ruled his territory well, building many beautiful structures as his father had done. Antipas (Herod) was sly, ambitious and luxurious. Jesus spoke of him as a "fox." He it was that married his brother Philip's (not the tetrarch) wife and who beheaded John and appeared at the feast in Jerusalem and questioned Jesus (Luke 23). His wife Herodias was his evil counselor and under her influence he sank lower and lower morally and lost favor even at the Roman court so far that he was finally sent into exile till his death.

Archelaus was the worst of the three. His rule was violent and tyrannical and after a few years of it the protests of the Jews and Samaritans were heard by the emperor and Archelaus was removed, and his dominions taken under the immediate Roman rule, being attached to the province of Syria.

After the death of Philip his tetrarchy was given to Herod Agrippa I, the grandson of Herod I and Mariamne. After the deposition of Antipas, his tetrarchy was also given to Agrippa. Agrippa was popular with the Jews, and after a series of misunderstandings between the Jews and Roman rulers had made a sympathetic governor for Judea necessary, he was made king of Judea also (A. D. 41).

His rule was pleasing to the Pharisees, especially when he persecuted the Christians. He loved to live at Jerusalem, and worshiped at the temple as a simple Israelite. He even demanded that his son-in-law, a Gentile, should be circumcised. So pleased were the Jews with all this that when he wept over Deut. 17:15, the people cried out to him, "Be not grieved, Agrippa, thou art our brother!"

At his death Agrippa left one son, Agrippa, and three daughters, Berenice, Mariamne, and Drusilla. To none of these was the kingdom given but it passed again into the hands of Roman procurators. To Agrippa was given a small kingdom north of Galilee which was afterwards enlarged to include parts of Galilee and Perea. His sister Berenice married, but becoming a widow, went to live with Agrippa as his wife. They were both Jews in form as was their father, but like him they were hypocrites. When Agrippa made his famous reply to Paul's wonderful sermon, it really represented no depth of conviction. To him religion was only a matter of form, to be changed when it pleased him. He is the last of the Herods who appear in the New Testament account.

In conclusion, it must be said that to the Herods

their territories owed a revival of Greek culture and architecture. They also saved the Jews from a vast amount of friction with the Roman government, by their knowledge of the Jewish traditions and prejudices. Of their private life, the less said the better. They were an ambitious family and subjected all else, good or evil, to the furtherance of their ambitions, but not all of them were fortunate. In their careers is exemplified the proverb, "The way of the transgressor is hard."

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

T. H. FERNALD.

UPON the banks of the Potomac River and the Tiber Creek, in Washington City, in the United States, is a public park, called the Mall. In this park the American people erected a monument in honor of George Washington, our first President. The cornerstone was laid by President Polk July 4, 1848, and the capstone set in position December 6, 1884.

The foundations are one hundred twenty-six and one-half feet, square and thirty-six feet eight inches deep. The base of the monument is fifty-five feet one and one-half inches square and the walls are fifteen feet and one-fourth inches thick. At the five hundred-foot mark, where the pyramidal top begins, the shaft is thirty-four feet five and one-half inches square, and the walls are eighteen inches thick. This great monument is made of blocks of marble two feet thick. The height from the ground to the very top is five hundred and fifty-five feet. At the top of the pyramid is an aluminum tip nine inches high which weighs only one hundred ounces.

We are told that the mean pressure of the monument "is five tons to the square foot and the total weight, including the foundation, is nearly eighty-one thousand tons." At the base is a door, facing the capitol, which is eight feet wide and sixteen feet high, and enters a room twenty-five feet square. There is an elevator, the machinery of which is supported by an immense iron framework, and is hoisted by steel wire-ropes two inches thick. The stairs begin at one side and consist of fifty flights, each containing eighteen steps. At a distance of about five hundred and twenty feet from the base are situated eight windows eighteen by twenty four inches, two on each face of the monument. The area at the base of the pyramidal top is one thousand one hundred and eighty-seven and one-fourth square feet, being space enough for a six-room house, each room to be twelve by sixteen feet. The total cost of this, the highest monument in the world, was \$1,500,000.

Washington Monument is composed of more than eighteen thousand blocks of marble, weighing several tons each. One hundred and eighty-one memorial

stones from each State in the Union are set in different places in the monument.

On Saturday, February 21, 1885, the monument was dedicated with ceremonies of the most imposing character. The procession, consisting of more than six thousand persons, marched from the monument to the capitol, while salutes were fired at the navy yard, the procession being reviewed by the President of the United States. The concluding ceremonies were held at the House of Representatives, the principal oration being written by Hon. Robert C. Winthrop and was calculated to add to the fame of him who was "first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Belfast, Me.



DOING GOOD.

MAUD HAWKINS.

"If to do were as easy as to know what were good to do, chapels had been churches, and poor men's cottages, princes, palaces."

Some people apparently make it their rule to do just as little for others as they possibly can. Such narrowness and selfishness are certainly disgusting, to say the least.

"To do all the good we can, in all the ways we can, to all the people we can, all the time we can" is the best spirit to possess. Nothing is truer than that we pass this way but once, and if when our going time comes we have a record both in this and the next world for doing good our lives will not have been spent in vain.

Some are always just about ready to do some great good, but they never get fully prepared, while others are always lamenting their situation, which prevents them from doing some great philanthropic deed. They are blind to the fact that by doing the little things that come their way, they can do great good. It is not the big things alone that count. They are all right, but how can we live without the ones who minister to our little, everyday wants? Each day we need sympathy, love and encouragement, which no great philanthropist can give.

After all, the one who constantly gives from his small store of kindness is more needed than he who can give great things, for it is not always financial help that we need most.

We little know what a kind act or word or even a smile may do, the hope it may bring to a poor, discouraged soul that is on the brink of ruin.

Some will not do a kindness unless it is proclaimed from the house-tops. That is not the true spirit in which to give. Do good for the sake of doing good to some one, not for the effect it will have. The one who "practices charity in silence and disappears unknown" will receive the greatest reward.

Some will do nothing unless they are quite sure that the favor will be returned to them in the future. They invariably keep the text before them, "Cast your bread upon the waters and after many days it will return to you again."

Those who realize how grand a thing it is to do good to others are the only ones who truly live. To minister to the living, to clasp in friendly grasp the hand ready to drop at the owner's side heavy with discouragement, is a privilege. To carry a cup of water to the thirsty and fainting by the wayside, or a blossom to the sick or lonely, is like the opening to them a window which overlooks the gardens of Paradise. Now is the time to act. That particular opportunity will never come again. Every day we should be on the lookout for something to do to help a brother or sister, and we surely will not look in vain, and in the end these little deeds will make one great, grand total.

Towanda, Pa.



FORTRESS TUNNEL BUILT BY MONKS.

A CORRESPONDENT of the South Bend, Indiana, *Tribune*, writing from San Antonio, Texas, gives the following very interesting account of a tunnel discovered some years ago connecting the old adobe fort, the Alamo, with other missions of that section. The massacre referred to occurred in 1836 when Texas was fighting for independence. Because of the heroism of the garrison at that time the old fort has been called "the Thermopylæ of America":

"If the defenders of the Alamo had known that the holy fathers who constructed the old adobe fort had also dug a secret tunnel several miles long they might have saved their lives and the celebrated massacre would have no place in history. Such a tunnel exists, but, strange, to say, it has never been explored.

"The mysterious excavation leads in two directions from beneath the ancient Alamo building. It is known that one branch of the tunnel runs south for at least two and one-half miles, to the old Concepcion mission, and that another branch extends north from the Alamo to the ruins of the antiquated stone blockhouse which stands in what is now San Pedro Park. It is about two miles from this blockhouse to the Alamo.

"The early historic accounts of the string of ancient missions which are situated along the San Antonio River make no reference to the system of tunnels, which was evidently constructed about the time the buildings were erected. It is evident that the existence of these tunnels was not known to the early settlers.

"When the American garrison of the Alamo was surrounded by the Mexican troops it knew of no way of escaping the death that surely awaited it. So well did the Franciscan fathers who built and inhabited these missions keep the secret of the existence of the

tunnels that this knowledge did not even come to the early Mexican settlers of San Antonio. It was not until about 20 years ago that the discovery was made that a tunnel led from the Alamo to the Concepcion mission. It was quite by accident that the underground passage was found.

"Louis Teborah was digging a well at his home in South Presa street, when the picks of the workmen struck a hard substance that proved to be adobe plaster, such as the Franciscan fathers taught the Indians of this section to make in the early days. A few strokes of a pick made an opening in this concrete wall, and a cavern was exposed to view. Mr. Teborah and the laborer, who were digging the well, descended into the opening, and found that it was not a cave, as they supposed, but was a tunnel, with a width of about five feet and height of seven feet. The concrete layer of two or three inches in thickness formed the walls and arched roof, while the floor or bottom of the passageway was of dirt.

"The tunnel was explored by Mr. Teborah and others for a distance of several hundred yards in both directions. Further progress was blocked by cavings which had occurred, filling the passage with dirt and debris.

"One end of the explored tunnel crossed under the San Antonio River. In order to get a safe distance below the bed of that stream the tunnel was lowered several feet at the crossing point, flights of stone steps connecting the two levels. It is thought that the tunnel runs in an almost direct line between the blockhouse on the north to the Concepcion mission on the south by the way of the Alamo, and if this theory is correct the river crosses above it no less than a dozen times.

"The opening into the tunnel in the Alamo is situated in one of the cells of the monks. Centuries of disuse have caused it to fill with debris and no effort has ever been made to clean it out and conduct an exploration, so far as known. The same condition is true of the entrance beneath the blockhouse and at Concepcion mission. Since the discovery was made by Mr. Teborah several years ago the tunnel has been encountered at several other points on its course. While excavating for the outfall sewer that leads south out of the city, the tunnel was broken into and considerable difficulty was experienced in building the brick sewer across it. It not infrequently happens that the tunnel is struck while excavating for the foundations for houses.

"It is considered remarkable that no systematic exploration of this ancient relic of the Franciscan fathers ever has been attempted. It is believed by many people that the tunnel does not stop at the Concepcion mission, but that it extends all the way to the San Francisco de la Espada mission, situated nine miles south of San Antonio, connecting en route

the San Jose and the San Juan missions. All these ancient structures are built close to the San Antonio River and are surrounded by little villages of Mexicans.

"These mission buildings were erected nearly two centuries ago, and it is supposed that the tunnel which probably connects all of them was constructed about the same time. The blockhouse in San Pedro Park was built at a later date, and it is considered likely that the branch tunnel which leads to it was built some time after the passageway to the missions was finished.

"There is much speculation as to the original object of the system of tunnels. It is considered likely that Indian labor was used to dig the tunnel, and if this be true it could not have been kept a secret from the tribesmen. It is considered probable that the real object of this tunnel connecting some if not all of the missions along the San Antonio River was to afford the monks an opportunity of visiting each other without the knowledge of the Spanish military and civil authorities, who made their headquarters in San Antonio.

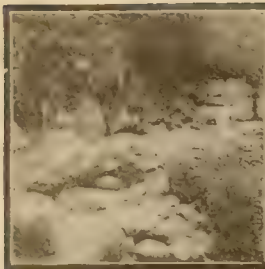
"If this theory is correct the monks did not lead the strict life of a recluse that has heretofore been generally supposed. Instead of being alone in their cells they were probably off on a visit to some of their brothers at one of the other missions, without the outside world being any wiser.

"An exploration and rehabilitation of this ancient system of tunnels might lead to many interesting discoveries, it is claimed. In the imaginative minds of some people the treasure room of the Franciscan monks is situated at some point on the line of the underground passageway, and perhaps it may still contain a store of vast wealth. The Mexican inhabitants of the little village situated adjacent to the missions have a superstitious dread of the mysterious tunnel. None of them could be induced to enter the dark and grewsome passageway."

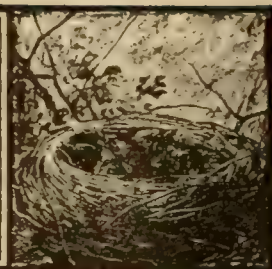


SUBSTITUTE FOR CEDAR IN PENCIL MAKING.

CEDAR is used as a casing for pencils, and the price of this wood has risen rapidly in the last few years. With this as with other materials, when there comes a scarcity which brings up the price some fellow goes to work and discovers a substitute. A German chemist has produced a substitute for cedar for use in the manufacture of lead pencils which it is believed will be better than cedar. The chief article entering into the manufacture of it is the common potato. A German factory is now turning out a large number of pencils each day. They are more easily sharpened than the wooden pencils. The people who persist in putting the pencil points in their mouths will find the new pencils something to their liking.—*Selected.*



NATURE STUDIES



LAKES.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

MANY persons have never seen a mountain but there are few who have not seen a lake. True, it may have been only a small lake, but its life history is the same as that of a large one.

How are lakes formed? If they are being formed, is the number increasing? If not how are the old ones being destroyed?

Glaciers in their descent from the heights where formed plowed into the ground in their course and pushed the earth ahead, leaving a low place in the bed and making a ridge in front. Acting thus through centuries they have carved deeper and deeper till their trenches were hundreds of feet deep and many miles wide. As the ice sheet retreated by reason of the increasing warmth the opening was filled with water. Overflowing, the surplus water cut a channel to the sea, forming a river. In some cases the ice sheet ceased its retreat and again advanced, blocking the outlet of the lake, causing it to seek a new course to the sea. Some of these old outlets are plainly traceable in at least a part of their courses.

When a river has worn its channel down till its load of rock waste is fine its flood plain will have a very gentle grade, and the current will be easily turned aside by any obstruction. These bends (called meanders from the Meander, a river of Asiatic Turkey) increase by the cutting away of the outer bank. In turn the bank sends the stream back and causes it to cut in the opposite direction. The size of the meander increases with the volume of the stream. They continue to increase in size till the cause that formed them also leads to their destruction. The neck of the meander is narrowed and at last cut through, and the bend around the spur becomes what is called an ox-bow lake. Some of those along the lower Mississippi are twenty-five miles long.

In 1893 a landslide in the Himalaya Mountains blocked one of the deep valleys emptying into the Ganges. The heavy rains undermined the mountain, causing 800,000,000 tons of rock to make a dam 1,000 feet high. Almost a year passed before the lake thus formed was filled, then the weak strata gave way before the rush of water. The dam was lowered 400 feet in four hours and every habitation for 150 miles was swept away.

The number of lakes in the world is probably not increasing. While new ones are being formed old ones are being filled by the sediment of inflowing streams. Others have been drained by the deepening of their outlets, while still others have been greatly reduced by decrease in rainfall.

One of the most extensive of these has been named Lake Agassiz. When at its greatest it reached from the source of the Red River of Dakota northward into Canada hundreds of miles. Here in the silt deposited in the bed of the former lake are the great wheat regions of that part of the Union. Wave-carved beaches and deltas built by inflowing streams mark the boundaries of the ancient lake. A channel about a mile wide at the southern extremity marks the exit of its outlet. Here the Minnesota wanders, a pigmy to the mighty stream of olden days.

In western Utah a lake once extended northward into Idaho, westward to Nevada, and southward almost to the Arizona line. Through a mountain pass the waters flowed into the Snake River. Since then the climate has become drier and the lake has dwindled till it occupies only a small fraction of the former area. The bottom is now partially covered by Great Salt Lake, while the ancient beach line and the deltas of the inflowing streams are plainly traceable on the mountain sides one thousand feet above. This lake is called Bonneville, in honor of a noted explorer. As long as the waters had an outlet they were fresh, but when evaporation became the only means of removing the surplus water they became more and more salt till the present stage was reached.

This lake is sometimes referred to as the saltiest lake in the world, but such is not the case. It has eighteen per cent salt, while the Dead Sea has twenty-four per cent, and Lake Van, in eastern Turkey, is the densest body of water known—thirty-three per cent.

Sometimes the lakes are almost or completely evaporated, leaving marshy or dry plains of salt called *salinas*. One of the most noted of these is in South America. Lake Titicaca, in the northern part of Bolivia, has an altitude of 12,500 feet above sea level. The outlet flows southeast to a shallow salina about fifty miles long. From there the excess flows southwest to another dazzling white salina. South of this is another with an area of 4,000 square miles. Here is

a layer of salt four feet thick. What a store of wealth! But it is so inaccessible that it is of little importance commercially.

Another use of lakes is to act as filters for the rivers flowing into them. The muddy Rhone flows into the east end of Lake Geneva where it has built up a delta twenty miles long since the time of the Cæsars. The river where it leaves the lake is very clear.

Lakes act as regulators to their outlets. Drouth and flood have little effect on the Niagara, because Lake Erie checks the floods. Its area is so large in comparison to its inlets that a rise of many feet causes a rise in the lake of only a few inches. On the other hand if all its inlets were to become dry it would require a long time for the Niagara to lower it perceptibly.

We must go to books to learn many of the facts of geography, but not so with the work of water—we can see it at work all around us if we will only look. Nature's laws are unchangeable, and what is true to-day was true in the earth's primeval time.



COLORS OF FLOWERS AND LEAVES.

BOTANISTS tell us that plants are made warm, are really protected from cold, by their colors. Probably few of us who love to see the beautiful colors of the autumn foliage, ever think of it as a protection for the trees themselves against the frost. Yet these colored leaves actually produce heat for the tree, and protect it from cold. In the same way the colored petals of flowers help to keep the pollen at their center warm. The pretty red petals of the poppy are really a sort of Red Riding-hood cloak, which is flung about the pollen to protect it.

Most of us regard red and yellow as warmer colors than purple or violet, yet this does not seem to be true. If you want to make an actual test, try the following experiment which is suggested by Professor McMillan in his book, "Minnesota Plant Life":

"Take two thermometers of the same size and which register alike, wrap the bulb of one in a green leaf and one in a purple leaf, such as the beet or some varieties of begonia, and place the two in the direct rays of the sun. After a little time you will find that the thermometer wrapped in the purple leaf registers from six to ten degrees higher than the one in the green leaf. This may not surprise us so much, since green is regarded as 'cool,' but follow this experiment with another. Place one of these thermometers in the midst of a bunch of violets, and the other in the midst of a bunch of primroses, or I suppose dandelions would answer the same purpose. The one surrounded by the violets will register higher than the one among the yellow blossoms, if both are exposed to the sunlight. You can try various experiments along the same line, comparing the violet with red in the same way.

"It is because violet-colored flowers afford the best

protection for the pollen against cold, that so many of the flowers which grow upon mountain tops, or in arctic regions, are of this color. For the same reason, too, many of our very early and very late flowers are lavender or purple, yet who but a botanist would ever find out that their lavender dress was given them for the purpose of keeping them warm?

"Nature has other devices for keeping warm the tender buds of cold climates. In some plants the seed-coats are very thick, on others the stems are covered with a hairy coat which is sometimes seen on the leaves also, but none of these devices are as interesting or surprising as is the coat of delicate colors as a means of keeping the tender plant warm."—*Selected*.



FLY FOGS IN INDIA.

ONE of the evils of Calcutta is the plague of green flies, from which the whole city suffers at certain times in the year. The happy hunting time of these minute insects is during the late autumn and early winter. They are a serious nuisance both in and out of doors. They wing their way through all the open doors into the houses and into every room, making life unbearable.

Like most insects, the little green flies have a great affection for the flame. On occasion the inhabitants have found it necessary to put out all the gaslights, even at a public dinner, and to take their meals practically in deep gloom, illuminated only by flickering candles.

Naturally it is not at all pleasant to go on eating with dense clouds of insects swarming overhead or, roasted to death, falling about one in pattering showers.

They seem to spring into existence from nowhere. Perhaps it is almost dusk when the lights of the street lamps are becoming visible. Then suddenly the air, which a moment before was quite clear, is full of myriads of green flies, drifting in misty patches and obscuring the street lamps.

Often the number of insects which have been scorched to death is so great that little heaps of them collect inside the lamps, while bucket loads have to be swept up from the roads next morning.—*Selected*.



MY REVEILLE.

My reveille! It is a thrush—

He sings at morn—

A rhapsody that breaks the hush

When day is born

And there is visible the least

Faint flush low-lying in the east.

The song he sings—ah me, the song!

It is a burst

Of wild, sweet melody and strong—

The morning's first—

A clear, ecstatic roundelay

To waken me—my reveille.

—Clark McAdams, in St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

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FEW of us breathe the pure, outdoor air as much as we should. Now when it is soft and balmy is a good time to begin the habit of living out-of-doors as much as possible. In many cases you can make it possible to be out more than you have hitherto by doing many household tasks out of doors. By spending a large part of the time in the open air during the summer months you will come into possession of a supply of good, red blood and will be able to go on enjoying the life out-of-doors even when winter draws on.

"WHAT so rare as a day in June?" asks the poet, and we find ourselves searching through our richer experiences for a suitable comparison. But the perfection of a June day or that of any other day of the year is seemingly lost on a majority of the people. If their attention is called to the subject they may venture a word of praise for the dew-pearled meadow or the brilliant sunset, but they do not see all the influences that have a hand in the making of a beautiful day. When once they *do* see these things of themselves they will find the beautiful days plentifully distributed through all the seasons.

GIFFORD PINCHOT, of the U. S. Forest Service, who has done so much to awaken Americans to the importance of conserving our natural resources and especially our forests, is now appealing to the women of the land to help in this beneficent work. He says: "Women can bring, as no other body of citizens can bring, to the children in the schools the idea of the wickedness of national waste and the value of public saving. The issue is a moral one, and they are the first teachers of right and wrong." And not only in the schools but in the home, the women of our land have a splendid opportunity to teach the broad patriotism that includes, besides its honor and security, the

well-being of the nation which is directly dependent upon the carrying out of the conservation principle.



READING AND WRITING.

WHILE the reading of books and papers is generally looked upon as a very commendable habit and the reader is given the credit for being more or less of a scholar and thinker, the conclusion is not always the true one. Because of the limited opportunities for reading and the vast amount of reading matter at hand too often the reader is no thinker at all. He does not even exercise the faculty of memory, the matter going through his mind like water through a sieve. Or if he retains any of it it is in its original form, without dissection or digestion. In other words, he lets others do his thinking for him, and so we come to have comparatively few real leaders and a great many blind followers.

This leads us to mention the peculiar, dominating influence over the average reader of the thing that is read. The mere fact that a thing appears in print is the only credential required to clothe it with full authority on the subject about which it is concerned. In perhaps a majority of the cases where we are met with the formidable argument of "they say," the "say" is that of a writer whose word has been taken without the least looking into his claim to authority.

Under the present conditions it is hardly probable that the mere advice to do more thinking will be followed, but on the other hand it may not be in vain to remind writers of their responsibility and urge them to be careful what sort of thoughts they commit to paper. If the one who speaks by word of mouth, the one with whom the hearers are more or less acquainted personally, needs to guard his words, how much more that one who remains hidden behind the printed page and is therefore clothed with wisdom which he may not possess.



"PRESENT POSITION OF THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE MOVEMENT."

SOME time ago in these pages we mentioned the convening of the Second National Peace Congress in Chicago, May 3-5. The meeting was largely attended and the cause of peace received much strength and encouragement. The editor of the INGLENOOK did not get to attend any sessions of the meeting, but a member of the INGLENOOK family who was there has promised us a write-up of it to which we direct our readers' attention. But however full his report may be, it will be next to impossible for him to mention all the good things that were said in favor of peace. We are therefore taking the liberty at this time of giving our readers several extracts from an address by Benjamin F. Trueblood at the opening session under the title given above, taken from the *Advocate of Peace*:

"We have met in this second National Peace Congress in the interests not of an unrealizable dream, but of a great already triumphing reform. In a recent magazine article ex-President Loubet of France wrote: 'International pacification is not a dream, not an ideal from cloudland, but a progressive fact, observable in every civilized country.'

"A progressive fact, observable in every civilized country.' No words could more fittingly summarize in a single phrase the present position of the reform which has brought us together. The peace movement has passed its theoretical period. It is far along toward the completion of its practical stage. It needs no more a Henry the Fourth with his Great Design, nor a William Penn with his finely-wrought judicial Plan for the Peace of Europe. The Abbé de St. Pierre, with his scheme for Perpetual Peace, is no longer our leader. We have passed Bentham and Kant with his lofty vision of a world-state; we have even left behind Ladd and Burritt and Sumner and Jay, with their splendid dream of a Congress and Court of Nations. The world was asleep when these great pioneers were dreaming their dreams of arbitration, of an international court of arbitral justice, of a congress of nations. It is now awake,—a part of it at least,—and with swift blows is carving into reality what they saw in the rough stone of humanity."

The speaker then gave a brief review of the actual accomplishments of the peace forces from which we give the following:

"The men and women, now a great host, who believe that the day is past when blind brute force should direct the policies of nations and preside at the settlement of their differences are now thoroughly organized. A hundred years ago there was not a society in existence organized to promote appeal to the forum of reason and right in the adjustment of international controversies. Today there are more than five hundred, nearly every important nation having its group of peace organizations. Their constituents are numbered by tens of thousands, from every rank and class in society,—philanthropists, men of trade and commerce, educators and jurists, workingmen, statesmen, rulers even. The organized peace party has its International Peace Bureau at Berne, Switzerland, binding all its sections into one world-body. It has its International Peace Congress, which has held seventeen meetings in twenty years—congresses over which statesmen now feel it an honor to preside and which are welcomed by kings and presidents with a warmth of interest and a generousness of hospitality scarcely accorded to any other organizations. It has its great national congresses in many countries, like this present one and that in Carnegie Hall, New York, two years ago, and its special conferences, like that at Mohonk Lake. It has its score and more of special organs of propaganda published in no less than nine

different languages. It has its literature, abundant in quantity and high-grade in quality, which is now much sought after by intelligent men and women of many callings. In another direction it has its Interparliamentary Peace Union, an organization of statesmen, of legislators, twenty-five hundred of them, many of them among the foremost public men of the time, banded together not for any political purpose, but purely to promote international understanding, good feeling and the pacific settlement of international controversies.

"In order to determine further the advanced position which the peace movement has attained on its practical side, the two Hague Conferences and what they have accomplished must be taken into account. It is still the habit of some persons to speak disparagingly of these great gatherings and their results. Some do it because they are satisfied with nothing short of immediate perfection; others, because they wish the whole movement for the abolition of war to fail; others do it purely from ignorance."

Many of our readers have read the proceedings of the two Hague Conferences, but we believe it will be worth their while to reread the actual results as given in this condensed form.

In the work of the second Hague Conference Mr. Trueblood gave the following list of conventions that were adopted: "The convention forbidding the bombardment of unfortified coast cities, towns and ports; that prohibiting the collection of contract debts from a debtor nation by force until arbitration has first been tried or refused; that rendering the international mail service inviolable; fishing vessels and vessels charged with religious, scientific and philanthropic missions exempt from capture; that prescribing a declaration of war before hostilities have begun; those concerning the rights and duties of neutrals in land war and naval war; that placing severe restrictions on the laying of submarine mines; that providing for the creation of an international prize court; and the declaration prohibiting the discharge of projectiles and explosives from balloons.

"The first Hague Conference gave us the Permanent International Court of Arbitration, to which twenty-five powers finally became parties by ratification of the convention. This Court has now for eight years been in successful operation, and no less than four controversies have been referred to it during the past year. The second Hague Conference enlarged and strengthened the convention under which this Court was set up, and made the Court the tribunal, not of twenty-five powers, but of all the nations of the world. Though reference of disputes to this tribunal is still in general voluntary, a majority of the important nations have already, by special treaties with each other in pairs, pledged themselves to refer all disputes of



THE HOME WORLD



A VICTORY OF PRINCIPLE

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

MRS. DAYTON'S hands were plunged deep into the bread-sponge, when the door-bell rang. Now, every housekeeper knows that if one neglects to answer that or the telephone, it is certain to prove one's best friend at the door or on the wire; while answering the call, under such inconvenience, generally results in a cool response of "wrong number" at the 'phone or an interview with an oily-tongued agent at the door. Mrs. Dayton's case was no exception. The shabby urchin who greeted her on the step carried a box under his arm and an oblong envelope in his grimy hand.

"Want to buy some bluing this morning?" piped the youthful venturer, cheerily. "Ten cents a package, three for twenty-five. My ma says it's awful good bluing."

A mild spasm went over Mrs. Dayton's face. She had bought a book of worthless needles, a card of brass collar buttons, and two pairs of cheap socks already that week, and at each purchase the conviction had been growing upon her that she was doing the business world in general and the agent in particular a moral wrong, not to mention the waste of her own money and sympathy. She saw the truth, that trading on the compassion of others, without giving fair value for what one receives, is only legalized begging; and begging is demoralizing, most of all to the beggar. It is not just, either, to the local merchant who has built up a business by clean and painstaking effort. Moreover, Mrs. Dayton had once sampled "sheet" bluing. There were grim lines about her mouth as she looked at the mite, who stood regarding her with optimistic anxiety.

"I want to sell twenty more of them packages, so I can git an Indian suit," he explained, eagerly. "We're going to have a show in Billy Fisk's barn, and a big parade. Sell you a ticket to the show for fifteen pins. We git the pins, and Billy's mother buys 'em off'n us a cent for a hundred. But first, I want to sell this bluing, so's to have the suit!"

"And are you Billy's brother?" Mrs. Dayton asked.

"Me?" with a stare of surprise at her ignorance. "No'm; I'm Johnny Foster. I live next to Billy's."

Mrs. Dayton knew of the Fosters, and also of the Fisks,—a tawdry, incapable lot, living up to the very last cent of their incomes, and never by any chance paying a debt if it could be avoided. Then the hard lines in her face softened, as she reflected that this scion of the thriftless race was in no way responsible for the shortcomings of his people, and on that very account more to be pitied than blamed. And a child always found the warmest corner of her heart.

"Doesn't your mama know that we can buy five times as much bluing, and a great deal better quality, for the same money at the store?" she asked. "Does she like to have you go round selling so poor an article that it is really just the same as expecting people to give you the money outright?"

A keen, shrewd look shifted across the small face.

"My ma says *she* hasn't got no money to pay out for Indian suits," he explained. "And besides, she says, folks 'll buy of us kids a lot quicker'n they will of grown folks. This here bluing is all right. Won't you take some? I want to git that suit just awful."

There was a faded, outgrown Indian costume, gay with fringe and embroidery, laid away in a chest of drawers in the attic. The thought of it sent a twinging pain of breavement through Mrs. Dayton's heart, for the little boy who was little no longer, but had "put away childish things." She stood bravely by her convictions, however.

"Isn't there something you could do to earn the money in a way that would really be useful to the people who pay you?" she asked. "Some boys run errands, and some have a little patch of ground and raise vegetables. Everybody likes fresh onions and radishes and lettuce. A boy I know earns a dollar a week going round with the grocery-man, after school and on Saturdays, helping carry baskets. All those things are really useful, you see, and you would be giving a fair value for the money you get in return."

The urchin threw back his head, a trifle superciliously.

"My ma says her kids don't have to work for other folks," he objected. "Selling things is more respectable. Besides, we have to practice nights and Saturdays, and them ways are too awful slow. I want that suit soon's I can git it. We're going to have the show about the fourteenth, and if I ain't on time, I can't be in the parade. Say, I wisht you'd buy just one package!"

The bright eyes pleaded out of the neglected young face. After all, what was he but an irresponsible baby, and the price of helping him toward his desire so small! The little worn-out suit in the attic added its appeal. Then something spoke to her as with a living voice:

"My own boy has grown to noble manhood, strong in the strength of having learned to love honesty for honesty's sake. Shall I, for a weak sentimentality, deny this unmothered little soul the same truth, which he will some day understand, even if he does not now?"

"I'm sorry," she said, gently, "but I cannot take it," and shut the door.

"Very likely I shall become brave and hard-hearted enough for anything, in time," she laughed to herself, a trifle unsteadily, as she flicked away two bright tears. "But oh! I hope no more of them will come to be refused on principle, today!"



TRAINING A CHILD.

It is unfortunate, in a way, for the general business of education that the young child is usually so winsome. If he did not appeal so strongly to grow-up people, they would not tolerate his dictatorship, and it would be better for him in the end. But most adults like to see a little thing assert himself; they think it is quite a joke that one so small should show so much spirit, and so they encourage his tyranny by rewarding him with their smiles—when he knocks some one in the face, for instance. Of course, no physical harm can come of this during the first two or three years, while he is so helpless; but the boy of eight or nine years is a different proposition. He may now proceed on exactly the same principle as he did at two years old, but, instead of his expressions being received with smiles, they are returned with blows. Herein lies the tragedy of child-training in many a home. The child acquires certain attitudes toward people during the first two years that he can not possibly be allowed to continue during later years. As he grows older, the parent, the teacher, and possibly society at large, are in constant conflict with him to undo what was unwittingly established in the beginning. * * * The only way a child can tell that some actions are wrong is that they are resented by the people about him; they do not turn out well, so

they must be abandoned. * * * On the whole and in the long run, that child will be far happier who early suffers for wrong doing, rather than he who is allowed, for the sake of immediate peace, to continue his erring ways. Sooner or later, the parent must forbid actions that earlier have been allowed, and right here begins the struggle which often results seriously for both the boy and his parents.—*M. V. O'Shea, in Twentieth Century Magazine.*



VALUABLE HEALTH IDEAS THAT ARE TOO OFTEN OVERLOOKED.

Chew for Your Lives.

THERE is nothing simpler than chewing. We learned to do it before we can remember, yet there are but few who *remember* to chew properly. We are just beginning to appreciate that thorough mastication brings a harvest of blessings. We receive so much more benefit from the food that we eat that we do not need to eat so much.

Thorough mastication means, in the majority of cases, a cleaner tongue and a *clearer* head. It means the awakening of a more *discriminating* taste, so that one will be more disposed to discard unwholesome food and be more content with a simple variety.

All one has to do is to keep chewing and little by little the back of the tongue clears the food away, so when mastication is completed the mouth is empty. Pretty soon one comes to relish the food so much more that he gets enough extra satisfaction from eating too abundantly to pay him for the extra chewing.

Deep Breathing a Paying Investment.

The shiftless hired girl only sweeps the middle of the room. The average individual is equally shiftless about breathing, for he only breathes in enough air to ventilate the center of the lungs; yet by deeper breathing he could do himself more good than by taking medicine.

Every time we take a full, deep breath the diaphragm is pushed down over the liver and gives it a good squeeze, just as you might press a sponge in your hand. It gives the circulation in that region of the body a good boost.

I once heard Dr. Babcock, the noted heart specialist, tell of a patient who was suffering with a terribly congested liver from a crippled heart. He said he could get no effect from any drugs. He then instructed the patient to breathe deeply for fifteen minutes at a time several times a day, and in a few days the liver was the normal size.

You who read this, why not take a hundred deep breaths a few times a day without having a doctor prescribe it for you? You will receive so much benefit from it that you will wish somebody had put you on to that simple trick long ago.

There are thousands of people who chase over to

Europe, take long sea voyages and do other expensive things for their health when if they would stay at home and practice deep breathing, adopt the thorough mastication of simple, wholesome food, drink from one-half dozen to a dozen glasses of water a day and get plenty of fresh air at night, they would get twice as much help and it would not cost them a cent, which is the only thing that spoils these most important remedies. Most people only appreciate what they pay for. If a deep breath cost a quarter hosts of people would flock to Deep Breath Headquarters and buy some.

Work Out Your Physical Salvation.

The young kitten's breath is sweet, and we do not mind having it on our laps, but the old, lazy house cat's breath smells catty, so he has to sleep in the barn. The wide-awake up-to-date cat takes his daily physical culture. Some folks think that when the cat is stretching himself he is playing, when in reality he is engaged in serious, earnest business. These feline movements were the fundamental exercises by which Sandow built himself up from a spindling youth to the giant who could lift something like a ton and a half.

Pull your hand slowly up toward your shoulder, all the time imagining that you are lifting a heavy weight. Then take a deep breath and push it away again, as if you were pushing over a stone wall. Repeat with the other arm. Then lift your knee up toward your chest, imagining that you have about two hundred pounds hitched to your foot, then push it down, just as though you were pushing a post into the ground. Do the same with the other knee. Make each movement slowly. That gives you the idea. You will soon be able to invent a whole system of exercises all of your own.

It is more important to have strong abdominal muscles than it is to have strong muscles of the arm, for while we think up in our brains we live, move and have our being down in our abdomens. A capital way to strengthen these muscles is to sit near the front of your chair, then tilt backwards against the back of the chair, at the same time raising the knees. Repeat this a dozen or more times, with the chest well up, several times a day and you will soon have strong enough abdominal muscles to pay you well for the trouble.

When you are standing or walking keep your neck pressed back against your collar button. If you wear no collar button do it anyway. Raise your chest well up toward your chin and all other things in the way of proper position are sure to be added to you.

While you are doing your daily work imagine you are taking physical culture in some gymnasium. In other words, that you are *playing*, and you will get twice as much good out of the work, and will do no less work either. Your work *can not* be a drudgery unless you make it so.

When you get tired of these exercises you might try knee bending or squatting down and rising up for a

change. You will not do it very long before you will be glad to stop, and it is splendid exercise for the lower limbs.—*David Paulson, M. D., in Lifeboat.*



THINKERS OUT OF ORDER.

STANDING in the middle of a room which his wife had just swept, a man, opening a letter, threw the end piece he had torn off on the floor. He didn't stop to think, says the *Cumberland Presbyterian*, that his wife, who had just said she was sick, would have to pick the scraps up.

A man (a preacher, at that) who loves his wife lighted a lamp and threw the match, still blazing, on the carpet. Somebody would have to pick it up. Somebody's carpet was scorched. Evidently he didn't think.

Sitting right by the coal scuttle when he wanted to sharpen his pencil, he turned around and let all the two dozen chips fall on the carpet. The little woman sitting by didn't say anything, but after awhile she got the broom and dustpan and cleaned up the untidy litter. He didn't think.

He was quite entertaining at the table. The hostess laughed a good deal at his wit. At the close there was a windrow of peelings and fragments around his plate, not to mention dabs of gravy and pieces of butter. The hostess had put on her best company tablecloth, and hoped it would do for one or two more dinners. Of course, he didn't think.—*Exchange.*



YET NOT LARGE ENOUGH.

"AREN'T you glad that I'm going, Aunt Mary?" There was a hurt feeling in the girl's voice; she was so happy over the invitation, and she wanted everybody to be happy with her. Hadn't she been happy when Aunt Mary had the beautiful trip to California the year before? And she—Jean—had so longed to go with Milly Russell for three whole months!

Aunt Mary looked up with a quick smile. "I think that you will be large enough, dear," she said.

"Large enough!" the girl repeated, puzzled.

Aunt Mary nodded. "Lots of people aren't big enough for big pleasures," she said. "I've known three girls who were spoiled by 'good times' that were too big for them; they came home discontented, and have stayed discontented ever since. They might have made splendid times out of the material lying all about, but they didn't see it because it wasn't labeled 'London' or 'Paris.' Upon the other hand, there's Milly Connor—she's gone right on enjoying and using her trip abroad ever since she came home. She's the kind of girl I shouldn't be afraid to trust with any number of pleasures—she'd use them over again for so many people."

"It sounds like old clothes—making over and passing on," Jean laughed. But her eyes said that she understood.—*Selected.*

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

ALWAYS rinse glasses that have contained milk in cold water first before they are washed in warm water. The milk will cloud the glass if dipped in hot water as soon as they are emptied.

Keep a small brush on hand near your soap-dish in the kitchen, then it will be ready to clean the "grater" after grating lemons, chocolate or anything of the kind.—*Household Journal*.

Wash mirrors, window glass and glass over pictures with alcohol. It dries much easier than water, hence is easier to use in winter.

Try a little salt in the water when boiling a cracked egg, and you will find that it cooks without any of the white part leaving the shell.

If a kettle in which you are cooking something burns dry, take it from the fire immediately and set it in a pan of cold water. After a few minutes take the food out and put in a new kettle if it needs further cooking. The food will not taste burned.

If potatoes are pricked before baking, that the air can escape, they will not burst in the oven.

The greatest care should be taken to thoroughly air a sleeping-room in which gas or oil has been burning during the evening before the room is slept in, as it is well known that a gas burner is a great consumer of oxygen.—*Household Journal*.

The Children's Corner

SUCH A JOKE.

HE was a new boy, and we didn't like him very well. Maybe he was too good. Anyway, he was always studying in school time, and he had such a sober look that we just named him "Old Solemnity," and let him alone.

He scowled his forehead into wrinkles when he studied, and he had a fashion of reading his history lesson rolling his eyes round to see where the places were on the map, till he did look funny enough to make anybody laugh. Dick drew a picture of him on his slate one day, and the fellows nearly went into fits over it.

At recess we left him to himself. You see, there were enough of us for our games without him, and we didn't believe he would be much good at playing. He used to stand and look at us, and he looked pretty sober sometimes; but we didn't think much about it.

One morning Ted brought a big orange to school. He was always bringing something, but this was more than common; we didn't get oranges very often. He had it all wrapped up in a paper, but he promised to divide it with Dick and me. Then he showed us

something else—a big potato he had cut in a likeness of Tom's face. Tom was the new boy, you know, and it really did look like him. It was the shape of his head, with a knob on one side for a nose; and Ted had scored queer little lines in his forehead, and given the mouth and eyes just the right twist. Just then the bell rang, and we hadn't a chance to show it to anybody else; but Dick said: "We'll put it on a stick and pass it round at recess. My, but Tom will be mad!"

Ted rolled it up in a paper—"so its fine features wouldn't be rubbed off," he said, and dropped it into a drawer under the seat, where we kept our pencils and traps generally. After we had been busy over our books a little while, another idea struck him, and he whispered to me:

"Say, let's slip that into Tom's pocket where he'll find it at recess. We will tell the boys, so they'll all be watching, and it will be the biggest joke out. Dick can manage it."

So I told Dick, and he slipped his hand into the drawer behind him, and when he got a chance dropped the little bundle into Tom's pocket. We three hardly dared to look at each other for fear we'd laugh aloud. But that was every bit of fun we got out of it, for the minute recess came, before we had a chance to tell anyone, Tom rushed up to us with his face like a full sunrise.

"I'm ever so much obliged to you fellows, for I just know you're the ones that did it," he said; and I hadn't thought he could talk so fast. "It was real good of you, and I mean to take it home to my sister Sue. You don't care, do you? She's sick, you know."

There he stood, holding up our nice big orange! Dick had made a mistake in the package, and we knew pretty well who had the best of the joke. We'd have made good models for potato heads ourselves just then, for we all stood and stared for a minute with our mouths open.

"Why, we didn't"—began Dick; but Ted gave him a pinch that stopped him.

"We hope she'll like it," said Ted, grand as a prince. Ted isn't selfish, anyway. "Is Sue the little lame girl I've seen at your house?"

So Tom told us all about her—I suppose he thought we must be interested, or we wouldn't have given the orange—how the scarlet fever had left her lame, how worried his mother was about it, and how he was trying to help all he could. We did get interested sure enough. We put that potato where nobody saw it, and we got into a way of bringing some little thing for Sue nearly every day after that. We like Tom first rate, now; he is tiptop when you get to know him. I never told anybody but grandmother how we came to get acquainted, and she laughed and said:

"A good many of the people we dislike, dear boy, would look very different to us if only we took the trouble to be kind to them."—*Ruth Cady*.



THE QUIET HOUR



"FILLED WITH THE SPIRIT."

JOSEPH D. REISH.

Be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.—Eph. 5: 18.

IN the verse here quoted Paul is endeavoring to emphasize the importance of the Spirit-filled, or, as we usually term it, the spiritual life, by the *contrast method*, which, in this instance, is used advantageously.

Its opposite, the carnal life, he here pictures in one of its most common forms, that of drunkenness. Those who have witnessed any of the manifold evils resulting from the excessive use of intoxicating liquors can readily form an adequate idea of the force of the argument the apostle here uses.

Let us, for ourselves, contrast some of the works of an intoxicated human being which, perhaps, we have witnessed, with those of one who is filled with the Spirit, as portrayed in Eph. 5: 19-21. Then will we be prepared to rightly judge which of the two is living the more consistent life.

The works of the flesh may always be placed in contrast to the works of the Spirit for they are directly opposed to them. Gal. 5: 17.

The one who is filled with the Spirit cannot hide the fact from the world any more than the drunkard can conceal the fact that he is working the works of the flesh. They both will out. However, the former has no desire to keep his works from view for his conscience is clear in all that he does; and, besides, he is a part of "the light of the world" and should not endeavor to be "put under a bushel," or, in other words, have his works veiled from sight, but should "let his light shine before men" (Matt. 5: 14-16); whereas the latter is ashamed of the whole of his nefarious business when sober and in his right mind, and—certainly all others detest it. The drunkard realizes that his works are evil and so chooses the darkness rather than the light in which to perform his evil deeds (John 3: 19, 20), for "they that be drunken are drunken in the night." 1 Thess. 5: 7.

In Gal. 5: 19-23 Paul enumerates the works of the flesh and fruits of the Spirit in separate and distinct lists, after which he adds: "And they that are Christ's have crucified the flesh with the affections and lusts. If we live in the Spirit let us also walk in the Spirit." (Gal. 5: 24, 25). From this we infer that in order to belong to Christ we *must* be filled with the Spirit.

If to be one of Christ's involves being filled with the Spirit it also includes being emptied of the flesh, or a casting aside of all the works of the flesh in order that we may be prepared to *wholly* yield ourselves to the Spirit's power and will, for we cannot serve two masters. Matt. 6: 24.

This flesh-emptying process is first accomplished at baptism, if it be efficacious, for in our baptismal vow we declare we "willingly renounce Satan, and all his pernicious ways, and all the sinful pleasures of this world"; and baptism is "for the remission of sins" (Acts 2: 38); and, further, "the blood of Jesus Christ his Son cleanseth us from all sin" (1 John 1: 7), which blood we apply at baptism.

If we sin, as we may, 'after baptism, it is evidence that we are not living the *Spirit-filled* life; that we have not crucified the flesh with *all* the affections and lusts; that we are striving to serve two masters. But if we repent we shall be forgiven, the sin remitted, and the guilt removed, and we shall again be prepared for the full indwelling of the Holy Spirit. 1 John 1: 9.

Once we are filled with the Spirit it is then we will be of use to God by being useful to the world, for we will then be willing to be used when and where he directs.

In the history of the early Christian church, "The Acts of the Apostles," mention is frequently made of certain of the church being "filled with the Holy Ghost." See Acts 2: 4; 4: 8; 6: 5; 7: 55; 11: 24; 13: 9, etc.

At such times they were busy and useful and accomplished some good work, for the Spirit of God was working in and guiding and teaching them.

The same Spirit, not having lost one iota of his power, may be had for the asking today by all who are willing to make the necessary preparations for his reception, and by the one whose life is wholly influenced by the leading of the Spirit wonders may be accomplished as were in apostolic days.

The Spirit will teach all who are willing where to go and what to do (Acts 13: 2; 16: 9; etc.), and, in the person of Christ as one of the triune Godhead, will guide and direct them while doing their God-appointed task. Matt. 28: 20.

Knowing the magnitude of the work and the greatness of the responsibility resting upon the Christians of the world in fulfilling their mission, it is a blessed

thought to know that our "heavenly Father will give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him." Luke 11:13. This thought should comfort and encourage all depressed spirits and cause us all to more earnestly crave for this great "gift of God" (Acts 8:20), that he may "guide us into all truth" (John 16:13) through life and thereby cause us to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ" (2 Pet. 3:18), "till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ: that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive; but speaking the truth in all love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ." Eph. 4:13-15.

Denbigh, N. Dak.



FEELING AND PRINCIPLE.

IN almost any of our communities, you may set ten persons to inquire into the religious state of their neighbors, and in nine cases out of ten the first question will be about feelings. Not, What are your convictions of truth, your principles of conduct, the root and ground of your faith in God, or in the solid and fixed facts of a revealed Gospel and the kingdom of our Lord? but, What is your feeling? Not, What are you standing on? Not whether a holy Christ has your loyal and unflinching obedience. Not how far you are practically pledged to a righteous Master—which are certainly the chief matters now, as they were in the days and the preaching of the apostles—but rather whether the sensibilities are lively, and the devout emotions enthusiastic. Religious *feeling* is one of the fruits of the Spirit—one of them; it has much to do in kindling and sustaining religious exertion. But feeling is certainly the most irregular element in our composition, and it so far depends on outward conditions that it makes one of the least trustworthy tests of the actual frame of a Christian soul before God. Feelings belong to the passive part of our nature; principle to the active part. Feeling depends on a sensitive surface; principle on depths of moral purity. We *feel* spontaneously, and often whether we would or not. There is no principle and no duty without a direct exertion of the will. Feeling may be sudden; duty is deliberate. Feeling may be transient; duty is constant. Feeling changes with temperament, with state of health and nerves, with a thousand fickle external influences. Principle is independent of all physical or alterable circumstances, moves straight on through all moods and climates, sails by fixed stars, and is the same secure end and glorious thing through all the shifting seasons, though the mountains of prosperity were torn up and cast into the sea.

It deserves to be considered, therefore, whether the emotional type of piety is, on the whole, the only or the strongest type, or is calculated to carry a man bravely and uprightly through all the temptations of the market and society, of public and private life. Let us hope that the sturdy common sense of this people will repudiate any ministration that addresses itself chiefly to a sentimental fancy, whether in the gusty appeals of open-air conventicles, in sensational pulpits, or in the scenery of church chancels.

Is it not likely that some part of the loose dealings, and false accounts, and violated covenants, which have frightened the propriety and shocked the better sense of all Christian bodies, are traceable to this idea, that religion is concerned entirely with *emotions* and not with character? Ananias and his wife had just come into the church, been baptized, joined the Christian community, and their feelings were so far wrought upon that they wanted to follow where the popular current was then setting, and to throw their private estate into the common treasury; though that was no part of the Christian obligation, as St. Peter taught them. What was their sentimental ardor worth? It did not save them from being both, one after the other, wound up in shrouds and carried out to a dishonored burial. It appears to me that, even within the recollection of living men, the Christian faith has come to be less and less regarded as a commanding and mighty power from heaven, a voice of authority, a law of holy life, but more and more as an easy-going guide to future enjoyment, to a universal happiness and an indiscriminate salvation. Who can believe these horrible insults to morality would go on cursing our cities, and corrupting our young men, if the offenders looked up above a hireling police, a venal judiciary, and a cowardly public opinion, and believed those simple words, "Thou, God, seest me, who wilt by no means clear the guilty"? The Gospel is a gift of grace, but if it does not keep the disciple out of the schemes of sharpers and liars, the grace has miscarried. The Gospel is love; but it has a law element in it, too, which the saintliest Christian never outgrows. The Old Testament goes into the New. The Savior says explicitly, he came not to destroy the law, but to fulfill it, and he is coming to judge every follower by his deeds. If you cut the New Testament apart from the Old, your own Bible is gone, and rationalism will pick the fragments to pieces at its leisure. We want that older and eternal Testament which gives us the text—"Righteousness and judgment are the habitation of his throne." See how that word "righteous" studs all the Scripture pages, and how the glorious reality it represents is the steadfast foundation of the welfare of souls, from the first creation on to the new heavens and the new earth.—*F. D. Huntington.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



When Dr. Charles W. Eliot retired as president of Harvard University he was presented with a purse containing \$150,000, contributed by the alumni of the University.

The international council of the Olympic committee, recently in session at Berlin under the presidency of Baron de Coubertin, decided to hold the 1912 Olympic games at Stockholm, Sweden.

With appropriate ceremonies, including an address by Henry Watterson, a statue of Abraham Lincoln was unveiled at Hodgenville, Ky., the martyred President's birthplace, on Memorial Day.

Central Texas was visited by a destructive cyclone May 30. The town of Zephyr was wiped out and it is reported thirty-two people were killed. Cyclones have of late visited portions of Oklahoma.

Congressman William Lorimer was elected United States Senator from Illinois on the ninety-fifth ballot. He takes the place made vacant by the expiration of the term of Senator Hopkins, who was a candidate for re-election.

The four big Chicago packers, Swift, Armour, Morris and Cudahy and their associate, the National Packing Company, do an annual gross business of nearly \$800,000,000, a total greater than that of the Steel Corporation in its biggest year, 1907, when gross sales reached \$757,000,000.

For the use of his automobile and carrying \$1,808,000 a distance of six blocks, the district court of Travis County, Texas, allowed Sheriff George Matthews \$4,542. The money was that paid to the State of Texas by the Waters-Pierce Oil Company, which had been fined for violating the antitrust laws.

An earthquake shock was felt through the middle West, comprising Illinois and parts of Wisconsin, Michigan, Iowa, and Missouri, on May 26. No serious damage was done and no lives were lost. The vibration seemed to be north to south, and the duration from two to ten seconds. The shock was plainly felt in the Inglenook office.

Declaring that the successful trip of the battleship Mississippi proves St. Louis and Cincinnati would be a prey to the fleet of foreign invaders in case of war, the New Orleans board of trade has passed resolutions calling on the St. Louis Commercial Club to co-operate in urging Congress to make New Orleans a fortified naval basis.

Because of violation of college statutes and various other well-defined reasons detrimental to the best interests of the institution, President McMichael of Monmouth (Ill.) College has set his seal of disapproval on and ordered the disbanding of the Greek letter societies which have

flourished without molestation for the last ten years in the college.

Lieutenant General Arthur MacArthur, the ranking officer of the army, was placed on the retired list by operation of law on account of age and the grade of lieutenant general ceases to exist in the army. Major General Leonard Wood, commanding the department of the East, becomes the ranking officer of the army, but without increase of rank.

Absence of saloons at Rockford, Ill., has caused an advance in rentals of business property of from 25 to 35 per cent. This, coming in the face of the cry that there would be many vacant places in the city if it voted out the liquor traffic, is a boost for the anti-saloon forces in the campaign they are about to take up again preparatory to the next township election.

Major Israel C. Greene died near Mitchell, S. D., where he had lived for thirty-six years, aged 85. As lieutenant of marines he was the man who captured John Brown after striking him down with his sword. Major Greene was a close friend of Gen. Robert E. Lee. Harper's Ferry was seized October 17, 1859, and held for eighty-five days by John Brown and his sixteen men.

After a lapse of twenty-five years the Arkansas River is again to be navigated. Little Rock merchants have purchased two steamboats which will run from Little Rock to Arkansas City and there connect with the Kate Adams from Memphis. It is probable one boat may run as far as Fort Smith. The boats were built in Grand Rapids, Mich., and are making an eventful trip.

There has been a marked increase in immoral performances at the theaters of Havana, Cuba, accompanied by a general spread of vice and an outbreak of gambling since the American occupation came to an end. In order to counteract these vicious tendencies a meeting was held at the residence of Bishop Estrada. Many prominent citizens were present and a society for the prevention of vice was formed.

Chicago has required the elevation of 748 miles of railroad track at a cost of \$53,622,000. That this is cheap is indicated by the fact that the elevation work has saved an average of 1,380 lives annually. On this basis, Chicago feels that it can afford to expend an additional \$150,000,000 for the elevation of the balance of the tracks. It has already appropriated between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 of this amount.

Several seniors and post-graduate students of the College of Agriculture of the University of Missouri have accepted positions on Missouri farms at from \$18 to \$20 per month. Farmers have sent in requests to be supplied with graduates in the agricultural department. Fred S. Putney,

who is a graduate of the New Hampshire and Pennsylvania universities, is working for a Holt County farmer for \$30 a month and board.

Too much contention manifested itself in Paris among the strikers for the successful carrying through of a strike, so that the strike of the postal employes which threatened to tie up the government for a while collapsed. The unions blame the postal employes for the failure. All of the striking workmen and postal employes who could get back to work are in their places. About 300 of the government employes are dismissed.

With one exception the wealth amassed by the late H. H. Rogers, said to be between \$50,000,000 and \$100,000,000, goes to members of the family. The widow and children are given the greater part of the fortune. Other relatives participate in liberal amounts, the income of \$400,000 being given to Chicago members of the family. The town of Fairhaven, Mass., where Mr. Rogers was born, is bequeathed \$100,000 for use of its primary and grammar schools.

A discovery is announced from Portugal which is of great importance to scientists, because it means the breaking of the radium monopoly now possessed by the Austrian government, and incidentally promises a reduction of perhaps one-half in the cost of producing the metal. The discovery is that of a great deposit of uranite phosphate, which contains over 50 per cent of uranium oxide. Uranium oxide is the constituent of pitchblende, from which radium is obtained.

Senator Curtis of Kansas introduced in the United States Senate the interstate liquor shipment bill prepared by the National Anti-Saloon League, and it was introduced in the House by Representative Langley of Kentucky. This bill prohibits the shipment of liquor from outside a State or Territory where shipment to such point would be unlawful from other points within the same State or Territory. It goes farther than the recent amendments to the penal code and is designated to obviate the objection of unconstitutionality urged against the Littlefield bill and similar measures in the past.

Rats are receiving continued attention from the Agricultural Department of the United States. The campaign started against them may result some day in the extermination of the pest in this country. A recent bulletin issued by the department has it figured out that a single rat can eat 60 cents' worth of grain a year and that if all the rats in the country were fed on grain alone it would cost more than \$100,000,000 a year to board them. It has been estimated that a single pair of rats and their progeny breeding without interruption and suffering no losses would in three years increase to more than 20,000,000.

There are eleven national homes for soldiers. The main home is at Washington, D. C., with branches at Dayton, Ohio; Milwaukee, Wis.; Togus, Maine; Hampton, Va.; Leavenworth, Kans.; Santa Monica, Cal.; Marion, Ind.; Danville, Ill.; Johnson City, Tenn., and Hot Springs, S. C. At the present time there are about 35,000 men in these various homes, 1,250 of them being listed at the National Home at Washington, which receives and maintains only discharged soldiers from the regular army. There are also 29 State homes, as follows: Yountsville, Cal.; Monte Vista, Colo.; Noronton, Conn.; Boise, Idaho; Quincy, Ill.; Lafayette, Ind.; Marshalltown, Iowa; Dodge City, Kans.;

Chelsea, Mass.; Grand Rapids, Mich.; Minneapolis, Minn.; St. James, Mo.; Columbia Falls, Mont.; Grand Island and Milford, Nebr.; Tilton, N. H.; Kearny, N. J.; Bath and Oxford, N. Y.; Lisbon, N. D.; Sandusky, Ohio; Rosenberg, Oregon; Erie, Pa.; Bristol, R. I.; Hot Springs, S. D.; Pennington, Vt.; Orting, Washington; Waupaca, Wis., and Cheyenne, Wyo.

According to a cable dispatch from Constantinople to the Jewish Morning Journal Ahmed Riza, president of the Turkish Parliament, visited the Haham Bafhi, the spiritual head of the Jews in Turkey, and on behalf of the government extended an invitation to the Jews of Russia and Roumania to immigrate to Turkey. As proof that Turkey was acting in good faith, Ahmed Riza informed the Haham Bafhi that the government would abolish all restrictions against Jewish immigration, and what is still more significant would confer full citizenship upon Jewish immigrants immediately upon their arrival in Turkey.

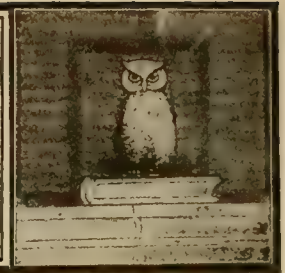
The Spanish Cortez has passed a law by which every male in the kingdom who is entitled to vote must do so at all municipal elections. The only persons who are exempt are judges, notaries, priests, and men over 70 years of age. The penalties for failure to vote are graded, among them being the published censure for having neglected a civic duty, having taxes increased 2 per cent, or if in the employ of the state, province, or municipality, a reduction of one per cent of salary, and for repeated failures exclusion from the right to hold any civil office. The Spanish government recognizes that voting is a civic duty, and one of such importance that it should not be neglected or evaded.

A rival to the United States Steel Corporation, comprising most of the independent steel and iron companies in the United States combined with a capitalization of \$750,000,000, is to be formed at once, according to well-informed Wall Street (N. Y.) sources. Plans contemplate the formation of a holding company with the above capitalization which will take over not only the principal independent steel companies but back of it include a big Pine Street banking house, a leading firm of brokers and a Pittsburg bank. An estimate of the cash value of the independent properties included in the combination is \$400,000,000. It is declared the new combination proposes to harmonize the steel trade and do away with "cut-throat" competition.

Baron Kogoro Takahira, Japanese ambassador to the United States, is quoted as saying that Christianity is spreading rapidly in his country. "The people," said he, "are great students. They are thinkers as well as workers. They are a race who love to get at the truth, who love to investigate and ponder. My people were civilized years before the Christian missionaries visited the shores of Japan. They were enlightened, not as you of the West are, but in the manner of the Far East. The educational movement is strong in my country and growing stronger each day, and if the Christian missionaries are able to convince the people that Christianity is the truth, then they have won their battle. That is all my people desire in the way of religion—the truth. If the workers for Christianity prove this to them Japan will accept this creed. When I say Japan I mean a majority of the people. Under our constitution all creeds are allowed, and, as in this country, no religion is persecuted. All have the protection of the law."



Among the Magazines



NEW MAIL SERVICE PROPOSITION.

In the June Lippincott's Colonel Willard French tells of a new plan which seems likely to be adopted by the Postoffice Department and which should prove of great benefit to the public. It is at present known only as "the return envelope and postal card" plan, but it has already gone through all of the preliminary examinations of the Congressional Committees on Postoffices and Post Roads, and commissions appointed by the Postmaster General, and has not only been approved but by legal authority has been pronounced something which the Department has power to inaugurate without legislation. Colonel French says:

"The system is something which applies chiefly to advertisers who use the mails in distributing circulars with enclosed envelopes or postal cards, soliciting correspondence or orders. A careful investigation has resulted in the report that where the enclosures are unstamped very little is ever heard from them, and where the cards or envelopes are stamped, but one in ten ever returns. This results in making each reply which the advertiser receives cost him twenty cents for postage alone. And yet, under the discouraging conditions, there are sent out, annually, a hundred million envelopes and as many postal cards.

"The law requires that all postage shall be prepaid, so that any plan which has been devised will require the coöperation of outside agency, to the extent of securing a deposit of a hundred thousand dollars with the Department, as a postage fund. The Department will manufacture envelopes and cards, bearing a peculiar stamp which can easily be recognized, distinguishing it from ordinary mail. These the Department will sell to whatever form of syndicate may represent the deposit, at the regular price less the price of the stamp. The contractor will distribute them as they may be ordered by advertisers, after having a return address printed on them, with notice that the stamp is void if the address is changed. Such envelopes and cards endorsed by advertisers may be returned to them without affixing additional stamp, but on arriving at their destination they will be held by the postoffice till the advertiser pays the regular postage on all such matter as he actually receives. The moment the envelope or card is mailed, the stamp which the Department impresses becomes a legal stamp and satisfies the law, while it is of no value if the address is changed, and no loss to the advertiser if thrown away. When the advertiser pays the amount of regular postage on all such mail as he actually receives, he only keeps the original deposit intact.

"It is not unusual for the Department to rely on outside coöperation. Pneumatic tubes, for example—and in fact almost all transportation—are accomplished through private coöperation, and it is not anticipated that there will be any delay or difficulty in arranging with some form of corporation, as a reasonable profit will be allowed by Government contract to the receiver and dispenser; while it will be greatly to the advantage of the Department to

have an active agency constantly at work encouraging trade and creating new business all over the country. As the result of the investigations it was reported to the commission that without any further impetus than the removal of the present handicap to business in this line, the firms already using the mails would increase their use at least fivefold, which alone would result in increasing the revenue of the Department over sixteen million dollars annually. With the natural growth and the new business that would follow it is thoroughly conservative to accept the report that when the system is understood and in working order the net revenue to the Postoffice Department will come very close to wiping out even the threatened deficit of thirty millions. Considering either the public or the Department, it is worth trying."



A LONG-DELAYED TRIBUTE.

On Wednesday, April 28, a fitting tribute was paid in the city of Washington to the man to whose genius is due the present and prospective beauty and dignity of the nation's capital. On that day the remains of Major Pierre Charles l'Enfant were transferred from an abandoned family burial ground on a Maryland farm to their present resting place in the National Cemetery at Arlington. The ceremonies were of a simple character. The body, draped with the national flag, was placed in the rotunda of the Capitol, where a service, attended by the President and Vice-President, the French Ambassador, and a large audience composed of members of both Houses and of the diplomatic corps, was held, after which the remains were carried under military escort to the Arlington burial ground and there interred. No stronger evidence could be given of the need for this national recognition than the fact that the majority of the people of the United States are probably ignorant alike of the name of Major l'Enfant and the important work which he accomplished. It is to l'Enfant that we owe the excellent plan upon which the city of Washington was originally laid out. At the suggestion of Jefferson, this French soldier, who had been identified with Lafayette in the cause of American liberty, was invited by Washington to lay out a city which would form the capital of the nation, and in its plan and scope be suited to the requirements of the republic for all time to come. History tells us that the present scheme was the outcome of a week's sojourn at Mount Vernon, where, with the plans of several cities of the old world before them, President Washington and his French engineer worked out, at least in their broad outline, the plans of the capital approximately as we now know it. It has been asserted that in constituting the Capitol and the White House the two centers for the series of radiating avenues, l'Enfant probably had in mind the plan of Versailles. Whatever the origin of the present plan, there can be no doubt about its success; for, when in connection with the celebration of the centennial of the city, in 1900, a commission of prominent American

architects was sent abroad to study the plans of the most beautiful of European cities, they indorsed l'Enfant's plan, and based their recommendations upon its general outlines. Unfortunately, after the work of construction commenced, there was disagreement between the French engineer and the building committee, and he was removed. In spite of President Jefferson's recommendation that he be paid from \$2,500 to \$3,000 for his services, it was not until 1810 that he was voted \$666.66, with interest from 1792, for the work he had done. He was invited by a Mr. Digges to his farm in Maryland, and, after spending some twenty-five years of his life there, he died and was buried in the family burial ground of the Carrolls and Digges. Here the body remained for nearly a century until its recent removal to Arlington. To make this tardy recognition of the important services of the designer of our capital city complete, it will certainly be in order for the nation to erect a suitable memorial above his present resting place.—Scientific American.



AN ARTIST'S SAD EXPERIENCE.

An artist living in Chicago acquired a little fruit farm in one of the most productive regions of Georgia, where several of his relatives had settled. Although he was seldom able to visit the place, which was operated by a brother-in-law, the artist took a keen interest in his country holdings, and talked proudly to his city neighbors and associates about his farm. Early in the season he received word from his brother-in-law that the first crop of grapes had been gathered, packed, and shipped to a South Water Street commission house. "They are beauties," the letter informed him. "Finer, sounder, sweeter grapes never went out of this part of Georgia."

Instantly the artist made out a list of a dozen friends to whom he had boasted of his farm. Then, on the day after the shipment was due to arrive, he went to the commission house to buy a dozen baskets of his own grapes for his special friends. His eye lighted with the pride of possession when he saw the baskets, stamped with his own brand, stacked up on the sidewalk and inside the commission house.

"Any grapes?" he inquired.

"Finest ever grown out of doors," responded the salesman, tilting a basket to display its contents.

"Every basket just as sound as this one," he continued; "not an unsound cluster in the whole shipment."

"What's the price?" asked the artist, wishing that his friends were with him to hear the praises of his crop.

"A dollar a basket," answered the salesman. "That may seem a little high, but it just happens that there isn't another decent basket of grapes on the street today, and we can get a fancy figure for every one in this shipment. They'll be gone in almost no time."

The artist made his purchase of a dozen baskets and ordered them delivered to his local grocer, with whom he had arranged for their distribution to his friends. He also bought several baskets for his own use, and found that the salesman had not overpraised the fruit.

Later he received a letter from his farm manager enclosing the account of the sale returned by the commission merchant, saying that the grapes had been received in bad condition, owing to the melting of the refrigerator ice, and that it had been necessary to throw a large part of them on the dumps as absolutely unsalable. The return was made upon a gross average price of twenty-five cents a basket. After deducting freight and commission charges,

the net accounting was for an average of nineteen cents a basket. From "Robbing the Hand that Feeds," by Forrest Crissey, in the June Everybody's.



"PRESENT POSITION OF THE INTERNATIONAL PEACE MOVEMENT."

(Continued from Page 565.)

a judicial order and those arising in the interpretation of treaties to its jurisdiction.

"Another step of still greater moment was taken by the second Hague Conference in the direction of providing a perfect substitute for force in the settlement of international differences. It voted without a dissenting delegation for the principle of an International Court of Arbitral Justice, with judges always in service and holding regular sessions. It failed to agree upon a method of selecting the judges for this High Court of the Nations, but it laid its plan for the Court before the governments and recommended to them the study of the question with a view to arriving at a solution satisfactory alike to the small and the great powers.

"The high-water mark of the work of the second Hague Conference was reached in its action in regard to future meetings of the Conference. The principle of periodic meetings of the Conference hereafter was approved without a dissenting voice. The date even of the third Conference was fixed, and the governments urged to appoint at least two years in advance an international commission to prepare the program of the meeting. This action means, if approved by the several powers, as it undoubtedly will be, that we are to have hereafter regular meetings of a World Conference. The powers of the Conference will at first be only advisory, but in the very nature of the case its conclusions and recommendations will be very largely adopted, and in this way it will, from the very start, be substantially a legislative world-assembly. Its powers will naturally grow and be extended. Here we reach the real position which the peace movement has attained. The promise, therefore, is very large for the years just before us. When the nations meet representatively at regular periods, and men of the highest ability and experience discuss in a friendly and frank way all of the common problems of the world, the days of war will be numbered, the great armaments which now burden and distract humanity will tumble to pieces, and the era of universal and perpetual peace will have begun. It takes no large vision to see this great consummation realized at no distant time."



A WORD FOR THE FAITHFUL HORSE.

OF all the brute friends of man the horse is certainly by far the most useful and the most valuable to him. In these latter days he earns the living for his master, his master's family and himself; usually works

six days a week and hauls the family around on the seventh, accepts the poorest shelter or none at all, takes what food his master allows him uncomplainingly, is always ready to do his best at any task to which he is assigned and through thick and thin, bad luck or good, weal or woe, is the reliable, faithful, efficient and optimistic friend of his master, his family and his interests.

In peace the horse toils for man in many ways; in war he suffers and dies for him. In disaster he carries his master out of danger, in victory he bears him proudly in the triumphal march. He shares his sorrows and his poverty in full and gets but little share in his prosperity. Though he would enjoy rest and recuperation in the green fields, he contentedly toils and struggles at his task on the bare roads between them. Blows he receives patiently from the hands of his taskmaster, nor resents them except when long continued, and sometimes not even then. Worn and weary he drags out his life day in and day out, whether he is mortally ill or weakened for loss of rest, sleep or lack of food. He coins his lifeblood for his master, every heartbeat is for his master's welfare, and he is truer to man than man is to himself. In war, in peace, in sorrow, in joy, in wealth, in poverty the horse, the nobility of the animal race, is the closest, most valuable, most noble, most intelligent friend of man. His name is benevolence.

It is a stinging disgrace to human nature that there must be humane societies to teach some men, to compel others and to remind almost all that they must be kind to this noble friend. It is a shame that in bad weather the horse is neglected, unfed, unsheltered from the storm, left to thirst intensely, ridden to exhaustion and treated as inanimate, yet such is the case. He is buggy ridden, sleigh ridden, worked to death.

Let those who deal with the horse be careful of the comfort of the faithful friend of man. Let those of humane instinct aid the humane society in its efforts to prevent abuse of an agent through whose efforts is due almost as much of the wealth, comfort, convenience, civilization and progress of man as to any other agency of which he avails himself.—*Beverly (Mass.) Times*.



COSTLY SIDEBOARD.

READING, PA., has a costly and unique piece of furniture. It is a sideboard, which took its owner, Harrison Weber, twelve years to construct, working on it during all his spare moments. The sideboard contains over 150,000 pieces of wood, all inlaid and fitted together, without showing one single joint. Its value, according to the time spent on it and the material, is something like \$6,000, and he says there is no other sideboard in the whole world to compete with it, so far as construction and beauty are concerned.

It was a most delicate undertaking. The front of a single drawer contains 2, 586 pieces of wood, arranged to show different designs of blocks and stars, with five to sixteen points. An end panel contains over 4,000 pieces.

The sideboard is a patriotic piece of furniture, as many of these tiny pieces of wood are so constructed that they represent the American flag first adopted, the 1812 flag, with fifteen stars, and the regular flag of today, having thirteen stripes and a star for each state in the Union.

Every flag shows the original colors and this is the only place on the entire finish of the sideboard where the woodwork is stained, as the star ground had to be stained blue. Otherwise the sideboard represents the natural color of the three woods of which it is made, namely, white holly, red cedar and walnut.—*Philadelphia Press*.

Between Whiles

Diogenes was looking for the honest man. "You are too late," said the first citizen approached, "he was my wife's first husband." Herewith the philosopher gave up the search.



A Boomerang.

Little Archie, aged four, had been very troublesome all day, and especially trying to his father, who had had to stay at home as he was not well enough to go to work. In the evening after the little fellow had said his prayers, his father called him, thinking it a good time to say a "word in season" and began by asking, "My son, why is it that father and mother have had to punish you so often today?" Archie thought a minute, and then to his father's discomfort replied, "I guess it was cos you were both sick and cross today."—*The Delineator* for June.

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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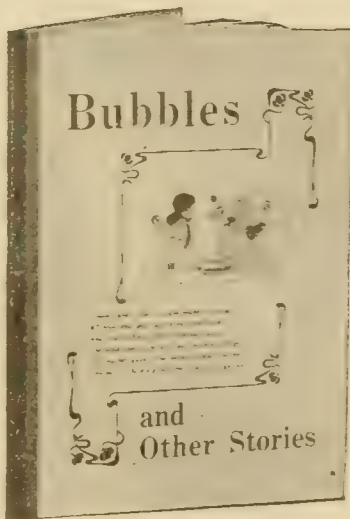
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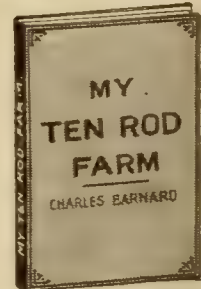
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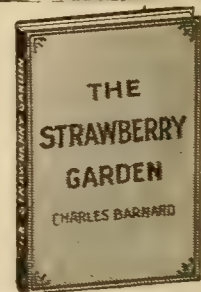
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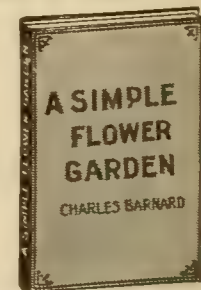
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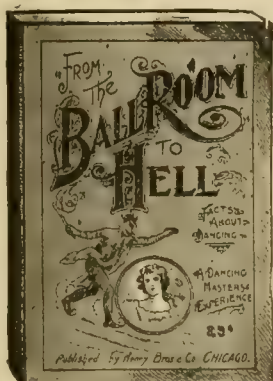
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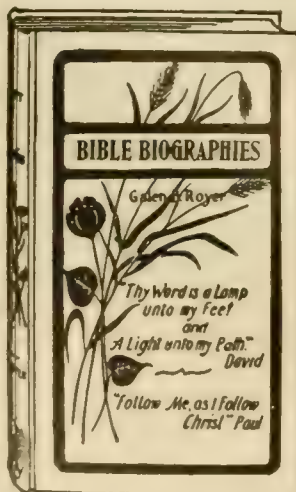
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We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snow-drifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

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Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

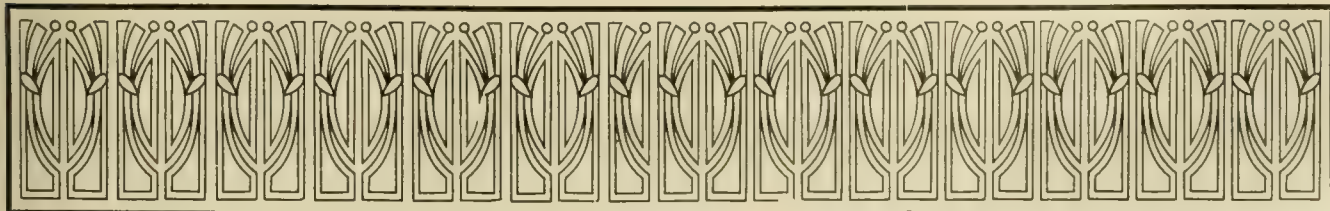
THE INGLENOOK

June 15, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Low Water in the Bay of Fundy, with "Pinky" (See Ingleenook, Jan. 26) in the Foreground. This Place Is Completely Covered at High Tide and the Water Where the Vessel Rests Is Fifty Feet Deep.



BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, ELGIN, ILLINOIS



(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
F. H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Location	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ...	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ...	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, ..	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	Truckee,	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1909, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

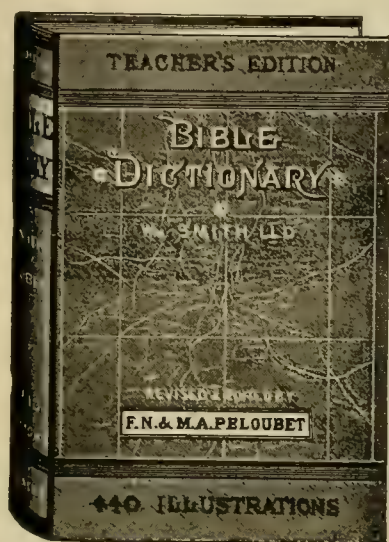
Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.



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Teacher's Edition



Maps and 440 illustrations. We have no hesitancy in saying that this is one of the best Bible dictionaries. It has been carefully revised and edited by Revs. F. N. and M. A. Peloubet. Just the sort of book that you need.

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Publishers' Price,\$2.00

Our Price, 1.25

(Postage extra, 25 cents.)

Bound in sheep, marbled edges.

Publishers' Price,\$3.00

Our Price, 2.10

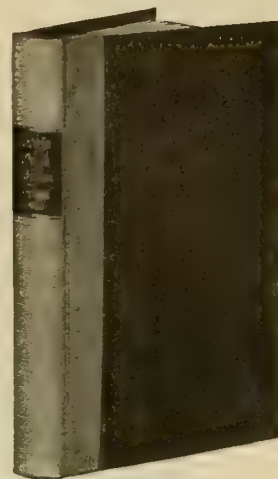
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**Brethren Publishing
House**

Elgin, Illinois

Two Centuries of the Church of the Brethren

This book contains the twenty addresses delivered at the Bicentennial Conference, Des Moines, Iowa, June 1908. The first large edition was soon exhausted and we have not been able to fill orders



for some time. The second edition is now ready and will be in demand, as several thousand of our readers neglected to purchase during the life of the first edition.

This new edition is printed on thin paper, making a volume about two-thirds the size of the former edition. Typographical errors have been corrected and the binding improved. Large, clear type, 400 pages.

The book is embellished with Twenty-five Full-page Photogravure Effect Portraits. These illustrations consist for the most part of portraits of the speakers who delivered the Bicentennial Addresses at the Des Moines Annual Conference. The frontispiece presents a splendid likeness of the five men composing the Bicentennial Program Committee.

The book is a fitting souvenir of the Bicentennial year and should be found in every Brethren Home.

Send your order by return mail.

Price, in artistic cloth,\$1.50

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois

\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

Southwestern Kansas Lands

For a home or a profitable investment.
THE GARDEN CITY LAND & IMMIGRATION COMPANY
 (Inc.), GARDEN CITY, KANSAS, Offers a fine selection of irrigated, sub-irrigated and diversified farming lands at attractive prices.
SOME SPECIAL BARGAINS.

640 acres in Brethren settlement, 12 miles from County Seat, on line of new R. R. Level, fertile land. All tillable. 480 acres cultivated. 340 acres winter wheat. 3 wells fine water 50 feet. Wind-mills, tanks, etc. Good house and outbuildings. 10 acres fine bearing orchard. Good shade trees. All fenced. 1/2 mile of school. Near church. Telephone. R. F. D. Only \$25.00 per acre. Easy terms.

160 acres choice level land 1 1/2 miles Garden City. Irrigated from the United States Pumping plant. All under cultivation. All high class alfalfa and sugar beet land. Price, \$10,000.00.

160 acres well improved irrigated farm. 12 miles from good town. A snap at \$25.00 per acre.

Write for descriptive literature and full information.

DO IT NOW.

The Home Model Washer

Contains new features that should concern all who are in need of a washer. By means of a thumbscrew, the lever can be quickly set for long or short leverage, for light or heavy work, a good feature.

The agitator, the part that does the washing is also something new in that line. It is Simplicity and Strength and



makes this washer noted for easy, fast and clean washing. Do yourself a favor by learning all about this washer. It is low in price. I pay all the freight whether the washer is returned or not after a thorough trial. The circular illustrates and explains it all. Send for circular at once. Agents wanted. Address: **WM. S. MILLER**, Meyersdale, Somerset Co., Pa.

CAP GOODS

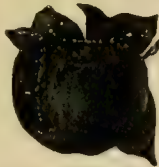
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All orders filled promptly, post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Elgin, Illinois

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I now have another offer to make in keeping with our rapidly growing, progressive city. A specially desirable lot will cost \$375.00. A 4-room frame house 24x26, drop siding outside, ship-lap inside, nicely finished with canvas and wall paper, wood work stained and varnished, two coats good paint outside, outhouse built and painted, all complete, will cost \$575.00 Total, \$950.00. Such a property will rent readily for \$20.00 per month, which is a little better than 25 per cent on your investment. The demand is not nearly supplied for such properties, and you not only get a good income from such an investment, but outlook at present is, your property will rapidly grow in value. If you have less than \$950.00 to invest, try our Investment Association plan. Money invested on this plan earned 17 per cent last year over and above all taxes, insurance and other expenses, and every investor has received his money back who asked for it. Full particulars on request.

JAMES M. NEFF,
 Clovis, New Mexico.

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A full page of suggestions on each lesson of the second half of 1909. The outlines in this booklet have been prepared by Eld. J. G. Royer. Splendid topics! Helpful outlines! Timely suggestions! Order a booklet for each member of your society.

July-December 1909

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
 Elgin, Illinois

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has often heard class-members say: "I cannot understand the Bible." They could not understand any other book that was printed three hundred years ago. So many English words of that day were different.

More than forty new dictionaries have been required since then, to keep up with the changes in the English language. The



American Standard Bible
 Edited by the American Revision Committee
 uses the words of our day, which make the meanings of the Bible writers clear to us.

Write for Our Free Booklet, "How We Got Our American Standard Bible"
 No teacher can afford to be without it.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.			
Name	Acres	Tons per A.	
Mark Austin,	35	18	
Company Farm,	90	16	
Allen Bissett,	2	18	
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½	
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19	
Geo. Duval,	6	26	
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½	
Geo. Duval,	170	14	
Rogers' Farm,	20	24	
Gough & Merrill,	10	18	
A. V. Linder,	25	16	
David Betts,	14	15	

The results of grain crop following the beet crop:

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.			
Name	Acres	Tons per A.	
C. M. Williams,	5	19	
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18	
E. E. Hunter,	27	16	
Wm. Hansen,	6	16	
Melcher & Boor,	37	15	
A. E. Wood,	18	16	
P. A. Gregar,	6	15	
R. F. Slone,	5	15	
Thos. Weir,	14	23	
Wm. Melcher,	21	22	
S. Niswander,	26	17	
John Ward,	10	22	
W. B. Ross,	5	23	

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

June 15, 1909.

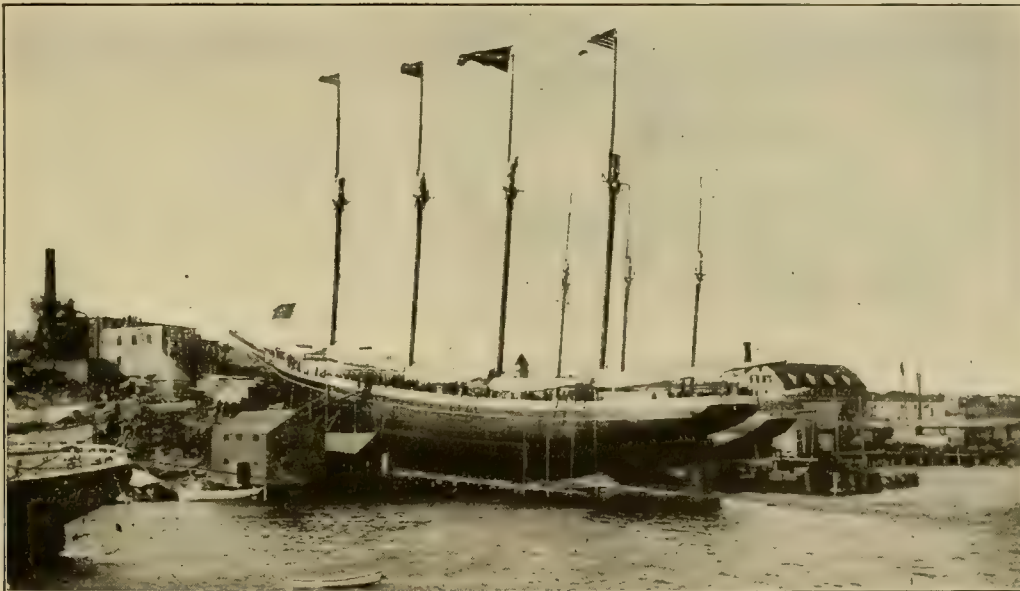
No. 24.

EBB AND FLOW OF THE TIDES

JOHN S. FERNALD

TO the dweller in the interior or along the shores of the Great Lakes the rise and fall of the ocean tides prove one of the most interesting features of a visit to the seacoast. To stand on a pier at one of our seaports, Boston for instance, and see the waters of the harbor nearly up to the level of the

States government issues tide tables giving the hours of high and low water, the amount of rise and fall and other data, for Governor's Island, New York harbor, with elaborate tables showing the differences, in all the particulars, for other ports. These tables present, as regards the time and the amount of rise



High Tide at Belfast, Maine. Launching a Four-Masted Schooner.

top of the wharf, and again, six hours later, at the same place, to see the water surface from ten to twelve feet lower, then again, after another six hours, back to its former high level, is an object lesson in one of nature's most interesting forces.

While the general principles of the tides, as formulated by Newton, Laplace and others, may be read and known of all men, there is still much in relation to the matter that is a closed book to man. The limits of this article do not admit of our going into the scientific details, but we will simply look at a few of the more common features, which are of practical value to all who have to do with traffic on the seas.

For the use of navigators and others the United

and fall, not only a most interesting study but one which, as to causes, has baffled the most expert scientists, while the effects are well known and can be tabulated in advance with the greatest accuracy.

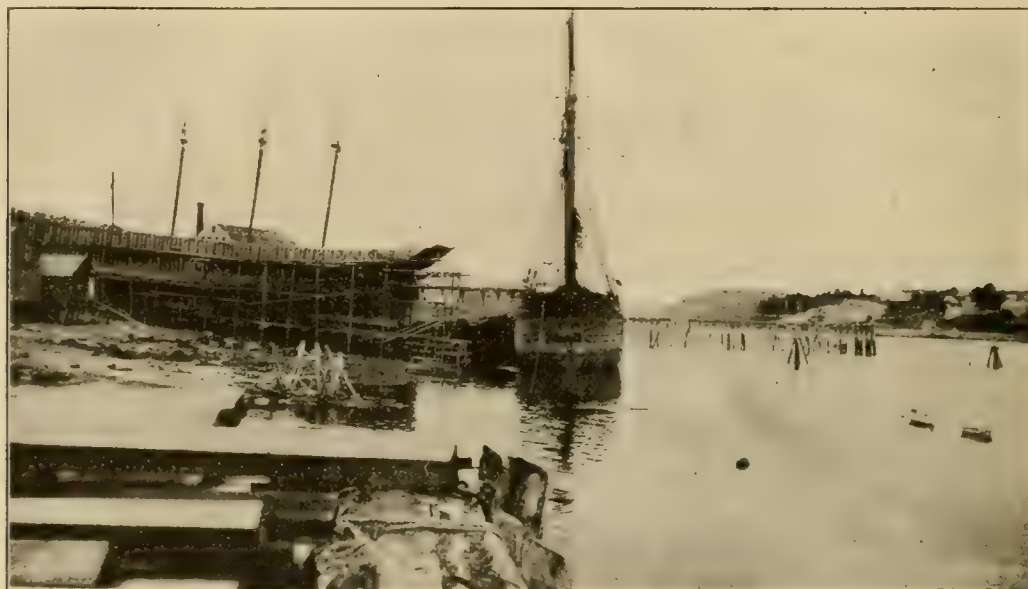
The greatest rise and fall of tides on the Atlantic coast is in the Bay of Fundy, between the Provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, where it varies from sixty to one hundred feet, according to location. At Annapolis, N. S., it sometimes exceeds the latter figures, varying several feet between the "spring tides" which follow the new and full moons, to the "neap tides" which come between. In some near-by harbor the rise and fall are very much less. At St. John, N. B., directly across the Bay of Fundy, they are

from sixty to seventy feet; at Eastport, just across the line, in Maine, eighteen feet; Penobscot Bay, one hundred miles west, but ten to twelve feet. With local variations the rise and fall diminish as we proceed south and west. Along the southern New England coast the range is from five to twelve feet; in the vicinity of Cape Hatteras, from two to six feet; and along the Atlantic coast of Florida from six inches to five feet. The difference in the range of spring and neap tides is two feet, or from three feet four inches to five feet four inches.

The time of the tides at different places varies more than the volume, as it depends on a great variety of

and thirty-eight minutes; while for Annapolis, Md., we subtract three hours and twenty-nine minutes; for Nantucket, Mass., add four hours and three minutes, and for New Bedford, Mass., subtract fifteen minutes. Similar variations at near-by points occur all along the coast.

In the early days of the coast settlements the tides were utilized for running saw and gristmills in localities where the conditions were favorable and there were no available rivers or streams to furnish the power. To operate a tide mill of the kind most in use it was necessary to have a landlocked harbor, opening by a narrow inlet upon some bay or harbor



Half Tide at Belfast, Maine. Same Shipyard as High-tide Picture. Observe the Position of the Water as to the Small Shop with the White Door.

local causes, such as the general depth of the water, depth, width and crookedness of the channels, width of bay and harbor openings, rivers flowing into the sea, etc. The time from one high or low tide to the next corresponding one, at any given place, is very constant, being one-half of the lunar day of twenty-four hours and fifty-four minutes, making a tidal period of twelve hours and twenty-seven minutes. This brings each day's tides nearly an hour later than those of the day before. The highest flood tides come in connection with the lowest ebb, hence a tide which favors the shipbuilder for launching his huge vessel, also favors the humble clamdigger by draining the flats to a greater distance than the tides of a week earlier or later. The variations of time or tide at different ports do not follow any general law, but depend very largely on local conditions, as stated above. To find the hour of high or low water for any given port, one must take the government table and add or subtract, as directed, to or from the figures given for that day for Governor's Island. For instance: for Point Lookout, Md., we add four hours

where there was a high rise and fall of the tide. A dam was built across the inlet and a suitable wheel was placed in a sluice built through the dam. The water drained out of the inner harbor at low water, and on the next flood tide the in-rush of the water as the tide rose outside kept the wheel in motion until the water had reached the highest point and receded again to near the level of the wheel; or, if the inner pond was small, until the back-water counteracted the force outside. In the latter case the inside pond was allowed to fill full, and furnish the power by the return flow when the outside tide was out.

In the first half of the nineteenth century many of these mills were in use along the coast between Boston and the Bay of Fundy, but improvements in water wheels for use on streams and the coming of the steam engine, in connection with the advances in transportation, wrought a change. The tide mill disappeared under the law of the survival of the fittest. Now electricity is making another revolution, and the tide mill, with improved turbine wheels, is coming to the front. Companies are being formed all along

the coast to build and operate tide mills for driving dynamos which shall furnish electricity for trolley lines, manufacturing, lighting, etc., at points many miles distant. One company operating near Portland, Me., utilizes a tide pond where, a hundred years ago, a tide mill drove two saws and one run of stones in a gristmill. The new plant will furnish 25,000 horsepower in electrical energy, for use in Maine, New Hampshire and Massachusetts.



NOW HE'S A MAN.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

But just a little while it seems
Since Jesse was a baby boy,
With big, blue eyes of innocence,
Which were his parents' pride and joy.
Then soon his babyhood was past
And he had started into school,
Where he must study and try hard
To never break a teacher's rule.

He's always been a dear, good boy,
A pride to those who loved him well;
And half the joy he's given them,
The human tongue can never tell.
A baby's candy, he'd not take,
Nor snowball old men in his play,
Nor tie tin cans to doggies' tails;
His fun came not in such a way.

He's had his fun in life, but in
A harmless way and being kind.
A better, more contented boy,
We seldom, in this world, will find.
He may ne'er be a President,
Nor climb to fame's great height sublime,
But he will be his parents' pride,
And someone else's, too, sometime.

Our little Jesse's now a man,
So he can vote for what is right;
And may he be e'er guided by
A true, unerring, inner light.
May peace and happiness be his,
And all the blessings life can hold,
And, yes, we hope a loved one, too,
Within his heart he may enfold,

There's nothing in the world like love
To fill the heart and soul with peace,
And bring new pleasures every day
To make life's happiness increase.
The best of everything in life
We wish for our new grown-up man;
For he has been our joy and pride,
E'er since his precious life began.

Moorestown, N. J.



HIS ACCOUNT WITH ALCOHOL.

A STORY is told of a thick-set, ugly looking fellow who was seated on a bench in the public park, and seemed to be reading some writing on a sheet of paper which he held in his hand.

"You seem to be interested in your writing," said a companion.

"Yes, I've been figuring up my accounts with Old Alcohol to see how we stand."

"And he comes out ahead I suppose?"

"Every time; and he has lied like sixty."

"How did you come to have dealings with him in the first place?"

"That's what I've been writing. You see he promised to make a man of me, but he made me a beast. Then he said he would brace me up, but he has made me go staggering around, then threw me into the ditch. He said I must drink to be social. Then he made me quarrel with my best friends, and to be the laughing stock of my enemies. He gave me a black eye and a broken nose. Then I drank for the good of my health. He ruined the little I had, and left me 'sick as a dog.'"

"Of course."

"He said he would warm me up, and I was soon nearly frozen to death. He said he would steady my nerves, but instead he gave me delirium tremens. He said he would give me strength, and he made me helpless."

"To be sure."

"He promised me courage."

"Then what followed?"

"Then he made me a coward, for I beat my sick wife and kicked my little child. He said he would brighten my wits, but instead he made me act like a fool and talk like an idiot. He promised to make a gentleman of me, but he has made me a tramp."—*Exchange*.



THE GLADNESS OF NATURE.

Is this a time to be cloudy and sad,
When our Mother Nature laughs around;
When even the deep blue heavens look glad,
And gladness breathes from the blossoming ground?

There are notes of joy from the hang-bird and wren,
And the gossip of swallows through all the sky;
The ground squirrel gaily chirps by his den,
And the wilding bee hums merrily by.

The clouds are at play in the azure space,
And their shadows at play on the bright green vale,
And here they stretch to the frolic chase,
And there they roll on the easy gale.

There's a dance of leaves in that aspen bower,
There's a titter of winds in that beechen tree,
There's a smile on the fruit, and a smile on the flower,
And a laugh from the brook that runs to the sea.

And look at the broad-faced sun, how he smiles
On the dewy earth that smiles in his ray,
On the leaping water and gay young isles;
Ay, look, and he'll smile thy gloom away.

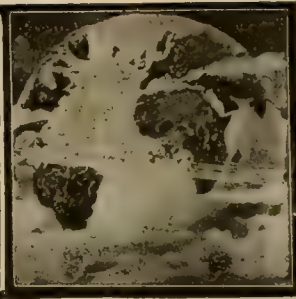
—Bryant.



I DON'T like to talk much with people who always agree with me. It is amusing to coquette with an echo a little while, but one soon tires of it.—O. W. Holmes.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXII.

ON returning to my hotel one night I was informed by Mr. Gullering, the manager, that the Sultan on the following day would make his regular trip to the mosque for private prayers, and that if I went down to that part of the city along the route of his journey I would have a chance, with many others, to see him ride past.

With exultant throbbings of anticipation I took the elevator to my rooms, wrote out a few notes for these letters and retired early, hoping I would be able to see the great Sultan, Abd-ul Hamid the Second.

Had I known what tremendous odds stood against me I should not have gone out, alone, in that part of the city filled by the Mahomedans at the hour of the Sultan's appearance while on his way from his palace to the private mosque, to pray.

My estimate of the distance from the hotel was far short of the long walk it proved to be, and the garden where the crowd gathered to see him pass was much harder to find. It was all better in the end that I went alone, without a guide, and afoot, for my thrilling adventure brought me more knowledge and inspiring danger than any guide in the city would have cared to share with me.

It was a big day in Constantinople when the Sultan went to pray. Although he often made this trip, the occasion was marked by the assembling of thousands of Turkish and Arab soldiers, throngs of devotees of Islam, and a multitude of people from all parts of the earth who may be visiting the city at the time, with the leisure folk of the European districts.

After a long walk in the general direction of the palace I found myself on a low, winding street, along the sea, where, once down below the higher buildings and hills in the distance, I was unable to longer direct my steps, and lost the road many times. On one of these "side trips" I discovered to my dismay that I had wandered from the streets on which were situated the shops and had entered into the very midst of Moslem dwellers. Houses with latticed windows stood all about me. I had been walking fast, sometimes running, and I did not like to slow up now to take my bearings for fear I would be late, and also

for fear that I would excite suspicion among these Moslems. Whether I was in their back yards or their front yards, or on the street, I could hardly tell. It was like finding yourself right in the hornets' nest you have tried to evade.

My heart beat awfully. I tried to assume as natural an expression as possible, avoiding entirely the look of alarm, and while contriving with lightning thought how I could get out of the place, or through it, without getting any one after me, I tried to maintain a direct course. How those latticed windows stared at me! I knew that in them were Mahomedan women, inmates of harems, and that while they might even now be staring out at me, and inciting the men in the household, or the eunuchs waiting upon them, I could not see them at all.

Luckily, I suppose, for me, none of the women were in the act of running over to see their neighbors and no alarm was given of the presence of a dangerous-looking foreigner. Not a soul could be seen. Everything that was done around those homes was performed on the inside, or in small, latticed courts. I was in my bicycle suit, a costume differing from any other cyclist on the road. That alone was sufficient to betray me into trouble by its conspicuous appearance. My face was a foreign face, a Yankee's face, everybody knew that. It was wise for me to get out of this settlement as fast as I could move without running violently. On a dog trot, but going faster than any one looking on would have thought I was going, I ran, peering naturally and easily from place to place, and giving the impression that I was the footman of some noble or wealthy family who had lost his way while in the act of carrying a message. Later on when Mahomedans, in carriage and afoot, passed me, I met their quizzing gaze with a flat look of unconcern, turned my eyes from them instantly, and went on my way.

The policemen were the hardest to deceive, and several big-buttoned fellows would have "pulled" me if I had given them a good chance. Instead of avoiding these officers I threw them off their guard by running almost against them, making one of them get out of my way, and looking back at him with a serious frown as if to say "Goodness, man! for the

sake of your country and your monthly pay, get out of my way. I am an important officer, myself." Of another "keen"-eyed policeman who had made a step toward me from a drinking fountain, against which he had been leaning so long he was compelled to yawn and shake his trunk into life again, I asked, with the importance of a lord mayor and the authority of the Sultanas, what street I should take that I might reach the palace in time to see the Sultan. A few motions, the words "Sultan—Abd-ul Hamid—Allah"—pronounced by me, were all that was necessary. Every one in the capital knew what it meant.

I did not stop for his reply, but only slacked my pace to catch his answer. He would be offended at my hurrying, for he knew that the hour of the processional to the mosque was already nigh. Looking back as I ran, and throwing out my arms in several directions so that he could indicate to me the one nearest right, he nodded assent to the street turning off at a curving angle running along the side of a long hill, and pointed out forcibly the second street after this one, when I increased my speed to the limit, once more jubilant in the hope of my success in getting my view of the Sultan.

In the next street I met two eunuchs in a carriage with a Moslem lady who was veiled so that she could not "bid me the time of day." These emasculated men were taking the fair member of some Moslem's harem out for an airing. A small piece of lay directly in front of the horses, which one of the eunuchs removed, alighting from the carriage and getting in again, on legs so long and spindly, they bent in and out at the knee as he ambled along. He was probably twenty years old, but he acted like a man of sixty. Dark complexioned, dark enough for a negro, he was dressed in a European suit of long, tight trousers and long-cut Prince Albert, which with his high hat and delicate expression reminded me of an educated medicine fakir, or if I may pay compliment to some of the bookworn clergy at home, he seemed, in physical and mental calibre, like some dyspeptic theologian whose useless life at the desk of theoretical nonsense has turned his body into the grotesque figure of contemptible weakness.

With a pine bed-slat a boy could have broken this effeminate eunuch into three pieces at a single blow.

Again I came to a drinking fountain, for next to the dogs in Constantinople, and more pleasing, is the great number of these excellent aids to health and humor. These fountains vary from common stone tanks to quite elaborate temples of art dedicated to the goddess of water, clear, cold, pure water. Some of them, as those in Stamboul, are sculptured gems, set in jewels, and glittering with purest marble ornamentation. The Moslem is a temperance man, never taking intoxicants. Five times a day he washes, at least so much as his hands, before saying his prayers. His

religion forbids him to drink wine or beer. There are no saloons in Moslem-land, and hence no drunkards, no wife-beaters and no hungry children.

I took a drink at the fountain, washed my hands like a Moslem washes his hands, bathed my hot temples and walked rapidly on toward the Seraglio.

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THE UNCOMPLAINING MAN.

"I bet I've twice the troubles of the folks who sit and growl;

I've had enough misfortunes to make Job arise and howl,
I go about in suffering no mortal man may guess
Because I constantly conceal my feelings of distress.
I never tell a human soul about the pains I bear,
For no one has for others' woes the slightest thought or care.

That's why I'm not complaining now, though suffering
all I can—

I never tell my troubles," whined the uncomplaining man.

"Last week I lost the finest horse I ever had possessed;
The week before my choicest cow sought out the land of rest.

I broke my leg one day in March—that set my planting
back,

And off and on 'most ever since I've writhed upon the rack.

I've had the hardest run of luck a fellow ever had;
I've never tackled anything that hasn't turned out bad.
A hoodoo's been pursuing me since first my life began,
But I'm not one to holler," groaned the uncomplaining man.

And thus he went about the streets or loafed about the bars,

Rehearsing to his fellow-men his countless knocks and scars.

His speech was just a loud tirade against the whacks of fate—

He started talking early and he kept it up till late.
He hadn't an acquaintance but was weary of the tale
Of how he'd borne the brunt of things and never made a wail.

At last, to every one's relief, he joined the silent clan,
And on his granite shaft they carved: "The Uncomplaining Man."

—Strickland W. Gillilan.



DISSIPATION IN READING.

SCHOPENHAUER said: "The surest way of having no thoughts of our own is to take up a book every time we have nothing to do." That is not the popular idea, for reading is generally regarded as the generator of thought and character. But it is not so of itself. One must do something besides read. He must digest what he reads. There are people who read a great deal more than other people, but know a great deal less. They read just to read—to put in time; for a pleasurable sensation that one gets lying in a hammock or drinking a glass of soda. There is no digestive force in it that builds up brain fiber. It is the sort of reading that sustains insipid talk, and makes one, in a little

social circle, turn away in disgust when a serious subject is referred to. The fact is, the only kind of reading that is worth the time employed is that which arouses the reflection and builds up ideals. Men and women can not put in all spare time reading. They

must have time to think, compare, idealize, apply, inquire of their own conscience and consciousness if what they read is true, pure and uplifting. If we had that sort of reading—the thought-inspiring kind—the country would be better off.—*Selected.*

THE SANHEDRIN

PAUL MOHLER

DOUBTLESS the term "Sanhedrin," as it occurs frequently in the Sunday-school lesson helps, brings more confusion than information to the mind of the average reader. Unfortunately when he "looks it up" he is not sure of getting correct information, for there are two sources of information to be had, which disagree very materially, both of which cannot be correct.

The earlier, and more trustworthy sources, are the Greek records, and the later are the Jewish records contained in the Mishni, which was written some time after the destruction of Jerusalem, when the Sanhedrin, was an entirely different institution from the body that called our Lord and his apostles to judgment. All statements based on the Jewish sources must therefore be examined very carefully before they can be accepted.

After the Jews returned from exile under Ezra, their government was nominally a theocracy under a friendly foreign authority which left the local government in the hands of the high priest, assisted by a council composed of priests and elders. This is the first Sanhedrin on record. From the beginning of the first Greek period on, the Sanhedrin existed in some form and with varying powers until the destruction of Jerusalem. A little of its history may be interesting as well as profitable.

It has always been true that a man's occupation has a great influence on the development of his character. How natural it was then that the ruling body of the nation, dealing with worldly affairs and with the officers of the heathen government, should become "liberal" on questions of theology. This certainly was true of the early Sanhedrin, insomuch that when Antiochus Epiphanes proposed to wipe out the Jewish customs, religion and all, it offered practically no resistance. When therefore the Hasmonean house came into power, the members of this aristocratic body were either put to death, or brought into subjection by the appointment of a majority of the adherents of the ruling power. The same process of development took place in this as in the former body, until it was soon just as worldly as before. But in the meantime the Pharisees had gained such great influence with the people that they secured a place in the ruling body. From that time on, the government was a house divided against itself, with the Sadducean king, priests

and elders on the one side, and the Pharisees, backed by the people, on the other. Then as now, the true representatives of the people had the greater influence on all questions of importance, even though they did not hold the highest positions. It was this divided condition of the government that made possible the dissensions that opened the way for the Romans. "United we stand, divided we fall" states no new experience.

The Sanhedrin did not always exercise the same kind of powers or the same extent of jurisdiction. Sometimes it undoubtedly had large administrative powers, while at other times it seemed to be simply a court of justice. Sometimes its jurisdiction extended over a large part of Palestine, sometimes over Judea proper. When the first Herod was governor of Galilee, he had no authority to execute a criminal without submitting the case to the Sanhedrin; and when he did execute a band of robbers without proper trial, that body summoned Herod himself to trial. It is interesting to note that instead of appearing before the court in mourning, as was the rule for prisoners, Herod came with his bodyguard, and overawed the court, which of course acquitted him. When Herod became king he put the members of the Sanhedrin, alive or nearly all, to death. It is needless to say that he gave those who were left but little power.

The Roman procurators found it convenient to allow the Sanhedrin much power and a larger jurisdiction than did the Herods. Perhaps it is necessary here to state that under the Jewish constitution each town had a council to govern the local affairs of the town and the villages belonging to it. The Romans recognized these councils, giving them certain prescribed powers. The procurators also had courts of their own. To the Sanhedrin they gave those powers that were not given to the inferior courts or reserved for their own. Offenses against the Jewish law fell naturally to this court, and it could try even a Roman citizen for one offense, transgressing the sanctity of the temple; but in no case could it pass sentence of death without the consent of the procurator. This accounts for Christ's trial before Pilate. Stephen's execution was not a legal act; it was the act of a mob.

The Sanhedrin met regularly twice a week. It

might be called oftener, but it never met on a Sabbath or a holy day. This effectually disposes of the contention that Jesus ate the Passover before his death, since the night and day following the eating of the Passover constituted a holy day, one of the holiest of the year. It was not even customary to try one accused of a crime punishable by death on the day before a holy day, as it was the rule to allow one day between the trial and the sentence. The irregularity of the proceeding was abundant evidence of the venomous hatred of his accusers. For this once, if never again, the court was prejudiced.

According to the Mishni, a rabbi always presided over the court, but all other sources agree that the high priest was the regular president. The full membership of the court consisted of seventy-one members; but a quorum of twenty-three might transact business. A majority of one might acquit a prisoner, but it took a majority of two to convict. So if a quorum were present and twelve voted to acquit, the prisoner was freed. If, however, twelve voted to convict and eleven to acquit, the court must summon two more members. If still unable to decide the case, the court must continue to call additional members until the entire membership had been called, when a majority of one might convict.

In ordinary cases, the votes were cast by each member rising and giving his opinion orally, beginning with the chief and most influential members of the court; but in trying capital crimes, this order was reversed in order that the weaker members of the court might not be influenced in their decisions by the stronger.

You will not find the term Sanhedrin in the New Testament, but the body is mentioned several times by naming its elements, "Scribes and elders," "Chief priests and elders," "Chief priests and the Pharisees," "Chief priests, scribes and elders," etc., in the accounts of the trials of Christ and the apostles.

While it was true that the court was unfit to try these men, and that it was composed of the most discordant elements, the worldly Sadducees and the fanatical Pharisees, it cannot be denied that its main influence throughout the province was for peace and order. Had the Jews listened to the conservative Sanhedrin they would not have risen in that last fatal rebellion against the Roman power which cost so many lives and so much of liberty. The Sanhedrin as a political factor was destroyed with Jerusalem. There was indeed a Sanhedrin organized at Jamnia afterwards, but it had no legal standing. It consisted of rabbis who engaged in theoretical discussions and which exercised great moral influence over the orthodox Jews; but it was a Sanhedrin in name only. Will the Jews ever again have political power? Let us hope that they will not until they have accepted Christ.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.

A CHANGE OF HEART.

"Good morning! Are you the superintendent?"

"I am, madam. Can I do anything for you?"

"Deed an' you can that. I just wanted to tell you what I thought of that little upstart of a Jones girl that thinks just because she teaches school she can afford to get sassy to me about my boy Mike. The likes of her to tell me how I shall manage my child! I'll show her! If she dare lay a finger on him I'll pull every hair out of her head! And she'll 'consult' with me over it, will she? We'll see about that. Am I to leave my house and baby and come tramping through the hot sun 'way up here every time she takes a notion to put on fool airs? I'll tell her what I think!"

The portly, florid speaker paused for breath, and the superintendent found a chance to inquire whether Miss Jones had sent her a conduct-notice.

"She did, the impident hussy!" retorted the irate one.

"Have you ever met Miss Jones before?"

"No, but I'll do plenty to her when I do. What does she know about managing children?"

"Well now, I feel sure that when you and Miss Jones have a little talk together you will understand each other better, and you will not feel so displeased. Suppose you tell me your name, and I will send Miss Jones word that you would like to speak with her. I know that Miss Jones is anxious to do the right thing by your child, for she is very careful and conscientious, and perhaps if you would explain to her just how you want him managed, she might get along better. I am sure she would try. Really, I have great confidence in Miss Jones."

The superintendent himself went after the offending teacher, and as he presently ushered her in, his eyes twinkled, though his manner was perfectly serious. His confidence in Miss Jones had increased fifty per cent.

Miss Jones had a bright, decisive manner, and as she advanced with outstretched hand and cordial smile she did not wait for an introduction.

"Is this Mrs. Maloney? Michael's mother? I am so glad to meet you," she said heartily. Mrs. Maloney had involuntarily surrendered her hard, capable hand to the firm pressure of Miss Jones' no less capable hand, and she found herself trying to look sternly into a pair of clear, gray eyes, shining with pleasure and interest, as they looked straight into hers with a frank smile not unlike Michael's own. Mrs. Maloney's responsive Irish nature could not withstand that look, and before she knew it she began:

"I'm pleased to meet you, Miss—."

"Yes," interrupted Miss Jones, "and it was very kind of you to come away up here through the hot sun. Do sit here by the window and let me get you a fan. It is just as I told Michael yesterday. I felt

sure that you were anxious for him to get on well, and to do right, and that you would be willing to take any sort of trouble to have him grow up into the right sort of man. Especially since he will always be such an example to his little brother, as he grows older. And how is the baby? Is his cold better?"

"Sure, he's all over it now. To think of you knowing about Timmy, now."

"Oh, Michael tells me about him nearly every day. He is so proud of the little brother. That is a fine trait in Michael's character. And really, judging from the things that baby says and does, I think he will grow up to be as clever as Michael. You must be proud indeed with two such children, Mrs. Maloney."

"That I am, miss. Sure it's the good man their father is. I hope they'll grow up to be like him."

"I was sure of it. I knew Michael never came from a home where his parents wanted to know of his fighting on the way to and from school and throwing rocks, and such unmannerly conduct. You see Michael has told me that he means to be a policeman some day, and he must learn to obey the laws himself if he is to make others obey them, and how can he destroy property himself and then expect to preserve it from other people?"

"That's right, miss. That's just what his father would say. Mike would get a good thrashing if his father heard of such carryings on. If he ever gives you any trouble you let me know, and I'll fix him."

"Well, of course, boys are apt to be mischievous and they don't always stop to think. Sometimes they forget before they get home from school, and need to be reminded at both ends of the line. But I hardly think Michael needs whipping. He ought to behave because he wants to do right, and not because he is afraid to do wrong. You see, the home is where the great influence is, and if a boy understands that at home he is expected to be honorable and manly, he takes pride in being so at school. We can soon tell what kind of a home influence the child has."

"And it's yourself knows how to manage the children! I hope, miss, you may marry a man as good as the one I've got, and have a family of your own instead of spending all your time on other folks' brats."

"O Mrs. Maloney, you mustn't call them that. You don't suppose I am going to let any one say such a thing about Michael, when I think so much of him? There is the gong, and I must go to my line while they are on the stairs. If you will stand here in the hall you can see your boy as he comes past. He is the tallest boy in my line, Mrs. Maloney, and that is one reason why I am so anxious for him always to do right. He attracts so much notice, you see."

"Well, Miss Jones, I've got this to say. We want Mikey to do what's right, and he ain't to give you any trouble, when you try so hard to do what's right

for him. You know what's best for him, and if he gives you any sass, or bothers you with misbehaving, just you let us know; and he'll get such a licking he'll never need another. I'll make him mind you. And there'll be no fighting and throwing rocks at all. His father will see to that."

And as Miss Jones returned to her line Mrs. Maloney turned beamingly upon the superintendent.

"Ain't she the sweet girl, now? She's a perfect lady, she is. And she does think so much of my Mikey."—*Katharine Maxwell Bower, in Ohio Educational Monthly.*



THE HOLY CITY OF MECCA.

THE history of Mohammedanism is to a certain extent like that of Christianity—in that it tells of the suffering and persecution of its founder. Mohammed was born in Mecca 570 years after Christ. He was 40 years old before he announced his mission, making the declaration which has since become the watchword of the Mohammedan faith: "There is no God but Allah, and Mohammed is his Prophet." He did not inspire faith at once, and at length he was driven from the city. This departure took place July 16, 622 A. D., and from that day of the "Hegira" (meaning "flight") dates all Mohammedan chronology. Mohammed retired to the near-by city of Medina, gathered many followers, and eventually returned to Mecca and took the city, driving the idolaters out of the "Kaaba" or sacred court, as Christ drove the money-changers from the temple, and declaring that never again should any but the faithful enter the holy city. As a result of that solemn injunction, the most drastic measures have always been enforced to prevent any "giaour" or "infidel" setting our eyes on the sacred places.

All Mohammedans, following the example of the prophet and in obedience to the express command of the Koran, make it their prime duty in life to make the pilgrimage to Mecca. Thither from all parts of the Mohammedan world—from Algeria and Tunis, China and India, Russia and Persia, and all the Turkish dominions—flock the faithful. Often the journey occupies a whole year, and the pilgrims gladly spend on the pilgrimage the savings of an entire lifetime. Whoever makes this journey earns the privilege of wearing the green turban, which marks him as a "hadji," or one who has fully kept the faith.

The completion in the near future of the Hedjaz railway, connecting Mecca with Constantinople and the European railway system, will make the pilgrimage a comparatively easy matter. The present method is to go by steamer to Jeddah, on the Red Sea, and thence by caravan to Mecca, or to go all the way overland by the established pilgrim routes. Often 10,000 to 20,000 pilgrims will be gathered in a single camp, and it can

be imagined what a motley sight they present, with their tents stretching as far as the eye can reach, and their countless numbers of camels and other animals. Frequently the caravans are attacked by Bedouin bands, who secure rich booty, as the pilgrims usually carry large quantities of valuables with them.

It is the greatest day in the Mohammedan's life when he first sees, afar off, the minarets and cupolas of Mecca, the sacred city which he has so long dreamed of. But he is not allowed to enter it without undergoing numerous rites, intended to purify him and prepare him for the highest privileges his religion can confer. Sanitary ideas have not yet penetrated to Mecca, and the things that go on there are so unspeakable that they demand the attention of the civilized world. Water is scarce, and the sacred ablutions go on in the same tanks until they become cesspools of filth and contagion.

It is a well-authenticated fact that Mecca is a hot-bed of disease, for the germs of cholera and other scourges are there propagated and by the returning pilgrims conveyed to all parts of the globe. There is one main street in Mecca, about 20 feet wide, and the rest of the city is but a maze of alleys that a man can reach across. The houses are plain and rude, generally three or four stories high, and always with the flat roofs of the Orient. There is little attempt at cleanliness, and the variety of stench presented to the traveler as he passes through the crowded lanes would be too powerful for civilized nostrils. Sir Richard Burton, the English traveler, succeeded in penetrating Mecca in 1852 disguised as an Afghan pilgrim, and he and one or two others are the only Europeans who ever saw the city. Burton wrote a fascinating account of his visit.

It takes 10 days or more for the pilgrim to perform all the rites laid down for him at Mecca before he can call himself a full-fledged hadji. He must march a stated number of times round the great Kaaba or temple court, by turns singing and praying. In the center of the court, in a holy of holies, covered under a rich curtain embroidered with verses from the Koran, rests the famous "black stone" which the angel Gabriel is said to have brought from heaven. Tradition says that this stone was once as clear and brilliant as a diamond, but it has been kissed by such myriads of lips that it is now dull and opaque. A large number of "imams" or priests are attached to the Kaaba and the numerous shrines in Mecca, and they expect rich gifts to be left by the pilgrims for the support of the church. In addition to this every pilgrim has to make various sacrifices and burnt offerings, and the number of sheep slaughtered runs into the scores of thousands—the blood making a constant rivulet during the height of the ceremonies.

Outside of Mecca is the sacred mountain of Arafat,

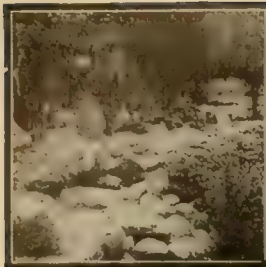
where Mohammed was wont to retire to meditate, and where, according to the story, Adam and Eve found each other after being driven from the Garden of Eden. The pilgrims must camp for a time on this mountain, spending the nights in meditation and prayer, and it is here that they receive the holy title of "hadji." On their way back they must pass through a narrow gateway, analogous to the "needle's eye," etc., of the Bible. Then they come to three images representing the horned guardians of the lower regions, and they must cast at these images seven stones brought from Mt. Arafat. The scrambling and contention for place at the various shrines is so great that often there is a regular fight, in which many of the weaker ones are trampled and killed. Little wonder that the "hadji," after he has returned from Mecca, is venerated as a hero, for the pilgrimage means much of hardship, deprivation and danger, not to speak of the great cost in money.—*The Pathfinder*.



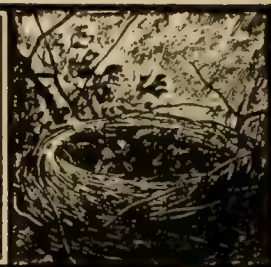
WHERE WOMEN LIVE LONG.

IN Norfolk County, England, there are in every village individuals of more than 80 years of age and not infrequently one or two over 90, and those of 70 and upward are regarded as not even old. Many farm laborers of 70 are quite hale and hearty, working from early morning up to 5 and 6 o'clock in the evening, and some are so vigorous as to earn a full man's wages. And the women in the country are more tenacious of life perhaps than are the men. In one village, containing about 300 people, within the past six months have died three women of more than 90 years of age, the oldest of these being no less than 96. In another Norfolk village with inhabitants to the number of 400 there live a man of 95, a woman of 90, a woman of 89, a woman of 87 and several of both sexes over 80. In yet another village there are a blacksmith aged 96 and the widow of a country medical practitioner whose years mount up to 92.

The longevity of the Norfolk peasant has a very interesting pathological side to it. The chief enemy of the farm laborer of the eastern countries, from the standpoint of health, is rheumatism. Not many reach even middle age without having been the victims of rheumatism, and a large number are crippled in their old age by this disease. But in spite of this the average of longevity seems to be very high, although, as well as rheumatism, he has to contend with the lack of adequate housing accommodation and want of proper sanitary arrangements. That to eat sparingly of plain, wholesome food, to be much in the open air and to work sufficiently to occupy the mind and to exercise the body will enable a man to defy more or less the evils of environment would seem to be shown by the toughness of the Norfolk laborer.—*Selected*.



NATURE STUDIES



THE POCKET-GOPHER

N. J. MILLER

THIS animal, found in Georgia, Florida, the States bordering the Mississippi on the east and westward to the Pacific, some naturalists claim is related to our field mice. Cranial likenesses are the basis of this view. To others, the possession of fur-lined pouches opening into the mouth, suggests relationship to the pouched mice. On the other hand the similarity in habitat hints at relationship to the African mole-rat. Almost anyone familiar with the animal's form and characteristics might guess it to be some kind of rat. Whether it is a pouched mouse, an overgrown field mouse or an average-sized rat matters little, for pocket-gophers are—pocket-gophers.

The rodent is responsible for the little mounds of fine earth one so often sees scattered in pastures, prairies, or fields, as the case may be. The mounds, usually about two to four inches high and from twelve to twenty-four inches in diameter, are usually built by the animal while digging its burrow or underground runways. Also the mounds are connected with or rather close openings to the burrows, since the animal pushes the loose earth out of the runway with his forefeet and does not carry it in his pocket as some seem to think. Those who absolutely know, especially Herrick and Herrick, who have made perhaps the most complete observations known, say that after the pocket-gopher has scratched the dirt loose with his big front claws and has thrown it into a pile behind him in the runway "he turns about and approximating the callosities of the two forefeet in front and with the claws well up he pushes the mass before him by the action of the hind limbs until it piles up in front of him and he looks like a diminutive earth scraper." By this method the animal removes the loosened soil from the entire underground channel, no matter how long. If the dirt must be scraped too far or, some other idea chances to come to the animal's brain another opening is made from the channel to the surface, the opening to be again covered with a mound of excavated earth. A pretty good idea may be had of the line of direction, though very irregular, of the underground channels

by noting the succession of mounds. The channels are sometimes surprisingly long.

While irrigating a field of alfalfa not long ago I discovered a runway over twenty rods in length. In the evening I "set the water" in the lateral as usual, but the next morning the water, instead of coming down the lateral, flowed into a hole farther up near some gopher mounds. In an adjoining piece of plowed ground water was pouring out of a hole twenty or more rods distant, which fact gave a clue as to where the water from the lateral was going. As soon as the hole in the bottom of the lateral was closed the flow from the hole so far away ceased. Here then was a gopher runway carrying water underground for more than twenty rods! This feature of the gopher runway is sometimes unpleasant in irrigating countries and the gopher often causes serious loss to a community by tunneling or honeycombing irrigating dams, banks, reservoirs, ditches, etc.

Besides the main runway, the gopher digs temporary branches, side runways, galleries or rooms, etc. Some of the rooms are used to store food—roots of grass, alfalfa, oats, potatoes, grasses, etc., usually carried there in his fur-lined pockets. Herrick and Herrick say the roots are stowed away intentionally in quantities varying from a pint to a peck—quantities large and yet small enough to generate sufficient heat to produce sprouting and growth. The animal here expresses his ingenuity as an underground gardener. His hotbeds always supply him with fresh, tender grass through the months of winter and early spring. (The animal does not hibernate.)

When a lad of eight I was taught how to trap the brown fellow. A fresh mound was brushed aside to find the opening leading to the runway. The bottom of the runway was excavated about an inch in depth and ten or fifteen inches along the channel. A steel trap was placed in the far end of the depression thus formed and covered over evenly with loose dirt. When the pocket-gopher came along with his pile of dirt to close the hole the trap caught him. And how my first gopher

really frightened me! In that trap when brought to the light he was most angry. That defiant attitude, when throwing himself back on his haunches, his head lifted up and that dreadful spit sound, produced by properly manipulating his breath, took all the pride out of me. It took some time before I could muster the courage to finish him. How furious he was when blinded in the light! How he opened his mouth and gnashed his teeth at me! How big those claws were! They seemed easily two inches long, though I now know they were no more than half that length. And that spit sound of defiance! It rings in my ears at this moment.

Perhaps the pocket-gopher will soon be an animal of the past, for the chief of the United States Biological Survey has charged him with producing to this country—especially in the West where lands are irrigated—a loss of twelve and a half millions of dollars. A loss like that may incite relentless death against the fine-furred animal just as the great loss charged to the prairie dog is leading to its extermination by poison. Twelve and a half millions quite likely will outweigh his life.



SUNFISH.

T. H. FERNALD.

THERE are two distinct kinds of sunfish, one being of the genera *Centracchus*, *Brythus* and *Pomatis*, and are small fishes about six inches long, and not good for food, found in the fresh waters of this country.

The other is of the genus *Orthogarisiscus*, generally found in temperate and tropical seas. It inhabits the surface and uppermost strata of the open ocean and approaches the shore only accidentally, or in search of food, or for spawning. The jaws are divided in the middle and well adapted to crushing the shellfish upon which it feeds. They develop by remarkable changes, the young being studded with spines. Two species are known, the common sunfish with granulated skin, and the oblong sunfish with smooth, tassellated skin.

The common or broad sunfish, though a native of warm seas, is found during the summer around the coast of Northern Europe, and is taken while floating on the surface, basking in the sun. They make a noise like a hog when touched. In the stomach of a broad sunfish there have been found a substance resembling coral, barnacles and seaweed, but usually nothing but mucus is found. Some claim the flesh is good to eat, and resembles the crab in flavor, but it has never been put on the market. The largest specimen we have read of was about eight feet long, and rather more in depth.

The oblong sunfish has a body one-half its total length. We are told of a specimen taken in England in 1734 which weighed five hundred pounds, but generally they are considerably smaller. It feeds upon crabs, worms and other animals of the sea, and does

not float upon the surface as does the common sunfish.



HOUSE MARTINS AT WORK.

THE spring of the year is the time the birds build their nests—which are their homes, you know. So if you are on the lookout, I am sure you can watch some birdies and see how they build. Here is a pretty story told in *Little Folks*, of how the house martins build their homes:

I dare say you have often seen bricklayers at work building a house, and have noticed how they lay the bricks neatly in rows, and fasten them together with mortar. I wonder if you ever noticed how the birds build their houses? Some birds use sticks, some leaves, and some moist earth, which dries hard in the sun.

Now, I have been very interested lately in watching the house martins. The father and mother bird help each other in building.

First of all, they choose a good spot, and that requires thought. At length Mrs. Martin says, perhaps, to her husband: "What do you think of this, my dear, for a nice situation? See, it is close under the eaves, and sheltered from the cold winds and the rain; yet it is airy, and out of danger from prowling cats!"

The father bird looks with his head perked on one side. "Excellent," he says, "I could not have chosen a better spot myself! You are certainly very clever!"

"All right," says Mrs. Martin; "since you approve the situation, let us begin to build our new house at once!"

Away flies the father bird, and soon returns with a tiny pellet of moist earth, which he presses to the wall, or to the eaves, with his bill. Then the mother bird brings a tiny pellet of moist earth, puts it on the top of the other pellet, and presses it with her bill, holding it fast while the father fetches another pellet. Sometimes one bird thinks the other is staying rather too long a time away, and so the one on the nest looks round and chirps, as much as to say: "My dear, I do wish you'd be quick; I am quite tired of waiting!"

So they work away, bringing one tiny pellet at a time, and just as the bricklayer puts hair with the mortar to help to bind his bricks together, so the martins weave into their house a bit of grass or straw now and then to help the nest to hold together.

Each day the nest gets a little larger and a little larger, until at last it is finished. It has a space or door at the side, just large enough for Mr. and Mrs. Martin to enter; thus the martin's nest differs from the swallow's nest, which is always left open at the top.

When the nest is finished it is lined with feathers, and on this soft, warm bed the mother lays four, five, or six white eggs spotted with dark red.—*Selected.*

THE INGLENOOK

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VACATIONS and plans for the same outweigh almost all other matters of importance these days with many people. Whether one is in need of a vacation or how it is spent will determine the measure of its success or beneficial effects.

WE urge all our readers who are teachers—and there are few of us who do not teach in one way or another—to read the article appearing this week in the Quiet Hour department on “Christ the Teacher.” It is full of excellent helps and encourages one to further study of an inexhaustible subject.

IN a recent issue we called attention to the efforts of the U. S. Forest Service in interesting the women of our land in the preservation of the forests and other natural resources. On another page of this issue this same branch of the Department of Agriculture tells of the taking up of the subject as a study in the schools. Both of these fields of education will no doubt bring much real help to the Forest Service in its efforts. It argues much for the wisdom of those who are at the head of the service that they are giving so much attention to the enlightenment of the people on this subject for, while the method may be slower than some others in bringing results, it is in the long run the most permanent and effective.

PRESIDENT TAFT and his cabinet have decided not to interfere with Father Time's regulation of the clocks of the government, by turning them back an hour or two during the summer months so that business might benefit by the extra hours of daylight and especially by the wholesome influence of the early morning hours, as compared to the later hours of a summer day. However, this need not hinder us as individuals from getting out early enough to catch the inspiration of a

fresh new day. The secret of easily making the break with a comfortable bed lies in early retiring, so that the usual or necessary amount of sleep is secured by the time daylight announces the swift coming of the sun.

TEACHING AGRICULTURE IN THE COMMON SCHOOLS.

WE are just in receipt of a series of articles on “Principles of Agriculture,” by one of the INGLENOOK's well-known writers, designed to be of help to those who as teachers or pupils have taken up the subject of agriculture in the common schools. In the first paragraph of the first paper the author of the series says:

“The science of agriculture is being taught in many of our schools and the writer thinks very properly so. This is and will long continue to be an agricultural nation; therefore those who are to till the soil should have a knowledge of the soil with which they are to deal. Many of the boys and girls who are to be our farmers of the future will get no other education than what they get in the elementary schools. Are we as teachers doing our duty when we deny them the knowledge they need, while at the same time we instruct them in almost every other avenue of life?”

It is our belief that in the education of the children in the subject of agriculture as a science lies the most effective agent for turning the tide of our young men and women, which is now toward the city, back to the farm, where they will find prosperous and contented homes. In recent years farming as a profession has taken on new dignity from the fact that the old-time saying that “anybody can farm” is no longer true. When there is added to this a long list of interesting subjects a knowledge of which increases very materially the farmer's proficiency, the prospective farmer is at once impressed with the fact that he is to have a place among the foremost thinking men of the times. The series will begin in one of the August issues of the long one, but we believe it will do much toward arousing an interest in the subject, besides giving much valuable help to those who have taken up the study. The series will begin in one of the August issues of the INGLENOOK, so that it will come in seasonably for those who may wish to make use of it in connection with class work in school.

“ELIHU ROOT PEACE FUND.”

ABOUT two months ago Hamilton College, Utica, New York, was aroused to a high pitch of excitement and enthusiasm over the announcement by the president at the chapel exercises that Andrew Carnegie had just given two hundred thousand dollars to the college in recognition of the services to the cause of international peace of Senator Elihu Root, who is an

alumnus of the college. The gift was accompanied by the following letter:

"In recognition of the unique services of Elihu Root, as Secretary of State, in the cause of international peace, through arbitration treaties negotiated by him and in various other directions, I give the sum of two hundred thousand dollars to Hamilton College, the institution of which he and his two brothers and also his two sons are graduates and of which his father was so long a distinguished professor. In accordance with the wish of Mr. Root this sum is to be held and invested by the trustees of the college as a trust fund, the income to be devoted to the salaries of the instructors of the college. It is to bear the name of The Elihu Root Peace Fund."

This is surely a splendid tribute to earnest service in the cause of peace. Its influence is bound to give renewed zeal to many who are faithfully working to exalt the noble principle of international peace. Especially will it make a continued and forceful appeal to the students of Hamilton College to dedicate their vigorous strength to the banishment of war from the earth. May the college become a powerful center for the propagation of peace principles.



THE ESPERANTO MOVEMENT.

IN the present growing strength of the Esperanto movement we hear as a rule but two of its advantages heavily emphasized—first, the practicability of the language, as commercial houses are coming to use it more and more in their international dealings, for the simple reason that one language understood by people of any nation is more economical as there are races to be dealt with; and, secondly, its idealistic importance, on account of its being a genuine factor in the promotion of universal peace.

Its cultural side is mentioned, it is true, in that one can read in Esperanto many excellent works which are otherwise practically inaccessible, such, for instance, as the "Faraono" of Prus, translated from the original Polish into Esperanto by Dr. Kasimierz Bein, etc., and the pleasures of correspondence with educated European or Japanese Esperantists for those who have time to gain their knowledge of foreign life and customs in this first-hand method.

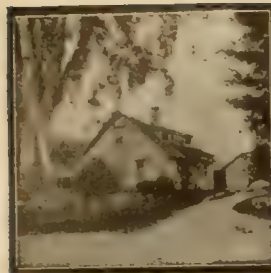
But the direct bearing of the language upon linguistic teaching is not yet fully realized. The claim that Esperanto should precede all language study in the secondary schools is worth examining for its foundation. First, in the matter of vocabulary, it may be worth while to quote Dr. D. O. Lowell, of the Roxbury (Mass.) Latin School, who from examination of an etymological Esperanto dictionary draws the following conclusions concerning the roots in this language: "Sixty-four per cent of the same roots occur in Latin, 88 per cent in French, 85 per cent in Italian,

82 per cent in Spanish, 76 per cent in German, 83 per cent in English, 81 per cent in Portuguese and 42 per cent in Russian. In learning Esperanto the student thus acquires 1,497 words out of the eight principal European languages. Esperanto is the least common multiple of them all." In addition to this, many names of animals and most names of plants are from the Greek and Latin, which languages have indirectly furnished a large proportion of the international vocabulary.

The existence and importance of grammar and syntax, however, are what cause Esperanto to be of value as a preliminary study to Latin and Greek and the modern national languages. Through this simple and methodical language the boy and the girl can be given an appreciation of grammatical categories and relations far more easily than in even their own tongue and are prepared to enter upon the complex or different syntactical construction of other languages with far more likelihood of grasping it. For instance, in the familiar catch, "I know that that *that* that is in that sentence that I read," English shows no differentiation, and the function of each word must be patiently drilled, or rather forced, into the head of the luckless child. If grammar in itself were not made a prominent feature until some Esperanto had been learned, the teacher need merely recall "*Mi scias ke tiu tio kiu estas en tiu frazo kium mi legis,*" and the difference between conjunction, relative and demonstrative is clear. Because Esperanto has different endings for noun, adjective, adverb, participle and infinitive, etc., and uses the accusative logically—not having "I : me" and "you : you," etc.—and has no exceptions to these rules, the language is not merely easy to learn, but illuminating at once. Moreover, being international in formation, this tongue is free from the idioms which render difficult as well as picturesque all the national languages. The pupil learning Latin or French *after having learned Esperanto* has by the aid of the international tongue gotten a realization of what the idioms in his own language are and has to some extent been able to get rid of them in his consciousness. He can write Esperanto without bringing in English idioms. From this point he can far more easily take up the idioms of French, Latin, etc., and deal with them successfully. He does not have to shake off the idioms of his own tongue and in the same moment acquire those of the new one. The transition is gradual and logical, and in the end the extra time spent in first learning Esperanto will be more than made up by the rapidity with which the next language is mastered.—*Ivy Kellerman, Ph. D., in Ohio Teacher.*



"If you tell the truth you can go on about your business; but if you tell a lie you have to go back every day or so and see how it is getting along."



THE HOME WORLD



AFTER MARJORIE WENT HOME

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"I FOUND a house today over on Vine Street, and Rose if you are able, we will go over tomorrow evening and look at it," said John Myers to his wife.

Rose Myers was a little woman with pathetic brown eyes that looked down into your heart. She laid her head lovingly on her husband's arm and answered, "It is so good of you, dear, and we will go tomorrow evening."

Her husband held her close for a moment, then he said, "I do not regard it as a sacrifice to leave this place; I too am anxious to get away before the roses come." Very tenderly he said "good-bye," then took up his hat and went down town to his place of business.

"Before the roses come," she said it over to herself and she knew she was too weak to remain among the roses where her six-year-old Marjorie had wandered and almost lived the year before. She could not see the roses bloom while Marjorie was sleeping low beside her little brother Roy. The roses in bloom and no Marjorie to linger over their beauty; ah! that was hard, so hard that she wondered dully if the ache in her heart would ever grow less. "But I must try to live and forget for John's sake; not many men could be as patient as he has been," she said to herself.

The next evening they looked at the new house, and decided to take it. In a few days they moved and Rose was busy fitting up the new home and doing many things which only housewives attend to.

"I shall be better soon," she told her husband in the evenings. "You see it is not that we came here to forget Marjorie, but, dearest, I seemed to see her all the time in the old house; she seemed to meet me in all the rooms and on the stairways, until I sometimes feared—"

"Hush, don't say it, dear," he interrupted. Her friends had whispered among themselves that she would go insane unless she could be brought to think less of her children who had been called home.

Rose had met only a few of the neighbors who happened to be in Mrs. Frey's sitting-room one sunny afternoon in May. Their children were playing on the

front steps, and all the women were sewing on little garments. They had just run in to Mrs. Frey's and carried with them whatever sewing they happened to have in hand, when one of the ladies asked, "How do you like our new neighbor, Mrs. Ruhl? I saw you go in there yesterday."

Mrs. Ruhl hesitated. "Now really, I don't like to give my first impressions of any one, because they are nearly always wrong and I change my mind about people after I know them better. But since you insist I must confess that Mrs. Myers seemed rather cold and distant, not inclined to be friendly."

"I am sorry to hear my opinion confirmed," spoke up Mrs. Brown. "She seemed very reserved when I called; she had on a lovely afternoon dress; her house was spotless. When I thought of my sitting-room carpet at home with my three little ones tumbling around I was afraid she would not like my house-keeping."

"And your three are not as bad as my Davie," laughed Mrs. Frey. "He utilizes all the articles in my pantry, the egg-beater and potato masher included, for an electrical machine which he constructs with the aid of much string."

It was Mrs. Ruhl's turn now. These mothers enjoyed talking about their children. "My Allan went with his father to the country yesterday, and saw a man milk a cow. When he came home, he told me about it. 'Mother, I saw the man get the milk. He just squeezed them knobs back by the tassel and then the milk came; I could do it too.'"

The mothers all laughed at this; then the youngest mother there showed them how her little girl could stand when holding fast to a chair. And they all agreed that she would soon walk alone.

"The only home without children is the Myers home," said the youngest mother.

"I only hope our children will not worry her too much," said Mrs. Ruhl; "she should have known that this is a children's street before she moved here." And then the little group of women dispersed.

Mrs. Myers never heard the things they had said

about her. She watched the little groups of children playing, climbing around the various doorsteps, and always busy with their childish plans. When her husband came home Rose told him how they played. "They had a parade and Davie led off with his drum, followed by a fat little girl with a kitten in her arms; while a dog trotted slowly in the rear of an express wagon drawn by a boy of about five."

And in telling her heart grew lighter. "I am going to get acquainted with them. Marjorie would like me to be with them, I think."

And John Myers was thankful that they had moved from a house where every corner was peopled by sad memories which haunted his Rose. Here were voices of living children calling her back to health and strength, and he was hopeful once more.

Rose had returned her neighbor's calls, but there was no intimacy between her and the mothers. Then one day the dreaded disease diphtheria broke out on this street of little children. And Rose went to Mrs. Ruhl. "Let me help care for Allan, I have been through this," and her face was white and drawn with pain.

So Rose held Allan in her arms and told him stories. And Mrs. Ruhl's tears fell like rain as she overheard her telling of little Roy who had been so brave and patient when the pain came, how he said, "It does not hurt when you sing about the jewels, precious jewels."

And Allan recovered, but the little chubby girl, who always carried her kitten, lay down to die and it was Rose who remained to the last and helped the mother to bear the awful desolation of this first bereavement. And in doing this Rose's own burden grew lighter, her own sorrow not quite so hard to bear.

And the welcome given her by these warm-hearted mothers when they could visit each other again, brought tears to Rose's eyes. They said, "Never again shall you be left out of a single thing. We know now that you do not mind our disorderly sitting-rooms, and you love our children; forgive us for misjudging you."

So Rose found peace in ministering to other little children, her heart grew lighter, and her husband blessed the day when they moved among the children.



A FATHER'S QUIET POWER.

MANY years had elapsed since our former meeting and I expected to see the mother of sons grown tall, looking somewhat old and careworn, but *per contra*, her face was so youthful and her manner so care-free, that after I had been her guest for several days, I said:

"From your own account you have had your full share of care and sickness, and yet you are so little changed that it is a constant surprise to me."

"But sickness is very bearable when one is as love-surrounded as I," was the laughing rejoinder; "and work is a pleasure when it is appreciated as mine is."

"Your old schoolmate, Mrs. Blank, talks in a different strain," was my reply. "She is breaking down at such a rapid rate that she looks old enough to be your mother, but when she refers to what is evident to all, she says, 'Yes, sickness and care are telling upon me.'"

"She is too loyal a wife and mother to wear her heart on her sleeve, and few know that she is pining away for the love and appreciation which is her due; in other words, she is dying, by inches, of heart-hunger."

"Heart-hunger!" exclaimed I, "how can that be possible, with husband and four sons?"

"I do not hesitate, though, in saying that my poor friend would be happier were she a childless widow than, as she is, a wife and mother whose comfort and wishes are never consulted."

"But Mrs. Blank has, in the eyes of the casual observer, the advantage of you, even, in some ways, for she has wealth at her command."

Here I was interrupted by: "But I have a wealth of love which will outweigh all else, and love lightens labor as money is powerless to do. I hesitate to betray confidence, but recently when we were having a heart-to-heart talk, something rare in these days, my girlhood friend said: 'The world regards me as rich, but I would, oh, so gladly, exchange my luxurious surroundings for the proverbial love in a cottage.'"

"And yet Mr. Blank acted the part of a gentleman the day I dined there, and her sons are handsome fellows."

"Yes, and as heartless as they are handsome," was the curt reply. "They think only of their own pleasure without the slightest regard to the wishes of the one who is powerless to right the wrongs in the home, though she has always been an ideal wife and mother. No, it is not sickness and ordinary care that have so aged the poor woman, but heartbreak."

"Still I confess to being somewhat in the dark as to the cause of the difference between my old-time friends," ventured I. "In other words, I fail to see why you should have the loving respect of your sons to such a marked degree, while Mrs. Blank, according to your statement, is scarcely treated with civility. Is the difference all with the mothers?"

"No, indeed!" was the emphatic reply. "The difference is wholly with the fathers. Talk about mothers bearing the entire responsibility of rearing children while fathers go scot-free! It is an outrage! I admit that exemplary sons have been reared in the homes of men not worthy to be called father—as by fire, but the faces of the mothers of such sons are

usually in evidence that theirs had been a one-handed fight never intended for the 'weaker vessel.'"

"Go on," I urged, as with eyes alight and cheeks aglow, she paused for breath.

"You smile at my earnestness, but I know, beyond a doubt, that the fathers are wholly responsible for the difference between the sons of Mrs. Blank, who are breaking her heart, and mine, who have never given me a heartache. Mr. Blank has too much self-respect to show his indifference to his wife in public, or before strangers, but those who are in the home long enough to see him unmask, will bear me out in saying that he consults his own comfort regardless of the wishes of the one he promised to love and cherish. The indifferent, unappreciative husband early took the place of the ardent lover; so it was not strange that the sons readily fell into their father's ways and treated their mother with like indifference. Then, too, Mr. Blank has habits to which many society men are given. Consequently, when the anxious mother ventures to remonstrate with the sons who are fast going the downward road, she is met by a sarcastic 'We are only doing as father does; can you expect your sons to be more faultless than your husband?'

"But how different is my case! My husband is, as you can testify, my lover still; and he has always shown such deference to my wishes that the boys often say, 'We count on father, every time, after we get mother's consent.' Is it any wonder, then, that with husband and sons as devoted as ever wife and mother was blessed with that you find me so young at heart and so little changed, while my poor friend finds life a burden? But the fathers are responsible for both the joy of one home and the heart-break of the other. Ah, I tell you, my childless friend, that it is up-hill work for a mother to 'train up a son in the way he should go' when the father is going in the opposite direction. When, however, a wife can point with pride to a husband who leads a blameless life, and say, 'You are safe in following your father's example,' then motherhood is what God intended it should be when it was written: 'Her children arise up, and call her blessed; her husband also, and he praiseth her.'"—*American Motherhood.*



IN A KITCHEN GARDEN.

"Pray tell me why," the onion asked,

"In all this blazing sun,

I should be wrapped in seven coats

When I don't need but one?"

"I cannot see you, all my friends,"

The corn said—"I am blind;

But as for ears, no better ones

Than mine you'll ever find."

Up jumped a little vegetable

Whose face was round and red;

"I'd like to see the man alive

I could not beet!" he said.

"Your faculties," the pea-vine cried,

"Dear friends, I won't dispute;

But my bud has grown a pistil,

And I think it's going to shoot."

"I never," said a carrot small

That grew beside the walk,

"Heard anything in all my life

The way these string-beans (s)talk!"

For fear that I should laugh aloud,

I had to run away.

I met those funny folks again

At dinner time next day.

—Corelia Channing Ward, in the Designer.



KEEPING EGGS FRESH.

THE use of water-glass for preserving eggs has passed the experimental stage, and it is now claimed that among all the materials used for this purpose, the water-glass is the most reliable. While it has been demonstrated that the solution, once used, can be used again, it is always best to begin the new season with a fresh supply of the liquid. The water-glass can be had at almost any store dealing in country supplies, or at the drugstores, and if not kept in stock may be ordered for you. The price ranges from \$1.25 to \$1.75 per gallon for the liquid, and about 25 cents a pound for the dry. The druggist can tell you how to dissolve the dry. The vessel to contain the eggs may be a tub, pail, or stone jar, and should be perfectly sweet and clean to begin with. They must be set in a cool place, out of the sunshine and draught of air, as both these agencies tend to cause the liquid to evaporate. The eggs must be perfectly fresh, and put into the liquid day by day, as they are gathered. The liquid must at all times completely cover the last layer of eggs. The water used must be boiled and the mixture made while it is hot. Measuring carefully, the proportions are one pound of the dry material to each gallon of water; or, to sixteen pints of the water add one pint of the liquid. The mixture must be cold when the eggs are put in.

Be sure that the eggs are fresh—you will get out of the vessel only what you put into it. It does not pay to put up tainted, stale or doubtful eggs. Cover the vessel in order to keep out dirt, insects or trash.—*The Commoner.*



"In making the coarser flour breads the dough must not be made as stiff as for white flour, or the loaf will be 'sawdusty.'"

The Children's Corner

BETTY'S BURGLAR.

CLARA NORTH RULEY.

AND sure enough the Laddie from Lilliput Land came again and again. He became very fond of the Burton children and they of him, and many a pleasant

afternoon was spent in the grapevine playhouse, for John, with the unsolicited advice and assistance of Mary Belle, made a little gate in the dividing fence, which all thought to be a decided improvement to the unsatisfactory knot holes.

However, there were a great many days that they could not play together at all on account of bad weather. Mama and Papa Dan were afraid that Betty's old trouble would come back, and Laddie had to be very careful of his health "on account of his business," so he gravely told mama. Mary Belle grumbled openly when the rainy days would insist on coming, but Betty who was a small philosopher rather enjoyed them. "They make the sunshiny days seem so much nicer," she said. And then John, who always had a remedy for every ill under the sun, consoled Mary Belle and changed her grumbling into notes of joy, by installing a little telephone between the two houses. It was an amateur affair made of the odds and ends a kind-hearted lineman had given him. But it answered the purpose of amusing the children and one time at least was of great value indeed.

Betty had taken her doll around on the north side of the veranda and was busily engaged in making the young lady a jumper dress. John had gone swimming with Richard, Mary Belle had taken Baby Sister out for a ride in her gocart and even Laddie, who scarcely ever deserted her, was absent. He said he was going to write a letter to his mother and Betty was too loyal a little daughter of another mother to attempt to dissuade him, even though she was lonely. And then Betty had discovered too that jumper dresses were quite complicated affairs, and as she was learning to really sew she was taking great pains with her work. Mama had said if she made this dress nicely that perhaps—perhaps, mind—she might hemstitch some handkerchiefs for Christmas presents and adorn them with lace and insertion. Betty knew how to hemstitch already, but Mama said that whipping on lace was very particular work. One had to catch the needle in every hole, no matter how close together they were.

Suddenly Betty heard a footstep. It was over at the House just North. It was a queer-sounding footstep, too, as though the owner of the feet was too indolent to lift them, or he did not wish to be heard. It seems very strange for so small a girl to reason all this out, but you see when one has been ill for so long a time as Betty had, one gets to be different from other children, and one of Betty's amusements for many months was to guess at the footsteps as they passed on the walk. So it was no wonder that peculiar shuffling footstep attracted her notice. She looked up. Sure enough there was a man and not at all a nice one either, standing irresolutely on the veranda. Perhaps he was a tramp, she thought, and wanted something to eat, but tramps generally went around to the kitchen

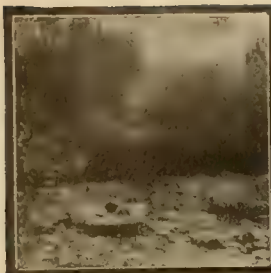
where Black Mandy gave them what she called a "permiscous feed." This man stood there for some little time looking around furtively. Betty was quite sure he could not see her, for the spindles in the veranda railing were set so closely together, and as she was sitting on a cushion she was entirely hidden.

After assuring himself that he had not been observed, he turned the handle of the door softly, and entered the house. This was rather too much of a liberty, thought Betty, for she was sure he was no friend of either the Manager or the Leading Lady, so he must have entered the house for no good purpose. She wondered what she should do. She might run over and alarm Black Mandy, the cook, but then she was deaf and besides, by the time she could run around the house and across the lawn, the tramp or robber or whatever he was could get what he wanted and get away. Betty thought hard. She could see Laddie faintly, at his little desk in his room, but it wouldn't do to call. Suddenly an idea struck her. The telephone! She could attract Laddie's attention by that means she felt sure. So she hurried into the house and up the stairs to the boys' room. Tap, tap, tap, went the telephone, which, as it was a made one, had no real apparatus like those belonging to the Company, and in a moment that seemed to Betty like hours came an answering "tap, tap, tap."

"Hello, Laddie," said the little girl in a tense voice, "there is an awful ugly man in your house. I saw him go in and I think you ought to find him and do something." Poor Betty had a very vague idea just what should be done, but Laddie was quick to think.

"No use to try to tell Black Mandy," he said. "Whatever is done I'll have to do myself. Just stay at the telephone so I can call you." And there Betty sat, a trembling little figure. All at once she heard a door slam, and a volley of dreadful words. Betty couldn't exactly tell what the words were, but she did know the author of them was terribly angry. Then there came again a "tap, tap, tap." "Hello, Betty, came Laddie's voice, quivering with excitement, "I've got him, locked in the closet. Serves him right for trying to steal the Manager's Sunday suit. Now I'm going to call up the police station," which he did and in less time than it takes to tell you the officers had the thief locked behind a stronger door than that of Laddie's.

Every one praised the children for their presence of mind and they all said that if it hadn't been for the little homemade telephone Betty could not have warned Laddie, for the burglar would have been looking out for one of the ordinary kind and would have taken alarm at its ring. Both the Manager and the Leading Lady were very grateful to Betty and said that some day they would show their appreciation of her service, though they could never repay her.



THE QUIET HOUR



CHRIST THE TEACHER.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

OF the many phases in which Matthew's Gospel presents Christ, not the least engaging is that of teacher. We realize that he came as Lord of Glory on a mission to lost humanity, but we also find that he had a message—that he came as a teacher. So tenderly and truly did he tell it that this sinsick world has never ceased hearkening while it turns in truer measure nearer to the Sun of righteousness. Christ came with a life to live as well as a life to sacrifice. He could have dashed into the arena of salvation for man, and at once been lifted up on Calvary; instead he tabernacled among us, going in and out that his lips and life might so harmoniously blend that men evermore should find in him their highest Ideal, their *model Teacher*.

And this they are able to do; for however for one may advance along the way of a true teacher, one will always find the Master ahead and on the heights saying: "This is the way; walk ye in it." Be what you want your pupils to become is a basal pedagogical law. Christ fulfilled it as truly as he did the Mosaic law. He taught, "Be not anxious," and was satisfied to trust the Father's care for a place to lay his head. How many times we find him withdrawing, even in the Garden of Gethsemane, living his own message, "Pray to your Father in secret!" He told the disciples to shake off from their feet the dust of the cities that received them not, and with a terrible woe fixed the doom of the Galilean towns which had turned away from his mighty works. "He that loveth father or mother more than me," he applied when he said, "Whosoever doeth the will of my Father in heaven, the same is my father, my mother and my brethren." Did anyone more wisely practice the lesson, "Let your speech be yea, yea," than did Christ when on trial for his life? "Love your enemies" led him to answer the "Hail, Rabbi!" of Judas with "Friend!" "Resist not evil" had its echo in Gethsemane in "Put up thy sword"; and "He that loseth his life shall find it" was fulfilled on the cross even as he listened to the cruel taunt, "Come down!" In short, the life and teaching of this humble Nazarene so perfectly accorded that Judas could but testify that he had betrayed innocent blood; and Pilate that he found no fault in him.

The true teacher knows his pupils. Christ knew his disciples. He understood how slow of comprehension

they were. He had called them from the nets to be fishers of men. There was a long process of training before them; character is not made in a day. True, he charged them with their lack of perception, but patiently he taught them lessons of faith in himself and in their heavenly Father. When the time was ripe, revelation made it clear to them that he was, not only the Son of God, as Peter declared, but that he was the One to be heard, as the voice on the radiant mount testified. He knew how shortsighted had been their vision of what his life comprehended, yet at the last he took them up the heights of Galilee that he might lay out before them the field of their future labors, even all the world and all nations. They were in his confidence—in the most holy relation that ever comes to teacher and pupils. Little by little they had been grasping his teaching and setting it in its right light. The dayspring was in their hearts, and the Redeemer of the world was satisfied to leave what he had come to teach in their keeping. He knew the men he had chosen.

Like every other great teacher Christ knew his subject. He dealt with the Scriptures and with the human heart. He was the carpenter's son, the Prophet without honor in his own country; nevertheless no man ever put so much meaning into the words of the Old Testament. Even the Pharisees, who boasted of their knowledge of the law of Moses, received time and again from his lips the reproof, "Have ye not read?" He had divine comprehension of the human heart, yet his humanity served his divinity in the touch of his hand laid upon the leper; in the look of compassion given to her who had touched the hem of his garment; and in the cheering ring of the voice which fell upon the ears of the Canaanitish woman as he said to her, "Be it unto thee as thou wilt." How tenderly the human in Christ opened the avenue of ministration for his divinity!

In his methods of imparting instruction, Christ was a model for all ages. Matthew allows us to see the great discourses of the Divine Teacher, beautiful and complete as they are in literary qualities. Each one is studded with proverbial truth made trenchant with question after question and vivid with figures, as well as freely illustrated by simple and well-known objects. All these devices, together with the use of parables, aroused interest and put the truth in such striking or-

compact form that it lived in memory. Our Lord used no written discourse. He was speaking and teaching from the heart and head, in the heat of the spirit as he healed and wrought among the people. His work made the opportunity for his message. The opportunity led him into positive teaching against error, as in the case of warning his disciples against the leaven of the Pharisees. It opened the way for him to answer, to instruct his disciples, as in answering their question, "Who is the greatest in the kingdom?" It occasioned controversy, as in the debate with the Jews about Sabbath eating, Sabbath healing and casting out demons. In every occasion of this kind he showed the discernment of the true teacher in that he turned no questioner down who showed a willingness to know the truth. On the other hand he withheld directness when he noted the insincerity of the Pharisees in questioning, "By what authority doest thou these things?" In the case of his trial, after evidence enough had been given, he made no answer. He knew when to speak and when to keep silence, and under both circumstances no man ever did it so calmly.

He made no display of superior knowledge, but on occasion showed himself equal to every emergency with disciple, ruler and Pharisee. He was a master interpreter, a master logician, and it was the testimony of all that he taught with authority. The quietness of power is something men do not become used to, even though they move to destruction upon it. Christ possessed this quiet reserve of power; yet he was absolutely fearless. He had in excess that element of all who teach a new and mighty truth—disregard for man. No arraignment excels his invective of the Pharisees. The self-assertion he showed here was born of mighty truth and justice. Around the target of his wrath was a larger circle; it included his disciples, the multitudes, the whole world. Among these he was revolutionizing life; he was breaking soil as well as sowing seed. One can easily harrow the surface; it takes *plowing* to stir the depths.

Another characteristic of Christ's teaching is that it led his followers through right ideas to right conduct. This fact is not so apparent in Matthew's Gospel as it is in the subsequent history of the apostles and of the Church. The root of the matter, however, is in Matthew. Christ delegated to his disciples his authority and promised that whatever they bound or loosed on earth should be bound or loosed in heaven. Of the law, he said, he came not to destroy, but to fulfill. This is true today. As soon as he comes into a life and declares his manifesto, immediately existing circumstances assume a new relation; a new spirit comes into the old. His touch is so truly upon everything that it becomes a fact that we may tell what Christ has done *for us* by what he has done *in us*.

Christ was a true model. No one has yet found flaw

in his manner or method of instruction. He lived what he taught, he knew those he taught, and suited the lesson to their comprehension; he understood human nature, made no display of his wisdom, yet taught truth as broad as the ages and as enduring as eternity. He alone could say, "*Take my yoke upon you and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart: and ye shall find rest unto your souls.*"



HOW SWEET 'T WILL BE IN HEAVEN.

SELECTED BY LIZZIE HERRMANN.

How sweet 't will be in Zion,
With no more to endure,
To know that all our trials
But served to make us pure.

How sweet 't will be in heaven,
Where endless morn appears,
To meet our friends and know them,
The lost of other years.

And with them and the angels,
Whose songs eternal rise,
Sit at the marriage supper,
The banquet of the skies.

Riga, N. Dak.



THE JOY OF UNSELFISHNESS.

IF I could see my own life over again, say from the age of twenty, when the needs and sorrows of other people began to press upon me, I would pray every day and many times a day to be unselfish. I would pray that I might forget myself, my own career, my own ambitions, my own health, in order that I might spend myself in ministering to others. And I am sure that when I once more reached my present age I should be a much happier man than I am now. For if there is one certainty in my mind, it is that it pays to be unselfish. I know that in saying this I am open to the reproach of a low motive. And I should be content to start from a low motive. I should be content to be selfishly unselfish—that is, to start from myself with a view to working out and on. As thus: I wish to be happy, to be truly and permanently happy. The best way to attain happiness for myself is through the service of others. Therefore, I will pray and seek and strive to be unselfish, not at first, because I desire to alleviate the sufferings and promote the happiness of others, but because I desire myself to be happy, and this is the best way to attain that state.—*Great Thoughts*.



An imitation diamond, no matter how perfect, will not shine in the dark. A real one will. So it is with an imitation Christian. A genuine follower of Jesus shines anywhere.—*Peninsula Methodist*.



"SELF-SURRENDER to an ideal is equivalent to self mastery."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Pennsylvania railroad is proud of its record for 1908, as it carried nearly 14,000,000 passengers in that year, and not one of them was killed by the road.

Holes for tree planting have been excavated by the Long Island Railway by blasting with dynamite. Two men can excavate 250 holes per 10-hour day at a cost of about $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents per hole.

Andrew Carnegie has arranged to give to France \$1,000,000 as an endowment for a hero fund under the same conditions that he has established similar institutions in the United States, England, and Scotland.

Petitions are pouring in upon senators and representatives asking them to place a high tariff on post cards. This is done for the purpose of keeping out the post cards "made in Germany." The German cards which contain scenes of American cities place the American lithographers at a disadvantage.

The great Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition at Seattle opened June 1 with a record-breaking attendance of nearly one hundred thousand. There was only one arrest for any cause whatever during the entire day. The sale of liquor on the grounds or within two miles of the grounds is strictly prohibited.

It is gratifying to learn that the application of block signaling on the railroads of the United States is increasing. The last report of the Interstate Commerce Commission shows that the total length of road operated under the block system at the beginning of the year was 59,548 miles, a net increase over the previous year of 879. The comparatively small increase is attributed to the financial depression.

There is gloom among the racing fraternity at Los Angeles, word having reached there from San Diego that President Diaz of Mexico has decided that he will not sanction the proposed race track at Tia Juana because he thinks that such action might be thought unfriendly to California, a State of a friendly power. A high Mexican official said that Diaz would do nothing to encourage sport on the Mexican border which has been barred by the United States.

Some of the most up-to-date hotels are making use of a novel device by which patrons can ascertain the time at any hour in the day or night. At the head of the bed in each room is a small telephone receiver which is movable, and may, if one likes, be placed under the pillow at night. The receiver is electrically connected with a master clock, and when the sleeper wants to know what time of the night it is, he merely draws forth the receiver, places it to his ear, and then presses a button. Immediately a set of gongs strike the hour, the quarter, and the number of minutes past the quarter.

The council of the Russian empire has adopted the marine budget, restoring the appropriation of \$1,700,000 which was rejected by the duma. This amount is to go toward the construction of four new battle ships, authorized in 1908, but as yet the work of construction has not been begun. The keels of the first two of these battle ships will be laid down June 18 and July 3. Vice Admiral Birileff, former minister of marine, during the course of his speech on the subject of new ships of war, advocated the sale of all the old vessels of the navy, which, he declared, have become useless.

How New York City grows is shown in the returns of travel on the subway and elevated lines for 1907 and 1908, furnished by the Interborough-Metropolitan Rapid Transit Company to the public service commission and made public last week. The sale of tickets in the subway increased from 182,559,990 in 1907 to 220,991,212 in 1908. For the same period there was a decrease of more than 15,000,000 passengers carried on the elevated lines, but the net increase would seem to confirm a recent statement of Theodore P. Shonts, president of the company, that the amount of travel in New York City was limited only by the ability to provide conveyances.

The Swiss government has taken over the St. Gothard railroad, having paid \$42,500,000 for it and assumed the debt of \$23,000,000 with $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent interest. It also pays more than \$1,000,000 for expenses of the issue of the company's loans. In 1872 Louis Favre undertook to build the St. Gothard tunnel under the Alps, and thought to complete it in eight years at a cost of \$10,000,000, which was found to be insufficient. Favre never saw the completion of his great engineering feat, as he died in the tunnel in 1879, the first train not passing through until three years later. Since 1888 the dividends of the road have not been below 6 per cent. In 1879 the Swiss government reserved the right to buy the St. Gothard at any time, within 30 years for 25 times the amount of the net profits of the line during the last 10 years of its working. This is the basis of the present sale.

Announcement has just been made of the formation at Berlin of the Wright Flying Machine Company, Ltd. This company has a capital of \$125,000 and is backed by the Krupps, the Allgemeine Elektrizitaets Gesellschaft and the Ludwig Loewe Company. It is to purchase the exclusive rights for the Wright aeroplane for the German empire, its colonies and protectorates, as well as for Sweden, Norway, Denmark, and Turkey. The arrangement will extend over a period of fifteen years, the company to be entitled to all improvements made by the Wrights during this time. The brothers have also made arrangements with the Italian Government, while in England they are building a half dozen machines for private sale. No less than forty Wright aeroplanes are said to be under construction in France at the present time.

Emperor Nicholas will visit King Edward at Cowes Aug. 2. The Russian imperial squadron will go first to Cherbourg, arriving July 31 and staying until the next day. It will then cross over to Cowes, and, according to the present arrangements, return thence to Russia in time for the maneuvers of the Imperial Guard, which begin Aug. 12. This visit returns the call made by King Edward on Emperor Nicholas at Reval a year ago. The visit of Emperor Nicholas to the King of Italy apparently has been abandoned.

To bring the coffin containing the body of William Penn, which now reposes in a practically abandoned cemetery in Buckinghamshire, England, to this country and have it interred on the banks of the Delaware River, is the object of a movement just launched in Congress. Representative Palmer of Pennsylvania is one of six members of the House behind the plan, and he will confer with President Taft to enlist his support in the proposed removal. It is declared that, considering Penn's distinguished career, his grave is not appropriately marked.

What is known as the Greenland Society, of Copenhagen, has been formed for the purpose of developing the natural resources of Greenland. The annual report states that interesting results have been obtained from the explorations made for a large Danish syndicate during the years 1903-1907 in Greenland, by Norwegian and German engineers. Up to the present about the only products known were cryolite, which deposits are now extensively worked, and coal deposits. The recent explorations show that there is to be found graphite of a very good quality, besides asbestos, mica, and copper. It appears that copper is abundant in Greenland. At present it is already taken out at the Alangossak mines.

The army 16-inch gun, which is the most powerful weapon in existence today, is still at Sandy Hook mounted on the temporary carriage which was used for its trials. It has been proposed to ship the gun to the Philippines, and mount it in the fortifications which are now being built at Corregidor Island for the defense of Manila. The twelve-inch gun is not able to completely command the channel; but the 16-inch gun could strike a blow, even at a distance of 11,000 feet, which, if it got fairly home, would probably disable any modern battleship. Although there is no likelihood of another 16-inch gun being built, this costly weapon should at least be mounted in some position where it can render effective service.

More than 14 years ago the original act was passed by Congress calling for the perpetuation in bronze of the famous Gettysburg address of Abraham Lincoln, and about a year ago a subsequent act was passed. The plan was to place these bronze tablets containing the address in the 76 national cemeteries in the United States. The delay all along has been due to the controversy over the text of the speech, as from the day it was delivered there has been a friendly dispute as to the exact words. Among those who took part in it were John Hay, former Secretary of State, and John G. Nicolay, both of whom were secretaries to President Lincoln. It seems that there are three versions of the address, all being identical in thought, but varying a little in expression. At last, however, the Government has decided on what is known as the Baltimore version, and orders have been issued that bronze tablets containing the address be placed in the national cemeteries.

The government is calling for bids on a concrete tower 600 feet high, and tapering from a base 50 feet in diameter to 8 feet at the top. This tower is to be used for the 3,000-mile wireless telegraph station which is to be built for the Navy Department. The tower will be situated in Rock Creek Park, Washington, D. C., and it is hoped from this station that the Navy Department can keep in touch with vessels of the navy at any point on the North Atlantic Ocean.

Steel street cars, the first of their type to be used on surface lines in any city in the country, have been recently placed in service by the Chicago Railways Company. The cars have been built by the Pressed Steel Car Company of Pittsburg, and the supervising engineers who designed them believe they will be almost indestructible. A number of the cars are finished and are being fitted out with trucks at the shops of the Pullman Company. The only wood about the new coaches is in the doors and the steps.

Henry Meade Bland, a teacher in the State normal school of San Jose, Cal., and Herbert Bashford have been presented by Joaquin Miller with an acre of land each and expect to build cottages near the poet's home at Fruitvale. It is understood that Miller intends to establish a colony of poets and conduct a school of poetry. The Pacific Short-Story Club, of which Miller is an honorary member, has been informed that a number of men prominent in the literary world of the coast are to be given land and follow the example of Bashford and Bland.

Walter Wellman, who is about to undertake another expedition in search of the north pole, and, Melvin Vaniman, his engineer, have added considerable improvements to the dirigible balloon which is to be taken along with them. It has been equipped with an extra set of propellers, capable of being shifted while in motion, so that the balloon may be forced up or down at will. They also have perfected an ingenious sun compass, upon the principle of the sun dial, and have devised a theoretical system for arctic navigation by means of curves. The party will start for the pole about Aug. 1.

Dispatches from Rome outline an Italian colonization scheme which contemplates the settling of about 1,000 Italians in central Texas. A total expenditure of \$1,000,000 is planned. Two colonies of about 100 families each will be brought from the agricultural districts of northern Italy. A syndicate headed by Luigi Luzzatti, former minister of finance in the Italian cabinet, has secured options on 62,000 acres of land on the Keechi and Trinity rivers. The price of the land is from \$11 to \$12.50 an acre. A primary object of the scheme will be to relieve the congested condition of Italian districts of big cities—New York, Pittsburg, Boston and Chicago.

St. Petersburg is on the eve of a new and serious epidemic of cholera, according to the published views of the chief sanitary physician of the city, Dr. Ivanoff. Twelve cases of cholera were reported June 5 and nine the following day. These were spread in practically all quarters of the city, indicating that the infection is general. The sanitary commission is without funds and is unable to take many precautionary measures. The water supply admittedly is contaminated, 15 per cent of it being unfiltered. The epidemic is especially dangerous to newcomers, notably the workmen of the building trades, who came into the city from the country districts by the thousands during the building season.



Among the Magazines



EVERY REASON TO KEEP THE PEACE.

Ambassador Bryce said truly that "all the nations, both of this hemisphere and the other, have every possible reason for endeavoring to keep the peace," that "interest as well as conscience and duty prescribe that course." The mere expectation of war causes a great waste of energy and a misuse of capital amounting to billions of dollars annually. Labor and money might be far more advantageously employed than they are in the building of armaments, and the diversion would result at once in diminishing the tremendous burden of taxation.

Men who argue with great positiveness that war is inevitable for all time assume that the masses of mankind will forever act against their own interests because of a something that is conveniently classified as the fighting spirit. They assume that for the sake of the fantastic gains that have no value for the individual in the mass men will forever bow their backs to a worse than useless load. Against their shallow philosophy the interests of the laboring millions are constantly asserting themselves. The German workingman and the French workingman are going through the same struggle, and each of them needs all his fighting spirit to make a living. That is the practical question that faces them. It is the real thing, and is far more important than the cultivation of racial animosities and high political squabbles about worthless territory in Africa.

The truth is perceived more clearly from year to year by our great industrial armies, and their influence is becoming a most powerful factor in the cause of universal and permanent peace. Nothing could be more absurd, therefore, than to speak of the peace movement as if it were hopelessly visionary. It is intensely practical. It is encouraged by common sense arguments that afford a most refreshing contrast to military flubdub. And though the goal of general arbitration may not be reached in the near future and disarmament may seem far off, it is certain that substantial progress is being made all the time toward the peaceful solution of international problems and that retrogression is impossible.—Chicago Record-Herald.



CUBA: THE PROBLEM.

The news from Cuba is not encouraging, and the end of our experiment of trying to make a reputable republic in that island is not at present in sight.

Officially speaking, we drove Spain from her last stand in the Western world because she ruled there so inefficiently and so cruelly that unendurable complications arose year after year in the relations between Cuba and the United States. Actually, the official history of the affair is not greatly different from the account of it that an unbiased, unofficial historian would write. That in the long run events will justify the course that Congress and President McKinley's administration took, we believe.

Whether they have justified it already is a question over which dispassionate minds may differ.

We kept our pledge to make Cuba independent on condition that she should keep the peace. We did not actually cut the cable by which we had her in tow, but we gave her plenty of slack. She did not use her liberty in a way satisfactory to herself or to us. At the request of her own elected President, who acknowledged his incompetency to deal with domestic disorder, we intervened. Without bloodshed, and at a comparatively moderate expense, we restored order in the island in a very short time, and soon had public affairs smoothly running there. For the time being life and property were as secure there, and daily existence there was as humdrum as they are in Connecticut or Oklahoma.

This bit of discipline accomplished, we again gave the little craft plenty of slack, feeling this time quite sure that she would render a good account of herself. The disappointment that we necessarily feel over the reports of daily increasing crime and disorder is of a rather sobering sort. It compels us to face the question whether the course of events will not inevitably lead to annexation. As a Territory of the United States for a time and later on as a State, Cuba would become a safe and pleasant place of residence. There is no reasonable doubt of that. Left to govern herself in practical independence, Cuba will not live up to our standards of civic good behavior. Of that, too, there is no reasonable doubt.

The question that we have to answer is: To what extent should we tolerate crime, disorder, neglect of sanitary precautions, insecurity of property, ignorance and general indifference to "the opinions of mankind," rather than assume final and complete responsibility for Cuban civilization? If we could answer this question on grounds of reason and well-established expediency, it would still be difficult to decide just what we ought to do, and when we should begin to do it. The question is made immensely more difficult, however, by the circumstance that a majority of the voters of this nation certainly do not and will not look at the problem rationally. They range themselves on one or the other side of it, according to their prejudices and sympathies, influenced somewhat by business considerations. Capital would go in large quantities into Cuban opportunities if Uncle Sam assumed responsibility for its protection. But millions of Americans who have no business relations with the island, either present or prospective, shy at the proposition to "impose our yoke" upon "a free and sovereign people" under the pretext of doing our neighbors good.

If we can manage to keep our heads and our tempers, we shall, on the whole, do wisely to let the Cubans try a rather long time to solve their own social and governmental problems. There are excellent grounds for such a policy. The Cubans are probably, on the whole, not less capable of self government than most of the Central and South American peoples have been. It is not likely that

Cuba will become more lawless than the Latin-American republics have been. If we had known more about South and Central American affairs, if we had had larger economic interests south and immediately north of the Isthmus, and if we had had revenue "to burn," we probably should have heard an "imperious demand" of the *vox populi* to clean up the streets and the morals of our Latin-American acquaintances. We had none of these prerequisites. They have been left to create civilization in their own way, and all trustworthy observers assure us that of late they have made and are now making a remarkable and substantial progress.

Perhaps it will be just as well if we are not in too much of a hurry to conclude that the Cuban experiment has failed.—The Independent.



HEARING COLORS AND SEEING SOUNDS.

Those odd byways leading from one sense to another, through which some persons perceive what they call the colors of sounds and others the noises, perhaps, of odors or forms, are discussed in *Cosmos* (Paris, April 3) in an article crediting many of its data to a recent book by Henry Laures on "Synesthesia," which is the technical name for this phenomenon. Says the writer:

"It is surely odd that one person, seeing the letter A, or hearing its sound, should always have an impression of Monday as a triangle and the month of March as a man dressed in blue. These facts exist and have been duly established. It remains to interpret them, but all do not lend themselves to the same explanation and do not answer to the same mechanism.

"We may assert that in subjects having synesthesias, the brain centers corresponding to organs of sense may have special and somewhat abnormal connections. It is just as if two telephone subscribers were so connected that one could not be called up without the other also receiving the message. Such connections might be anatomic, by means of nerve-fibers, or purely dynamic.

"This hypothesis does not rest on the slightest basis of proof, and it is quite unnecessary. In the case of synesthesia, it is consciousness that unites the two sensations. In 'color-hearing,' in particular, it is consciousness that colors the sounds, and not the latter that color themselves. . . . This purely psychological explanation, however, cannot be applied to all cases.

"Every sensation, however weak or indifferent it may appear to be, has a determinate emotional coefficient. This coefficient may be measured in certain cases and with special subjects. Féré has published interesting researches on this subject. Under the influence of luminous or auditive excitation, more or less prolonged, the pulse is accelerated or retarded without any clear consciousness of the state on the subject's part."

The particularly exciting action of the color red has been noted. In an industrial photographic establishment, it was remarked that workmen occupied in a room lighted with red lamps were more irritable than usual and prone to quarrel over trivialities. When the illumination was changed their nerves were quieted and their fighting humor calmed. Further:

"A student writes to Mr. Flournoy: 'The different colors affect my nervous system. Green gives me always a feeling of repose, of calm; blue produces an agreeable sensation, red fills me with disquiet, and black acts similarly; reddish-yellow gives me a very agreeable sensation. When I close my eyes I see rays of different colors, according

to my state of mind. Sad melodies affect me as green does, singing is like blue. A very loud noise gives me a sensation of red (or sometimes of black); sharp sounds have clear tints, etc.' We get here a good idea of the relation of color-hearing with sensibility.

"An emotional factor is common to the two sensations. Messrs. Antheaume and Dromard have thus defined the emotional correspondences:

"An auditive and a visual map may present from the point of view of their affective resultant, a marked analogy, because both augment, diminish, or modify in the same way the moral tonicity. Thus bright colors are not only associated in our minds with joyous images, for reasons that we shall indicate presently, but they also really correspond, in the way that they stimulate our nervous activity, to the excitation that similar images produce. Sombre colors, in like manner, correspond to our feelings of sadness, and neutral tints to our vague feelings of fatigue, to the causeless griefs of a day of spleen or melancholy.

"Visual data change into auditive impressions; certain sounds in combination bring before our eyes forms or colors, to the point of really calling up within us scenes or landscapes. The mysterious correspondences which hold our senses in mutual bonds, have been accurately described by Baudelaire [in one of his sonnets]. . . .

"Perfumes, colors, and sounds all have their correspondences. Thus, Theophile Gautier, in a celebrated piece, noted the sensations that he felt after taking hashish, and declared:

"This time the vision was more complicated and more extraordinary. . . . My hearing was prodigiously developed; I heard the noise of colors. Sounds, green, red, blue, and yellow, reached me in perfectly distinct waves."

"It should be noted also that Hoffmann, the author of the fantastic tales, often associated, as his biographer tells us, different sensorial impressions.

"This author sometimes suffered a general perversion of the senses; he heard colors or odors and he saw sounds. 'In the state of delirium preceding sleep,' says he, 'and especially when I had been hearing much music, there is a confusion within me between colors, sounds, and perfumes. It is as if they all arose mysteriously together from one ray of light and then united to form a marvelous harmony. I fall involuntarily into a state of reverie and I then hear, as at a great distance, the notes of a horn alternately rising and falling.'

"The same writer associated, under the influence of alcohol and during a brief illness, in amusing fashion, the representations of his nurses with the sensations evoked in him by musical instruments. 'Today the flute has cruelly tormented me,' he cried, thus indicating a friend who spoke in low and languorous tones; and again, 'All the afternoon, that insupportable bassoon made a martyr of me; it was always coming in out of time.' The bassoon was X., who had a powerful bass voice.

"It may be said, as Laures remarks, . . . that our brain is a field perfectly prepared for the possibilities of indefinite association, and that toxic substances may be like sparks capable of causing them to burst out. Other causes also, known or unknown, may provoke them, in divers degrees of intensity and variety, and in permanent fashion, with some individuals.

"But in such cases we have to do with morbid, or more or less abnormal, phenomena. They serve to throw some light on the facts of spontaneous synesthesia in normal and healthy subjects."—Translation made for The Literary Digest.

SCHOOLS ARE INTRODUCING FORESTRY.

FORESTRY is attracting wide attention among the schools of the United States. Not only have many colleges and universities introduced courses and even professional schools of forestry, but elementary phases of the subject have been introduced into hundreds of the graded and high schools, and teachers give enthusiastic reports to the success which is attending the new study. Public schoolteachers say that they have found in it a subject interesting to children, and one which furnishes much attractive, tangible material to work upon, developing the child's observation, and being at once acceptable to the young mind, and most practical.

The public schools of Washington, D. C., and of parts of Iowa are in the vanguard of this movement. Every graded school in Washington and a large number of the rural schools of Pottawattamie County, Iowa, are now teaching the elements of forestry. In Iowa, the subject is being taught as a commercial course in connection with home geography and agriculture, while in the Washington schools it is used in the nature study courses. The four upper grades of the Washington schools are studying the forest and this year all are following practically the same outline; next year this outline will be confined to the fifth grade, while the other grades will follow an outline one step advanced, and so on until by the fourth year a four-year course will have been introduced. As a preparation for this work, forestry has been taught in the Normal School of the District of Columbia for several years past, and when the young student teachers take up the actual work of teaching they are already familiar with the details of elementary forest study. Prominent among the other normal schools of the country to take up work of this kind are those of Cleveland, Ohio; Rochester, N. Y.; and Joliet, Ill.

There is a section in the forest service of the U. S. Department of Agriculture which works in coöperation with schools in teaching forestry and its related subjects. This coöperation is not limited to primary and kindergarten grades; it is as willing to help teach tree study in a first year nature-study class as to assist in the establishment of a professional forest school.

This section of education, as it is called, is now working out model courses of study for graded and high schools, in coöperation with the public schools of Washington, D. C., and Philadelphia, Pa. The work in Philadelphia is being conducted by W. N. Clifford, head of the commerce department of the Southern High School where he is building up a modern equipment and evolving a practical system for the teaching of forestry in high schools.

In Washington, the section of education is directing a similar work for graded schools in four of the public schools of that city. Besides special lessons in

the class room, the pupils collect and mount specimens of leaves, twigs, bark, and seeds, and, in connection with woodworking, wood specimens of different commercial trees are prepared and placed in cabinets. Opposite each wood section is placed the name of the wood, its qualities and uses. Extensive fieldwork is planned for the spring months, and the different classes will be brought out into the woods, there to study the trees at first hand. As these courses are built up and tested they will be published from time to time for distribution among teachers, and it is expected that the practical line along which the courses are being evolved will win for them a wide application in other schools.

Most of the schools now teaching forestry are using as textbooks several of the publications issued by the Forest Service, including Farmers' Bulletin 173, "A Primer of Forestry." The service also issues many circulars dealing with local conditions, which teachers in the localities dealt with might find very useful. By writing to the Forest Service, Washington, D. C., as many copies of these various publications as are needed for classroom use, as well as other helpful material and information may be secured free of charge.

Between Whiles

A Delicate Hint.

Sandy and his lass had been sitting together about half an hour in silence.

"Maggie," he said at length, "wasna I here on the Sawbath nicht?"

"Aye, Sandy, I daur say you were."

"An' wasna I here on Monday nicht?"

"Aye, so ye were."

"An' I was here on Tuesday nicht, an' Wednesday nicht, an' Thursday nicht, an' Friday nicht."

"Aye, I'm thinkin' that's so."

"An' this is Saturday nicht, an' I'm here again?"

"Weel, what for, no? I'm sure ye're very welcome."

Sandy (desperately)—"Maggie, woman! D'e no begin to smell a rat?"—Success Magazine.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

BINDER TWINE—Highest grade standard 7½ cts. lb. Club together and send us your order. We save your money. Farmer agents wanted. Free sample.—Central Supply Co., Mt. Morris, Ill.

FOR SALE—5x8 Printing Press, including type, cabinet, ink, and unprinted stock. Worth \$150.00. A bargain at \$50.00 cash. Other business. Green stamp brings samples of work.—Dallas Kirk, Pentz, Pa.

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY DAY



Few days celebrated by the Sunday school are more important than that known as "Rally Day." By a united effort on the part of every worker at this time you should be able to reclaim every former pupil and many new ones besides. Personal visits and invitations should be supplemented by one of our illustrated post cards.

No. 47.—Boy's Rally Day card.
No. 48.—Girl's Rally Day card.
No 49.—Cradle Roll Rally Day card.

Our Rally Day post cards bring them back.

Price, per dozen, postpaid, 10 cents
Price, per hundred, postpaid, 60 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

The Great Commission

An artist's conception of the ordinance of Christian Baptism, reproduced in colors. An appropriate decoration for the home. Size of picture 18x24 inches. We have secured the entire stock of this work of art and are pleased to announce them at a sacrifice while they last. Each picture securely packed in a mailing tube.



Price Each, Postpaid, 50 Cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Sunday School Supplies Free

Let us furnish you with all your quarterlies and papers free for one quarter. Here are a half dozen Sunday-school helps that you should give a trial. Our introductory offer applies to one or all of the publications below.

Brethren Teachers' Monthly

A manual of methods. Comprehensive comments on each lesson. Three or more copies to one address, 13 cents per quarter, or 48 cents per year. Single subscription, 50 cents per year.

Advanced Quarterly

For Intermediate and Adult classes. A popular lesson help. Single copy, 5 cents. Five or more to one address, 3 cents per quarter.

Juvenile Quarterly

The lesson clearly and forcefully presented for the Primary and Junior Pupils. Numerous illustrations. Single copy, 4 cents, five or more copies to one address, 2½ cents per quarter.

Our Young People

An illustrated 8-page weekly. Interesting, instructive and elevating. Single subscription, one year, 50 cents. Five or more copies to one address, 10 cents per quarter or 40 cents per year.

Our Boys and Girls

The best illustrated weekly for boys and girls. Choice stories, helpful poems and Bible incidents. Single subscription, per year, 50 cents. Five or more copies to one address, per quarter, 7½ cents per copy.

Children at Work

An attractive little paper for the little people of the Sunday school and home. Single subscriptions, per year, 20 cents. Five or more to one address, per quarter, 3 cents per copy.

If your school is not using these popular Sunday-school helps we will gladly allow you to use them for six months at half price. We could not afford to make this liberal offer if we did not feel quite sure that you will continue to use them for years to come.

Even though your school may be using five of our publications we will allow you to try the sixth one on our introductory terms. Ask for full particulars.

A sample copy of each publication sent on request.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Girdling the Globe

By Eld. D. L. Miller.

The author tells of things seen in his travels around the world; and writes in such an interesting and impressive manner that the reading of the book will give one a better idea of things than would be received by many hundreds who would make the trip themselves. Profusely illustrated and elegantly and substantially bound. 602 pages.

Cloth Bound, Regular Price, \$2.00
Our Price,90
Leather Bound, Regular Price, 2.50
Our Price, 1.10
Full Morocco, Gilt Edge, ... 3.00
Our Price, 1.40
(Postage extra on each, 25 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

The International Sunday-School Lessons

FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the Brethren Teachers' Monthly the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

CAP GOODS

SISTERS, when in need of Cap Goods remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List Free.

Mention the Inglenook.

Mary A. Brubaker

Box 331

Virden, Illinois

MAP OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE

Illustrating the Journeys of the Apostle Paul based on recent explorations of Ramsay, Sterrett and others. Size, 36x58 inches. Lithographed in Four Colors on Muslin of Superior Quality.

Distances from Jerusalem are indicated by radial circles, which will enable the student to approximately estimate the number of miles between given points.

Clear, Bold Outlines have been sought after. Names of countries and places are in as **LARGE TYPE** as the size of sheet would permit.

Price, postpaid,\$1.00

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Real Art Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only

25 cts.

Set of eight designs, postpaid,

\$1.50

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

LITERARY ACTIVITY OF THE BRETHREN IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

Prof. John S. Flory, Ph D.

Every one who has read this book is ready to speak a word of commendation.

"I have read with much interest Prof. Flory's book, 'Literary Activity of the



Brethren in the Eighteenth Century.' It is, no doubt, one of the very best contributions to our historical literature that has yet appeared. The style is transparent and pleasing. The most striking feature of the book is the scholarly conservatism which characterizes every state-

ment. Some of our writers have been disposed to jump at conclusions. This is not true of Prof. Flory. He always gives his readers the benefit of the doubt. The book is just what one would expect of its author, —A Great Book."—P. B. Fitzwater, Principal of Bible Dept., Manchester College.

"I wish to express my appreciation of 'Literary Activity of the Brethren in the Eighteenth Century,' by Prof. John S. Flory, Ph. D. I consider it a very valuable contribution to our church literature. The author is to be congratulated for the thorough treatment of his subject. His style is easy and attractive. It is a readable book and ought to find its way into many homes."—Prof. T. T. Myers, Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

Bound in cloth, 335 pages,\$1.25

Brethren Publishing House
Elgin, Illinois

Life and Sermons of Elder James Quinter



We have just completed the second book and are filling orders every day. We feel certain that several of our customers neglected to place an order in advance, and have printed a few hundred copies besides those needed to fill the advance orders.

The work should prove helpful to thousands of our readers who know little of Bro. Quinter. In his day he was one of the most scholarly and devout men among us, and it will do the younger generation of members good to learn more of his life and experiences. His sermons will prove especially interesting.

The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons; delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

The binding is an artistic cloth, on which back and side titles are stamped in white foil.

If you are interested, order today.

Price, postpaid,\$1.00

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**
Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

EMPIRE COLONY

IN "SUNNY STANISLAUS"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five miles from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones and other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED—NEW RAILROAD BUILDING.

A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY
 North Manchester, Ind., South Bend, Ind.
 Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

THE INGLENOOK

June 22, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



The Farmer's Friends

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois



(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
F. H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Location	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ...	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ...	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, ..	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	Truckee,	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1909, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.



Revised Minutes

Contains the revised minutes of all the Annual Meetings up to and including 1896. Two hundred pages. Indexed under 1,200 subjects.

The Appendix.

This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth.

The Price.

Single copy, prepaid,\$1.00
Six copies to one address, prepaid, 5.00

One Copy Free.

Our price is very low, considering the size of the book, contents, and binding, but if you will dispose of five copies among your friends, and have same sent to one address, we will mail you one extra copy for your own use.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Children's Meetings, and How to Conduct Them. By Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman. With lessons, outlines, diagrams, music, and helpful suggestions. Introduction by Bishop J. H. Vincent. 9th thousand. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Missionary Collection Envelopes. Size 2½x3½ inches, with space for amount, date and name of contributor. Per hundred, postpaid, 15 cents; per thousand, postpaid, \$1.00

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Meigs Post Cards Reduced One-half

A set of six post cards for Sunday-school workers. Each card is printed in colors and contains a poem by the veteran Sunday-school enthusiast, Chas. D. Meigs.

An appropriate remembrance from a Sunday-school superintendent to his teachers and coworkers.

THE SUBJECTS.

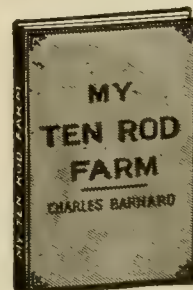
"To My Bible,"A Sermonette in Verse
"Others,"A Peep into the Secret of a Happy Life
"If I Were You,"A Recitation for Rally Day
"A Diamond in the Rough,"The Boy Question
"The Sheep of the Flock,"The Man Question
"The Twenty-third Psalm and the Parable of The Lost Sheep."

Beautiful designs. Something entirely new. Regular price of these popular post cards has been reduced from 5 cents each to 2 cards for 5 cents.

Set of Six Cards, postpaid,15 cents

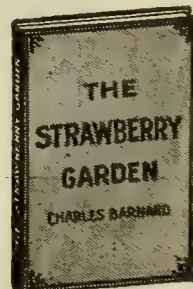
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

THREE TIMELY BOOKS for the FLORIST AND GARDENER



MY TEN-ROD FARM, or How I Became a Florist. By Chas. Barnard.

An interesting story of the successes and failures of a florist. Through an accident at the mill Mrs. Maria Gilman became a widow with two children to provide for. This she did by converting her small flower garden into a commercial asset which now furnishes an annual income of two thousand dollars. Attractively bound in cloth. 118 pages. Postpaid, 45 cents.



THE STRAWBERRY GARDEN. By Charles Barnard.

A very practical story concerning the Wellson family and their strawberry garden. How it was planted, what it cost and what came of it financially and sentimentally. The writer is a close student of human nature as well as a practical market gardener. A book of 104 pages, bound in cloth. Postpaid, 45 cents.



A SIMPLE FLOWER GARDEN for Country Homes. By Charles Barnard.

A practical guide. Aunt Louisa assists Frank and Gertrude in beautifying their rural home. How to start a flower garden, what it will cost and how have flowers all the year round. This little volume tells you just what you should do in each month of the year. 76 pages. Bound uniform with "My Ten-rod Farm" and "The Strawberry Garden." Postpaid, 45 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail **all about Miami Ranch.** Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

The Tabernacle of Witness

Every teacher or Bible student who desires to have the proper conception of the tabernacle should have this picture. The price is so low that many will want one for each member of their class. This picture is taken from a model which cost thousands of dollars and years of study and research. Shows the



linen hangings of the Court, suspended from silver tipped pillars, set in copper sockets. Within the court are found the Brazen Altar, the Laver and the Tabernacle. On either side may be seen the tents of Israel, the location of each tribe being designated by a banner. Size of illustration is 6 x 9 inches. Printed on heavy calendered paper.

Price, single picture, ... 15 cents
Two copies to one address, 25 cents
Ten or more to one address, each, 10 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six, 15 cents
Two packs, 25 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Buckeye Pure Home Made APPLE BUTTER



Is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all. Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Teacher's Class Book.

A neat folder with blanks for one year. Can be carried in Bible. Very complete yet simple and compact. Price, per dozen, 35 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

WHITE BOOK By C. D. Meigs. Deals with Teachers' Meeting; (a) Its Vital Importance; (b) Two Plans for Starting it; (c) Five Gilt-Edged Rules for Governing it; (d) A Program for Conducting it. Price, 5 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

PROMOTION CERTIFICATES

An entirely new and complete line of beautifully illustrated diplomas. Lithographed in black on the very best grade of white ledger stock. Illustrated with



appropriate pictures selected from the old masters. Size, 12x9½ inches. This series consists of eight numbers as follows:

- No. 221—Cradle Roll Certificate.
- No. 222—Cradle Roll Promotion to Beginners' Department.
- No. 223—Cradle Roll Promotion to Primary Department.
- No. 224—Beginners' to Primary Department.
- No. 225—Primary to Junior Department.
- No. 226—Primary to Intermediate Department.
- No. 227—Junior to Intermediate Department.
- No. 228—Intermediate to Senior Department.

Order by Number. Price, 25 cents per dozen; \$2.00 per 100. Samples, 3 cents each, postpaid.

Send for our general catalog containing description and price of other up-to-date supplies.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

NEFF'S CORNER

I now have another offer to make in keeping with our rapidly growing, progressive city. A specially desirable lot will cost \$375.00. A 4-room frame house 24x26, drop siding outside, ship-lap inside, nicely finished with canvas and wall paper, wood work stained and varnished, two coats good paint outside, outhouse built and painted, all complete, will cost \$575.00 Total, \$950.00. Such a property will rent readily for \$20.00 per month, which is a little better than 25 per cent on your investment. The demand is not nearly supplied for such properties, and you not only get a good income from such an investment, but outlook at present is, your property will rapidly grow in value. If you have less than \$950.00 to invest, try our Investment Association plan. Money invested on this plan earned 17 per cent last year over and above all taxes, insurance and other expenses, and every investor has received his money back who asked for it. Full particulars on request.

JAMES M. NEFF,
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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

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THE INGLENOOK

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THE SUPREME TRAGEDY

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

WITH splendid insight Aristotle has discovered that tragedy is not a tale of horrors, nor a scene of unwanted violence. Tragic interest demands more than blood mingled with tears. Indeed, there are bloodless tragedies and some too deep for tears. We may say there are *four* essentials to a complete tragedy: a *victim*, a *process*, a *motif* and a *denouement*. Hence the tragic sphere is not limited to any specific time or place; but whenever or wherever these four elements are properly combined, then and there conditions of tragedy are present. The old chronicles were full of dramatic material in which contemporary readers saw only men and events; but Shakespeare's creative genius supplied motives and processes and thus formed immortal tragedies.

The tragic victim is neither a flawless saint nor an abandoned sinner. He is a man like ourselves. We are all potential victims. Therefore we are easily led to sympathize with the actual victim. In his struggles we share, into his testings we enter, and at last we weep over his fall. We do not condone his faults; we consent to his punishment as deserved; nevertheless we pity, for we see our own possible end. Our moral judgment draws its belt closer, and we take warning.

If the tragic hero is an average man with a probable leaning toward the good, the tragic process is the bewitching temptations that come to the average life. And sometimes a man is hurried on to the tragic end by the very virtues which he possesses; while smaller men are saved by sheer mediocrity. Macbeth's loyalty promoted him to the plane of the severest temptation. Delinquent and inferior men plodded on undisturbed by the tempests which swept his soul.

His bravery and loyalty bring him within one step of the throne, but can do no more; then Murder whispers, "Follow me: I will make you king." When noble men would do good, evil is present. Witness also Antigone's purity, Lear's paternal confidence,

Hamlet's integrity and Othello's overmastering sense of duty. All of these virtues only hasten their possessors to their pitiful fate.

Without staying, at this time, to discuss motives and ends, let us hasten to confess that tragedy is not an academic affair, confined to Sophocles, Shakespeare, and the great masters. Though Goneril, and Regan, Lear and Hamlet are gone, yet the tragic element in life abides. As Napoleon's legions betracked the Russian snow with blood, so always man's nervous way is traced by tragedy. The portals of each day swing wide on tragic hinge and at the twilight hour the heavens drop tears for the sins of men. Not all these sins are scarlet; some are of delicate tint and thereby many are deceived.

The supreme tragedy then is no specific historic event, no matter how portentous and fateful, not even mournful Calvary, nor the martyrdom of the saints, nor the slaughter of the innocents, but that process by which these became actual is the highest tragedy. Shall we speak plainer? The supreme tragedy is the *choice of the lower, instead of the higher good!* Only adopt this as a principle, or attitude of life and the floodgates are open to all evil. Let the seraphim but cry, "The Lower," instead of, "Holy, Holy, Holy," and how long would they remain about the altar? How long would they be worthy to escort a God to the unveiling of a man? Let this trisagion of the triple-winged seraphim be ours!

Now, holiness is not so much a state as an attitude and enlarging process. Here is the attitude of holiness: Covering our faces with shame and penitence—for that we have sinned; covering our feet in reverence and adoration,—for that we stand before the King; covering the irrevocable past with service, and the available future, with faith and hope, we cry, "Higher, Higher, Higher." A lower ideal than this is treason to our Lord.

Let the dazed soul remember that sin is also an attitude and graduating process. No rapturous youth plucks at once the full-blown flower of vice—nor is it offered him. There is first a choice between a lower and a higher *good*, with strong appeals from the lower. The enthronement of the lower, the binding and gagging of the higher, this is the Supreme Tragedy. It leads to a choice of onions and garlic instead of milk and honey. Absalom instead of David, Barabbas instead of Jesus. There is the denouement when the ideal is dead. The widow of Nain's only son may be called back to life, but even the Master stands *helpless before the bier of a dead ideal*.

Every choice of the lower stabs the ideal, and no power of earth or sky can stay the blow of a moral free agent when once it has chosen. However, ideals are very tenacious of life; they rarely die suddenly, but linger until oft-repeated thrusts despatch them.

History and biography are dark with the tragedies of those who have fallen by the choice of the lower. There is Daniel Webster with a call to the ministry and one to the bar. There was a sharp, decisive struggle between these two worthy calls and although the lower crowned him with feverish honors, still his last years were sad, pitiful. He died a disappointed and a heart-broken man. A matchless speaker, the lower offered a more dazzling field for his oratorical powers and his strength slew him. And there is the gifted grandson of Jonathan Edwards. For generations before and after Burr, a brilliant line of clergymen and college presidents was his. Nature had given rare beauty to his person and culture an indefinable grace and charm to his manner. Scholarship, too, was ripe in him. Now at the threshold of manhood the strategic hour arrived; a great revival was on at Princeton—the waters were troubled; young Burr's heart was aflame; his soul quivered and glowed; his nervous hand touched the door of grace, when alas! he retreated from entering! One week's plunge into revelry and he was an entered apprentice to high treason.

We linger not to tell of Esau and Balaam and Amnon, of Saul, all of whom began the slippery *decensus averni* by this choice of a lower good. Soon, however, this tragic process leads away from a choice betwixt a higher and a lower good to that of a higher and lower evil and in the end the victim chooses the baser evil, because by this time, he himself *is* evil. Like Milton's Satan the tragic victim says, "Myself am hell." The curse of sin is that it makes man a sinner and he *prefers* and chooses more sin because it is of his own nature and character. "The sting of sin is death" that is not sin.

Pushing this process further back, who knows but that it will throw light upon the very origin and continuance of sin? If we hold the traditional view and

identify Satan with the archangel Lucifer, then sin may be conceived as the last term of an infinite series of choices of the lower instead of the higher good. If, on the other hand, we think in terms of evolution, then sin is contingent with the animal about to become man. It is the manifest struggle incident to a transitory and evolving state.

Those who survive, by natural selection or election, are in the process of eliminating evil by a choice of the higher. Conversely, those who disappear, die, are those who choose the lower instead of the higher. This is the voice of Science saying, "To be carnally minded is death, but to be spiritually minded is life and peace." Whether, therefore, life and ethics be considered from the scriptural or scientific viewpoint we reach the same conclusion. The tragic element abides in every life and the supreme tragedy is the choice of the lower alternative.

Having spoken of the victim, the process, and the consummation, may we now notice the *motive*? Why will man choose the lower? What impelling force urges him on? Can he not read with profit the fate of Lot and Demas and Esau and Judas? The splendid heroism and self-mastery of Abram and Moses and Joseph and Jonadab—do these make mute and vain appeals to the youth of today? No; he admires these last and intends to shape his life after theirs, but the lower good offers quicker returns, more immediate results, instant pleasure or profit. It promises speedy harvests because it *is* the lower—there is nothing in it to require time for ripening or maturity. It cries, "Now or never," and answers the hot impulses of youth with maw-cramming sweets. Drinking deep of its intoxicating delights, the semi-dreaming explorer of life murmurs,

"When I shall awake
I will seek it yet again."

Another impelling motive is the reflex action of the dead hand—the force and impact of heredity. Man inherits not only from his own family, but also from the entire race. Whole generations inherit from preceding generations. The Napoleonic wars reduced the height of Frenchmen—the tallest being killed in battle. Every seismic upheaval or cataclysmic outburst of the race has stamped itself upon the individuals of succeeding ages. Beginning with the embryonic life and progressing through adolescence, every man repeats the history of the race from barbarism to modern civilization. In the technical sense no one is an individual until he has passed through the race gamut. A few princely ones have passed through and far ahead—such as Plato, Pascal, Shakespeare and Jesus. These are universal men because their powers of assimilation were great enough to absorb, in the passing, the best of each age and nation. Unfortunately the past ages have chosen largely of

evil; what wonder, then, that today men find themselves with a tragic bent to evil?

The one great detriment of character today is dualism, and this causes the young man to postpone his higher and best efforts until the tragic process has him already within its fatal grip. Now dualism is the division of life into two mutually exclusive departments, such as sacred things and things profane; religion and politics, religion and business; week-day life and Sunday life; society life and home life; public life and home life; obligations resting upon "professed Christians" and those not expected of sinners.

Life is one, truth is one, and duty is one. Since Jesus Christ has broken down the middle wall of partition there is no sacred and profane,—all is sacred, all is religious or *none* is. A man may not be more "spiritual" in church or on Sunday than he is in his office or business relations. If the "sinner" feels relieved from the law of the choice of the higher, and defers that principle of action until he shall have become a "Christian," he is already on the slippery steps. Let the Christian, too, learn that a choice of the lower in any sphere of his life,—political, business, social,—is the beginning of loss in his religious life—for his life is a unit.

So we may say that there are just two tragic motives: ignorance and depravity; ignorance of the inferiority of the present as compared with the future; ignorance of the inner forces of personality and character and ignorance of the unity of life. The ignorance may be cured by Christian education; the depravity by the renewing grace of God.

Summing up, we have found the tragic victim is

the average man, the tragic process is the repeated choice of the lower; the tragic motive is ignorance and depravity and the denouement is the death of the ideal and the loss of all.

Dormansville, N. Y.



WHERE ARE YOUR THOUGHTS?

WHERE are your thoughts? That fifteen or twenty minutes you were sitting alone in the twilight, dear girl, before the lights were on—that half hour before you went to sleep last night; young man, that little while before the clock struck the hour of rising this morning?

What thoughts come to dwell in your mind in those moments between duties? "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." Are your thoughts of loved ones whose lot you would make easier? Are they of noble services you would render men? Are they of the good things you have seen in others, of victories you would achieve, of successes you would win, are they of the beautiful and the good in the world of literature and song? Are they thoughts of prayer and praise?

Or are your thoughts of selfish pleasure or questionable sins you would indulge in? of books you hide from those who love you best? Do you think uncharitable things of others?

As you think today, you will be tomorrow. Thoughts are but seeds. If you foster them, the fruit is inevitable. Think mean thoughts today, you will be a mean soul tomorrow. Think great thoughts and loving, you cannot but grow great. Dream not your thoughts are secrets of your own. They mold your face, they make your character, they come forth and startle you when you least expect it in word and deed. They are your real self.—*Onward.*

LITTLE BROWN HANDS

"They drive home the cows from the pasture
And up through the long, shady lane,
Where the quail whistles loud in the wheatfields
That are yellow with ripening grain.
They find in the thick, waving grasses
Where the scarlet-lipped strawberry grows;
They gather the earliest snowdrops
And the first crimson bud of the rose.

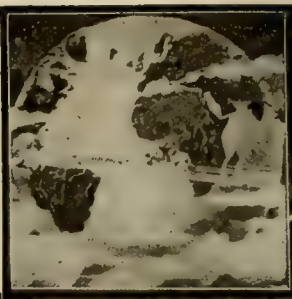
"They toss the new hay in the meadows,
They gather the elder blooms white,
They find where the dusky grapes purple
In the soft-tinted October light.
They know where the apples hang ripest
And sweeter than Italy's wines,
They know where the fruit hangs the thickest
On the long, thorny blackberry vines.

"They gather the delicate seaweeds,
And build tiny castles of sand,
They pick up the beautiful seashells,
Fairy barks that have drifted to land.
They wave from the tall, rocking treetop,
Where the Oriole's hammock nest swings,
And at nighttime are folded in slumber
By the song that a fond mother sings.

"And those who toil bravely are strongest,
The humble and poor become great,
And from those brown-handed children
Shall grow mighty rulers of state,
The pen of the author and statesman,
The noble and wise of the land,
The sword and the chisel and palette
Shall be held by the little brown hand."



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXIII.

ONCE more I reached the river road, to find that it was filled with flying horsemen as far as the eye could see in each direction. Thousands of soldiers, armed as in battle, flew past me, their fleet Arab horses, the most beautiful, graceful, quick-stepping animals I ever saw, barely avoiding running over me in the narrow part of the irregular street. The bays were all by themselves. The grays were also in one bunch, as also the sorrels. I made this note of them on my return to the hotel: "They rode at a gallop. Wild and terrible was the aspect. Brown and gray and blue were the costume. Their expression,—that dusky, dark, almost black fierceness, ignorantly and stupidly bold, exercises a weird power over the beholder." These were soldiers, Moslem cavalry, going to line the way along the streets through which would pass the Sultan. I had therefore plenty of time yet, for I knew the palace could not be far away, and by running with the horses, I could get there almost as quickly as the last of these.

The sight of these riders and the dare-devil spirit in their looks and actions was more terrifying than the same number of western cowboys in the same saddles. The cowboy uses his brains, and is a general, every one. These fierce fanatics start blindly in action, and stop only when run down. As each one flew past me, his coat and weapons flying back over his saddle, I saw that his teeth were set, his eyes were set, his head was set, his muscles were set. Many of them looked at me as I ran along by their horses, but not one spoke, not one smiled, not one looked twice. Their whole soul was included in sitting astride of the Arab horse and keeping it going straight to the line of procession. If my brains had been kicked out by one of these horses, they would never have stopped to help me pick them up. Once a week the Sultan goes out to pray. Once a week these horsemen gallop out and back to protect their Holy Father from would-be assassins. But they put as much thought in how they do it as if it were their first ride.

At last I came up to the end of the lines of soldiers and cavalry. On each side of the winding road, running through beautiful gardens, or shaded on both sides by magnificent trees, was a solid line of men on

foot, standing at elbows, while behind and in front of these were the horsemen. Countless police passed among these, arranging the men, and giving orders here and there.

For a mile possibly these lines of guards stretched along the road. As it seemed unwise for me to try to pass all of them, and as the moment of the Sultan's coming was apparently expected, I knew it would be impossible for me to walk through the middle of the road, between these lines of guards, toward the approaching Sultan. No one except a trusted Turk would be allowed to do that, and he would not be excused for so rash an undertaking. I crawled under the railing of the fence and made my way up toward the palace over the grass of the garden, behind the line of soldiers, for in here were numerous Turks, sitting under the trees, or leaning against the railing, all waiting for the passing of the Sultan. Standing out thus as the only foreigner I attracted rather more attention than I enjoyed, and so I climbed back and took my position among others just behind the line of guards. I was rejoicing in my fortunate position, for as the road was quite narrow here, I would be so close to the carriage as to look right into the face of the king of harems. After some minutes I noticed the police going to one another, talking aside, and looking at me. I admit that I did feel a little queer, myself, standing there among people all of whom were so vastly different in dress and appearance. It was certainly indiscreet of me, but what was I to do? I was afraid it would be worse farther up, for the crowd seemed to be much greater there. Then one of the policemen came over to me, spoke to me and found that I could not talk with him. A second one then came and took me to the other side. Now I stood in the line, or back of it, just as before. They left me here a minute or two, when a third man came and asked me to go farther up. I was glad to do this, and walked for some distance down the road between the lines of soldiers. But I no sooner found a good location when some suspicious policeman took me still farther up. No other tourist had ever mixed into this unmixable mass before. With personal guides they always had gone in carriages, and had confined their position to

one spot alone, that one near the gates of the Seraglio. Their hasty conclusion therefore was that I intended to make an attack upon the Sultan as he passed, for the Sultan, of all men in the world, most terribly fears death from some sudden attack. Ghastly ghosts of murderous apparition haunt his guilty mind. They knew that he would not forgive them if his scrutinizing eye ever caught a glimpse of me far from the accustomed position occupied always by Europeans and all other sightseers.

At last they had "wormed" me up the entire length of the flanking soldiery, to the beginning of the real procession. In a large open space were gathered, to one side, and up to a high wall, my kind of people. Between them and the soldiers were a big group of Moslems.

My "friends" were so far away from the road I pushed my way through the Moslems and stood first in the row behind the soldiers. As no horsemen were near this spot, my view to the carriage of the Sultan would be unobstructed, and at a very close range I would be able to study the face and figure of the man who puzzles and pains the mind and conscience of all the rest of the world.

There was a movement made along the line and among the visitors that suggested the approach of the royal carriage. My eyes must have bulged out in open delight at my prospects. The Moslems, however, who rubbed elbows with me, rather resented my presence. Fierce expressions some of them wore. I was an intruder. I was out of my place. To placate them I carefully avoided crowding them, stood so they might see over me, and showed a happy expression and a clear eye of good will.

Again an officer in uniform came up to me, asking me to move up towards the Europeans. I did so, but kept close to the line of soldiers, as before, for I was going to see what I had come to see.

News spread through the multitude that the carriage had left the palace and would be passing out of the gate and down through the lines of guards in a short time. Spectators, eager to hold their position, pushed forward and closer to one another, and talked to their friends more joyously.

I was intent on watching, as were all, but not so much so that I did not detect an unpleasant suspicion among the policemen and private detectives scattered through the mass. One of these came up behind me. Then, after looking me all over, though I did not turn around to see him doing it, rubbed close to my right hip pocket as he went away. I knew exactly why he did that. Then another came from the front and stood looking me in the face, but without terrifying me. He likewise rubbed against me, harder than the former one, having his hand in front of him so that he could feel anything that might be concealed in my *left* hip pocket. Wasn't I glad I had not acted on the advice

of some foolish friends who told me to carry a weapon,—a revolver, with me! How quickly I would have been jerked out of that crowd, arrested by the chief police of the Seraglio, and hurried away to prison as a stranger who had come armed for the purpose of shooting the Sultan! While lying in that jail I might have been shot or poisoned by fanatical Moslems, before my trial had been called. How could I have ever proved to those superstitious, suspicious Turks, my innocence?

They found no weapon. Still they were suspicious. My coming up through the line of soldiers, a way never taken by foreigners and seldom by natives themselves, had caused this suspicion. But now, having reached my own people, the officers noticed that I did not seek them out, but rather clung to the natives, holding my position, while politely inoffensive, with a determination that baffled them.

A private officer was trying to talk to me when we all caught sight of the carriage coming down the flowery road from the palace grounds. As the carriage drew near he tried to move me back into the crowd, asking me questions in Turkish and making signs, with his hands in his vest pockets for me to show him my "papers."

All of the standing room was already taken. If he forced me back behind the dense crowd of natives I would be unable at last to see the Sultan, as the ground rapidly fell away from the road that wound around the Seraglio hill.

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IN FLORIDA.

M. M. WINESBURG.

WHEN we were in Florida, the nearest river was generally conceded to be about three miles from the village, but one man said it was five miles when you walked it, three miles when you rode it, and two miles when anyone told you the distance. I don't think that anyone had ever taken the trouble to find out just how far away the river really was, but I know that I once thought it was all of the five miles.

But five miles or not, several gentlemen of our party got the fishing fever bad enough to make frequent trips to the Escambia River, and they usually had pretty good luck, although they caused some of the lady members more or less anxiety, because there were alligators in the river, and whenever a diamond-backed rattler was found, it was usually in the river lowland.

One day the gentlemen had been fishing and did not get back until about ten o'clock at night, and then they had left their trout line in the lake, for one of them intended to go back the next morning. The morning dawned clear and had all the appearance of being a rainless day, though in Florida one never knew what moment a rain would come up and almost drown him, so our young fisherman asked me if I would like to go over to the river with him. As I had several times

expressed a desire to take the trip, I was only too glad of the chance to go.

We started early and part of the way I rather enjoyed the walk, but after we left the road it was not quite so enjoyable, for our way was through the pine woods, and deep tickle grass wet with dew. And then sometimes we'd strike a strip of soft sand, and sink in it over shoetop. Herds of cattle and droves of hogs were always to be found on the range along the river, and the cattle flies soon joined us and they bit so hard they drew blood on me several times before we reached the ditch, where we would take a skiff and go down the ditch into the lake, and from the lake out into the river.

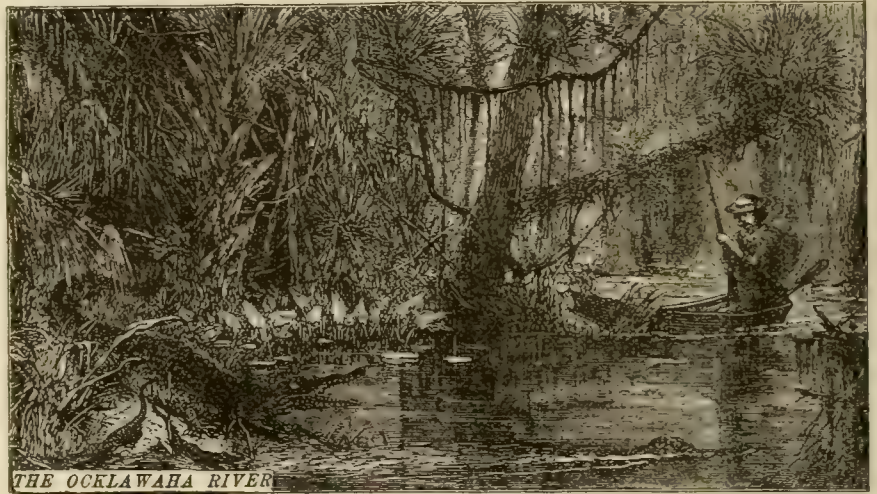
The ditch was a narrow channel, which had been cut out through the swamp on which to float logs to the river, during the lumbering days. I have always regretted that I had no camera with me on that trip, for one could have taken some wild views. When we started down the log ditch the tide was still running in, and that made it hard to keep our boat going straight, for the ditch was not wide enough, or clear enough of obstructions to row any, and the young man had to stand up and paddle the skiff through the ditch, and we bumped into trees and got the skiff fast among the sunken brush and logs—all because I did not know how to handle a steering oar.

I had seen some wild looking places in the mountains of the Virginias, but the log ditch outrivaled the mountains in wildness, for it was water, trees and bushes and tangled vines. Dark and weird looking, some of the trees had trunks like inverted bowls, large where they were in the water, but above the water line they tapered off slim. These were the cypress trees. There were also the broad-leaved magnolias, and water oaks with long, gray moss dangling from their branches while the passion vines, which were matted over many of the trees—were flaming with long, scarlet spikes. This was the Florida of the novelist, but one had to get into the heart of the swamp to find it.

On our way down the log ditch we passed parties of negroes out on fishing excursions also. Finally our skiff shot out into a small lake bordered on every hand by trees and bushes, and not a foot of dry land anywhere in sight. Our catch that morning was a monstrous deep sea turtle, with a hard, ridgy shell and a head almost as large as a baby's head, while its sharp claws were fully an inch long. That turtle was something of a prize, and my companion was rather proud of it, when he landed it on its back in the skiff, and it

lay on its back in the bottom of the skiff and grunted and wheezed. Later on, it clawed and snapped its huge jaws until they clinked like a steel trap, and they held on like a steel trap too, when they got hold of anything, for it split an oar blade that I stuck in its mouth.

Then we went out of the lake into the river, and ascended it a mile or more. The scenes along the river were as wild and weird as those along the log ditch had been, but here were also willows drooping into the water, and squirrels barking in the treetops, and several times we heard the plunge of something in the bushes. Throughout the entire distance there was only one place where I saw anything like a dry bank where one could land and it looked as though it had been used for a fishing camp at one time, for there was a sort of shed yet standing.



"In Florida."

The waters of the river were clear, and I was told that no matter how high the river rose the water was never muddy. I know it was very clear that day and often a huge gar or sturgeon would leap away up out of the water, and once we heard a bellowing sound, which my companion said was made by an alligator. We spent some time on the river, and then went back through the lake and log ditch.

The trip home was not as pleasant as the morning trip had been, for now the sun was hot, and we had that snapping, clawing, thirty-pound turtle with us. I still have that turtle's shell as a trophy of that trip.

Down around Pensacola the land is low and level and also very sandy, but from the docks one can get a fine view of the bay with its white, sandy beach and can look far out and see long spits of land covered with pines jetting out into the water.

About six o'clock one morning a party of us sight-seers were out on the docks and saw the fishing smacks putting out for the fishing grounds, and also others coming in with their catch. One vessel was unloading its catch of fine, large red snappers, and there were also several large steamers at anchor. Launches and

tugs lay all along the docks, while far out on the bay were many white-winged vessels. I saw one fishing smack at the docks take on board a huge quarter of beef, which I was told they used for bait.

That wide sheet of water was a pleasing sight after seeing so much sand and pines, and I had a great desire to take a trip out on the bay as far as the forts and life-saving station, but some of the party did not have time to go, as they had to take the noon train. I promised myself that trip later on, but did not get to take it for I took the typhoid fever instead, and when I was able to travel again I left Florida.

On that same trip to the gulf I saw several patches of what is called shade tobacco—because it had to be grown in the shade; and some patches of cotton—which later on were white with cotton bolls. Some of the cotton I saw had a pretty pink bloom, while others had bloom a snowy white.



THINGS SEEN IN ICELAND.

THE six weeks which I spent in Iceland I count among the most pleasant that ever came into my life; the experiences they brought were all new, were tinged with poetry that I have never found elsewhere; they gave me dreams, not such as are to be had in the sunny fields of Italy or amid the luxurious flowers of Japan—dreams that are to be reveled in in Iceland alone, because it is far away from the beaten path and is not yet corrupted by the modern mania for Mammon; because it nestles in something like childlike simplicity away up there against the arctic circle, an epic all in itself from the time that the Vikings moored their ships of spoil in the many fjords that jut into the isle from the Arctic and Atlantic Seas. It was in the summer-time, and therefore the nights were not the least beautiful of the hours, and frequently I wandered from the house or camp, sat down amid volcanic rocks and watched the glory of the afterglow until far into the morning. Here in the land where the stern old gods of the Northmen may have reveled and slept, it was not hard in this dusk of midnight to imagine I heard the shout of old sea-kings above the waves that roared around the rocks on the coast far below, or caught the ring of steel or the step of steeds and saw dark figures pass in the distance—Mista, Sangrida, Hilda, and the rest, the twelve Valkyries hastening away to give safe conduct to those who were worthy of the mead and the ale. Far back in the mountains where hoary old volcanoes outwatch the crystal splendor of the Valdemar's Way, now and then could be caught the roll of falling rock or the plunge of a precipitous rivulet to the sea; or was it not perhaps the laughter peal and clash of cups around the board where gods and heroes made immortal quaffed the mead from skulls of horn in the distant halls of Valhalla? Who knows? Portions of this wild land are so out of the present that perhaps Woden

and Thor and the others are here making their last stand against civilization.

During the months of June, July and August the air in Iceland is almost as warm as it is in June in this country; it is rarefied and glorious, and so clear that for nearly a hundred miles you can see the great terraces of mountains piled one on the other, see as clearly as if they were but twenty miles away. Yonder are great steppes of volcanic rock, rent into thousands of precipitous chasms, and beyond leap up the great mountain heights, twisted and contorted as if in some fearful Dantesque passion they had writhed up from a persecuting earth. Here they stand—Hekla, Orafa Jokull, and others—silent witnesses of a time when Ragnarok, the twilight of the gods, seemed already come down upon that isolated portion of the boreal world. Outliving the age of fire, here they stand to-day hooded in a dazzle of ice and snow, proudly flinging their challenge for grandeur down to the Jungfrau and the Matterhorn. Down from these very crests, in a shimmer of silver or a mist of the Iris, streams and cascades plunge into the valleys to swell the gurge of the rivers that roar and boil through canyons in the primeval rock and then plunge in a torrent or slip with a murmur into the arms of the sea. Away there in the valleys lie the hyalescent little lakes, some gleaming like gold, others reflecting the hue of the violet or the amethyst, dotted here and there with wild swans which ply their way in undisturbed happiness. In all the landscape there is scarcely a tree to be seen, for the volcanic soil is not favorable to forest growth. The mountain ash occasionally is found, and in some districts a copse of birch, but these make a dainty morsel for the sheep and are soon devoured. For timber the Icelanders send to Norway. Green fields spread their velvety emerald on hillside and in valley; now and then bursting, steaming, shrieking great geysers leap into the air; and nestling in the quiet ravines that open on the fjords are the hamlets of the people, quiet and serene, always ready to welcome the weary stranger to a simple meal and a place of rest.

You must learn to love the saddle if you would travel in Iceland, for there are no Pullman cars to ride in, no railroads at all and until recently no telegraphs. The traveler must hire a guide, and usually he is a student who is making enough money through the summer to send him to college during the winter, mount a pony and set off across some of the roughest country on earth. Some of the streams you ford threaten to sweep the pony off his feet and whirl him and the rider into the ravine below; in crossing the mountains at times it is necessary to dismount and crawl across the dangerous crevasses on boards. But you are more than repaid for all your hardships, for you stand in the presence of glaciers that few eyes save those of the native Iclander have gazed upon,

and you tread upon soil that fewer still have ever trod; you witness scenery that is absolutely unique in its startling grandeur and the wonder of its variety, and you who have made the journey will carry the memory of it with you to your days of advanced old age.

Many changes have taken place in Iceland since the year 874, when Herald Haartaga, the "Fair-Haired," accompanied by lords and nobles and common men went over to the island from Norway. Claims were made out for the land by each man acquiring as much as he could encircle on horseback in a single day. Those early emigrants settled the site of their capital by throwing a pillar into the stormy sea and trusting to their gods to cast it up where they thought the mortals should seat their government. Three days later they found the pillar rocking in the waters of a rivulet, from the bed of which sprung the spouting column of a geyser. They called it Reykjavik, the "reeking or smoking bay," and it is still the capital of Iceland. My guide pointed out to me the very field where for 900 years these men and their descendants sat upon stones in the open air and formulated their laws and attended to their matters of state. But in 1261 Norway, by means of intrigues, took over Iceland, and in 1360 it passed on to Denmark. In 1800 the Danish government refused to allow the parliament, or Thing, to meet in the plain of Thingvalla, but 45 years later this action was rescinded. In 1874, the 1,000th anniversary of the settlement of the colony, King Christian went in person to the Icelandic capital and with his own hands delivered to the nobles of the country a free constitution. Since that time the parliament has met every other year. So much for the history of Iceland, unless I may say that the people there are dissatisfied, and they are longing for the time when they may add their own country's name to the list of the world's republics.

No one need expect to find a display of architecture in Iceland. The parliament house is about the only imposing building on the island, and many of our American public school buildings outrival it in appearance. The better class of houses are very plain, and most of those in the outskirts and on the farms are mere huts made of blocks of turf-roots, about a foot or 18 inches thick. The farmhouses are generally built in rows and have connections on the inside so that a person may pass from one to another without going out of doors.

I was especially interested in the spread of education in the island. No illiterates are in the land. There are only 80,000 souls in Iceland, and by the time each one of them attains the age of 16 he or she has received a fairly good general education. Perhaps in no country on earth is education so universal. Everyone is taught reading, writing, arithmetic, geography, history, and the English and Danish languages.

There are few elementary schools, but there are plenty of itinerant teachers who pass from district to district, teaching the children, and when the teacher is gone, the little ones are made to study under their parents' direction during the long winter evenings. At the end of each month the pastor of the parish subjects all the young students to an examination. There are a number of high schools on the island for both boys and girls, and they are all well attended.

To him who loves the folk-tales of a nation, who loves to sit in the quiet of the evening and hear the stories of the days of myth, to him Iceland will prove to be a veritable Arabian Nights; for these people love to tell over the sagas which thrill with adventure and the life of the sea. For a whole week I was the guest of a simple-hearted, yet highly intelligent family by the name of Thorwald, who lived near the town of Seydisfjord, at the head of the fjord of that name, and each night I listened to the saga stories as the father or mother told them over, or as one of the beautiful fair-haired daughters swept the strings of a harp and sung of Siegfried, the Vikings, or some simple tale of love that had melted the stern Northern heart in the bygone days. These people followed many of the old customs of their native land. How would you enjoy it, my young male friend, if you were received at the house by three pretty maidens who removed your coat and shoes and cleaned the one and blacked the others with their own hands? These young ladies spoke English about as well as I did, and I must confess that at times they had the advantage of me in our conversations on American history. Their ambition won my admiration, their intelligence my friendship and their naivete my very heart. I had always taken Washington's advice to his countrymen and had avoided "entangling alliances," and in my adherence to this sound doctrine I was glad as I looked at the prettiest of these young women that I was soon to seek another land. Otherwise—but that is another story. One of them, whether in simplicity or for tantalization, I know not, told me that the custom in Iceland of the daughters kissing the guest on retiring and arising was rapidly passing away. Only I inveighed against any civilization which could superannuate such splendid old customs, and half hoped that—but that is another story, too.

Ordinarily the dress of the women in Iceland is very simple, being of plain black with a close-fitting bodice opening enough in front to reveal a white undervest. But on fete days, on one of which I was so fortunate as to be at Thorwald's, simplicity was flung aside and the girls donned handsome costumes of gold-trimmed silk and even put on the "faldur," the white linen head-dress which is about a foot high, covered with a veil of white tulle and ornamented with golden stars. The men no longer cling to the garments of the past but have adopted the regulation European dress.

You would hardly expect to find women's rights in full swing in a country which is so quaint in many other respects, but in Iceland woman is perhaps freer and more respected on the whole than in any other country in the world. Even when she marries she does not take the name of her husband, but merely assumes the title "Frau." There are no surnames for the women in Iceland. Thelma Thormaldsdottir is merely "Thelma, Thor's daughter."

It is a beautiful, stern, yet appealing land, this Iceland that I saw, one in which many of the beauties of civilization have crept without carrying the distortions. But on account of the vast fishing possibilities and the growing facilities in the spread of commerce, the country is destined to adopt the ways of the world, and then who knows if charming old customs will not become still more obsolete, and if pretty maidens will forego their gentle amenities?—*The Pathfinder*.



THE RAREST AMERICAN COINS.

DEALERS say that the fifteen rarest American coins are worth a total of \$16,000. Here is a list of them:

First is the New York doubloon, coined in 1787 by Ephraim Brasher, a jeweler; it has a record price of only \$505, but is regarded as the scarcest of all American issues by experts, who believe that if a specimen were offered for sale today it would bring \$3,000 at least. It is the only gold coin of American coinage struck prior to the opening of the first United States mint. This coin weighs 411½ grains, and its intrinsic value is about \$16. There are only five of them known to exist.

The second most valuable coin is the half-eagle of 1822, which has a record price of \$2,165. This coin was bought originally by A. P. Smith for \$10 from a man in Wall Street, New York.

Third on the list is the half-eagle of 1815, which is valued at \$1,052.

Fourth is the 1804 dollar, only four or five being known to collectors in the United States. It is valued at \$1,000.

The fifth coin is the Washington cent of 1791, of which pattern one impression was made in gold, and is valued at \$1,000. The few copper impressions are also highly valued. The design was accepted by the government.

Ranking with this coin in point of rarity is the Washington half dollar of 1792, struck in gold. This was struck as a compliment to George Washington, and was carried by him as a pocket piece. It sold for \$500 in 1875. It is now practically unobtainable, and valued at \$1,000.

The Neva Constellatio series comes next in the list, with the 1,000 mill pieces ranking seventh, the 500 mill pieces eighth, and the 100 mill pieces ninth. These

three coins, dated 1783, were sold in a set some years ago for \$1,350, but would bring very much more now.

They were struck in pure silver, being the fore-runners of our fifty, twenty-five and ten-cent pieces. It is supposed that they were designed by Gouverneur Morris and coined as pattern pieces for a new United States coinage. They were found in the desk of Charles Thompson, first secretary of Congress, after his death.

The first two coins are known as the mark and the quint. The design of all three shows an eye in the center of thirteen points, these points intersecting a circle of thirteen stars. The legend is "Nova Constellatio."

The Massachusetts Good Samaritan shilling is well up in the list of our most valuable coins, the only specimen known having brought \$650. This shows the Good Samaritan, a fallen traveler by the roadside, a horse and tree in the background, and the inscription "Masathvsets." The reverse has "1652 XII.," within a circle of dots, and "In New England Ano."

The Lord Baltimore penny is worth \$550. This is the only coin of the denomination of the series struck by him in the seventeenth century for Marylanders. On account of this issue he was summoned to appear before the Council in London to answer the charge of usurping the royal prerogative in issuing colonial money. The other denominations were the shilling, sixpence and groat, or fourpence. The latter three denominations are worth from \$30 to \$50 each.—*Young Collector*.



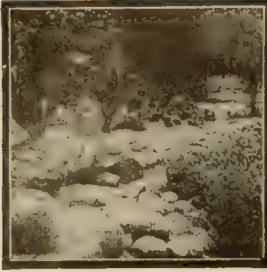
THE CHIEF ELEMENT OF BEAUTY.

"How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings." The figurative language of Isaiah has attracted the attention of every generation of readers. He saw beauty in the fact of duty discharged. Here is a bit of real life philosophy. At first sight one may appear exceedingly beautiful of face and form; if it is learned later that a wicked heart is concealed within, and that immorality has the throne, the former beauty seems to vanish. The ugliness within appears to the beholder, rather than the beauty which first attracted him.

On the other hand the facial appearance of a stranger may be forbidding; the form may be bent, twisted; but, if it is learned that the unsightly person is walking closely and carefully in the pathway of Christian duty, the repelling aspect disappears, and an observer sees the beautiful character instead. It is but Isaiah's philosophy of life showing itself anew. The dutiful are the beautiful, the beautiful are the dutiful, and these two are one.—*Religious Telescope*.



LET him go where he will, he can only find so much beauty or worth as he carries.—*Emerson*.



NATURE STUDIES



THE MULLEIN.

T. H. FERNALD.

THE mullein plant, considered by some to be of little value and very unattractive in appearance, is of the genus *verbascum*, of the tribe *antirrhinideæ*. (Of the same tribe as the snapdragon.) While there are eighty known species there are only five principal ones, —the great, the white, the yellow hoary, the dark, and the moth mullein.

It is a biennial plant, with an erect, stout, woolly stem from five to seven feet tall. The leaves are alternate, oblong, rough, indented at the margin; flowers golden yellow, arranged in a dense, spiked, club-shaped form; "calyx five partite; corolla rotate or regular, fine declinate, unequal stamens, the three upper ones, or sometimes all five, hairy; capsule of two cells and two valves, septicidal; bearing many seeds."

The mullein is found chiefly in Asia, Europe, and the United States, the great mullein, introduced from Europe, growing in large quantities in New England. It is found largely in tracts of land recently cleared, pastures, by roadsides, and blossoms from June to August. It is noted for its medicinal qualities, the leaves and flowers being the parts mostly used, having a faint, pleasant odor, somewhat bitterish, albuminous of taste, and yield their virtues to boiling water. It is soothing, diuretic, anodyne, and anti-spasmodic, the infusion being used for coughs, colds, catarrh, bleeding from the mouth or lungs, diarrhoea, dysentery, and piles. It may be boiled in milk, sweetened and rendered more palatable by aromatics, for internal use, especially for bowel troubles. A fomentation of the leaves in hot vinegar and water forms an excellent local application for inflamed piles, ulcers and tumors, mumps, acute inflammation of the tonsils, malignant sore throat, and many other similar diseases. A hand-ful may be placed in an old teapot with hot water and the steam inhaled through the spout in throat troubles. It is also made into salves for local application.

The flowers of the great mullein are dried in the sun, giving out a fatty matter, and used in the province of Alsace, Germany, and this country, as a poultice in hemorrhoids; the root is administered in India to prevent fevers; the flowers of the white mullein are used to destroy mice and other pests.

Why call it useless? There is nothing that God has

put upon this beautiful earth, however unattractive and to us seemingly of little value, but is of use and intended by the Maker to be beneficial to man or beast, so this little unattractive (yet not so unattractive as the places where it grows) plant has its value, and is protected by him who "doeth all things well."

I have recently learned that the great mullein is being cultivated in Europe in flower gardens under the name of "American Velvet Plant." We should not consider those things that the Maker has placed here and pronounced "good," of *little* value, for if he in his infinite wisdom saw fit to place them upon the earth, they must be for our benefit, and if the life of even one precious soul is saved to us by the use of some seemingly useless plant, is it not of *great* value to us?

Belfast, Me.



BUZZARD'S NEST.

IN the woods along the winding Riley road, my old friend, Dr. Trembly, discovered to me the rare find of a buzzard's nest. Often had we watched these great, heavily flying birds rise from the underbrush along the banks of the creek, and with loud cries flap themselves across the fields, but search as we might—and hunting for a buzzard's nest is fraught with risk—we have never found their nesting place. Two small boys first came across the nest and, knowing the leaning of Dr. Trembly to all matters ornithological, they hastened to inform him of the discovery and he, in turn, shared with me the secret.

Across the fields we tramped two or three miles, and down into the deep woods, and there, under the exposed roots of an old oak tree, we found the nest. When we reached the place the old bird was at home. But evidently suspicious of our intentions, she raised herself and sailed into the air, not alone with intent to retreat, but also to protect her home and taking, of course, the offensive. It required no little manoeuvring to keep out of her way, and only after she had left the vicinity could we come close enough to examine the nest and its contents. Here we found, snugly hidden under the roots of the tree, in a deep hollow and lying on the bare ground, two large eggs, in size like those of a turkey, though not quite so pointed at the smaller end. The large end was splotted with dark brownish red marks, and elsewhere the egg was covered with very light speckles, not at all an ugly egg.

To the fascinating spot we journeyed again and again, all through May and well into June, only to be cheated at last from a sight of the birds emerging from the eggs, for in an interval from one Friday until Sunday morning the eggs hatched about the third day of June. On our first visit after this event we found the mother bird covering her young, and only after much prodding with a stick was she induced to leave them, threatening us, as before, with divers things. There in the gloom of the almost hidden home lay two of the whitest, downiest chick birds ever hatched. Downiest of bantlings were they, like balls of cotton, and smaller than two newly hatched chickens; so small as to appear like two white splotches on the ground, inert, and quite incapable of holding up their heads or moving in any way.

Have you seen a buzzard? Than he there is scarcely a more repellent looking bird, black and brown and ugly; with bright red, featherless head and neck, and feeding upon carrion, he is an object of disgust. Fancy, then, our surprise at discovering the young to be of such singular purity of plumage. The tiny birds, though downy like young chicks, had none of the activity of the latter, but lay so still one might have thought them lifeless had not a little poking stirred them into uneasy motion.

From time to time we revisited the nest to note the progress of growth. They developed slowly, but by July 1 they had reached the size of a two-thirds grown duck and still contained their white plumage—a wondrous contrast to the parent birds with their glossy purplish black feathers and fierce red throats. The nest—the home, rather, for there was no nest—we always approached with great precaution, as one hardly cared to encounter the old birds, and yet hesitated to lose the chance so rare of studying the development of the bantlings.

At four weeks old the young birds walked about uncertainly in their wide dwelling place under the oak roots, and made no attempts at flying, for the very good reason that the long wing feathers had not appeared; but when they did start to grow it was with marvelous haste, and a week later they were an inch and a half long and were accompanied by a similar growth of tail feathers.

The birds now presented a striking and very beautiful appearance. The wings and tail feathers were purplish black, while the plumage on the rest of the body was still pure white, and, having had four or five weeks' growth, resembled nothing so much as downy white ostrich tips.

The old bird brought all manner of food to these youngsters, and laid it down in the nest for the young birds to peck at, which they learned to do at an extraordinarily early date. The contrast presented between the young birds and the old ones was startling,

and one dreaded to see the great ungainly mother settle down by the dainty young birds lest the black of her wings might rub off.

To watch the transformation of these young birds into a similar likeness to the old ones promised to be an interesting study, but just at this stage of their development some enemy discovered the nest and on a later visit to them we found the youngsters lying dead. Had this not occurred they would, in all probability, have been ready to fly by the end of the seventh or eighth week after they were hatched. This seems a long time in comparison to the early flight of our song birds, but the body of the buzzard is so much larger and heavier it naturally requires more strength to lift it into the air.—*Kansas City Star*.



COLOR SCHEME OF FLOWERS.

ONE of the most fascinating phases of the study of flowers is in watching the changes in the dominant color at different periods of the year. There is evidently a color scheme, and we cannot fail to detect it if we only take the pains to work it out. There is only one month which can be said to be absolutely devoid of flowers in this latitude, and even this is open to question. That month is January. In December you can easily find stray blossoms of self-heal, and here and there a belated dandelion. In February, unless the weather is unusually severe, seek some sheltered nook of the woodland, where a spring from the hill-side forms some marshy ground which is less frozen than the surrounding earth, because the water is warmer than the atmosphere. Here you are likely to come across a specimen of the skunk cabbage, with its unflowerlike flower. But we are speaking of the landscape as a whole, and not of single specimens, however beautiful or interestingly ugly they may be.

The snow will not have entirely disappeared from the northern sides of the fences before the woods are gay with the hepatica, in blue, white, and a purplish tinge which is neither. There will be thousands of blooms. But, treading upon the heels of this hardy flower, the whole landscape bursts out in white—bloodroot, anemones, and meadow rue filling the woods, and bluets the fields and grassy bottoms. The white of the bloodroot is glistening; that of the anemones and meadow rue has a suggestion of green in it, and that of the bluets a decided tinge of blue. Patches, too, of violets spring up, often covering many square yards, as if a patch of the sky had been placed on earth's garment. This profusion of white, with the relief of blue, is followed up quickly by a blaze of dandelions and buttercups, which cover the fields, and even invade the brick sidewalks of the town. Along the side of the creek and in the marshy ground this is matched by the deeper yellow of the erythronium, or adder's tongue.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

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WE give a good deal of credit to the man who is able to see the mistakes in other men and can dig into them with almost any sort of tool and bring them glaringly into view, but the man who can see his own mistakes and goes about to rectify them is much more deserving of our regard as a man of keen insight and discernment.

✽

THE man who is on this or that side of a live question, according to the views of the one with whom he converses may find a crumb of comfort in the fact that he is a keeper of the peace, but even this crumb will be lacking when he sees himself, as he must some day, as one who has subordinated the greater duty of standing by his convictions of right to the lesser one of being agreeable.

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UNLESS there is some influence bearing upon the matter now unforeseen, the coming generation will give the manual worker a higher place and greater respect than he is now accorded. This will come about through the industrial department of the schools by a real acquaintance with the nature of such work. The boy and girl will feel the dignity that crowns all work willingly, faithfully and well done, and they will make no difference between mental work and manual work, as we classify them today.

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At the closing meeting of the American Academy of Medicine at Atlantic City, June 7, a number of physicians advocated the "contract practice" as a solution for the problem of securing proper medical attention for the wage-earners at small cost. The plan is for the clients to make small monthly payments to the contract physician who is expected to attend them in case of illness without extra charge. Under the present system it is claimed the poor, unable to pay doctors' bills, often delay in calling a physician until the

disease is beyond easy cure. The new plan would also secure the doctor against loss by unpaid bills. It strikes us that the plan of paying a physician to keep one well, which this "contract practice" plan approaches, has much to commend it over the present one of paying him to attempt a cure after one has suffered the various losses that attend disease. If all would put into practice the knowledge they already have, or may have for the asking, of the laws of health, there would be a wonderful falling off in doctors' bills of all sorts.

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THE DISTRUST OF SCHOOLS.

EVEN those of us who do not consider ourselves old can well remember the time when the sentiment against having church schools was quite strong. We thought then that there was something wrong with a man if he opposed schools, for we were young and eagerly seeking an education. And our youth and inexperience kept us from seeing what the older men saw, and dreaded to see come into our midst. These men were just as honest as we, and they are still so today.

Talking on the subject a number of years ago, one of our faithful old brethren—he is still living and stands as firm as ever for what he believes to be right—said that if our boys and girls must have an education in college, it would be better for them to go and get it and not bring the college into the church. He realized that a very large per cent of those who thus went out to secure an education were lost to the church; and yet he believed that greater harm would come to the church with the college in her midst than the loss of those who went out to seek an education.

His belief was that the church could not remain true to herself, and still go in for so much higher education. We have not talked with him for some years, but the last time he said anything on the subject he held to his former belief and considered that he had had the experience which proved his position the right one. Whether he was right, is an open question; and it is not likely that the time will ever come when we shall all see alike on this question which is causing so much thought among us today.

We want to say just here that we are in favor of education, and one of our regrets is that we were not able to secure more of it. We like to see educated young men and women—if they have the right kind of an education. Most of us will admit that there is too much of the wrong kind. And here is the great problem—to have the right kind given out, to have our boys and girls imbibe only such ideas as will make them better, more faithful, more earnest in their search for the kingdom of God and his righteousness.

We know a good many young men who have been led astray by the views held by their teachers. Ten or fifteen years ago a large number of our ministers

went to a school noted for the ability of its faculty. And a little later a brother who was well informed, and who was much concerned because of the evil results following, said that hardly a man of them could preach a sound doctrinal sermon after being there awhile. And, so far as we were able to learn, that was just the result. Studying theology under a learned professor had destroyed their faith in the Book of God.

Would it not be better to have schools of our own, with loyal teachers, and avoid this loss? There is just the rub—our teachers have not always been loyal. And when one of our own number is disloyal he does much more harm, leads many more astray than does the one who makes no profession of believing as we do. The attitude of the young folks toward him is quite different from that toward the teacher not of us: they have more confidence in him, for they have not learned to mistrust his religious views. What he says is taken at face value; and in a short time it is possible for confiding ones to be led far from the right way.

As we look at it, the man who occupies a position in a denominational school, professing to be one of that denomination, is far from being the man he should be when he takes advantage of his fellow-teachers and seeks to mislead those placed under his instruction. We must put conscience into our work; we must do as we should like to be done by. That is the only right way.

And yet the wrong way has been taken a good many times. Young men and women have been taught in the school those things which make trouble in the home. Others did the same before we had schools. Men saw the effect, and did not want to take chances. It is not strange that their attitude has been as it has. They are men who desire only the right—the right as they believe God sees it. For the opinions and theories of men they care not. They have no great desire for the wisdom of the world; for the world and its wisdom will soon pass away, and the world's wisdom is foolishness with God.

The feeling of distrust is the natural result of what has too often come from schools—not from ours only. It is to be deplored. Ways should be sought to remove it. There is no use censuring the man who is honest in his opinion that more evil than good will come from the church school. We are going this way but once, and it behooves us to be quite sure that we go right. In a few years it will not matter to us what the most brilliant of our teachers have said, for our attention will be given to things of infinitely greater importance. It's no use to rail at him, to call him an ignoramus. He may be, from the scholar's standpoint. But that proves nothing; he may be right and the scholar wrong. Such has been the case many times; and in no other field so often as in the religious field. Ignorance

of the world is not necessarily ignorance of God and his will.

What shall be done under these circumstances? It seems to us that it is worth while so to conduct the schools that confidence in them will be general. It is natural that school men should be leaders—they would be very poor men if they were not. But they must lead in the right way if they would have the best kind of following. If they do this the feeling of distrust will vanish, and we will all go along together, conquering and to conquer.



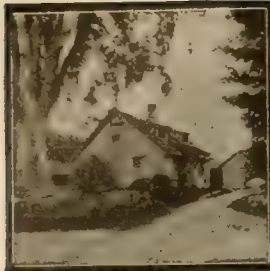
CITY LIFE RUINS EYESIGHT.

"A GREATER number of persons than ever are now wearing eyeglasses or spectacles," says Dr. Eugene G. Winter of Boston. "The greatest defect in American eyesight is its inability to see at great distances. The majority of persons who wear eyeglasses or spectacles are near-sighted. Even those born with perfect eyes have been forced before they are very old to resort to glasses that they may see everything going on. This myopia is due almost entirely to the artificial conditions that surround a human being in this present age almost from his very babyhood.

"As cities increase in size and as the conveniences that are offered in any one city increase, so does the value of real estate increase. And with the rise in realty values, the height of buildings increases and partitions become more numerous. Skyscrapers are effective obstructions to long ranges of vision. The more or less vivid and tiresome colorings of their walls have usurped in man's vision the place of the sky.

"The apartments in these new buildings are of smaller dimensions than those in the old-fashioned buildings, for the air space allotted to each and every person in the community must be curtailed to make the investment on the building in any way profitable. In consequence, modern persons become accustomed to none but short distances. It makes no difference whether one be employed all day in a small office, poring over a set of books, or whether he is hurrying about the city streets, he can not see very far about him. And even in his home, the walls of his room have been grouped more closely about him.

"The fish that were found in the stream of the Mammoth Cave were discovered to be totally blind, although they at one time did possess sight. The same law that was operative in depriving these fish of their sight is operative today in the great congested centers of modern civilization, and it is only a question of time when the eyes of those who are compelled to work in artificial light all day long will become so unaccustomed to daylight that blinders will have to be resorted to."—*Selected*.



THE HOME WORLD



FOR BABY'S SAKE.

For baby's sake I do things strange and wild,
To please the changeful fancy of my child.
My mind-appearing self assumes the guise
Of a fierce quadruped with glaring eyes,
Which roams the forest dark of our front room,
And threatens pilgrims with an awful doom,
And hurls great sounds upon the shuddering air,
Which babe maintains sound very like a bear.
For baby's sake I search the household o'er,
And never think to look behind the door
Where she stands hidden, calling out to me,
Taunts of my utter inability;
Aye, for her sake I shave this grim old face
Both close and often, to afford a place
Of fitting softness for the shy caress,
Which on my cheek her red lips often press.
I sing great lusty songs with power immense,
And one small person for my audience.
But strange enough the words evade my tongue,
Until her lips supply them one by one.

—Ross H. House, in *American Motherhood*.



A TEST OF CHARACTER.

GRACE WOOD CASTLE.

YEARS ago, in a book by a very noted author who is one of my favorites, I came across this statement: "The last test of character is the ability or inability to spend money wisely." The exact wording I have forgotten but this version gives correctly the gist of it. I have always since kept it in mind and it has squared with my experience. Without this ability, a man or a woman may be honest and earnest, may be estimable and admirable in other ways and still become a thorn in the side of his or her nearest and dearest and be ranked with the well-meaning failures.

Especially is this true when the income is small and must be judiciously stretched if it is to cover the expenditures of a family and to make provision for the rainy day so sure to come sooner or later. "Out of debt, out of danger," is one of the most valuable and pithy of maxims.

Readers of Dickens will recall Mr. Micawber's graphic delineation of the folly of running into debt: "Annual income \$500, annual expenditure \$499—result, happiness; annual income \$500, annual expenditure \$501—result, misery." That is putting it very strongly, but the underlying idea harmonizes with the words quoted in the beginning and both are to the

effect that to be happy and useful one must be able to make a wise use of money.

We all know persons who maintain families in comfort, meet their obligations promptly and present a good face to the world on very small incomes. Do you suppose they attained to this ability after they had become men and women? Nay, verily. The child who squanders his pennies will, as a rule, grow up to be the man or woman who cannot make ends meet and who always—to quote a homely old saying—has his "nose on the grindstone." Some one, other than the child, is usually to blame that he was not taught the value of money in his early years.

I imagine that I see you smile when I explain what I mean by "early." Observation and experience have taught me that a child who is old enough to tease for pennies to spend for candy is old enough to have an allowance of his own and to learn that when it is gone he will have no more money until he receives another installment. It will cost the parents no more in the end than haphazard giving and the child will learn by actual experience the value of money. He will soon find out that by denying himself he can always have a little money in his pocket—a lesson that many grown people never learn. He finds that money in his pocket gives him prestige among his companions exactly as owning his home and having money in the bank gives his father prestige among his neighbors. An allowance does not tend to make a child miserly unless he has a strong, natural bent in that direction which few children have.

The mother, naturally, is the one to attend to this matter; she may be sure that the father will appreciate the results by and by. The allowance should be paid promptly at the same time each week—the one in charge of it always being careful that small change is kept on hand so that there shall be no delay. After school age is reached it should be sufficient for the purchase of small school supplies, the Sunday-school contribution and to leave a margin for the penny bank. Each year it should be increased as should also be the list of purposes for which it is to be used and thus gradually and unconsciously the child learns the great art of making the most of his income.

SOCIETY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

IT makes the heart sick to read the society notes in the city papers and observe how some people are spending their valuable God-given time and money. "Mrs. Proud entertained at bridge." Then the description of the elaborate menu. Time, money and energy spent for what? Worse than nothing, worse than idleness. Do they really enjoy it? No, but they try to make themselves believe they do.

What good might they not do with the same expenditure, and how much pleasure it would give to themselves to see the hungry fed, the naked clothed; the young saved from sin and educated. Silly dawdling away precious time which God gave them and which belongs to him.

If the church needs money often an entertainment or a social must be held in order to raise a few necessary dollars, but hundreds are spent in the so-called social functions; there is always plenty of ready money for that.

"Mrs. Lighthouse entertained at progressive eucher in honor of Miss La Belle Fashion of H——." A musical is better than a eucher party. A social meeting of the W. C. T. U.; the D. A. R.; the Y. M. C. A. or the Y. W. C. A. would be of more benefit to themselves and others. What good can a whist party do any one, particularly the participants?

Miss Society, turn your bridge into a Ladies' Aid or something of the sort. If more women would forsake bridge whist, pink teas, sofa cushions and kimonos, and spend more time exercising in the open air, there would be more robustness and fair-mindedness among our sex, and less work for the doctors.

Towanda, Pa.

**A FEW RECIPES.**

T. H. FERNALD.

THE white of an egg, beaten with castor oil until they are thoroughly mixed, will destroy the unpleasant taste of the oil.



PARSLEY eaten with vinegar is said to remove the unpleasant odor of onions from the breath.



RUBBING the new skin formed after a burn or scald, with good sweet oil, several times a day, for several days, will prevent any scar being left.



THERE are several ways of ridding the house of ants, both red and black. One is to grease a plate with lard and set where the insects abound. They will leave sugar, etc., for the lard. Place a few sticks around the plate for the ants to climb upon. Occasionally turn the plate bottom up over the fire and the ants will fall with

the lard as it melts. Repeat, as long as any ants remain.—Sprinkle powdered borax around the infested places and both red and black ants will be exterminated.—A few leaves of green wormwood scattered among the haunts of black ants will soon drive them away.



BRUISE smartweed so as to cause the juice to exude, and rub the animals well with the bruised weed, especially the legs, neck and ears, and neither flies nor other insects will trouble them for twenty-four hours; or better, make a strong infusion by boiling smartweed a few minutes in water, and when cold apply with sponge to the animals. (This has been given me as a sure preventive.)



SPRINKLE chloride of lime on a board in the stable and rats, mice, crickets, and flies, will soon leave.—Make a weak solution of chloride of lime and sprinkle vegetable beds, etc., and there will be no trouble from caterpillars, slugs, etc., being careful in using it. A paste composed of one part powdered chloride of lime and one-half part of some fatty matter placed in narrow bands around the trunks of trees will prevent insects from climbing up them.

Belfast, Me.

**AT MEALTIME.**

THIS world presents to us one unbroken line of opportunities. From morning till night, day after day, week after week, they come and go, some unseen, some wasted, some improved. They are borne upon the wings of moments, which present themselves but once, and if not improved then are gone forever. Life is a success or failure, as we allow these opportunities to go by improved on unimproved. The wide-awake see opportunity on every hand. Others allow them to go by unseen, because they are not looking for them. They are looking at some other phase of life which we have not now the time to notice.

As these opportunities present themselves, we should grasp them and make the most of them. But opportunity is not our subject. We simply gave this introduction that we might know what a blessed opportunity comes to every family at mealtime. Here again it may be necessary to say what opportunity is meant, or some might see only the opportunity for having a feast for the body, provided the table has the necessary ingredients for the feast.

In these busy days we do not get together too often any way, and mealtime presents to us a blessed opportunity for having a little family reunion. Whatever may be said of the other hours of the day, every family ought to make mealtime the opportunity for having three happy hours each day. These three-times-daily family reunions may be made pleasant memory-spots in the history of the family, and help to

confirm the boys and girls in the thought that home is the dearest place on earth.

We understand that there are conditions in every home which can not be dreamed away. Life is real. We must deal with the real family, not with the ideal family, if we would accomplish results. So let us take the family as it is, and as far as possible, aim to establish the following habits: (1) have a stated time for each meal; (2) if possible, have each member of the family there at each meal; (3) have this the happiest hour of the day. There are many reasons why these habits should be formed in every family, but we have time only to mention a few of them.

1. *It is conducive to good health.* First, it is healthful because of the regularity there is in it. The system knows how to adjust itself to conditions and disposes of each meal before the time for the next one comes around. Then it is healthful because, as the Bible says, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." At a time when all is cheerful and the cares of life are for the time being brushed away, the system is in the very best kind of condition to receive the food. Another fact worthy of notice is that an interesting conversation interferes with rapid eating, which more than any other thing, is the cause of overloading the stomach.

2. *It develops the conversational powers of the children.* Not only this, but this development goes on under the direction and with the help of parents and older children, under which circumstances the children are more liable to have this talent developed along right lines than if they learned the art of conversation among foolish associates. If parents and teachers and older children would be more active in cultivating the social natures and talents of the younger members of the family, they would receive culture in purity as well as in sociability, and we would witness a wonderful uplift in the morals and ideals of the rising generation.

3. *It adds to the attractions of home.* Every pleasant spot in the history of the family helps to bind the children closer to their homes. The boy or girl who looks upon mealtime as a delightful time needs no dainties or pastries as substitutes.

4. *It draws the different members of the family closer together.* Whether they are brought together at the table or any other place, it depends largely upon what takes place while they are together as to what impressions are left. No one loves a storm, whether the gale blows from a cloud or somebody's tongue. When we strike a cold atmosphere, we are liable to shiver. But when we get into the sunshine, whether the beams come from the sun or from hearts filled with love and good cheer, it makes us feel good and wish for more of it. Three pleasant associations daily means the weaving of a tie which can not well be broken.

5. *It paves the way for pleasant associations on other*

occasions. They who find associations pleasant on some occasions will naturally seek the same on other occasions. Thus it is that parents and older brothers and sisters will naturally become the companions and counselors of the younger children at mealtime, during long evenings, and at other times when duty does not separate them.

6. *It deepens a sense of gratitude to God for blessings received.* Our plea for cheerfulness and happy homes is not a plea for giddiness. Foolishness is never in order. The thought that we can not be cheerful without being frivolous and silly is an invention of the evil one. Real thanksgiving is impossible without a feeling of gladness that we have something to be thankful for. What time is more pleasant, therefore, than the time when we surround the table and thank the Giver of all good for the blessings before us. They who enter into the real spirit of thanksgiving are not liable to lose this spirit as soon as "saying grace" is over. Thus a family may be together, happy in the thought that they are enjoying the blessings of God in a Christian home.—*Gospel Herald*.



THE GIRL THAT WHINES.

THE whining girl. Do you know her? If you do not, you haven't missed much.

It isn't worth much trouble to make the acquaintance of the girl that whines. It may be, however, that you have among your casual, occasionally-met acquaintances a number who are classed among the whiners. If you do not know them intimately, particularly in their home life, you may not know them as such.

The chronic whiner does her whining at home. One reason for this may be that her insufferable habit of whining would not be tolerated anywhere else.

If she does not believe this, then let her try the experiment just once. Once will suffice. She will find herself speedily and effectually ostracized by her girl friends and shunned as a plague by the boys. The whining girl does not whine in company. She reserves this ugly part of her disposition to inflict on the home folks in private; and if you could see her there you would scarcely recognize her in the offensive role of whiner as the sweet-mannered, pleasant-faced girl you see posing and receiving compliments as the most agreeable and ladylike of girls. If perchance you should catch her whining, you would be shocked at the contrast; and she would be shocked at the discovery; and more discoveries might result in less whining.

She whines in the morning because she has to get up and at night because she has to go to bed; and the day is filled with her nerve-racking whining at everything that is, that isn't, or that might be—that is, at home, when there is no company. She whines about her work, she whines about the things to eat, about

the things to wear, about the weather, no matter what it is, and when there are no more material things to whine about she whines just because she whines.

She whines at her mother and her sisters and her brothers and her father; and no matter what they may do, what they may sacrifice, to please her, it is all the same, she whines because they did not do the other thing or that they did it at all; and the poor mother generally suffers her to whine, no matter what worry and care and trouble she bears because of it; and the rest of the family, provoked to desperation at times, put up with it the best they can just because "mother" tolerates it, for Milady Whiner is a spoiled child.

Girls, for your own sakes, don't whine! If you do, stop it! Stop it right now! Assert the womanhood that is your heritage and purge yourselves of the whining habit as though it were a mortal plague.

If there is any one thing that a man abhors, aside, possibly, from a nagging woman, it is the whining habit of a girl.—*Farm and Fireside*.



WHOLE WHEAT BREAKFAST CAKES.

ONE pint of whole wheat flour (or graham flour sifted), one tablespoonful of baking powder, teaspoonful of table salt, tablespoonful of lard, and one egg. This recipe will make twelve biscuits or "gems." Sift flour, baking powder and salt together, warm the lard in the gem pan to grease them, or in the biscuit pan. With a spoon stir the water and lightly beaten egg into the flour, add the warmed lard, and when well blended, dip with a wet spoon and lay by spoonfuls into the gem pans, and bake as other gems. When dipping the soft dough, wet the spoon every time it is used, and the "gem" will be smoother and drop more readily from the spoon. These are excellent, and wholesome.—*Exchange*.

The Children's Corner

GYP.

A True Story.

MRS. A. L. COLWELL.

GYP was a pure blood fox shepherd and when she was brought to her little master she was a fat little thing with long, silky hair of a beautiful golden brown. The little master had been very ill and was only able to sit up a few minutes at a time, so at the very first they became fast friends.

As soon as the little master was strong enough, Gyp's training began. He taught her to do many funny tricks, such as climbing ladders, jumping over fences or high poles and through paper-covered hoops, shaking hands, marching as a soldier with the boys, and carrying a flag in her mouth.

When teaching her the little master was always very

kind to her, giving her something nice to eat, if she had done well, and giving her many loving pats and calling her "good doggie," all of which she seemed to understand.

The little master belonged to a Band of Mercy, and they held a Fourth of July entertainment, and Gyp was taught to give her part. She sat up very straight and dignified, with red, white and blue draped through her collar, a red cap with white plume on her head and held two flags with staffs in her mouth.

Nothing on the program pleased the boys and girls so much, and at many meetings she was called on to "speak her piece," as the children called it. And Gyp was always proud, and happy, whether at some home, or the schoolhouse, when asked to mount a chair or table, and do her part. The children were very happy when each was given a chance to march by her and shake hands, which usually closed the meeting.

When Gyp grew to be a large dog the little master had a harness made to fit her and she would draw his wagon or sled. And thus they spent many happy hours.

It takes time, kindness and patience to teach a dog so many things. I hope the boys and girls who read the INGLENOOK will always be kind to their pets. The little master is a man now, but he prizes very highly a picture of Gyp, taken in Fourth of July costume.

Wellsburg, N. Y.



GRANDMOTHER'S SPECTACLES.

"WOULDN'T you hate to wear glasses?" asked a small boy of his little playmate.

"No-o," answered Donald, reflectively, "not if I had my grandmother's kind. She sees just how to mend broken things; she sees lots of nice things to do on rainy days; and she always sees what you meant to do, even if you haven't got things just right. I asked her one day how she could see that way all the time, and she said it was the way she had learned to look at things. So it must be the spectacles."—*Forward*.

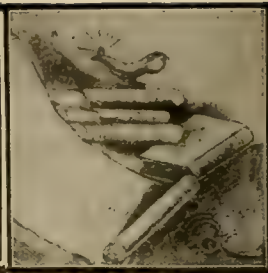


THE GAME OF WOLF.

The Chinese and Japanese boys, thirteen years old and under, play a serpent game which is quite exciting. A dozen or more boys form in line, each fellow with his hands on the shoulders of the boy in front of him. One of the fellows is the "wolf." The boy at the head of the line is the "head" of the serpent, and the last is the "tail." The wolf stands near the head of the serpent until the signal is given. Then he tries to catch the "tail" without touching any other part of the snake. The boys who form the body of the serpent protect the "tail" by wreathing about in all sorts of twists, to prevent the wolf from catching the "tail." This must be done without breaking the line. When the "tail" is caught, the wolf becomes the "head" and the "tail" becomes the wolf. The last boy in line is the "tail." The game can be continued until every boy has been the wolf.—Selected.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE MEANING OF PAIN.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:

"Lord, take away pain—

The shadow that darkens the world thou hast made,

The close-coiling chain

That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs

On the wings that would soar—

Lord, take away pain from the world thou hast made,

That it love thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of his world:

"Shall I take away pain,

And with it the power of the soul to endure,

Made strong by the strain?

Shall I take away pity, that knits heart to heart,

And sacrifice high?

Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire

White brows to the sky?

Shall I take away love, that redeems with a price

And smiles at its loss?

Can ye spare from your lives, that would climb unto mine,

The Christ on his cross?" —British Weekly.



THE WORDS OF JESUS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

WE sometimes meet a brother or sister who has a favorite chapter or passage of Scripture, something that specially appeals to him or her on account of association, it may be in connection with his or her own conversion or other hallowed experience, or with an experience of some near and dear friend or relative. And this is well. Such a favorite always tends to uplift the soul as none other can, though he who uses it may find rich spiritual food in many other parts of God's Word, and heartily endorse the words of Paul in his second epistle to Timothy, third chapter, 16th and 17th verses, where he says:

"All scripture is given by inspiration of God, and is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness. That the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works."

No one can diligently search the Scriptures without finding, in every part, precious and valuable lessons in all that pertains to the highest phases of human existence, both here and hereafter.

In the historical books and prophecies of the Old Testament God's dealings with the people, as a whole and as individuals, furnish us lessons of his constant and loving care over us and his long-suffering and for-

givenness despite our many rebellions and backslidings. In the Psalms we have the petitions and trustful pleadings of the Psalmist under the extremes of human experience, even down to the most trying spiritual, mental and physical conditions, coupled with the most joyous songs of thanksgiving and praise.

The Proverbs give us instruction in worldly wisdom and in our duties to God and man. In fact, the whole Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, is a complete guide and inspiration, if rightly studied, leading us on and upward to the highest goal of the human race, the coming of the Messiah and redemption through his blood.

But it is from the direct words of our Savior that the Christian or seeker for spiritual light or guidance can find the most satisfying help. The work of the apostles, as recorded in the book of Acts, and the admonitions and encouragements of the epistles are sources of inspiration and faith and incentives to faithful service for the Master, while the book of Revelation brings before us the glories of that home which is prepared for us by our heavenly Father.

Yet blessed and helpful as the words and lives of God's prophets and Christ's witnesses may be, to us, they are all overshadowed by the direct words and holy life of the Savior himself, as recorded in the four Gospels. His talks with his disciples, his sermons to the people, and his words to all with whom he came in contact are truly the words of eternal life and appeal to the heart of the believer, quickening his spiritual life and increasing his love and faith in a way that we do not experience in reading the words of the most inspired of his earlier forerunners or the later witnesses of his truths. While their words are profitable and helpful, and all Scripture is given of inspiration, the words spoken by Jesus to those about him, and through them to us, possess a soul-satisfying element found in no other.



AN OBNOXIOUS WEED.

WEEDS in the garden are destructive. Weeds in the heart are equally so. If not removed they will eventually destroy or dwarf that which is best. A good clean garden can only be had at the price of constant vigilance and care. This is the price to be paid to maintain a clean heart. One of the most destructive and prolific weeds that is apt to spring up in the heart.

is worry. If not rooted out as soon as it manifests itself it will soon multiply and greatly hinder the growth of the good in the heart.

Some people think worries and anxieties are quite harmless, but Christ in no uncertain language spoke against them as forces of evil in our lives. His teaching in the Sermon on the Mount against worry is very clear and emphatic. It has been asserted that Christ's teaching here encourages a reckless neglect of the future. It is uneasiness and worry for the future that he condemns, and not a legitimate concern and provision for future needs. To worry about our stature is useless, he tells us, because we cannot change it. So there are hundreds of things connected with our welfare that are as much beyond our control as the course of the stars above us. He gives us life, will he not see to its sustenance without our worrying about it? He provides for the birds, the beasts and the flowers, how much more for us, the crowning work of his creation.

It is a curious fact that there is far more anxiety for the future in Christian countries than in many heathen lands, and that Christian lands lay up more wealth, toil harder, look out more for the future. All this in view of the fact that the Bible gives no possible excuse for uneasiness or undue concern for the future. Some say they can not help it. This is simply a confession of defeat, an unmistakable evidence that the overcoming life is not experienced. "I can do all things through Christ who strengtheneth me." Worry is destructive to body, mind and spirit.

Some one has said that there are at least two things about which we should not worry. First, "the things you can not help." If they are beyond your control it is the height of folly to be worrying about them. Second, "the things you can help." If you can help them or avoid them set to work and do it, and do not waste your powers and destroy your usefulness by brooding over them. Have faith in God, appropriate the powers of Christ which are at your disposal and worry and anxiety must take their flight, as Christ cannot dwell in the anxious and brooding heart.—*Christian Monitor*.



THE REAL MEANING OF LIFE.

You have to do the work of the world for a living and to enable others to live. You have to study, to learn and to practice your world's work well for yourself and others; to take an interest in it and to do it in the best possible way and with enthusiasm. But all this work and study and necessity to do for yourself and others is put on you, not for any ulterior material purpose, but as a mere means to an end, and that you may through them be enabled to follow out your noble task to make your soul—your moral and

spiritual self—great, capable, holy, beautiful and loving, a helper and a savior here and a prince of the world to come. All those things that are necessary to the existence and comfort of the race are made so in order to the development of soul forces in the struggle for existence. Whatever makes for volume and value in the soul is of concern to you, and nothing else ought to concern you so much. Whatever you do, settle it that you will be a soul bigger than your body, and that you will with divine help, at all hazards, keep it in all purity, generosity, gentleness and nobility; that you will be a man or woman with value in yourself, not for the things you have, but for the thing you are, and for what you can help others to become. That's religion.

Do your world's work along all lines on that theory with enthusiasm, asking God's help always, and you will make something of yourself and of others, too; something that will last beyond the grave; something that will have the splendor of the eternities; and you will then be a soul, a character, a sublime force in which God and the angels and yourself shall exult—a something that it will be worth while to make immortal. How else can you glorify God but by becoming yourself like him and by helping others?—*A. S. Fiske, D. D., in Christian Herald*.



HOME AND FOREIGN MISSIONS.

EVERY once in a while I hear some one argue against foreign missions because the money and strength put into them are needed at home. I did it myself when I did not know better. God forgive me.

I know better now, and I will tell you how I found out. I became interested in a strong religious awakening in my own old city of Copenhagen, and set about investigating it. It was then that I learned what others had learned before me, and what was the fact there, that for every dollar you give away to convert the heathen abroad God gives you ten dollars' worth of purpose to deal with your heathen at home.—*Jacob Riis*.



THE SERVICE OF SORROW.

AFFLICTION is a revealer of the deepest thoughts and intents of the heart. Often have we been surprised to see evidences of sincere religious trust and dependence upon God manifested by one upon whom distress had come, one in whom we had little suspected such spiritual resources. In times of calm there had been no outward manifestation of the inner grace. As the storm at sea stirs the ocean to its depths, so affliction called to the hidden deeps of the soul. Perhaps only the ministry of trouble had power to arouse the dormant spiritual life to expression, and to consequent growth. Many a person has profound reason for saying, Blessed be trouble!



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Territorial government for Alaska is proposed in a bill introduced in Congress by Delegate Wickersham. The bill would establish the capital at Juneau and would also make all Russians who resided in Alaska on March 30, 1867, American citizens.

It took Russell Sage 50 years to accumulate \$65,000,000, but it has taken only three years for his widow to spend \$25,000,000 for public purposes and for the benefit of humanity. Mrs. Sage is giving the money away at the rate of \$25,000 a day, and if she keeps up at this gait she will be broke in five years.

Finding that the government may easily become an innocent accomplice in handling stolen gold which robbers have melted down, orders have been issued to the assay office in New York not to receive any gold until a complete and satisfactory explanation has been made as to where it was produced.

The biggest locomotives in the world will soon be in operation on the Sierra Mountains. They were recently sent West from the Baldwin Locomotive Works, where they were built for the Southern Pacific Railroad. Each engine has 16 driving wheels and is 93 feet long. They will not make a high speed, as they were built for hauling heavy loads over the mountains.

The General Assembly of the Presbyterian church in session at Denver passed resolutions complimentary to President Taft, the Emperor William and Dr. Eliot of Harvard because of the stand that these gentlemen have taken on the subject of total abstinence. A resolution demanding that Presbyterians who are judges resign from their positions rather than sign licenses, was voted down.

In the wheat pit at Chicago has ended successfully the manipulation of the market in wheat by J. A. Patten, which was begun in October of last year, when the price of the cereal was at \$1. The price at the close of the Patten option was \$1.34, and the estimated profits to the builder of the corner and partners were \$3,400,000. The estimated increase to farmers was \$40,000,000, and the added cost to the consumers was \$60,000,000.

The government of Holland is fearful that there has been enormous loss of life in upper Padang and other islands of the Malay archipelago as a result of the earthquake and tidal wave. Dispatches from Sumatra said that at least 230 had been killed in upper Padang, but private messages received indicate that the loss of life there was trifling, compared with the havoc wrought in other islands of the group. Owing to the lack of adequate means of communication, it may be several days before the extent of the damage is learned. The government has sent instructions to its officials in the Dutch East Indies to make a thorough investigation as quickly as possible.

At the Interstate Intercollegiate Peace Oratorical Contest, arranged by the Intercollegiate Peace Association and held at the University of Chicago on May 4, during the second National Peace Congress, the first prize was won by Levi T. Pennington of Earlham College, Richmond, Ind.

Bottles of "Malt Marrow," a drink manufactured by the McAvoy Brewing Company in Chicago and extensively advertised as "non-intoxicating," and sold in no-license and Prohibition territory, analyzed by a prominent chemist in Chicago, shows 5.6 per cent of alcohol, exactly the same percentage shown in bottles of lager beer manufactured by the same company.

The German government has submitted to the Bundesrath a supplementary tax bill designed to yield \$35,000,000 in taxes on inheritances, fire insurance policies, stocks, bonds, deeds and checks. Chancellor von Buelow is to make a speech in the Reichstag on the question of taxation, and it is hoped that Parliament will pass the tax bill and adjourn July 10.

A note addressed to Parliament by the British War Office contains a comparative statement of the sums expended in 1908 by the governments of the principal nations of Europe in the construction of airships and the prosecution of experiments in aerial navigation. The approximate amounts, in American money, are: Germany, \$1,900,000; France, \$225,000; Austria-Hungary, \$26,000; Great Britain, \$25,000.

Reports from Marseilles, France, June 13, say that seven hamlets in the vicinity of Lafare and Saint Cannat were practically destroyed in an earthquake which gave a score or more of southern French towns a hard wrench. Every report coming in increases the seriousness of the quake and hundreds are believed to have been killed. A number of villages are in ruins and no accurate statement of the dead can be made until the wreckage is cleared away. All ordinary work has been suspended in the affected region and a call has been sent for volunteers to assist in the work of rescue.

There is the best authority for the statement that the Czar has abandoned his plan to include Italy in the itinerary for the forthcoming European tour through fear of assassination. Russian secret agents who were recently sent to Italy to prepare the way for the Czar have reported that Italian revolutionists have combined with Russian exiles to Italy in a plot to assassinate Nicholas and that the trip cannot be taken without the gravest dangers. The feeling against Nicholas is particularly bitter now, his agents tell him, on account of the recent reactionary triumph in Russia and the revelations of frightful prison cruelties resulting from the duma's debates.

The navy board of China, of which Prince Su is president, has completed for recommendation to the throne the programme for the creation of a new navy. It provides for two fleets, each consisting of four first-class battle ships, eight second-class cruisers and ten third-class cruisers, with gunboats, torpedo boats and transports, bringing the total for each fleet to forty vessels. Each fleet will be under the command of an admiral. One will be stationed north of the Yangtse and the other south.

Police Commissioner Bingham of New York City is preparing for a school census provided for under a new law that makes the police department of New York responsible for the capture of truant school children. Under the law every school child will have a number and if found on the streets during school hours will have to explain to the police why he is not in school. To put the new system in effect it will be necessary to employ several hundred census takers and expend \$100,000. There is much opposition to the law. The people say that it will subject school children to an undesirable police surveillance.

The Russian ambassador has sent a protest to his government against the continuation of massacre of Christians in Asia Minor. He declared Russian agents sent to Asia Minor report that 100 Christians have been killed within the last few days near Alexandretta alone, and that many of the murders have been committed almost under the eyes of the commission that was sent to investigate the terrible slaughter a few weeks ago. Grand Vizier Hilmi Pasha has given fresh pledges that the killing of the Armenians will be stopped immediately, but the Russian ambassador is skeptical of the Grand Vizier's ability to carry out his pledges.

The financial aspect of the plan to repopulate Palestine with Hebrew farmers was discussed at the annual convention of the Federation of American Zionists in New York City last week. During the discussion of the educational plans it was stated that a plan is almost perfected to erect a Jewish school in Boston where pupils may be imbued with the Zionist spirit by study after school hours. Professor H. M. Callen of Harvard was said to be one of the main supporters of the plan. At the suggestion of Rabbi J. Israeli of Boston it was resolved to provide a curriculum of Jewish education from the Zionist point of view.

With a view to ascertaining how many aliens there are in the prisons of New York subject to deportation Superintendent C. V. Collins of the State prison department has completed a census of the prison population. It shows that of the 990 alien convicts, 319 were convicted of felonies within three years after their arrival in this country, and under the law they may be sent back to the countries from whence they came. The Department of Commerce and Labor at Washington, which has jurisdiction over the deportation of such aliens, will be notified. Superintendent Collins will also recommend to Governor Hughes that the sentences of all such aliens, which vary from a few months to life imprisonment, be commuted in order that they may be deported en masse. Of the 319 aliens subject to deportation by far the larger number—187—are Italians. Russia comes next with 44; Germany has 20; Austria, 19; England, 16; Canada, 8; Hungary, 7; France, 6; Switzerland, 2; Roumania, 2; Holland, 2; Ireland, 1; West Indies, 1; Malta, 1; Denmark, 1; Greece, 1; and Sweden, 1.

Not long ago the Adams Express Co. delivered liquor to a Hart County, Ky., resident, who was known to be a confirmed inebriate, this being in violation of the local option law as passed by the Kentucky Legislature. The express company was haled to court and a fine of \$50 imposed. The company took the matter to the United States Supreme Court and an opinion has just been handed down which holds the Kentucky law unconstitutional because it violates the section of the federal constitution giving to Congress jurisdiction over interstate commerce. Inasmuch as the shipments in the present instance were made from Tennessee and Indiana they came under this provision. The law in Kentucky had been enacted under the police powers of the State.

According to a cablegram received at New York fears are entertained in Russia regarding the safety of the Czar during his approaching visit on July 8 to Poltova for the celebration of the bicentennial of the battle of Poltova, in which the Russian forces under Peter the Great routed the Swedes, commanded by Charles XIII. Believing that the Jews, who are very numerous in that city, are in large numbers affiliated with revolutionary organizations, the government, says the cable dispatch, has ordered all persons of that faith to leave the city before July 8. About 1,000 families have already complied with the order. As the Jews control a great part of the business of the city, it is felt that as a result of the governmental measure trade in Poltova will suffer to a considerable degree.

Mr. Marconi denies the statement which has recently been made that wireless waves are injurious to operators, and that they produce various diseases such as conjunctivitis, corneal ulcers, leukoma. To use his own words: "During the twelve years or so of our operations we have had to deal with no single case of compensation for any injury of this origin, nor, so far as I can ascertain, has any such injury been suffered. Speaking for myself, I may remark that my own health has never been better than during the often extended periods when I have been exposed for many hours daily to the conditions now challenged, and in the constant neighborhood of electrical discharges at our transatlantic stations, which I believe are the most powerful in the world."

The request of the University of Illinois to share in the benefits of the Carnegie Foundation for the advancement of teaching has been rejected because the trustees of the foundation are not satisfied with the standard of that institution, according to an announcement made by John G. Bowman, secretary of the foundation. The Illinois State school is not alone in feeling the rebuke of the Carnegie trustees. Harvard and Columbia have been notified that they are too easy on entrance requirements, and that they have too many failures on examinations, while New York University is so bad that the trustees threaten to drop it from the list, as was done with George Washington University in Washington, D. C., on June 4. State universities in general are declared to be unsatisfactory to Mr. Bowman who admits, however, that several of these schools are making the entrance examinations more strict and that within a few years they will be able to meet the requirements of the Carnegie fund. It is said that the most serious obstacle with which the foundation has to deal is the ever-present competition among the universities and colleges for numbers which the foundation considers the greatest cause of demoralization in all American education.



Among the Magazines



THE DAY OF THE CHILD.

It has come at last. While we have been pondering, in this country, the evils which affect child life, our mother, the ever-aggressive England, has taken the great forward step. While here one devoted band of enthusiasts has been fighting for child-labor restrictions, and another for child hygiene and a third for child rescue, our great mother nation across the sea has been formulating and has now passed a drastic act, revolutionary in its provisions which must bring joy and heartfelt relief to all those who have long since realized the import of proper legislation in regard to the child. To quote the newspaper reports of this great forward step:

"It provides for the stricter prevention of cruelty to children and the better safeguarding of infant life, institutes children's courts, arranges for the segregation of juvenile offenders and undertakes a wider parental control of the morals of children."

Pawnbrokers may not accept articles in pawn from children under fourteen years of age. Innkeepers may not allow them in their barrooms. Tobacconists may not sell cigarettes to boys apparently under sixteen, and constables must confiscate cigarettes or tobacco in their possession.

Much along this line has already been done in the United States, but surely here for the first time is the children's charter, and this is truly the day of the child. While we in this country have been fighting to arouse the American sense to the fact that there is a problem which concerns the child, England has solved it. She has blazed the way. We will come along some day with a "Children's Secretary," there will be a "bureau" to gather data concerning the child. We will have uniform State child-labor laws and child hygiene laws and child-rescue laws, and when we do we will have great cause for rejoicing. But meanwhile England has preceded us, and in the matter of sound forward legislation on this all-important topic we are only beginning. England has given us the Magna Charta of the Child.—Editorial in *The Delineator* for July.



AMUSEMENTS.

A writer in the *People's Forum* not long ago called attention to what she termed our insane demand that we be amused. Other writers, in letters now awaiting publication, have endorsed this criticism. Many more of us, while we might not be willing to agree that "grandmother's way" of entertaining herself was best, are at least willing to concede that the American people have gone to the extreme in their patronage of amusements. If there were any doubts on the subject, they have been removed by Mr. McWade's interview with Mr. R. L. Giffen, a New York theatrical manager. Mr. Giffen estimates that the people of this nation pay \$150,000,000 a year to be amused, and he does not include in this estimate the amount of money that is expended by patrons of athletic exhibitions, such as baseball, football, track events, etc. Eighteen million peo-

ple annually attend the 30 playhouses in New York, Mr. Giffen says, paying between 20 and 25 million dollars for the privilege. Taking the lower estimate of expenditure, this is at the rate of \$1.12 per person, each time the theater is visited. And many, of course who make up the 18,000,000 total of theater attendance are many-time visitors at the various playhouses during the year. If Mr. Giffen does not overstate the facts, the people of this country, figuring that there are 90,000,000 of us, spend an annual average of \$1.67 each in the playhouse ticket office. But of the 90,000,000 there are a great many who have never seen the inside of a theater, so that the per capita expenditure of those who have is greatly in excess of \$1.67.

The criticism to be made of this condition is not that people should desire amusements, but that they should so greatly desire to have some one else amuse them as to spend \$150,000,000 a year for the pleasure. "It would seem," from these figures, Mr. Giffen says, "that theater-going in America is no longer a luxury, but a necessity." That, undoubtedly, is the opinion also of a great many of the people who habitually attend the theaters. The total of attendance at our playhouses does not, of necessity, however, show that theater-going is not still a luxury. For the great majority, it is a luxury and must continue so. The people who go to the theaters in the spirit most to be commended are not the ones from whom theatrical managers derive their greatest profit. The actor has a nobler mission than merely to entertain, but those actors who recognize this truth are not always the ones who play to the largest houses, even though they may have the most appreciative audiences.

Those who go to the theater solely to be amused waste both their time and money; they merely evidence their own inability to entertain themselves or to entertain one another. They fail to recognize the value of good books; they are mentally too indolent to make an effort to help themselves. Theater-going, like automobile riding or whisky drinking, may be overdone. It is the thoughtless element that is creating the demand for the valueless and even harmful class of plays that now keep our theaters open for more than two-thirds of the winter season. There are many of us that need the same sort of prodding that the work-shirking horse receives, except that the prod, with us, should be applied to the mind instead of the body. There are a lot of people who should occasionally have an egg-beater inserted under their skulls and vigorously churned for a while in order to relieve them of the brain fag that comes of taking too little mental exercise. It is the spirit of laziness within that sends forth the Macedonian cry for something to amuse us. The amusement question does not worry men and women who do their own thinking, and they are not the ones who contribute any very large part toward the \$150,000,000 toll annually paid by the people of this country for the maintenance of the present demoralized American stage.—*Woman's National Daily*.

WHERE THE GAME GETS YOU.

We will also assume that you, dear reader, are dealing in Wall Street securities, and have intrusted Smith & Jones with authority to purchase 100 shares of that stock on your account. You naturally wish it as soon as you can get it. You only regret that you didn't purchase it before the market closed on the previous day; but the favorable news failed to be printed or circulated prior to the close of the market.

What happens? A lot of things may happen, and none of them in your interest—you may be perfectly sure of that. There is nothing in the world to restrain Smith & Jones from first buying 2,000, 5,000, or 10,000 shares of Union Pacific on their own dummy account. You cannot force them to execute your little order in advance of theirs. You may be in Harlem, Chicago, or Omaha. Wait until your betters are served.

The office manager also buys as much Union Pacific as he can afford. The "public" is in the market, and the news at once reaches the order clerk. He holds back the flood of buying orders long enough to take a small flyer himself. The same with the telephone clerk on the floor of the Exchange. Union Pacific has closed at 175 the day before. It opens a full point higher. There are transactions of 50,000 shares in the first quarter hour, but yours is not among them. The papers give vivid accounts of the wild scramble to buy Union Pacific. It rapidly mounts to 180, and then **you** get action on **your** little 100-share order.

Possibly the order clerk sells you that particular stock. He was there at the start; you were somewhere else. He is on the inside; you are on the outside. Besides, you are a "producer." The clerk nets nearly \$500 as the result of his sagacity. The floor manager sells his stock, Smith & Jones dispose of theirs, and the dummy account is richer by \$25,000. There's no difficulty in doing this. The firm's own customers stand ready to buy the stock at the market. The public's orders are now being filled, not at 175, but at 180, and perhaps higher. The market may rise still higher, and you may be able to sell at a profit, but the chances are ten to one that a professional bear clique will smash Union Pacific back to 175 or below.—Frederick Upham Adams, in the June Everybody's.



THE LINES OF EDUCATIONAL REFORM.

Judging by the specimens published in our news columns, the next report of President Schneider of the Chicago school board will furnish an abundance of food for thought. Principals, trustees, teachers, parents, legislators will severally find in it criticisms and suggestions worthy of their earnest consideration.

We have had frequent occasion to observe that these are critical days for our educational systems, high and low. The severest "blows" come from the best minds of the educational world, and of course, there is faith, enthusiasm reconstructive zeal back of these blows.

The educational problem of the future will be different from those of the past. But the experience of the past will guide to just solutions of the new problems. That experience teaches the need of consolidation, of more efficient administration, of stricter attention to the demands of life and industrialism, of insistence upon discipline and moral training.

President Schneider says little in the published extracts which other educators have not said just as vigorously of similar situations. He is emphatic in demanding a fair grounding in the fundamental studies and in dwelling on the value of hard work, method and application to duty.

He does not oppose the modern idea of making study as vital and agreeable as possible, but he reminds us that after all it is the results that count. The children must be trained for their obligations and functions in life, and any system which leads to inefficiency, to a smattering of futile knowledge, to aversion to sustained effort is a failure and a cruel wrong to the children themselves.

To increase the value and utility of popular education the curriculum and the methods of study must be tested by the pupils' fitness for the places in society and in business which they take after graduation. To test the merits of organization and administration of school systems we must inquire into the relations between boards and teachers, from the superintendent and principals down to the instructors in the first grade. Is there sufficient coöperation, proper coördination of activities, intelligent utilization of resources?

The American people are cheerfully making heavy sacrifices in the cause of universal and free education. They will tax themselves even more heavily to insure the right results. But they expect common sense, an understanding of actual conditions, a determination to avoid extremes, of the leaders in education.—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE MEXICAN GOVERNMENT AND THE RAILROADS.

No commercial conquest that the Diaz administration has made compares with the control obtained over the most important railroad lines in the Republic. The story of this conquest is one of the most fascinating and romantic in the history of finance. It marks an epoch in the movement toward government regulation or control of railroad lines. Mexico's leading men were keen enough to see that the railroads of the country, controlled by foreign capital and operated by Americans, were extracting all they could from the Republic and giving back as little as was politic. They were wasteful of capital in directions that served no public good, and left them poor for those developments that were legitimate and would have been beneficial to the shippers and the traveling public. In 1902 a start had been made through an investment of \$4,500,000 in the narrow gauge Interoceanic Railway running from the City of Mexico to Vera Cruz. A year later stock control of the National Railroad of Mexico, one of the main arteries of traffic from the American border to the City of Mexico, was obtained by giving up \$5,000,000 gold. This line was operated under government supervision three or four years before the idea was suggested of merging into one organization four separate systems, with a combined trackage of 7,000 miles, or about 70 per cent of all of the mileage in the Republic. This action was precipitated by the attempt of American interests to secure control of the Mexican Central, which was then nearly bankrupt.

Out of this idea has grown the government system of railroads which penetrates practically every part of the Republic, serving all of the important centers of traffic creation in the interior and extending its spurs to the gulf ports and to the ports that have just been opened on the Pacific side. By what almost seems to be a process of financial legerdemain the government secured control of this vast system, with an annual earning capacity of \$30,000,000 and an authorized capitalization of \$650,000,000 at practically no outlay of money. It bartered its original investment of \$4,500,000 in the Interoceanic for stock in the National Railroad, with \$5,000,000 gold as a bonus, which gave it control of both lines, the National having

previously bought a majority interest in the Interoceanic, and also controlling the International. Then, when the great merger was proposed, it still further exchanged its securities for those of the Mexican Central, and, in addition, caused to be created a large amount of common stock of the National Railways, or merger company, which it took for itself, and which gives it voting power and control. Having placed its guarantee behind one class of bonds of the new organization it demanded, as a quid pro quo, a block of bonds which was nearly equal in value to the amount originally invested in the Interoceanic and in the National Railroad.—From "The Finances of Mexico," by Charles F. Speare, in the American Review of Reviews for June.



SLAVISH SAVING AND WORKING.

"LIFE is worth more than a wooden pail."

That is what a sensible farmer's wife said the other day, and some little explanation seemed to be needed before I could fairly understand what she meant. This is the story as it ran:

"I know a farmer woman who has a nice, comfortable home, plenty of good clothes and money in the bank, but she is wearing herself out running all over the farm after a wooden pail that did not cost twenty-five cents.

"Life is worth more than a wooden pail. I would have more pails, if I had to go without some of her fine clothes."

I have been thinking about it a great deal since, and I am sure that a good many women, and more men, are foolish in the same way. We are wearing ourselves out, soul and body, chasing after a wooden pail, so that we may have a few more fine fixings to put on our backs.

Why is it that we think we must have things to show off with, no matter if we are hungry as dogs and tired to death working to save the price of a wooden pail?

I can show you men who have hundreds of dollars in the bank, but they actually need a comfortable pair of mittens. Cold dollars make up for cold hands and feet do they?

But think of other men you know. They are working every day just as faithfully as men ever worked to save money for those who will come after them; they never have anything comfortable themselves. Life is centered on that one thing of saving money. But what will the men and women who will get that money tomorrow do with it? Perhaps we might just as well let a great big interrogation mark stand in the place of the answer.

But we do know that the dollars these men worked so hard to gather up and save never will do the good they hoped they might. The dollars scatter like the wind and in a little while are gone.

I expect there are some folks who will get up now and tell me that there are worse things than the habit of saving. They may go so far as to say that I had better look out or I will be standing up for extravagance; that I would uphold men and women in

spending their money for wooden pails and such poor miserable things, instead of using it for better purposes.

But I should like to inquire to what better purpose we could put the money we earn than to save steps, which means life? If money is not to bring us help and comfort and peace of mind, to make ourselves and others happy, what is it for?

So I say, use it. Not wastefully, for that would be wrong, but use it for everything that will make us and those we love happier and better. Wooden pails will sometimes do this more certainly than silk dresses.

Silk dresses do nothing but add to our pride of heart. Wooden pails save life, and life is worth more than show.—*Farm Journal*.



What John Meant to Say.

A Chinaman was called as a witness in the police court of Los Angeles in the case of a driver who had run over a dog.

"What time was it when you saw this man run over the dog?" asked the judge.

"Me no sabe," replied the witness.

"I say," repeated the judge, "what time was it when you saw this man run over the dog?"

"Me no sabe," repeated John, smiling blankly.

"We shall have to have an interpreter," commented His Honor, as he realized that the witness did not understand English; and accordingly another Chinaman was haled into court to act as interpreter. "Ask the witness," commanded the judge, "when he saw this man run over the dog."

The interpreter turned to his fellow-countryman and said: "We chung lo, ho me choo lung wow, e-ho me no chow chee, loo kow so-loo bing gong tong yit ben."

To which the witness replied: "Wong lin kee, wo hoo, wing chong lung yue lee, kin sing, choy yoke coey ying lung ding wah, shing suey way san yick ling top bing coey bow tsue, po tong po gou hung mow kim quong yuen lee chow yo ben tong."

The interpreter then turned to the judge and said: "Him say 'Two o'clock.'"—June Lippincott's.

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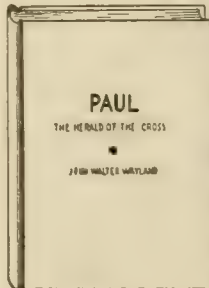
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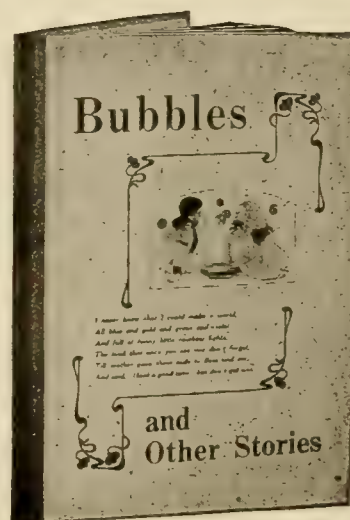
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July-December
1909

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Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

Form U. Third Birthday—Girls.—The girl's picture on this card is bordered with delicate grasses and pansies; three candles are burning on shelf.

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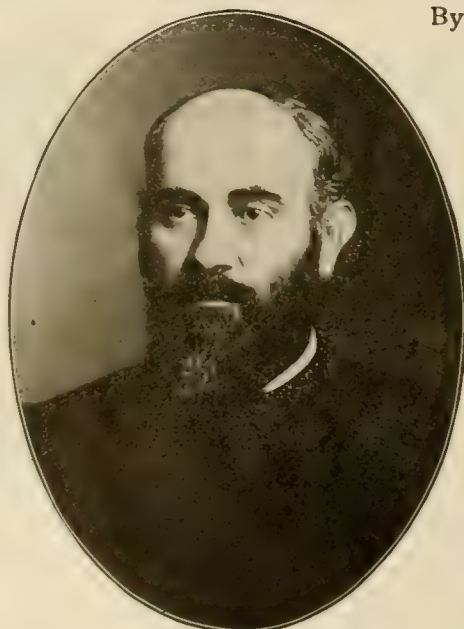
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"Practical Exercises," "Brethren
Hymnal," etc., etc.

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Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Empire Colony in "Sunny Stanislaus"

The CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY is now locating a colony of our people in the lower San Joaquin valley, in central California. The new town of EMPIRE, as well as the colony lands, is located on the Santa Fe railroad, five miles east of Modesto, the county seat of Stanislaus County, thirty miles south of Stockton, seventy-five miles from Sacramento and one hundred and fifteen from San Francisco.

The colony lands join the new town site and are within a few miles of three different railroads. These lands are all under cultivation, and are free from brush, stumps, stones and other obstructions. Two large ditches cross the tract, affording ample water for irrigation of all crops.



IDEAL HOMES AND PROFITABLE INVESTMENTS.

Because of the mild, congenial climate, short winters, rich soil, great variety of products, with good transportation to nearby markets, good roads, in a well developed and prosperous community, we can recommend the EMPIRE Colony as being a suitable place for ideal homes and good investments. We invite a careful investigation of this proposition by Home-seekers and Investors. Here the water for irrigation belongs to the land and "Water is Wealth." For these and other reasons we decided to locate our first Colony in "SUNNY STANISLAUS."

NEW CHURCH ORGANIZED—NEW RAILROAD BUILDING.

A new Church of the Brethren was recently organized at Empire, with twenty-five members, and other families of our people are expecting to move there soon. The Modesto-Empire Interurban railroad is now being built. For further information address,

CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY

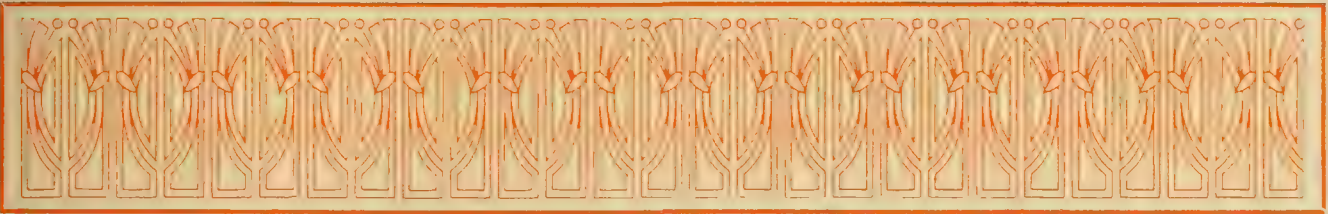
North Manchester, Ind., South Bend, Ind.

Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

THE INGLENOOK

June 29, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Constantinople



Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

(Continued from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

State	Project	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona	Salt River	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California	Yuma	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California	Orland	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon	Klamath	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho	Minidoka	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho	Payette-Boise	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming	North Platte	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada	Truckee	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico	Rio Grande	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon	Central Oregon	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon	Umatilla	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah	Strawberry	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

CHEAP EXCURSION TO CALIFORNIA

Leaves Chicago Monday, July 12th. Leaves Omaha and Kansas City Tuesday, July 13th. For rates, routes, etc., etc., write to Isaiah Wheeler, Cerro Gordo, Ill., D. C. Campbell, Colfax, Ind., E. M. Cobb, Elgin, Ill., Geo. L. McDonaugh, Colonization Agt., Union Pacific, Omaha, Nebr.

Words of Help and Cheer



Only a faint idea of the beauty of these cards is conveyed by the accompanying illustration. The text matter is attractively arranged and printed on a hand-made three-ply ripple board and artistically decorated in water colors by hand in violets or clover as designated in list. A plain white envelope of antique paper to match, is furnished with each card. Size of each card, 7x9 inches. Order by number.

Price, postpaid, each,25 cents

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| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 1. The Foot-Path to Peace (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke. 1c. The Foot-Path to Peace (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke. 2. Opportunity (Violets).—John J. Ingalls. 3. Our Burden Bearer (Violets).—Phillips Brooks. 4. Crossing the Bar (Violets).—Alfred Tennyson. 5. My Symphony (Violets).—Wm. Henry Channing. 5c. My Symphony (Clover).—Wm. Henry Channing. 6. A Slumber Song (Violets).—Anonymous. 7. A Task (Violets).—Stevenson. 7c. A Task (Clover).—Stevenson. 8. Fence of Trust (Violets).—M. F. Butts. 9. Contentment (Violets).—Swing. 10. Life's Endeavor (Violets).—Anonymous. 11. Don't Worry (Violets).—E. P. Gould. 12. A Friend in Need (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke. | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> 13. Just Be Glad (Violets).—Riley. 14. Mizpah (Violets).—Julia A. Baker. 14c. Mizpah (Clover).—Julia A. Baker. 15. Be Strong (Violets).—M. D. Babcock. 16. Pass It On (Clover).—Burton. 17. A Mile With Me (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke. 17c. A Mile With Me (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke. 18. Life's Mirror (Clover).—Bridges. 19. When the Song's Gone Out (Violets).—Florence Eva Vickery. 20. Pleasant Thoughts (Clover).—Ruskin. 21. Lead, Kindly Light (Clover).—Newman. 22. Shepherd Psalm (Violets). 23. Reflection (Clover).—Wiggin. 24. L'Envoi (Clover).—Kipling. 25. My Wish (Clover).—Anonymous. |
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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

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or

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Dean of the Moody Bible Institute of Chicago

A series of popular Bible Studies as delivered to Bible classes numbering several thousand members, in Chicago, and Grand Rapids, Mich.

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1909

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\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

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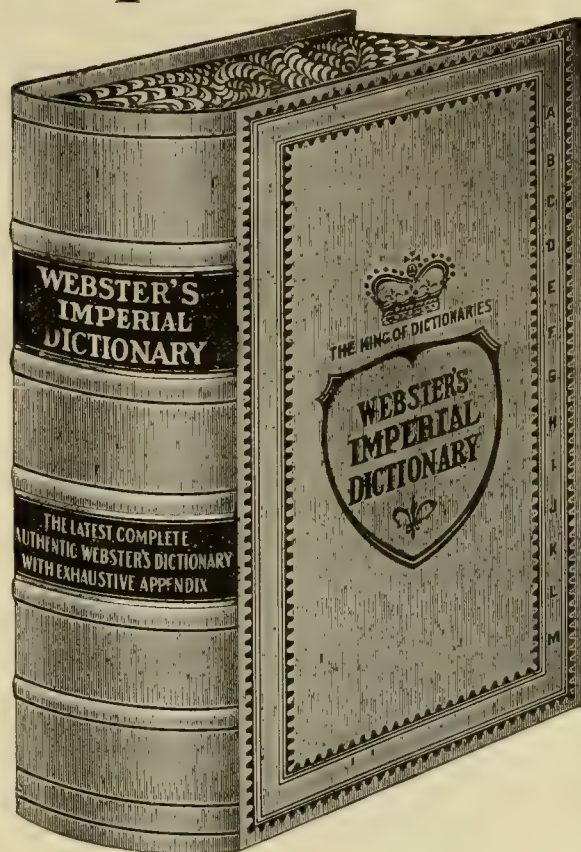
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Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50

Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

June 29, 1909.

No. 26.

BOXING THE COMPASS

JOHN S. FERNALD

ONE of the first lessons which a man or boy learns when he enters upon a seafaring life is to "box the compass." This is not, as might be supposed, the making of a box or other receptacle in which to keep the compass, but is the repeating, in their regular order, the names of the thirty-two "points." In ordinary sea language, both in the forecabin among the men and on the quarter deck, bridge and pilot house by the officers, the names are considerably clipped, and the names north and south each has two or more different pronunciations, in different points. Thus: northeast becomes no'theast, and northwest becomes nor'west, and we have also sou' s'utheast and sou' s'west.

Boxing the compass, either by a deep sea sailor, a harbor fisherman or an amateur yachtsman, is as follows:

No'th, no'th b' east, no' no'theast, no'theast b' no'th, no'theast.

No'theast b' east, east no'theast, east b' noth, east.

East b' south (or sou'), east s'utheast, s'utheast b' east, s'utheast.

S'utheast b' south, sou' s'utheast, south b' east, south.

South b' west, sou' s' west, sou'west b' sou', sou'west.

Sou'west b' west, west sou'west, west b' sou', west.

West b' no'th, west nor'west, nor'west b' west, nor'west.

Nor'west b' no'th, nor' nor'west, no'th b' west, no'th.

The system of naming, while puzzling to one not familiar with it, is in reality both simple and ingenious. Any eighth segment of the circle is a key to the whole.

While George Washington was easily the "first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen," the Chinese people, in the matter of mariners' compass, as in several other matters, claim to be the original inventors, placing the date of the discovery of the properties of the magnetic needle, and its use for determining direction on land and sea, at 2634 B. C., or more than two thousand years before Confucius. Whatever credence may be placed in this claim, it is universally acknowledged that the Chinese were the

first to make use of the magnetic compass for guiding the course of ships at sea, but the earliest authenticated record of such use was about the year 300 A. D., and it was nearly a thousand years later that the use of the compass became general among the maritime nations of Europe.

In its earliest form the compass was merely a bar of magnetized iron so balanced as to turn easily on its center. To this was later added the card marked with the cardinal points, north, east, south and west, the other graduations, as at present known, coming in as nautical science advanced. The thirty-two points which have names are now subdivided into quarters, thus giving one hundred and twenty-eight different courses to the compass. In the earlier compasses and some of the cheaper and smaller ones of the present day the needle with the card attached was balanced on its center on a fine point, allowing it not only to turn freely around the circle but to tip in any direction, within certain limits, as the vessel rolled or pitched. In the better and more expensive instruments the card is enclosed in an air-tight metal bowl filled with alcohol, which neutralizes any sudden shock or jar, and prevents vibration of the card from the machinery of the ship or other causes.

To keep the compass always in a horizontal position it is hung by an arrangement known as "gimbals." The bowl is balanced by two opposite sides inside a metal ring, which in turn is similarly hung inside another and larger ring, by points at right angles to the others. This is also hung to the inside of the box, making a threefold universal joint, which permits the outside box to assume any position and the compass card still maintain the horizontal.

In all seagoing vessels the compass is carried in a receptacle called the binnacle, a double box of wood or metal, one side holding the compass and the other a lamp. The light is so shaded that its rays fall only on the face of the compass, as an open air light would dazzle the eyes of the steersman. The binnacle is placed just forward of the steering wheel and has a window through which the compass can be readily

seen by the wheelsman. In some vessels the binnacle is built into the wall of the after house, and there is a window inside through which the officers in the cabin may see the same compass by which the vessel is being steered.

Inside the compass box, at a point exactly in line with the bow of the vessel, is a short black mark called the "lubber line," the word lubber being a sailor's term for a landsman or for any person not familiar with sea life. But very few, however, of the best steersmen, would care to acknowledge how much they make use of that same despised lubber line.



YOU ARE A GOD.

JUDGE LINDSEY of Denver: "Every man found guilty in my court of cruelty to animals must go to jail. I will have no other sentence in my court for that crime."

O just judge!

A jail sentence is not too severe for the man who maltreats the brutes that serve him. Let that sort of man meditate in his cell the responsibilities of a living soul that has been given dominion over the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

"He is my property!" says the owner.

Yes, in a sense, but your defense is the defense urged by all the cruel taskmasters of all time.

What a noble friend is the horse!

He was man's helper from the earliest times. He has plowed man's fields, carried his burdens and borne

him in battle. Civilization would have dawned more slowly but for him. Often abused, often neglected, he is always the willing, ready slave.

What right have you, simply because you have a bit of paper called a bill of sale, to mistreat your horse? YOUR RACE owes HIS RACE more than YOU can ever PAY.

And the dog.

He was the staunch friend of the stone-age man. Always, everywhere, he has been trustworthy helper, constant companion, devoted guardian. His name is a synonym for loyalty.

And the cow.

Why, that gentle creature has been the foster mother of the race of men for thousands of years.

To all these MAN IS GOD.

Will you, their deity, to whom they look up with dumb and humble reverence—will you give them for their worshipful fidelity to you and yours injustice and harshness and cruelty?

For shame!

As your God rules you, willing subject, with gentleness and compassion, so ought you to rule in kindness.

To your dumb servitors you are God.

And as you hope by your service and worship of your Master to merit his loving and tender care, so ought you to reward the dumb suppliants who serve and worship you.

"The merciful man is merciful to his breast."

If you are unmerciful, how can you hope to obtain mercy?—*Daily Chronicle, Centralia, Wash.*



INDEPENDENCE

WALTON F. STOVER



Behold from England's darkened shore,
Beyond Atlantic's awful roar,
A ray of hope from out the West—
A star to guide the world's oppressed.

The Pilgrims and the Puritans
Must needs remove to foreign lands,
And though they know not what's to be,
Their mission is sweet Liberty.

They sail, and lo! they reach a clime
Where, though 'tis winter, bright sunshine
Pours down and melts untrodden snow,
And warms the hearts of those below.

Five generations come and go,—
The New World that was all aglow

With Freedom and with happiness
Now finds its mission profitless.

For colonists can have no seat
In Parliament, nor can they treat
With equals, yet they tribute pay
To keep the soldiery away.

This is, my friends, the reason why
Our colors float against the sky,
And so the flag our fathers bore
Through shine of sun and shades of war.

The spirit born at Bunker Hill,
Unchanged today, is with us still,
For Saratoga buried deep
The Western Empire so complete.

Linton, Ind.

INDEPENDENCE DAY.

D. Z. ANGLE.

RICHARD HENRY LEE of Virginia introduced into the Continental Congress at Philadelphia the resolution "That these United Colonies are and ought to be free and independent States." John Adams seconded the resolution and it was passed July 2, 1776. The Declaration of Independence, having been favorably reported by the committee appointed to draft it, it was adopted July 4, 1776. This committee was composed of John Adams, Benj. Franklin, Roger Sherman, Robert R. Livingstone, and Thomas Jefferson. It is said that Mr. Jefferson wrote the Declaration, it being also chiefly his own composition and was adopted with only slight changes. With the passage of that daring and momentous Declaration severing all allegiance to the British Crown, was born practically that day a new nation, a great republic in the western hemisphere, founded upon a system of equal rights and justice to each and every one of its citizens.

The doctrine, "That all men are created free and equal and that they are endowed with certain inalienable rights among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness which in order best to secure, governments are instituted among men, which derive their origin and just powers from consent of the governed," was now enunciated. Verily this was a broad and solid foundation upon which to build the new republic. It was satisfactory to a large majority of the liberty loving, bold pioneers of the English colonies. It was also attractive to the common people, the distressed and oppressed of the nations of the Old World.

Upon the successful termination of the American revolt against King George III, aided in no small degree by French jealousy of English power, which was manifested by substantial assistance to America in men and money, the affairs of the newborn republic gradually shaped themselves from a state of chaos and confusion into a firm and stable government, which was able to maintain order and establish the much desired tranquillity and peace. With the advent of peace came renewed immigration from Europe, and the best and bravest of the Old World came over to find a home and help develop our new nation, which has continued with a rise in population, wealth, power and influence to a degree unequaled and probably in a like period of time unknown within the world's history.

Therefore on July 4 our people see fit to celebrate the passage of the Declaration as the birth of the Great Republic. And though we glory not in war or the slaughter of our fellow-men, still those dauntless souls of old saw fit to risk their lives or take life in Freedom's name. Accordingly we can do no better than thank our heavenly Father who doeth all things well, for the measure of freedom which we enjoy and that

we live in a land of civil and religious liberty. But in order to properly observe the holiday which is commemorative of Freedom's birth it seems unnecessary to expend thousands of dollars in fireworks, etc., which are used to the bodily harm of thousands, and to the untimely and unnecessary death of many of our citizens. Instead is it idle to suggest giving money, thus wasted, in furthering education, and to the poor or helpless ones who scarcely realize the fact that they too have a home in "The land of the free and the home of the brave"?

Mt. Vernon, Ill.



ESTIMATE YOURSELF.

IF we wish to be sure of the quality of our goodness, let us test it on the secular side of life, rather than by its professional and ecclesiastical implications. When we recall the reverential manner in which we handle the holy Book, let us be sure of the integrity of our business books; when we complacently reflect upon the orthodoxy of our creed, let us examine ourselves as to how far we keep faith with men; when we remember our devout behavior in God's house, let us give a thought about our conduct in our town; and when we flatteringly estimate ourselves in our Sunday clothes, let us inquire as to how our neighbors reckon us up in our shirt sleeves.—*W. L. Watkinson.*



IN WHEATEN MEADOWS.

There are winds that riot o'er meadows still,
Over slopes of harvest gold,
From the fir-set rim of an orient hill,
With a vibrant melody athrill,
And a music all untold.

There are shadows and ripples, uncharted and fleet,
Where the fretted tassels sway;
The call of the bluebird is lyric-sweet,
And the crimson poppies among the wheat
Look up to the mellow day.

Widely the ministrant meadows lie,
Lavish of rapture and rest;
White are the clouds in the slumberous sky,
And elfin the voices that wander by
The grass-hid field-lark's nest.

Perhaps o'er the shadowy hills afar,
Unresting souls may throng,
And there may tumult and strife and jar
And ignoble discord and struggle mar
Earth's full-voiced, matchless song.

But here, where the silken poppies burn,
And the air is pure and sweet,
We may hark to the rhythm for which we yearn,
And many an ancient lesson learn
In the meadows among the wheat.

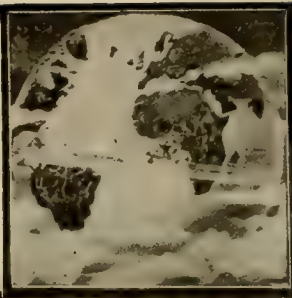
—L. M. Montgomery.



To love one's country means to obey its laws. Only the truly obedient are the truly loyal.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXIV.

AFTER the officer, came a private detective, just at the moment when the horses of the carriage bearing the Sultan, could be seen by me as I stood some five or six feet back in the crowd from the road. He tried to stand directly in front of me, obstructing my view, and asked me a question. I understood him to say, "Are you a prediger,—preacher?" for I thought he was using a German word,—that for preacher.

Not knowing what he said I was unwilling to answer, and as I did not care very much what happened after I saw the Sultan, I avoided him, craned my neck, from my tip-toes, and looked full in the face of Abdul Hamid II.

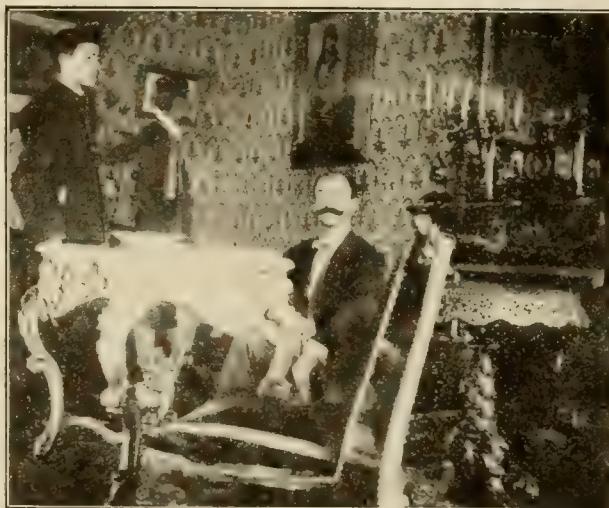
He wore a large size of the regulation fez, sat stooped over with his shoulders drooping, the left one lower than the right, with dark, knowing eyes that took in at a glance everything within, and a good deal without, his angle of vision. Any one experienced with the public appearance of great rulers would have recognized in the first appearance of this man and the first impression produced, a force in rulership that had to be reckoned with to the square inch and full yard of obedience.

The detective threw himself before me, jabbering something at my attention that was all absorbed in the Sultan. "Don't!" I tried to say to his rude behavior; "I'm busy looking at your ruler. Wait until he has passed."

The carriage was being driven at a moderate pace by a single servant, I think, although as my attention was all riveted upon the one central figure in the scene before me, I saw only the wonderful *Sultan*. "All alone" was the sum total of what I saw, "all alone," was his facial expression, "all alone" was his bear-

ing, "all alone" were his thoughts. The one-man-ruler was passing before me. His glance into the crowd was furtive. His head was inclined over his chest. His full-bearded chin rested upon his clothing. His nose was large, with the Turkish curve or beak at the end. The eyes thus turned up to catch sight of the people sent out a sinister feeling of strength without principle, of a man whose position had allowed, but whose conscience had passed upon as wrong, deeds darker than the shades of night could hide. Absolute unconcern, studied neglect of others, pre-derived opin-

ions, unhesitating violence, rode by. He was the world's one tyrannical ruler, and enjoyed a popular reputation greater than any other on the earth. Wicked, he was dignified. Subtle, he was manly in certain elements of greatness. On no one would he fawn, not for his life. Demanding absolute obedience, he was ready to obey nothing, and no one, save that which would bring him personal ease, or selfish enjoyment. To act with him in the affairs of state he had gathered



In the Safe Parlors of the Bristol Hotel.

about him men known to be unscrupulous, dismissing those whose policy was for play fair. The open sesame to court favor in Turkey has been utter willingness and ability to play false. The Sultan maintained an army of spies whose duty it was to follow in the shadow of every public official, note what he said, and relate what he did, to the Sultan. It is said that members of the same family have been compelled to spy upon one another. This espionage hung over the press, for the censorship of papers published in Turkey has been so great as to make it almost impossible to issue a paper worth reading. Facts that ought to be known to the public were suppressed. Attacks upon rulers of other countries were ruled out of the news

department. The report of any success of revolutionists was under the ban. Only such news as would strengthen the seraglio and weaken the power of the people passed the censor.

It is reported that once while his barber was shaving him, the Sultan shot him dead because his razor opened a small pimple causing the blood to flow upon his neck. At another time while walking in his gardens, the gardener, at work among the shrubbery, suddenly emerged from the shrubbery, which frightened the Sultan into the thought that he was about to be assassinated. Drawing his revolver he fired upon the innocent gardener, killing him. In his seraglio harem were many pretty girls. No one of them is assured of their lives from one hour to another. Finding one of them, a very beautiful young girl, once looking about among the curious novelties of his rooms, as he awoke from a day doze, he asked what she was looking at. She replied that she was examining a little revolver. He then asked her what it was used for. "To kill somebody, your majesty," she replied. He raised his own revolver to his eyes, took aim at her heart and fired. Covered with a rug, her body was carried from the palace by the attendant and secretly sunk in the depths of the Bosphorus.

By his brutality toward his mother she became insane. Fearing his brother might usurp him, he made him a common prisoner in an underground dungeon. His uncle is believed to have been murdered by him while in the palace bathroom.

After such treacherous cruelty in the palace the Sultan found no pleasure in the magnificent halls that the people's money had built for him. The walls echoed the death cries of his victims and his guilty mind believed the palace was haunted by ghosts. Another expensive palace, the Yildiz Kiosk, was wrung from his poor countrymen, where he later sought in vain to escape the hell of torment that breaks his fitful sleep.

This was Abdul Hamid who was now entering between the two lines of his bodyguard composed of sixteen thousand Arabs, Kurds, and Albanians. This was the despot whose soldiers were paid fifty cents a month when he felt like paying them, and told to burn and pillage when the fifty cents was not coming. This was the ghoul with irascible passion, studied cunning, malevolent suspicion, fickle judgment, whose sceptre of pitiless cruelty was already trembling in the uncertain grasp of enfeebled iniquity.

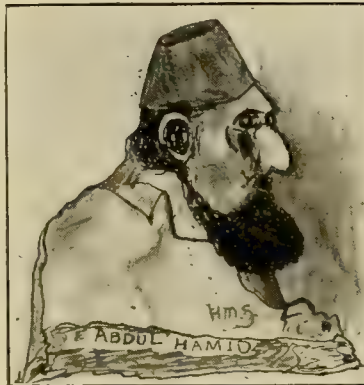
Already the New Constitution drawn up by the Young Turks, with the several cardinal principles of

liberty assured, was being inscribed on the banner of the growing Revolution:

1. Sultan to serve the people.
2. Liberty of subject inviolable.
3. Free press, religion and education.

When the leader of the revolution telegraphed to the Sultan some time after—"Grant the Constitution immediately or I will march on the city with 300,000 men," the Constitution was granted. Some days later several Turkish men-of-war were lying in the harbor with their guns aimed towards the palace. Calling his prime minister he inquired the reason of it, and was told that the new order of government had sent them there. The Sultan became insanely mad, and tearing down a chandelier, threw it in the face of the frightened prime minister.

The revolution of social forces that has been at work in Turkey for years is now bearing fruits, for the young men of the nation, abreast of their own government, have forced upon the Sultan the new constitution. It would be erroneous, however, to suppose that Abdul Hamid II wishes anything but glory to his reign and prosperity to his subjects. It would be unkind to his good points of honor, if his enemies will permit him to have any, to believe that there is not some yeast of kindness, howsoever small, in his heart, that under the right influences at the opportune time, may yet permeate the whole



batch of autocratic dough, raising his government from under the ban of universal contempt, freeing it from the studied oppression by corruption, and bringing to the irresistible power of the Mohammedan church a Christly spirit of tenderness that, supplementing the stern rigor of faith, and honest but fanatical enthusiasm of the devotee to Mohammed, may yet produce a new power in the world that shall tell mightily for righteousness. Millions and millions of men today bow toward Mecca,—millions who would die rather than recant. The Sultan, Abdul Hamid II, under whose reign the city of Constantinople has flourished in palace, mosque and thriving business, sparkling upon her seven royal hills like a mountain of diamonds,—this Sultan, having kept to his country the most glorious situation in all the world, this capital city with her blooming suburbs, and having stayed the hand of greed reached out from the muzzle of thirteen-inch pounders, may yet turn enemies into friends and critics into eulogists, when the more contemptible rascals of capitalism in our own land who have sought only their own indulgence by robbing others under the name of industrial superiority, will occupy the focal point of hate of all good people and the works of the Sultan, known as the "Sick Man of

Europe," will glow in ineffable beauty when put in contrast to the human vultures that flit, with foul wing, in the sunshine of today's moral awakening. Where the Sultan's tyranny kills one, the thieving trusts kill hundreds.

Abdul Hamid II has less sin to answer for than the American grafter.

When the carriage rolled through the immense crowd, I turned to the fellow who was seeking my identification. No, I could not show him my passport or any other official paper. That was in the office of the consulate, and the *teskere* had not yet been issued. Numerous guides in the city were present with their tourist parties. One of these had met me at the hotel, and had gone with me over a section of Stamboul. He came at once forward, assured the officer that I was a tourist stopping at the Bristol and asked that I be allowed to enjoy my freedom.

The crowd immediately broke up, equestrians and carriage drivers started at once for the European part of the city, or, if natives, left for their own section. Keeping close to one of the carriages I followed it back to Pera, to tell in the parlors of the Bristol the story of my afternoon's adventure.

Returning to the consulate I was informed that the fine had been remitted, and that for my new passport for Turkey the consul himself would pay half of the expense. With these two papers in my pocket I was prepared for several stirring incidents encountered after I left the Balkans. Both were necessary in

Turkey. The one insuring me the greatest safety and protection was the paper issued at Washington and not the one issued at the Sublime Porte.

Few tourists up the Dardanelles had seen more than I of graphic glimpses of Turkish customs and manners relating to personal freedom and political policy. I was about ready to arrange passage over the Black Sea in a Russian vessel for Sebastopol when the blowing up and sinking of a Turkish vessel near Constantinople with the loss of all on board and the dynamiting of a train back of the city, with the dying and dead carried through the streets from the wreck, urged me to return to Smyrna by the next boat out. The honor of a probable position as stenographer to the embassy was declined by reason of the riotous threatening of the population of the city. While I had been in the city an Armenian had fled from the Turks to the U. S. consulate where he was being lodged and fed lest his going out from there should forfeit his life to his unrelenting enemies. But the Armenians themselves are sometimes the cause of trouble in Turkey.

On leaving the port, in passing through the custom house my *teskere* was called for, stamped, and notation made upon it of the destination of my voyage, the nature of my business, and the length of time I would probably spend in the country.

Porpoises played about our boat on the way, jumping about in gleeful freedom without the need of passport or fare, and enjoying their sea life without fear or favor.

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SCIENTIFIC EXPLANATION OF WIRELESS TELEGRAPHY

J. S. FLORY

IGNORANCE as a rule precedes superstition and superstition precedes and often hinders the finite mind from properly investigating the real truth of natural science. True science is often very simple if we are willing to look into it. Common sense and true science are really the same thing and apply alike to the natural as well as the spiritual plane, to things seen as well as to the things unseen—the one material and transitory—the other spiritual and eternal. I remember very distinctly when first the use of electricity was being utilized in a general way in sending messages by telegraph over material wires stretched on poles, how many otherwise good, sensible men allowed the wonderful mystery to puzzle their brains. One minister of the Gospel riding along with another of the same profession, coming to a point where some men

were putting up telegraph wires, said to the other, "See the mark of the beast; I tell you we are nearing the end of the world!" When wireless telegraphy was first spoken of many seemingly wise men looked askance at the informer as if he thought he was a fit subject for the asylum and a dangerous person to be at large. "Such nonsense!" said some. All simply because the law back of it was a great mystery to the lay student.

To the student versed in the rudimentary principles of true natural science it is very simple. It is well known that there is an entity of the universe called ether, of a finer composition than air and that it is of a nature that it fills all space, so to speak. It is the home of electrical fluids to such an extent that it becomes luminiferous, as shown when disturbed. The lightning

flash is an evidence and it also has potent power of a marvelous nature. It also differs greatly from the air about us, insomuch that it permeates solids of every conceivable nature. This is shown in the power of the X-rays to pass through highly concentrated solids of various kinds. It is claimed, and no doubt rightly so, that ether is the seat of all electrical phenomena as well as light and heat. These in their distinctive natures are the results of waves or vibrations on the ether, the apparent differences being governed by the length of vibrations or density of the waves and rapidity of their occurrence.

In the ordinary telegraphic methods what is termed the current of electricity is really an embodiment of ether surrounding the wire charged with electric energy and the wire keeps it from flying off or away from the wire, hence the vibrations occurring at one end of the wire and identical at the other, no matter what the length of the wire. But in wireless telegraphy the vibrations of electricity are projected into the ether that fills all space with such force that the vibrations are caught by all instruments that are turned alike, no matter where situated.—anywhere in the zone of ether disturbed by the powerful waves of vibrations that are set going by the instrument of projection. Not being held closely together in their path by any material medium, as in wire telegraphy, much is lost, yet there is enough of the energy in a condensed form to cause vibrations to reach the receivers. This is apparent as results prove. This is why it takes a larger force of electric force in wireless work than where a wire is used. Results are the same so far as intelligent communications go.

How very simple when we understand. It is said in Holy Writ the "wise shall understand," and no wisdom so clears the puzzled or muddled brain as the simplicity of God's truth—whether it be of things earthly or things spiritual. God's truth is clear as the noonday sun. It is the natural man that is troubled with a bundle of contradictions, eccentricities, and superstitions.

Pasadena, Cal.



OUR GLORIOUS COUNTRY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

Do we ever stop to consider what a grand country we live in, and how it is fast coming to take the lead in almost all enterprises? It is surprising when we look the matter up and realize the vast progress that has been made in a little more than four centuries since white men set foot on the continent and changed it from a wild wilderness to the mighty nation that it is today, and only 133 years since it gained its liberty.

Take Chicago for instance. It is the greatest railroad center and lake port in the world. It is also the greatest meat, lumber and grain market.

New York employs 50,000 tailors. All the gold mined yearly in the United States would not pay for the cigars and cigarets made in New York City in that length of time. Within a circle of sixty miles in diameter with its center in New York City there are more telephones than in all Great Britain. The railroads of the United States are long enough to reach seven times around the world, which is one-third of all the railroads in the world, and all the freight trains would make a solid train from New York to Manila. The United States produces more coal than any other country. New York is the second coal market, London being first. Connellsville manufactures the most coke. Cleveland leads in the manufacture of oil, Philadelphia in leather, Boston in shoes; also is the largest manufacturing center. Minneapolis leads in making flour. Louisville, Ky., surpasses all other cities as a market for tobacco. Leadville is the greatest mining district in the world. Baltimore is the center of the largest source of oysters in the world. New Orleans is the largest cotton shipping port. Cedar Rapids, Iowa, has the largest cereal mills in the world. The irrigation dam in the Shoshone River is the largest of its kind. The largest telescope yet made is at the Lick Observatory, Mt. Hamilton, Cal.

The recently burned shingle mill on Puget Sound was the biggest in the world. Brooklyn bridge is the largest suspension bridge in the world. California has the largest trees, Eastern and Southern United States have the greatest yellow pine forests and Savannah leads the world in the export of rosin and turpentine. The largest copper mines are in Montana. The water way along the Great Lakes is more important than any other lake or river route. The coasting trade of the United States leads the world. The lava beds in the West are the greatest in the world. The Missouri-Mississippi is the longest river on earth. The western prairies are the richest grain region.

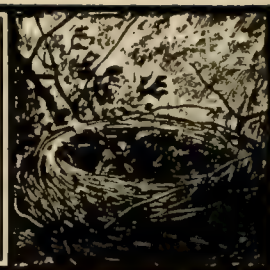
Our country also leads in the production of wheat, oats, cotton, coal, pig iron, gold, copper, lead, aluminum, zinc, petroleum, meat. It supplies most of the silver used in the world. It produces the most bread, leather, footwear, lumber, woodenware, machinery and woolen carpets. It has the largest iron and steel works, most extensive oyster fisheries and largest gold mines. It has most railroads; the value of all the gold and silver money in the world would not be sufficient to rebuild them.

In regard to area we are not so much behind, when we consider that France is smaller than Texas, Wyoming almost one-half as large as Spain and nearly twice as large as England; Texas is three times as large as Great Britain. These are only a few of the leading points of Uncle Sam's greatness. One could go on enumerating them almost indefinitely.

Towanda, Pa.



NATURE STUDIES



CHIMES OF NATURE.

The little brooklets skip along
O'er pebbles gray adown the dell,
Serenely lull their rippling song,
And help the world with music swell.

The lisping winds from ev'ry deep,
Awake the echoes in their call,
While o'er the hills and plains they sweep,
And mingle with the waterfall.

The thunders play their magic drum,
O'er plain and hill and rolling sea,
They make a grand and thrilling fun,
And fill the sky with jubilee.

The feathered friends in forest trees,
Delight to chant their merry lays—
Bestowing free as air we breathe,
Their lays of joy through all their days.

Why not our voices freely tell
The nature chimes so full of cheer,
That ring as clear as silver bell,
Around the world throughout the year?
—C. Edward Bender.



TWILIGHT AND DAWN IN JUNE.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

WHEN twilight comes we lose sight of the busy bees and ants. The butterflies hang motionless like gorgeous leaves to the plants. The birds' little heads are all tucked under their wings, taking their rest.

But what are the flowers doing, and the kitchen garden, what is going on there? Can it be that they, too, go to sleep? We can hardly imagine sleeping bean-vines and dozing onions. But such things may be seen if we take the pains to visit different plants and flowers.

Portulaca goes to sleep first. Its saucer-shaped flowers close at or before sunset, taking the form of opening buds. They seem to worship the sun and have no real life except in his presence. If the morning be cloudy the portulaca will not have the heart to open a single flower. After the flowers are settled for the night the leaves grow sleepy, and gradually take their nocturnal position. They raise themselves upright, nestling close to the stalks of the plant and close to each other.

When dusk begins to gather, it is bedtime for the clover leaves. The two side leaflets of each cluster approach each other face to face, till they take the position of the covers of a closed book. Then the

central leaflet bends forward till it touches the edges of the other pair. The attitude of the little sleepy heads expresses devotion rather than repose, for they look as if they were offering prayers with their heads bowed low over their folded palms.

It is a pretty sight to see a field full of dandelions wake up under a bright spring sun, despite the dislike the ordinary farmer has for it. They twinkle out, one after another, as stars do at night.

The wisteria vine stays awake late at night. Some one has suggested that living in town so much they have taken on city ways. The leaflets droop in sleep and one expects to find them quite limp and is surprised at their crisp firmness upon touching them. This curious crispness seems to be a characteristic of all sleeping foliage.

The grape leaves go to sleep about the same time the wisteria does. When in sleep the leaves are turned up at the edges and depressed in the middle so as to form shallow saucers.

The common locust settles down early. The end leaflet of the long cluster hangs like a plummet, and the side leaflets turn their points toward the ground, and dangle in two rows back to back. The leaves of the little oxalis also sleep with their backs to one another and their tips pointed toward the earth.

But some of our flowers wake and keep watch while others are fast asleep. The honeysuckle grows more alive and alert as the darkness increases. Fresh flowers open soon after sunset. They are slender vases filled with perfume, which is shed forth on the night air. This perfume is a silent invitation to the hummingbird and hawk moth, and while twilight yet lingers we may see him among the flowers, beginning his night of revelry which will keep up until the faint rays of dawn begin to appear in the east.

The white day lilies, like the honeysuckles, open at evening, and live for a night and a day. Indeed, most deep-throated flowers open at night. The insects that visit and fertilize them are large and conspicuous, and if they flew by day they would soon fall a prey to the birds and other enemies.

Yucca filamentosa is another night flower. The flowers through the day hang limp, half closed and scentless. As evening comes on the petals begin to draw backward, the blossoms open widely and become great six-pointed stars. But the friend this southern

flower waits in vain for is probably a thousand miles away in Mexico. As the night wanes the stars lose their star-like form, and daylight finds them drooping bells once more, dangling in limp dejection.

One of our nocturnal flowers is the evening primrose. The plant is a sturdy, upright affair from two to eight feet high, having the aspect of a weed. Towards evening the buds begin to swell. A few minutes after sunset they grow so fast that the increase is visible to any one who may be watching. Little starts and thrills go through the expanding blossom like the slight stirrings and long breaths of an awakening child. Then the four yellow petals draw back, showing the heart of the flowers. As twilight falls, the primrose begins to breathe forth a fragrance which grows stronger and sweeter as darkness closes in. By this and by the glimmering of the yellow petals, the night-moth is lured to fertilize the flower.

After all, it is a mere figure of rhetoric to speak of the "sleep of the earth." Mother Nature has no sooner hushed one set of children to rest than she begins to attend to the needs and to superintend the labors and frolics of many more.

Night is as full of life, as beautiful and intense as the day, and as unknown to many of us as another planet.

Spiceland, Ind.



AMONG THE FEATHERED WOOD FOLK.

Bird Songs.

I thought the sparrow's note from heaven,
Singing at dawn on the alder bough;
I brought him home, in his nest, at even;
He sings the song, but it pleases not now,
For I did not bring home the river and sky;
He sang to my ear—they sang to my eye.

—Emerson.

AND now the days have come once more when the birds carol to our ears, and the river and sky, the meadows, hills, and dales, all "sing to our eyes," if we are but ready to look and to listen—"For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone; the flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come."

"I did not bring home the river and the sky," says Emerson, and lacking these, the bird's song pleased him not. With perfect freedom comes perfect joy to the hearts of the feathered wood folk, and all unconsciously they reflect in every trill and warble and musical call one to another, the never-ending beauties of field and forest. And, as we listen to their notes of gladness, we, too, drift into the mood of the little singers, and look with a more wondering admiration upon the beauties that surround us. We discern the face of the sky and the earth, we lift up our eyes unto the everlasting hills, we note the river and the streams thereof that make us glad.

Not always, however, is it possible for a joyous

singer to transfer the happiness of his own heart to the heart of another. The verses of the poets are as often touched with melancholy as with gladness by the ringing notes of a woodland songster—

"My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,"

are the opening words of John Keats' "Ode to a Nightingale," and later in the poem he gives us this exquisite tribute to a peerless singer:

"Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the selfsame song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that ofttimes hath
Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn."

And listen to Robert Burns, speaking to the warbling woodlark—could anything be sweeter, more charming, more full of a perfect understanding than these characteristic words of his?

"Say, was thy little mate unkind,
And heard thee as the careless wind?
O, nocht but love and sorrow join'd
Sic notes o' woe could wauken!
Thou tells o' never-ending care,
O' speechless grief and dark despair—
For pity's sake, sweet bird, nae mair,
Or my poor heart is broken!"

But would you have poems ringing with the pure joy and gladness of the very birds themselves, these, too, you can find among the songs of men, and none is more lovely than Shelley's "Skylark":

"Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

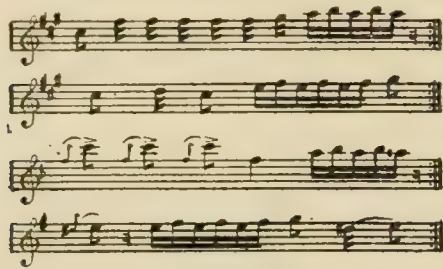
"What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody."

Before turning our attention from the songs of the poets to those of the birds, one verse from Robert Herrick's "Going A-Maying" might well be cited as a motto for enthusiastic nature students, since early dawn is the time of all others to hear the sweetest songs of many of our bird musicians:

"Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangled herb and tree!
Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east
Above an hour since, yet you not drest;
Nay, not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin—
Nay! profanation, to keep in!"

So we shall imagine "Sweet Slug-a-bed" is up and dressed and out exploring, first hearing, perhaps, the "sparrow's note from heaven" as a reward for early rising. The song sparrows are our near neighbors. They visit impartially our gardens, orchards, parks, and hedges, coming into full view quite fearlessly, ready at any time, it seems, to sing their sweetest and best. Even at midnight their voices may sometimes be heard in cheery song, if they happen to be in the right mood.

But the most charming music of the song sparrow is heard usually while the bird is on the wing, when for



With what enchanted music thou dost fill
The fragrant dusk! A song that is a sigh!
Afar the echoes quiver, faint, and die:
Silent the air; then, once more, Whip-poor-will!"

This nocturnal bird is hard to find in the daytime, as usually he harmonizes so perfectly with his sur-



Bluebird's Notes

roundings, the soft brown and yellow tones of his pretty feathers making him appear like a bit of dried lichen, or a cluster of dead leaves against the rocky ledge or tree branch on which he stretches himself out to rest. If disturbed he flits away quietly and with as little disturbance as a huge butterfly might make in flying from one flower to another. Quietly resting and sleeping during the daylight hours, he makes his voice heard shortly after sunset, and—

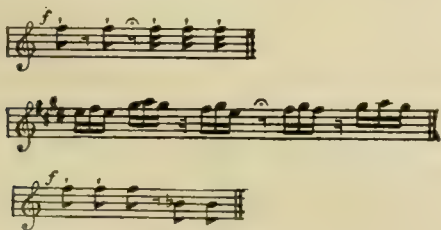
"Mourns unseen, and ceaseless sings
Ever a note of wail and woe."

And yet the call of the whip-poor-will, though mournful, is rather pleasing to hear. There is a certain rhythm in his notes when heard from afar. If very near to the bird a peculiar "cluck" may be heard between the notes that form his name, and his wings will be seen to be kept in a constant tremble during his entire evening song.

Bobolink is another bird that calls forth his own sweet name to the delight of his friends—

"Robert of Lincoln is telling his name
Bobolink, Bobolink,
Spink, spank, spink,"

are Bryant's familiar lines. Sometimes the little rascal



Robin's Notes

will hide from you in the meadow grasses, but he is too fond of the lime lights of popularity to remain a recluse for very long—

"Down among the tickle-tops,
Hiding 'mid the buttercups,
Bobbing in the clover there,
See, see, see!"

With a sweet little musical gurgle he tunes up for

a display of his vocal powers. "Pl-leu, pl-le-ah" he begins, as much as to say, "Ready, now, ready." Soft and mellow these first notes are, a sweet smothered trill, as if the little songster had tucked his head under his wing for the opening bars of his carol. But soon his song of joy begins in real earnest, until for pure ecstasy he can no longer remain on the swaying branch upon which perchance he has sung his first notes, but shoots up into the air, not very far above the meadows, however, hovering rather near the earth, swayed this way and that by the wind, singing with such reckless abandon of joy and merriment and rollicking good humor that one laughs in pure sympathy to hear him—

"Now they rise and now they fly;
They cross and turn, and in and out,
And down the middle and wheel about,
With a 'Phew, shew, Wadolincon,
Listen to me, Bobolincon!"

The blue bird carols, "Tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly, tru-al-ly" early in the year, and how glad we are to hear his



First Line, Pewee's Notes
Second Line, Oriole's Notes
Third and Fourth Lines—Meadowlark's Notes

sweet notes of welcome to opening buds and warm sunshine and springing grasses!

"Hear me, hear me," he insists while the weather is still cheerless and cold, but as the sun grows warmer day by day he encourages the croaking weather prophets by his blithe singing, answering the robin's cheery—

"Lit, lit, lit, lit, lit, leu, leu!"

with his pretty call of—

"Chee-oo-wy, chee-oo-wy, Chee-way, chee-chute!"

"Wait, wait, wait," chides the nuthatch, as if in answer to both, and then, responding to roll-call, we hear the pewee's clear notes, while the oriole fills up all pauses in bird conversations by sending out loving invitations to his pretty mate—

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, come out and play with me."

It would be impossible in a short article, of course, to touch upon all bird-songs and bird-calls. Each person has his favorite songster, for birds have a way, as

(Continued on Page 643.)

THE INGLENOK

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HE serves his country best who serves his fellow-men, ministering to the poor and unknown as well as to the rich and worldly great.

TRUE patriotism is as much in evidence when the country is bowed beneath some loss or defeat as when with flying colors and joyous shout it celebrates some victory.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
"This is my own, my native land!"
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand?
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell,
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust from which he sprung,
Unwept, unhonored and unsung.

—Walter Scott.

PATRIOTISM—love of country and devotion to its welfare—to be of the genuine sort does not mean simply love of the flag, the constitution, the soil over which they hold sway and the institutions through which they seek to express themselves. More than anything else it must mean love of the people for whom these things were secured at terrible cost. For the people—their well-being and prosperity—are of more importance still than the agents through which their welfare comes, and any show of patriotism that does not recognize this fact is altogether a pretense. Is there any patriotism in the present accepted observance of the historic July the Fourth?

IMPRESSIONS. No. 1.

Our plans for attending our Annual Conference at Harrisonburg, Va., worked out successfully and the iron horses of one of the main roads crossing the level stretches of the East Central States and winding over the mountains of the middle East, brought us safely to the meeting grounds. Besides the usual attractions of such a meeting this one was of particular interest to the writer because of its location. Hitherto our journeys toward the East had been bounded by the hills of southeastern Ohio, among which the writer was born. The mountains of the East, therefore, were a revelation of beauty with their timber-clad slopes and little valleys nestling between, for they differ widely from the rugged Rockies and not a little from the mountains of the Pacific slope.

The imagination, directed by what we had heard and read, had given us some idea of what these eastern mountains were like, but we forgot the pictures of the mind in the beauty of the real thing. In only one case did our imagination get the colors mixed or overdraw the real, as it were. That was in painting the far-famed Shenandoah Valley. We had been led to believe that it was richer and more beautiful than anything we had ever seen and consequently we had associated it in our mind with the rich rolling prairies of Iowa and Illinois,—the best with which we were acquainted,—to its serious injury. True, we did not see *all* the valley, and it is true also that we *did* see some very beautiful land and some rich farms, as was evidenced by the farm improvements, but the poet's

"Fair as the garden of the Lord"

has more than one figure of speech in it in our opinion.

A farmer going from the East to the West or from the West to the East will have to readjust his idea of what constitutes good soil. In the middle West he can tell about all there is to be said of a piece of land by saying it is "good, black soil." In the East very probably the best he can say of a farm is that it is "good *red* soil." Judging by the cultivated fields and meadows and the fine gardens, the "good, red soil" makes good, all right, and contributes a large share toward the support of the population of that section.

But if the Valley of Virginia must take second or third place as an agricultural country, it need not yield the palm to any section when it comes to the production of fine people. By this we do not mean fine in the sense of world-brilliance and polish, but in the best sense—simple goodness and kindness of heart,—the qualities that outwear all others in practical, everyday life. We had heard that these were characteristics of the people of this country, but we know it now in the unforgettable way in which real personal experience fixes such things in one's heart.

And this goodness and this kindness of heart do not exhaust themselves on Sundays and in the people's

intercourse with strangers. They have, perhaps, their most beautiful expression in the attitude of neighbor toward neighbor, of parents toward children and children toward parents. We were especially impressed with the tender concern of a boy of perhaps sixteen for the welfare of his feeble mother. He worked at one of the lunch counters and was running over with life, as boys of that age usually are. He might have staid "with the boys" all the time and taken it for granted that "somebody would look after mother," as many boys do, but he did no such thing. He brought her fruits and many refreshing drinks from the stand and helped her to the dining hall at mealtime unless her meals were brought to her by some other member of the family. On the train we heard a man give this simple illustration of the difference between the man or boy of the Virginias and the man or boy of the West in their regard for the opposite sex: If a woman in the West drives to church unaccompanied she must tie her horse and look after it herself, no matter how inconvenient the hitching place, though the churchyard may be full of men and boys. On the other hand, the unaccompanied woman of the Virginias is relieved of any further care concerning her horse as soon as she drives up to the churchhouse. This is simply the illustration of a principle which un-

Declaration of Independence

When, in the course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate and equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: That all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness. That, to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that, whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or to abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundations on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness. Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be exchanged for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty, to throw off such government, and to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient suffering of these colonies, and such is now the necessity which constrains them to alter their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of repeated injuries and usurpations, all having in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these States. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

* * * * *

We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in general congress assembled, appealing to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do, in the name and by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish and declare that these united colonies are, and of right ought to be, free and independent States; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them and the state of Great Britain is, and ought to be, totally dissolved; and that as free and independent States they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce and to do all other acts and things which independent States may of right do. And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of Divine Providence, we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes and our sacred honor.

ostentatiously reveals itself in numberless ways, showing the high regard of the stronger for the weaker sex. We hasten to state that there are indeed exceptions in the West to what the speaker above laid down as a rule in that section, but we further state, without fear of contradiction, that the exception's name is "Rare"; the rule which it resembles still lives and flourishes back in Virginia where it heaps much honor and glory to itself.

What is the influence that makes these commendable traits characteristic of these people? We are not sure that we know, but there are other distinguishing traits present which, while they may not have given rise to these are very closely related to them and have, in some degree, the same power to ennoble and strengthen character. We refer to pride of ancestry and attachment to old homesteads. Of course the active, energetic, pushing West has no time for such sentiment, but it is the poorer because it has not,—poorer in the priceless qualities of mind and heart that have their root in such sentiment. No one can be familiar with the lives of his ancestors, especially if they were upright men and women, without feeling an additional responsibility for his own conduct as well as a greater respect for those who carried on the work of the world before him and

(Continued on Page 647.)



THE HOME WORLD



THE GREAT WHITE PLAGUE

O. G. BRUBAKER, M. D.

IF the last remark in my former paper is to become true, namely, that it begins to look like there may come a time when tuberculosis will be as rare a disease as smallpox and diphtheria, we must plan a most rigid and national campaign. Every one, both the tuberculous and the well man, must lend a hand. No individual can accomplish much, but if the nation with her various institutions, viz., the church, the school and the state, can be enlisted in the warfare, much, and very much can be accomplished. This means that time, money and energy must be used. We need more fresh air and sunshine in our houses, in our schools, in our churches and in our public halls.

If we accept as proven by science and research that the germs of tuberculosis are spread from host to host largely by means of dry sputum carelessly expectorated on our streets, in our cars and on our floors, we can readily understand why anti-spit ordinances are passed by our cities and why it is that public health boards insist on everybody becoming an anti-spitter. It occurs to me that it would be a good thing for our school-teachers to give a morning talk now and then on the dangers of pupils using each other's pencils, slates, handkerchiefs, and exchanging gum, whistles, etc. I also think that a few rules like the following ought to be hung in every schoolroom and public gathering place:

Do not spit except into a spittoon, or a piece of cloth used for that purpose alone.

Do not put your fingers into your mouth.

Do not wet your fingers in your mouth when turning the leaves of a book.

Do not put pencils into your mouth.

Do not hold money in your mouth.

Do not swap apples-cores, candy, chewing-gum, bean holders or anything that is put into the mouth.

Peel or wash your fruit before eating it.

Never cough or sneeze in a person's face.

While these rules are intended primarily for pupils in the public schools we can all profit materially by putting them into practice. And education along this line

as well as along any line should not stop in the school-room, but we should be enough interested to read articles and attend public lectures on sanitation and public health.

Dr. Woods Hutchinson, of New York, says that, "*Underfeeding and overwork are responsible for more deaths from tuberculosis than any other ten factors.* Rest and abundant feeding are the only known means for its cure." This is why so many more deaths occur among the poor than the well to do, and this too is one reason why the physician can not fight the battle alone. What can a doctor, though he be the best in the land, do if his patient can not have the three essentials for his recovery, namely, rest, fresh air and abundant food? A doctor under such deplorable conditions could have little more hope of success than if his patient were already dead.

Since it is in the early stages, the so-called incipient stages, that most of our cures are perfected, it will be worth while that we look into some of the symptoms and manifestations of this dread disease so that we may seek the aid of competent physicians before it is too late. Now I do not mean that it is early enough when you have lost several pounds in weight, have been nursing a vanishing appetite for several months and perhaps have been trying to make yourself believe that that nagging cough is only a cold or bronchial imitation, although it has been bothering you for a half year or more and gradually getting worse, but I mean that while it is true that anorexia (loss of appetite), general malaise, constipation and indigestion are found in a large number of diseases and conditions, the presence of such conditions should be sufficient reason for consultation with your physician. We should especially be on our guard when along with loss of appetite, gradual loss of weight, languor, more or less nervousness, constipation and indigestion we find that we are suffering with pain and weakness in our muscles and are bothered with a nagging cough and thick, tenacious expectoration. It is claimed by most authorities that some or all of these symptoms will be found

in a carefully-prepared history of every case of pulmonary tuberculosis and that most of these symptoms are present from two to three years before the disease can be diagnosed as undoubted consumption.

Do you not see how important it is that these conditions and symptoms be looked after? If they were rightly treated and cared for during this pretubercular stage a large number of patients would never reach the destructive stage. This may seem a little too ideal and no one knows better than the physician how very difficult it is to be sure of a diagnosis in these earlier stages of tuberculosis. But we are becoming more proficient; new instruments of precision as aids to diagnosis are being perfected constantly, so that to-day a physician with his microscope and well-trained eye and ear can be much surer of his ground than he could five or ten years ago. So, if you, the patients, will assist in watching your symptoms and giving your physician a clear, honest history and submit to a careful painstaking examination, you will be saved in ninety cases out of a hundred from the disease we all dread so much—the Great White Plague.

Now, in concluding these articles let me say a few things relative to the fallacies and benefits of a change in climate. I use the word fallacies advisedly, for if you could read the reports in the medical journals from practitioners in Arizona, Colorado, New Mexico, California, as well as elsewhere, or if you were to visit some of these too-highly lauded health resorts and see the hundreds of poor, destitute, homesick, disheartened, careworn, miserable creatures of the dust dying away from home in a strange land, you, my fellow-physician and kind parent, husband, wife, daughter or son, would think at least twice before you sent your patient, friend or relative to another climate. While I am a firm believer in the beneficial effects of certain climates and I know to a certainty that a great many have been helped and others saved by an early change of climate, yet I want to say that climate, though it be the most favorable in God's great world, alone without the aid of other more essential factors, never has, does not today, and *never will* save a tubercular patient. He who says that it will is either a notorious prevaricator or a poor ignoramus, neither of whose advice should be considered. As to the truthfulness of this statement I refer you to any competent physician who is practicing in any of these so much vaunted health-giving States, or any other honest individual who has investigated the subject carefully. It is a shame and a disgrace that we have men in the medical profession who still insist upon sending every tubercular patient out West. Again I repeat that a great many patients are greatly helped by a change in climate, but to send poor (financially) consumptive who is already succumbing to the dread malady to one of these western climates where eggs cost 50 cents to

\$2.00 per dozen, and milk 25 and 50 cents per quart and all other food in like proportion, and where rooms and tents or any place to lay one's head can scarcely be had without a large bill, and where hundreds of other woe-begone unfortunates are dying all round them and where relatives and friends do not exist save in the mind—is either most hideous malpractice or ignorance too gross to be endured in this enlightened age. But lest you think I am overdrawing this thing or am wrongly informed I take the privilege of quoting from Dr. W. Warren Watkins of Phoenix, Arizona. I could as well quote from a dozen other more or less eminent authorities, but 'Dr. Watkins' article is before me in a recent copy of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, Vol. LII, No. 15. Here are some things he says:

"There is no intention here to disparage the value of a suitable climate in the treatment of pulmonary diseases, but every intelligent physician knows that climate, however favorable, is valuable only as a subsidiary adjunct to one of the three essentials for the constitutional upbuilding required to check the process of a pulmonary tuberculosis,—these essentials being rest, proper food and fresh air. . . . Any physician who advises a patient to sacrifice the first two essentials for the sake of the third is guilty of something more than mere ignorance, for in this day of free knowledge ignorance on this point is sin. . . . If the patient has not the means to place himself under the direction of a physician, if he is not able to pay for the necessary care when he is required to rest in bed or otherwise, if he is not able to provide himself with the very substantial food which is always required, then he can hope for absolutely no more improvement in Arizona or any other resort than will come to him at his own home, wherever that may be, with the advantage of the solicitous care of family and friends. The physician who advises him otherwise is guilty either of ignorance or malpractice; and even with all these advantages possible moribund patients can hope for nothing more here than at home and should be so advised." The histories of case after case could be given illustrative of these deplorable conditions but space forbids me giving them here.

When we fully realize that climate is only to be considered an adjunct to the successful recovery of the tubercular patient it seems to me we shall be much farther along the right path than we are now. That patients in the earlier stages can be cured and are being cured at home in the most unfavorable climatic conditions is being proven every day. Then why should we place so much confidence in the great elusive hope of a change in climate? You will say, what shall we do with our relatives and friends who are moribund and are growing worse all the time? There is only one thing to do—if you do right—and that is, unless you

can make the patient as comfortable and happy in the new climate as he would be at home, for the sake of humanity and the poor unfortunate, sick, moribund patient keep him at home. You and your physician should meet the conditions honestly, courageously and firmly. You should ease the patient's pathway to the Great Beyond and not deliberately shirk your duty by sending him across the continent to die away from the solicitous care of friends and kind ministrations of a family.

Now I do not want to close this article with such a gloomy picture, for I am optimistic on this subject. And my purpose in writing on this subject at all is that all of us may be aroused to a fuller sense of our duty and that we may lend a hand, and in lending a hand not only prevent but aid in the curing of those who are so unfortunate as to have the disease. Let me say in conclusion that we see to it that we are in no way responsible for making any one hungry, let us see to it that we deprive no one of a breath of fresh air or a drink of pure water and let us be sure to have plenty of sunshine and good fresh air in our homes. Above all things, remember that the absence of rest, fresh air and proper food is the deathblow to many a consumptive and that the presence of these with the careful ministrations of family and physician is the means of saving hundreds of our fellow-men.

Mt. Morris, Ill.



A CHILD'S IDEAL.

"MOTHER, you can't think what I heard Miss Elliott say!" This in dismay, from my eight-year-old daughter. "She said, '*you bet.*'" A thoughtful little pause—"Well, anyway, I know *Miss Laura* wouldn't speak that way," she concludes triumphantly. Troubled faith is firm again.

Miss Laura is the child's ideal. She lives in that enchanted land of "when I'm a young lady," of which this little girl so often dreams. Miss Laura's dresses are lovely, and she plays beautifully. She goes to parties and has such pretty hands and teaches a class in Sunday school. Best of all, she likes little girls. She lets them walk home with her, and sometimes asks them in to tea and plays duets with them. Miss Laura has confided to Eight-Year-Old what *she* used to name *her* dolls, and that *she* used to think the multiplication table was hard, too.

Little Eight-Year-Old always sees out of the tail of her brown eye just when Miss Laura comes into church, and tells her mother, when she gets home, which hat she wore, and tries to make one just like it for her best paper doll. When she comes running in from school with shining eyes and says, "Mother dear, *guess* whom I saw on the street just now," it isn't hard to guess, "Miss Laura."

"Yes, isn't she just lovely! Do you 'spose I could ever be like her?" she adds, wistfully.

If you chance to see Eight-Year-Old holding up her diminutive skirts with a queenly air as she trots across the street, you may know she is thinking of Miss Laura. Perhaps she tries to tell us in grown-up phrase that she "misfortunately forgot her 'rithmetic," or she assumes some grand seriousness of manner or purpose that is ludicrous in one of her years. Miss Laura is responsible.

When bedtime comes, Eight-Year-Old thoughtfully surveys her sturdy little night-gowned figure in the glass, and asks, "Do you think I ever can be *really* like Miss Laura, mother?"

"Perhaps so, dear," I answer, absently, for I am tired; "time for little girls to go to bed."

"I'm sure I can't," she sighs, "'cause I'm not slim enough."

The little prayer is said, and the petition, "Bless Miss Laura," is never forgotten. Then, after Eight-Year-Old has been kissed and tucked into bed, she calls me back once more: "Mother, do you 'spose Miss Laura ever got naughty when she was a little girl?"

I think it is beautiful and sacred that Miss Laura, with her sweet ways, has called forth such love and loyalty from my romping little daughter. It is lovely—and prophetic.—*The Congregationalist*.

The Children's Corner

WILLIE HOWARD'S FOURTH.

T. H. FERNALD.

IN the town of Bedford there lived a boy whose age was about twelve years—Willie Howard. Willie was brought up in a Christian family, both his parents being active members of the church.

Willie's grandfather, Nathan Gray, was a minister in the church to which his parents belonged and with his good wife lived some fifteen miles from Bedford, upon a very large farm which was well stocked with cattle, sheep, etc., and employed much help.

One evening just before our national holiday, Elder Gray's church met at his farm to plan for a picnic for the young—and old as well—of the congregation, to be held on the Fourth of July. After arrangements were completed, the elder's wife suggested that the Bedford congregation be invited to join them, which met the hearty approval of all, and it was decided upon. This big picnic was to be held at the Gray farm, which was the largest in the community.

Elder Gray accordingly sent the invitation to the Bedford brethren, which was accepted with as much pleasure as it was given.

The Bedford people decided to meet at their church at 8 o'clock upon the morning of the Fourth to await

the "large wagon" from the Gray farm, that was to meet them.

Willie—as were all others—was perfectly delighted, and after getting the permission of his parents to invite his friend Freddie Brown, he hastened to his home to tell him about the "big picnic" and invite him to go.

Freddie's first question was a great surprise to Willie, who had been brought up to observe the Fourth in a sane manner, for he said: "Are they going to have any firecrackers and fireworks?"

"No!" said Willie, "we don't have such things over to grandpa's and grandma's."

"I don't want to go then," said Freddie, "for it will be *awful dull* without them on the Fourth of July. What is the day for but to make all the noise you can?"

"I am afraid of them and don't want any. Then we can have lots of fun without them. We can play ball, croquet, go boating and swimming, ride horseback, climb trees and oh, how jolly it is on a farm!"

"I'd rather stay home and have more fun."

Willie was rather disappointed and returned home to tell his parents. He knew that where "grandpa and grandma" Gray were there would be "lots of fun."

The morning of the Fourth dawned bright and beautiful with just breeze enough to be comfortable. Willie was up bright and early, happy as a lark, and as excited as only a little boy who is going on a picnic to grandpa's, can be. It was always his great joy to go to the farm. This day his Sunday-school class, as well as the whole congregation, with his parents, would be there.

At 7:30 o'clock the grounds about the Bedford church were filled with as happy and jolly a party as is generally seen. The well-filled lunch baskets were to be seen upon the steps of the church.

Suddenly Willie, who was the most eager of the party for the ride and to visit the farm, started down the street as fast as he could run, waving a little flag—each child was given a flag—and shouting, "There comes James with the hayrack and four horses." All was now excitement among the children. Soon the large wagon drawn by four beautiful horses came up in front of the church, and Willie was sitting with the driver, who was Mr. Gray's oldest and most trusted farm hand. In the bottom of the rack was a liberal supply of straw covered with new horse-blankets and robes, and the sides and ends draped with the "stars and stripes"; while a large flag floated from a pole at one end. In each horse's bridle a tiny flag was placed, and they seemed to enjoy the "fun" as much as the children.

The baskets were safely placed in the rack, then the people got in. All being ready, the big wagon started for the farm. This was one of the merriest parties that ever took a ride in a hayrack.

Upon arriving at the farm they found the elder and

his wife and their congregation and all the farm help, awaiting them with a hearty welcome. A large awning had been placed in an orchard near the house where the meals were to be served.

After a cordial welcome the farm was given over to the young people, who made a tour of the big barns, the fields, pastures; everywhere they *could* go they *did* go. A short service was held at the farmhouse by the older ones, that the day's enjoyment might be begun right.

At 12 o'clock the large farm bell sounded to call to dinner, and you should have seen the scrambling of the children to get under the "big tent," as they called it. The ride in the pure country air, and the romping about the farm, had given them all very good appetites. They were in all things led by our "real boy" Willie, who had cut up many pranks. At the word from Elder Gray all took their places at the big tables, and remained standing until God's blessing had been asked upon the bounties there spread.

Dinner being over the young people were again given the freedom of the farm, and things were very lively for some hours. There were ball games, swinging, foot-races, jumping, and riding horseback. The more timid looked to Willie and took courage from him and entered into the sports with much of his life. Anything and everything they could find to do, and everywhere they could go, he led them. There were boating and swimming in the river and more than space will allow us to mention.

At 5 o'clock the big bell again sounded and all gathered under the large elm trees in front of the house. Here all entered heartily into the singing of hymns and songs appropriate to the day. There were short talks upon "Freedom—True and False," and stories told about the early history of our country.

At 6:30 the party again assembled under the "big tent" for supper, after which the horses were harnessed to take the visitors home. A most glorious Fourth had been spent without an accident or anything to mar the pleasure of the occasion.

One of the most tired of the party was the "real boy" Willie, who had been everywhere a young boy could go. He went directly to his bed, thinking in the morning to go see his friend Freddie, and tell him all about his Fourth of July.

It was a late hour when Willie awoke next morning—the sun was streaming into his room and the birds singing joyously. His first thought was to see Freddie but what was his great surprise and sorrow to learn that his friend was in the hospital, having been badly burned while playing with firecrackers and toy pistols.

Willie and his companions upon the picnic returned home unharmed and happy, which occasion they will always remember with pleasure, while Freddie Brown will always think of his Fourth with regret. Which of these two boys spent the *best* Fourth?



THE QUIET HOUR



SUNSHINE.

D. D. THOMAS.

IN the beginning God was. His spirit moved upon the face of the great deep, whose depths were in every direction. There was no bottom anywhere. Somehow shut behind some great wall that was invisible God had laid away his glory. He moved away from his shekinah to exert his power in the eternity of space. Some yearnings must have moved him to go, but the wisest man does not now know just why he went. One cannot think that God was an adventurer, nor can one believe that he did it as a pastime. Somebody says that his purpose is eternal. He knew just what he was about to do and what he was doing it for. Most mortals have never just exactly found out. Now God is not so diplomatic, can we think, as to regard our knowledge an injury to the interest of the kingdom, but he knows we mortals would not understand anyway.

Then for some unseen reason God began to make worlds. He spoke laws into existence and like the wheels of some great factory they began to turn, and out came ready-made worlds starting on their course with as much contentment and meekness as a single file of sheep on their way to the pasture at the early dawn of a beautiful day. The birds were not there to sing, but this new motion which would far things had there not been perfect laws went forth as the most beautiful warbling at the spring day sunrise. I think that God likes music else he would not have placed it so largely in his creatures. He does not need tongues and vocal organs in them to express it either. His will goes forth and the oratorios of heaven and earth resound with perfect harmony. Complete arrangement has been made for it when he shall pass through the universe again and gather his jewels home.

How long God looked upon these worlds flying through space is not told. He saw that it was good. Whether he saw it right away or whether it took some time does not matter. It is enough to know that he saw. His workmanship pleased him and his mouthless creatures did not forget to praise him. I wonder whether his pleasure was akin to that of a little child when it looks upon a piece of machinery and sees the wheels go round. Then one can have some idea of it, for we have all been little children and touched that pleasure.

So God saw that it was very good. God had set

the candles in heaven, but there was too much space for so dim a light. God saw that it would be good to have a greater light. And just as the spheres were sounding forth their loudest praise and the creative spirit was strongest in the Great Being, he took a handful of his glory and clothed the largest sphere with it. He wanted enough light, so he took the largest sphere. And from it that glory has been shining forth through all the ages. Such is this handful of glory that men have forgotten that it is the creature and have praised it as the creator. Well, if a little of God's glory is so much how will it be when we shall see him in the fulness of it?

This very sun seems to be God's strongest, best servant. God brought forth the plants and animals and the sun keeps them alive, gives them food to eat and shelters and protects them. Like the squirrel in the forest he stores up for future use. The depths of the earth contain great beds of coal that the sun placed there ages ago. And there are great vats of oil that he knows all about. When one lights them they give off those old rays of light, and we see by them, and the old heat and we warm by it. We know that there is very much more down there waiting to be brought up to cheer us. Through the sun God shows his love for us. The sun is one of God's best servants.

The sun is a great artist. He gives the leaf its beautiful green and the flower its brilliant white. The flowers must have been all white once. The sunshine and the wind rippling made the variety, and Adam and Eve loved the flowers in the garden. No wanton colors or tempting beauty. The lure came, the twain fell, and when the sensitive flowers saw they blushed. The shadow and the sheen have tinted and varied them. But back to the white robes and great white throne we shall go at last for heaven's glory is an eternal white.

Sunshine is all the time. We may not be in it. It may be above the clouds and we below. One might rise higher, but the forces hold us down and they are not all physical. The old earth sin-cursed, as it is, for our sakes, is trying to retrieve by treasuring up sunshine and warmth for our sakes too. Let it teach us a lesson to treasure sunshine and warmth in our hearts while the sun shines, preparing for the darker, colder day. And if we have kept the fires burning upon the altar with the spark of light from the heavenly

shekinah the affinity for likes shall merge us into the eternal sunshine at last.



PRAYER.

The twilight falls, the night is near,
I fold my work away,
And kneel to one who bends to hear
The story of the day.

The old, old story; yet I kneel
To tell it at thy call;
And cares grow lighter as I feel
That Jesus knows them all.

Yes, all! The morning and the night,
The joy, the grief, the loss,
The roughened path, the sunbeams bright,
The hourly thorn and cross.

Thou knowest all—I lean my head,
My weary eyelids close;
Content and glad awhile to tread
This path, since Jesus knows!

So here I lay me down to rest,
As nightly shadows fall,
And lean, confiding on his breast
Who knows and pities all!

—The Shadow of the Rock.



THE WORK OF CHRIST.

THERE are seven marvelous truths contained in John 3:16—

- I. The greatest possible gift: God gave his Son.
- II. For the greatest possible number—"the world."
- III. On the easiest possible terms, "whosoever believeth."
- IV. For the most blessed deliverance from eternal perdition, "shall never perish."
- V. The greatest blessing—everlasting life.
- VI. On the highest possible security, the witness of Christ himself.
- VII. From the highest possible motive, God's love—"God so loved the world."—*Marcus Rainsford.*



A CROSS Christian, or an anxious one, a discouraged, gloomy Christian, a doubting Christian, a complaining Christian, an exacting Christian, a selfish, cruel, hard-hearted Christian, a self-indulgent Christian, a Christian with a sharp tongue or bitter spirit; a Christian, in short, who is not Christlike, may preach to the winds with as much hope of success as to preach to his own family or friends, who see him as he is.—*Hannah Whitall Smith.*



DOING nothing for others is the undoing of one's self. We must be purposely kind and generous, or miss the best part of existence. The heart that goes out of itself gets large and full of joy.—*Presbyterian Banner.*

AMONG THE FEATHERED WOOD FOLK.

(Continued from Page 635.)

John Burroughs says, of linking themselves to one's memory of seasons and places—and, he might have added, friends—so that a song, a call, a gleam of color, will set going a sequence of delightful reminiscences in your mind.

This expert naturalist, who has added so much to the wealth of bird lore in the past few years, makes very clear the fact that many birds have a wide selection of songs and trills with which to cheer the passer-by; especially is this true of the song sparrow, to which reference has already been made.

He also tells us, as perhaps every bird student has discovered for himself by observation, that one bird may be far more gifted in song than another of the same species, and, indeed, of the same neighborhood. There was a favorite robin, for instance, to which he listened with delight, that sang the song of the brown thrasher with all the sweetness and accuracy of its feathered teacher—for teacher it must have had, not long after fledgling days, when it was first learning to sing. Also John Burroughs tells of a thrush that had caught the first three or four notes of a popular song, a Scotland bird, that carried the air clearly and distinctly for a few notes, then, losing the tune, would extemporize according to his own pretty fancy. A shepherd, doubtless, whistling about his daily tasks, was this bird's teacher, but whether knowingly or unwittingly, none will ever discover. From such incidents as these it will readily be seen how delightfully fascinating the study of bird songs might become, so inexhaustible is it in its charming surprises.

Summer time is at hand, June days mean vacation for many boys and girls throughout the land; let those who can and will take William Wordsworth's advice to heart for a few brief weeks—

"Up! up! my friend, and quit your books,
Or surely you'll grow double."

Make for the open fields, where the grass and the flowers grow in rich luxuriance, and the butterflies hover over the clover; turn your faces toward the mountains, "a hundred and a hundred savage peaks," as Carlyle calls them, "all glowing of gold and amethyst, like giant spirits of the wilderness"; steer straight for ocean shores where the white spray rushes along sandy, pebbled beaches, and the sun gleams on flying fragments of tossing billows; find your way once in a while to the city parks, "oases in the desert," where the birds sing right merrily; watch the miracles that take place daily in your own garden, however limited your resources and your time, make vacation days the best days of all the year; do as Wordsworth further advises his too studious friend—

"Come forth into the light of things,
Let nature be your teacher."

—*Anne Spottswood Young in Epworth Herald.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Radium Institute of Heidelberg will be the first of its kind to commence actual work, as an endowment has been secured for it. It is to be opened for work before the end of the year.

The steamer Jefferson has arrived at Seattle from Juneau, Alaska, bringing six and a half tons of virgin gold, valued at \$3,200,000. This is the largest single shipment ever sent from Alaska.

Vessels report that the gulf oil pool is now a mile in diameter and that the oil on the surface is so thick as to delay vessels. The lake is south by east of Galveston about 120 miles, and it is thought submarine disturbances have aroused the vein.

The treasurer of Cook County will receive \$185,000 from the estate of Nelson Morris as an inheritance tax from his estate, which was valued recently at more than \$16,000,000. This will be the largest amount ever received since the enactment of the Illinois State inheritance law.

Dr. Thomas Green, who has been in Japan investigating labor conditions, says 200 Chinese were deported from Yamaguchi in southwestern Japan because they underbid Japanese workmen. The action of the provincial government has established a precedent which will embarrass Japan in dealing with the Hawaiian situation.

A number of important questions vitally affecting the welfare and prosperity of towns and cities throughout the United States and our neighboring Dominion of Canada are booked to come up for discussion at the thirteenth annual convention of the potential League of American Municipalities, which is to be held in Montreal on August 25, 26 and 27.

Last year's cotton crop, according to the Missouri State bureau of labor and statistics, was the largest ever raised in the State. Dunklin County alone raised more than the entire State of Florida. There are but ten cotton growing counties, and they produced 61,907 bales, or 30,953,500 pounds, as against 26,243 bales, or 12,121,500 pounds, in 1907.

Awakened by the passage of the old-age pension law in England there are now plenty of advocates of such a law in France. A senatorial committee has drafted a bill calling for such pensions, and to it the minister of labor strongly objects, while the ultra-socialists as earnestly support it. According to this bill the age of beneficiaries would be fixed at 65. Both males and females would be eligible, and if the bill became a law, there would be about 11,000,000 persons in line for pensions. The measure is crude in many particulars, but it is not unlikely that it will force the government to put up a counter proposition.

At the synod of the diocese of Saskatchewan, Archdeacon McKay, in charge of the Indian work in the diocese, said he wished to correct the impression that the Indians were dying out in Canada. In reality, he said, the Indians were increasing. He quoted government statistics for the past 10 years, showing an increase of 10,000.

The new green special delivery stamp has been put out of commission by the Postmaster General owing to its similarity to the one-cent stamp. A good deal of confusion, and many complaints and delays have arisen from the new stamp, and it is considered best to return to the old blue color which has been on special delivery stamps heretofore.

After nine months' study of English, 15-year-old Pauline Garba, who arrived in New York with a party of Russians, unable to speak a word of the language, was awarded a prize for the best English composition at the Baron de Hirsch school. The girl has attended the school for nine months and in her study has outstripped the 200 members of her class.

Students and friends of the Nebraska University had decided to ask the dispenser of the Rockefeller wealth for a contribution of \$50,000. The matter had been approved by the athletic board, but the proposition was promptly vetoed by Chancellor Avery and Gov. Shallenberger. They do not want any of John D. Rockefeller's wealth to influence students.

Local option contests will soon begin in the State of Washington under the law passed by the recent Legislature and taking effect Saturday, June 12. The first fight will probably be in Clarks County in the southwest part of the State, which has a population of about 25,000. The city of Vancouver, with a population of 10,000 and having a big brewery and twenty saloons, is the county seat.

In a special message to Congress, June 16, President Taft recommended the adoption of a joint resolution by two-thirds of both houses proposing to the States an amendment to the constitution granting to the federal government the right to levy and collect an income tax. He also recommended the enactment, as part of the pending tariff bill, of an excise tax upon all corporations of 2 per cent of their net incomes.

The city of London has increased from an area of 0.3 square mile in the year 1200 to 117 square miles in 1908. At present the annual supply of water is about 82,125,000,000 gallons. Liverpool, which had an area of 0.1 square mile in the year 1300, covered 27.8 square miles in 1905. Its present population is 793,000, while the corporation water works provide a supply of 10,801,000,000 gallons to a population of 907,000 people.

Panama has just passed a stringent law which makes emigration from that country very difficult. Recently W. G. Spiller, a hotel keeper, shipped 200 European laborers to Brazil for construction work on the Amazon. Spiller purchased the steamer Oteri for passenger service to Brazil, but his vessel is tied up at Colon. The Panama Railroad Company refuses it permission to land at its wharf and Panama withholds clearance papers. Two hundred and fifty Spaniards are booked to sail on the Oteri to Brazil.

In Manchester municipal ownership of the gas plant seems to have been profitable to the city and cheap to the consumer. Twenty-five years ago the plant was taken over by the city, and since that time more than \$6,750,000 has been cleared, a success that has caused a movement to be started for reducing the price of gas from its present low cost of 55 cents a thousand to 49 for large consumers, and a general reduction for the smaller consumers. Manchester is a city of about the size of Boston. The capacity of the plant has been doubled since 1883.

The new North German Lloyd steamship *George Washington*, the largest German trans-Atlantic steamer afloat, arrived in New York June 20 on its maiden trip and received an enthusiastic welcome. The vessel is named in honor of the first President of the United States and the builders have made special efforts that in every way it should be worthy of the great name. The *George Washington* is 720 feet 5 inches long, with a beam of 78 feet, a gross registered tonnage of 27,000, a 33-foot draught and a displacement of 37,000 tons. The average speed is 18½ knots an hour.

The reports of a recent battle at Djakivitch, northern Albania, between 10,000 Albanians and twelve battalions of Turkish troops, have been confirmed. It appears that the Albanians rebelled against the new regime and refused to obey the local governors or to pay taxes. Djavid Pasha, military commander at Uskub, was ordered to suppress the rebellion and enforce compliance with the government's orders. The first encounter was in favor of the Albanians, but afterward Djavid Pasha, reinforced by artillery, bombarded and destroyed the Albanian villages and compelled the rebels to take refuge in the mountains. Some of the tribes continue guerilla warfare, but it is reported that the government, fearing the insurrection will become general, has ordered Djavid Pasha to suspend hostilities and to endeavor to reach a pacific settlement of the trouble by negotiations.

Of the total exports of Japan, the United States takes about 32 per cent, or \$61,000,000, while Japan buys in the United States only \$39,000,000 worth of merchandise, or about 18 per cent of her total imports. Ten years ago Japan's exports to this country were \$10,000,000 larger than in 1908, while her imports from this country have doubled during that decade. This showing of a marked change in the balance of trade as shown in an official bulletin just issued by the Japanese government is regarded as encouraging. Raw cotton forms the largest single article in value imported into Japan from the United States, amounting last year to \$13,000,000, or not quite one-fifth of our total exports to Japan. The export of American printing paper to Japan is increasing. This country also competes with satisfactory results with Europe in furnishing the iron and steel manufactures used in Japan.

A system of wireless telephony was recently tested by the French navy between the armored cruiser "Condé" and shore stations. It is reported that conversation was carried on over a distance of 100 miles. The inventors of this system are Lieutenants Jeance and Colin of the French navy. Their work is quite remarkable in view of the fact that in our own navy we have had difficulty in maintaining wireless telephone communication over a distance of 20 miles.

Warrick County, Indiana, voted "dry" June 17 by a majority of about 250. There were a number of attempts at illegal voting. The vote kills nineteen saloons. Warrick is the seventieth county to be made "dry" by vote or by remonstrance, and twelve have voted to retain the licensed saloon. There are ten counties in which no elections have been held, but there are dry spots in the most of them, made so by remonstrance. It is understood that the saloon league will not push any more elections in the near future.

Orders for 60,000 cars will soon be placed, according to iron and steel papers. The Pennsylvania is in the market for 25,000 cars and the Baltimore and Ohio has completed arrangements and will receive bids on from 8,000 to 10,000. The Harriman lines have received figures on 4,300 freight cars, of which 1,300 are the box type. The American Car and Foundry Company has received a contract for 2,250 freight cars for the Western Pacific. The Chicago Great Western is in the market for 1,000 and the Northern Pacific for 2,000 cars.

The railroad companies are closely watching the use of a mechanical "fireman" on some of the big engines of the Chicago and Alton road. These devices have been installed to meet the necessity of a more satisfactory way of feeding the furnaces on the monster locomotives which are now being employed, the human fireman being hardly equal to the task of feeding in the fuel. The mechanical stoker which the Chicago and Alton is using seems to be giving satisfaction and it is probable that other roads will adopt it. Coal is thrown into a bin, from which it is delivered to different parts of the grate by varying the speed of a plunger, which is controlled by a starting lever. Air admission is controlled, small amounts of coal are fed at frequent intervals, larger nozzles may be used, and back pressure reduced.

President Taft's wholesome and business-like requirement that all United States army estimates of appropriations for the fiscal year beginning July 1, 1910, be made up and submitted by the various bureaus by May 1 will necessitate many changes in various items by the time the appropriation committees of Congress begin making up the appropriation bills next winter. One schedule which will have to be altered, owing to fluctuating market prices, is that for army subsistence supplies. These estimates were based upon the supposition that the army ration would cost 20.97 cents each. The price was based on reports received for the first four months of the present fiscal year. Later reports showed that the price had advanced to 21.02 cents, and on account of the increased price of such articles as beef, the indications are that the cost of the ration will advance to 21.10 cents. A year ago the estimated cost of the ration was 19.65 cents. While the increase per ration may seem small, the aggregate increase amounts to many thousand dollars, when it is considered that several million rations are consumed by the army annually.



Among the Magazines



DOORLESS AMERICA.

A wise man used to say that doors were made to be shut, not necessarily opened. The hovel of the poor has doors, as well as the palace of the king, sings the Roman poet. So with gardens. In art, the garden of Eden is an enclosure and the armed cherubim stand at its doorway. "In New York," writes Mary Mortimer Maxwell in *The Daily Mail* (London), "one might almost say there are no doors, except the outer one which closes the house to the street."

The consequence is, "there is no privacy" in the American home. She tells of an American public man who was asked by a friend "Where's your den?" This is how she proceeds with her story:

"'Den!' said the American. 'Man, I haven't an inch of room in this whole house that I can call my very own. It belongs to all of us to share and share alike. There isn't a room I may go into and lock the door to keep the rest of the family out. This house has everything in it except privacy. There's mighty little of that to be found in any American home, I can tell you! My house is a typical doorless American home.'

"The New Yorker laughed as he said it, but his laughter had a pathetic ring to it."

This, declares the writer, is the only thing that mars the perfection of American homes in the eyes of the reserved and insular English. To quote her words further:

"It is true that privacy is the one thing lacking in the New York home, and the New York home is typical of most American homes. In England we hear of 'mother's room,' 'father's room,' 'my own little cozy corner.' It is only on the rarest occasions that one finds an American house fitted up in this fashion with any thought for the privacy of its inmates, and when one does find such a thing there are simultaneous whispers going the rounds that the master and mistress of it 'do not get on well together, and so they keep up private establishments in one house!'

"If it were not for this lack of privacy, the American home would be the most delightful place in the world. For solid creature comforts it certainly surpasses the English home. Hot and cold running water in every room of the house, and the wonderful apparatus for heating water in the apartments, one cannot but appreciate. In visiting the American kitchen one notices that the cook has every convenience to hand for her work. The whole house or flat is built upon a labor-saving plan that must appeal to every feminine heart, regardless of nationality—a plan which, I believe, will be the only salvation of London's housewives as the servant problem over here becomes more and more acute.

"But the American lives constantly in the open."

She has the same criticism to make in speaking of gardens, and tells us:

"English visitors to the American small towns and villages are usually charmed with the beauty of well-designed houses, with their nicely-kept lawns, their graceful window

draperies. Fenceless the lawns of these houses are, extending directly to the pavement. Wandering street boys, dogs, and marauding cats pass in and out at will among the flower beds of these village homes.

"'Why do you not have a fence?' I asked a country friend. 'Your garden would be so delightful for afternoon tea if one could find a private nook in it.'

"'Our garden is so pretty we like the public to see it,' was her reply. Then she added, 'It would spoil the look of the rest of the street if we had a fence and the neighbors did not. You must admit that our street is beautiful.'

"Beautiful, yes, but, oh! it was not in gardens such as these, surely, that poets and artists have found their inspiration. Sometimes I think that the fenceless American village garden is pure benevolence carried to its extreme, the benevolence which, having something beautiful to enjoy, desires all the world to enjoy it too. At other times I put it down to the desire for public display and showing off.

"A few years ago on going to New York I was impressed with the doorlessness of the city's life. I visited persons living in twenty-roomed houses where there were in all, perhaps, five or six doors. In New York flats room after room opens the one into the other by means of archways of fancy fretwork, with sometimes a chenille or damask portière as substitute for a door. The whole idea of building is what may be called 'en suite.' Often five or six rooms of a flat open the one into the other, with only one door into the hall, and even this is frequently taken off its hinges and a pretty bamboo curtain hung in its place. The effect is one of space and elegance, but an effect that is out of place, it seems to me, in a small private home. Opening the door (if there is one) of the outer hall into the drawing-room, you go from this through an archway into the dining-room. Through other archways you pass into the family bedrooms. I know of homes where the only room that is properly shut off is the bathroom. The kitchen often is separated from the dining-room by a swing door, opened easily by a push of the knee against it, as the waitress brings in the dishes for laying the table. In such a flat it would be absolutely impossible for two persons to have a conversation in an ordinary tone of voice without constant danger of being overheard."—*Literary Digest*.



STATION ANNOUNCERS ON TRAINS.

One of the greatly needed improvements for rapid-transit service is some form of automatic station announcer placed in a conspicuous position on the car. The present method, under which the name of the next station is called out by the guard, is little better than a farce. On some lines, and this is particularly true of the surface trolley roads, the name is frequently never announced at all; and on other roads the din and confusion of traffic is so great, that the station name is inaudible

to the greater part of the passengers on the car. Add to this the fact that many of the conductors and guards draw out the names with a pronunciation, or rather a mispronunciation, which renders them completely unintelligible, and it will be understood that, while the present system is confusing to the regular patrons of the line, it is "confusion worse confounded" to the "stranger within our gates." Since the vocal announcement of stations is a failure, the question arises whether some other more satisfactory system cannot be devised.

The simplest solution of the problem would be to place in some conspicuous position on the car a visual announcer, on which, immediately upon the car leaving a station or street crossing the name of the next following station or crossing would appear in clear and easily readable letters or numbers, the change of sign being made by the conductor or guard, or, preferably, by means of some automatic trip or other form of contact arranged between the car and the several stations or stopping places. That the idea is mechanically practicable is proved by the many very creditable devices of this kind which have been invented, a large number of which are recorded in the files of the Patent Office. The advantages of station announcers are so many and obvious, that these devices began to make their appearance early in the development of the trolley car. At first they were operated merely by mechanical means; but later, with the advent of electrical traction, the many advantages of electricity for the purpose led to the invention of electrically-operated signs.

In view of the conspicuous usefulness of this system, it is a matter of surprise that it was not universally adopted long ago; and there is little question that its failure to come into general use has been due not a little to the reluctance of the transportation companies to go to the expense and trouble incidental to the operation and maintenance of the necessary apparatus. A notable instance of this occurred only a few years ago, at the time of the opening of one of the most important subways in this country. The management instructed its engineers to work out an automatic, electrically-controlled announcer, which was to consist of an oblong case, depending from the roof at the center of the car, which would display on each side of it the name of the next station at which the train stopped. The scheme would have been an immense convenience to the traveling public; but at the eleventh hour objections were raised on the ground that it would interfere with the advertising signs in the car, obscuring them or detracting public attention from them, and the system was never installed. That the objection was altogether absurd and puerile is shown by the fact that a device of this general character has recently been installed in a car of the Hudson and Manhattan tunnel, which, according to the latest reports, is working greatly to the satisfaction of the public. The new indicator consists of an oblong glass box, attached at the center of the car. A lettered sign bears the words "Next Station." Below this is a blank space, in which the name of the station following appears in brilliant letters. Undoubtedly the Public Service Commission will observe the operation of this device with close attention. Should it prove to be thoroughly practical, as we have no doubt it will, the Commission would add one more to its many valuable services rendered to the public, by ordering the equipment of all rapid-transit cars with devices of the same general character.—Scientific American.

MEMORIAL TO CALVIN AT GENEVA.

Hitherto there has been no monument to Calvin or to the Reformation in Geneva. Calvin requested that his grave remain unmarked, and so faithfully was this wish carried out that even the place cannot be identified. Tradition points to a certain spot in a quiet old cemetery, but otherwise no man knoweth his sepulcher. It is natural, therefore, that the nations whose early history owed so much to Geneva have responded to the appeal for a worthy visible testimony to the Reformation. This response is due in part to reverence for Calvin's religious views and in part to recognition of the historic significance of his career. It is the desire of the promoters of the movement to perpetuate the memory of the reformers as great historic figures, whose ideas contributed to religious and political liberty. While Calvin was no advocate of popular government, he was, in fact, the father of Puritan democracy. The Huguenots and the Puritans were sufficient unto themselves and found no need of state help in founding their church government. Fortified with Calvin's doctrines of the sovereignty of God and of law, they were equal to any political undertaking.

The monument will rest on interesting historic ground. The authorities have allotted for the purpose a portion of a public garden which was laid upon the line of a former wall of the city. In a view of Geneva dated in 1654 will be seen a strong rampart in the foreground which was built in Calvin's day as a protection against renewed threats of trouble with Savoy. In the anxiety of the time citizens, professors, and students contributed their labor to complete the defense, and the fortification became known as the "Wall of the Reformers." This was removed in the nineteenth century and the vicinity laid out in a botanical garden and the "Promenade des Bastions." Upon the base of a portion of the ancient wall, at a point just to the right of the central gate, a new "Mur des Reformateurs" will be erected to serve as a background for the statuary and inscriptions. A central group of figures will represent the reformers of Geneva itself, Farel, Calvin, Knox, and Beza. On either side at regular intervals will be representative men like Coligny, of France; William the Silent, of Holland, and Oliver Cromwell, of England. The figure for America will probably be a typical Puritan father. The wall itself will be adorned with historical inscriptions and pictorial reliefs.

The site is one which lends itself admirably to architectural and natural decoration. Viewing the monument from the promenade, the spectator will have behind him the buildings of the university, founded by Calvin, but long since housed in modern quarters. Before him rise behind the monumental wall the terraced slopes of the hill on which Geneva sits, with many of its aspects unchanged from the days of the Reformation.—From "Geneva and John Calvin," by John Martin Vincent, in the American Review of Reviews for June.



IMPRESSIONS.

(Continued from Page 637.)

made possible many of the advantages he now enjoys. And the one in whose family there is an old homestead where father, grandfather and a host of relatives have come and gone, weaving the events of their lives in and out around the old walls, the spring, the creek, the old bridge, the lane, and the pasture lot, who can estimate its value to him? Even though he wanders afar, it is like an anchor whose cable never

breaks, bringing him back now and then to renew those memories and the noble resolutions which they inspire.

We have some southe'ners among us here in the middle West and hear some of the peculiar expressions credited to them, but to hear them in their fullness and richness one must go to those sections where they are in everyday use. Here are some of the expressions that struck us as being particularly Virginian: "Well, how-do-you-do? How are you, anyway?" "Oh, I'm real *peart*." "I think I'll walk *out* awhile ("out" being pronounced with a peculiar short sound of ou). Do any of *you all* want to go along?" Some one expressed regret at not having met a certain friend. His sympathizer replied, "Well, maybe you'll *come up with them* after while." A lady who was unmarried and no longer young described her position by saying, "I'm done been passed over." (This expression made a deep impression on the mind of the writer.) Another lady, a great grandmother who was as active as any woman of forty, at mealtime generally went to a lunch counter and got a "snack."

And so we saw Virginia and the Virginians in the few short days of the Conference.



HEN'S BRAIN POWER TESTED.

Two German scientists have been amusing themselves studying the intellect of the hen. No, amusing is the wrong word; nothing is amusing to a German scientist, and the idea of watching the attempts of a hen to pick glued rice from a strip of paper and counting the number of pecks she will give a refractory grain before being convinced that it won't come loose does not seem funny to the bewhiskered and bespectacled scientist; to him the experiment is as full of dignity as Newton's reflections on the law of gravitation. And really, it seems that we have misjudged the hen. The immortal query, "Why is a hen?" is a feeble effort of the ignorant to cast reflection upon the workings of a well-developed intellect.

The method these savants used was ingenious. They stuck to a card twenty grains of rice, placed ten grains of wheat loose among them and then offered the card to the hen. At first she tries to pick up all the grains; but after ineffectual attempts at the rice she becomes convinced that this is effort wasted, and devotes her time to the wheat. After three or four such tests she lets the rice alone entirely. But there is no use in hurrying her education. If these cards are offered her one after the other she will make mistakes up to the sixth grain before she remembers that this is the same old sell. But let her have an hour to ponder, reflect and sort out her impressions and then offer her another of these deceptive cards; then the third grain will be enough to show her that wheat alone is good to eat today.

Her education is sometimes at fault. When she

has been trained to eat only the wheat, if you throw before her a lot of rice she will begin to eat it. But suddenly she remembers her sad experience of other days and hastens away before the spectator can have a chance to laugh at her for being fooled by rice that cannot be picked up.

Lest humans be too puffed up it may be added that when similar experiments were tried with children those less than 3 years old made worse mistakes than did the hens.—*Boston Globe*.

Between Whiles

The Answer.—"What's the purpose of that freak bill you've introduced?"

"Nothing simpler," replied the western legislator. "You read about the bill in the papers, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"And heard many people discussing it?"

"I did."

"Well, that's the answer."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.



His Transformation.

Little Harold, aged six, felt very proud when he donned his first pair of trousers. Taking his three-year-old brother behind the door he was overheard to say, "Willie, Willie, do you remember me?"—*The Delineator* for July.

 ✿ In Union Pacific ad on inside cover page for
 ✿ date of California excursion read, "Leave Chi-
 ✿ cago Wednesday, July 7, leave Omaha July 8,"
 ✿ instead of dates appearing in ad.
 ✿ By order of Geo. L. McDonough.
 ✿

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To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Illinois.

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JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis,

New Mexico.

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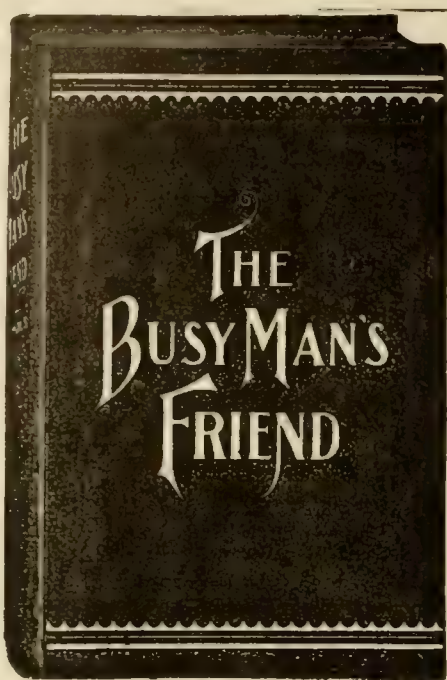
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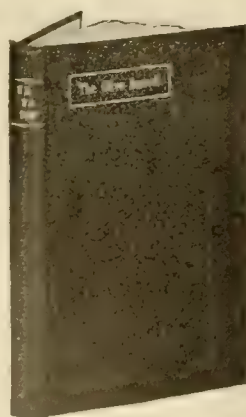
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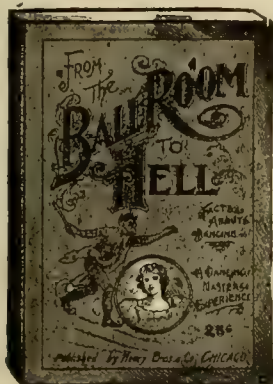
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Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1. J. A. Weaver.

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Or Levi Winklebleck, Modesto, Cal.

THE INGLENOOK

July 6, 1909

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(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
H. Newell, Director.)

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Location	Name	Total Acres	Approved	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ...	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ...	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, .	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	Truckee,	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

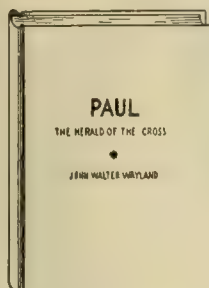


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Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

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BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50

Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

July 6, 1909.

No. 27.

HOMESTEADING

H. D. MICHAEL

YEARS ago when our nation was in her infancy our legislators saw the need of her great uninhabited domains being settled by a class of people that would build up homes, till the soil, and thus increase the wealth of the republic. Accordingly laws were enacted to permit people to earn their homes by a stipulated amount of farming, improving, or residence on the land they chose to make a home of.

Several ways were provided by which a person could come into possession of one hundred and sixty acres or more of the government land. There were the Pre-emption and Timber Culture Acts, the Homestead Act, to which we expect to refer in this article, and later numerous other ways were provided, among them being the act providing for the sale of the timbered lands, and others such as the Carey Act by which the land was earned by reclaiming it, laws being made pertaining to the irrigation of arid or semi-arid lands and for the draining of swamps.

The difference between the Timber Culture Act and the one for the sale of timbered lands known as the Timber Claim Act is that under the first act one must earn his one-fourth section, or one hundred and sixty acres, by the planting of a given number of trees to help overcome the droughts, while under the latter he was required to pay the government price of \$2.50 per acre after proving that the land was more valuable for the timber on it than for agricultural purposes.

There have been numerous changes made in regard to the details of the homestead law but though it has been changed or amended with nearly every change of the moon or at least nearly every year, still the gist of the law remains the same, and any qualified person may file upon, reside on, cultivate and thus earn his patent to one hundred and sixty acres of government land, and in some localities where the land is not considered so situated that it may be irrigated, three

hundred and twenty acres may be taken under the dry farming clause of the homestead law.

The qualifications of a homesteader are that he must be a United States citizen or have declared his intentions to become one, and a single person, whether man or woman, must be twenty-one years of age or over, while a person that is the head of a family or a widow may take a homestead even though he or she is not that old. All are supposed not to have received the full benefit of the homestead law before, and there are many other minor qualifications, but those are the most important.

Then the first question to consider is that of finding a suitable piece of land. For a person not acquainted with the country or where the section corners are located, this is hard to do, but there are always homestead locators ready to show you a vacant place for from \$25.00 to \$200.00, as they have learned by noting which land the blueprints at the land office show vacant and then have surveyed it out so they can take you to a vacant place at once. There are among the others, unscrupulous locators that locate some people and bilk many more, so it is necessary to be careful of the locator, for if you are unacquainted with the numbers of the land you might be shown one piece of land and given the numbers on another, probably one-half to two or three miles away, as is told of some locators. And though we could not vouch for the truth of it, still I have always thought it quite probable that one locator in a timbered section of western Oregon has shown sixteen different people the same fine tract of timber and located them on vacant land of which he gave them the numbers, telling them that the numbers he gave them called for that land and fine timber. Of course these were timber claims, still the same might be done in locating others on homesteads. "A word to the wise is sufficient," 'tis said.

Then to find a reliable locator is of importance after you have decided in which locality, of which State or

Territory you intend to take a homestead, for I would not wish any one to think of eastern Washington where I am homesteading as being the last and only government land remaining, for our Uncle Sam still has more land to offer settlers than enough to make two States the size of Texas, our largest State. Of course much of it is considered worthless and some of it in northern Alaska, for instance, is not likely ever to become valuable for farming purposes, but not over twenty to thirty years ago there were thousands of acres of government land considered worthless that is now producing splendid crops and worth from \$15.00 to \$50.00 per acre.

So with modern inventions, our agricultural experiment stations, the wonders worked by Mr. Burbank, the California plant wizard, and the push of the American people to back it, much of the land now considered worthless will be in the course of a few years producing various crops of importance. Sure, some people laugh at any one so foolish (?) as to take a homestead from which they can see no immediate returns coming, but just wait a few years. Christopher Columbus was also considered very foolish at one stage of the game.

When you have decided on your location, the first step is to file your application to take the land under the homestead laws, which step can be made at the land office of that district by yourself in person or before the United States Commissioner of your nearest town, and your filing fees will be from \$16.00 to \$24.50, according to the amount of land you are filing on, whether 40, 80, 120, 160 or 320 acres, and also as to whether it is within the limits of the railroad grants, where the government has given the railroad companies each alternate section to help pay them for building their roads.

Then, inside of six months actual homestead life must begin, as the law only permits of the first six months being used as constructive residence in which time your residence must be constructed and actual residence begin.

As to the kinds of residences, I will say most all kinds are in evidence, from a ten by twelve foot shanty to very nice, modern-built frame houses, but in this section of country those most common are the ordinary box houses of but one or two rooms, as most all the homesteaders here are single folks like myself. I have only a fourteen by sixteen foot home with a shed for storing some things in and for sheltering wood and coal.

Some people seem to think of homestead life as being miles and miles from any town, neighbors, railroads, school or church and where woods abound, inhabited by all manner of dangerous wild beasts, or out on some trackless prairie with nothing to make life bearable. But please disabuse your mind of such

ideas if you ever harbored them, for though we have not all the conveniences that can be had in a city and though there are some hardships to endure, some features and drawbacks to overcome, still we have many things to make life pleasant and some things too that cannot be duplicated in any city, and taking it all in all, I find it has its attractions and fascinations, making it a very pleasant life after all. It is a free, open-air life with novel experiences and not void of pleasure, if one is looking for the sunny side.

The first work I did after moving on to my quarter section was to arrange things as handy as possible around the house, get some wood cut and take possession in general.

The next was a good rabbit hunt, as there are almost countless numbers of jack rabbits and some small cliff rabbits here and between the rabbits and squirrels, crops of wheat amounting to several acres in a tract are literally mown, so it becomes a necessity to kill them off in order to be able to even help harvest your crop, for they will harvest enough of it then.

Then, too, it is profitable as well as being great sport, for in the winter like it was when I started up they are very fat and quite palatable, making it almost unnecessary to buy fresh meat at all, as they can be prepared in so many different ways and to my taste are excellent in almost any way. Take, for instance, the way I have done a number to keep for a rainy day. Trim all the meat from the bones, cram it into common fruit jars raw with just sufficient salt and pepper to season it and place the lid on loose, then place the jar into a kettle of cold water on the stove, bring it to a boil and boil for three hours. Then remove from the stove, seal at once and it will keep the same as any canned goods. The meat is cooked so tender that to roast it with a dressing or to make a potpie of it, it is almost equal to chicken of the homegrown variety.

Of course, hunting alone would not make one a living, so I bought a few steel traps and have been trapping for what to the fur trade are known as prairie wolves, but among the farmers and chickens they are known as just common coyotes. Up to date I have caught twelve of them and as the scalps bring \$1.00 bounty and the hides \$1.50 to \$2.50 each, they have been a material help on my living expenses.

This being a sagebush country, wood is not easily secured, for the sage wood is not very good to last, so I, as well as others, pick up coal along the railroad track, as the main line of the Northern Pacific is only about four and one-half miles from my place. A great amount of coal is shipped to the East by here and a great deal being lost along the tracks, the railroad company does not object to our keeping the track clean. So I get my coal that way, for I can pick up from one thousand to fifteen hundred pounds of coal a day and at the price we would have to pay here, it comes

cheaper that way than to buy it. This, together with the old ties which we can get at three cents each, settles the fuel part of our homestead life here.

As soon as possible after getting things arranged at the house, I turned my attention to clearing the sage-brush from some of my place, ready for plowing. This I did by grubbing with a mattock, but it can be done much faster and easier if one has the means to get a four-horse team and a twelve to twenty-foot piece of a railroad rail. By hitching one team to either end, and dragging the rail across the land to be cleared one way, then returning on the same swath from the other way, nearly all the brush will be pulled out. Then rake it with a large, heavy four-horse rake and but little brush is left. But not being so situated, I have done what I could by hand and now have over forty acres cleared and about seven acres of it planted to potatoes, wheat and garden truck as a start in farming.

In some localities, a homesteader to have water at the house only needs to put in a sand box at one of his springs and pipe in the water, but here we put the sand box in the shape of a cistern near the house and haul the water into it as there are no springs and no running water near here, only the Snake and Columbia Rivers, and it is quite deep to dig for water, as most of the wells are from one hundred to three hundred and fifty feet deep.

What seems a novelty to some coming into this country, is that we have to pay for the water when we go to haul it unless we haul from the river. But most of those owning wells have gasoline engines and pumps and pump the water, so charge five cents per fifty-gallon barrel to help pay the gasoline bills. Of course to have water of a decent temperature to drink in the summer, I had to dig a cistern, so I did and have cemented it and now have hauled it full of water.

To one like myself, not having a housekeeper, that is another item to consider and of course occupies some time and attention. Though visitors are not very often seen, they are always welcome to our best when they will come. At present the housekeeping part is doubly interesting because of my working in Pasco, about ten miles distant, which distance a neighboring homesteader and myself drive with his team each morning and night, leaving but little time to cook and do other housework.

An interesting part for me is in planning meals far enough ahead to be able to go to work at it at once and get it well done in the shortest possible time, but having some chickens, helps a great deal in the way of having plenty of eggs for baking, and elsewhere in cooking and for lunches.

Possibly some of you may think that we are isolated from all church privileges, schools, etc., but we have a schoolhouse near us though no scholars in the district at present, and there is a promising little Sunday school at Eltopia, seven and one-half miles distant.

Though I have no other means of traveling than to walk, I have, until recently, attended Sunday school there and church services conducted by Elder Enoch Faw with what assistance I was able to give.

There are, taking it all in all, a great many enjoyable features to this kind of a life. Take a look at the wild flowers of nearly all colors of the rainbow, so many of them, making the country look like one continued flower garden. Look at their beauty, then listen to the larks and other birds singing which to me seems like the continuation of a most pleasant dream. I can only repeat the one word of *Oliver Twist*, "More," for the spring is certainly charming with the wild bunch grass waving in the wind and the thought to comfort us that in our daily life we can be alone with God and in our meditations and prayers be undisturbed.

In five years from the time we have filed on our place we may prove up, as it is called, and receive the patent to our land, or after fourteen months' continuous residence one may commute his homestead entry, pay the government price of \$2.50 per acre, and receive his deed and thus be paid for all this homesteading.

Pasco, Wash.



THE GREEN INN.

I sicken of men's company—

The crowded tavern's din,
Where all day long with oath and song
Sit they who entrance win;
So come I out from noise and rout
To rest in God's Green Inn.

Here none may mock an empty purse
Or ragged coat and poor,
But Silence waits within the gates,
And Peace beside the door;
The weary guest is welcomest,
The richest pays no score.

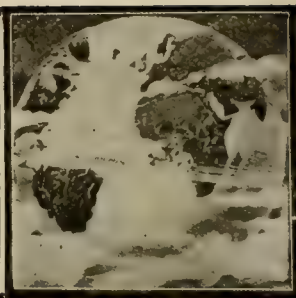
The roof is high and arched and blue,
The floor is spread with pine;
On my four walls the sunlight falls
In golden flecks and fine;
And swift and fleet, on noiseless feet
The Four Winds bring me wine.

Oh, you who in the House of Strife
Quarrel and game and sin,
Come out and see what cheer may be
For starveling souls and thin,
Who come at last from drouth and fast
To sit in God's Green Inn!

—Theodosia Garrison, in *Scribner's*.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXV.

THE first thing I wanted to see on my return to the college at Smyrna was the little kitty I had rescued from the dark cellar from under the native's house. It was the first thing I asked about. I had given it over in charge of an Armenian student who was to care for it during my absence in Constantinople. He had been recommended to me by a member of the faculty, and he was considered reliable and trustworthy in matters requiring no more skill or care than that imposed upon him in looking after the interests of my little friend. He promised me that he would faithfully look after it while I was away, and would feed it regularly. On that morning, as I went away, I left some food with him and also put into his hands some money with which to buy fresh milk as he needed it, and any other food he liked to get for it. The nest and box in which kitty was to exist until I returned were all made to order for its exclusive happiness. Nothing was left undone that would lighten the work of the boy in caring for its humble wants.

My absence had been longer than I expected. The young Armenian met me with the usual friendly greeting.

"It's not there, now," he replied to my question as to the kitten.

"Where is it?" I asked, somewhat vexed that he should have removed it from its safe quarters in my room.

"I don't know," replied the boy.

"But you had the care of it. You ought to know where it is. I want to see it. I'm so homesick for it."

— He was going away, and I stopped him and asked if he would not come up to my room. Slowly and reluctantly he followed, dragging his feet over the hall-way and lingering on the steps as if he would go back.

We were now in the room assigned to my comfort while in Smyrna. But the little house in which the kitten was to live, move and have a being, was empty. There was no sign of any food having been lately brought into the box.

"What did you do with the milk and bread and meat I ordered you to buy for it?"

"I fed it to the kitten."

"But the kitten hasn't been here for some time—where is it?"

"I don't know; I think it died."

"Died!" I exclaimed, "what killed it?"

"It wouldn't eat."

"But you just said that you brought it milk and bread and meat. You said you fed it to the kitten. If you fed it to the kitten, the kitten ate it, did it not?"

"I thought you wouldn't come back."

"But what did that have to do with the kitten not eating, or dying?" I enquired of the boy, who by this time had about exhausted his expedients.

"When did it die?" I asked, unwilling to leave him go down stairs until he had at least satisfied my impatient curiosity.

"Oh, several days ago, two or three days,—yes, four or five days ago,—I can't remember now exactly as to this."

"How did it die? What was the trouble with it?"

"I was busy at other things and the kitten just died," the Armenian youth answered, unwilling that I should press the matter any further, for the end of his explanations had been reached.

The kitten had probably died. But it had not died a natural death. It had been assassinated by an Armenian! The commissary supplies intended for it had been misappropriated.

He had said that the kitten had disappeared four or five or more days ago.

"There!" I exclaimed, after he had gone down, "this little kitten exactly resembled that little kitten that came toward me in the magistrate's office in Constantinople. That one seemed to know me well. But I was a foreigner, and in both dress and facial appearance greatly differing from people with whom the kitten was familiar. As a rule such a kitten would have been greatly frightened at a stranger's appearance in the court that morning, and would have avoided rather than sought me. Might not this kitten have been put on the boat on which I sailed and carried up, with me, and by some one who had the care of it taken at once to the magistrate, either for some sincere purpose of gift or purchase, or as a joke on the world tourist?"

Such a thing could be perfectly possible, even plausible, yet not at all highly probable." Thus I stood reasoning about this little affair that some people in the mad rush of business would call trifling, or nonsense, or foolishness.

Did the kitten that I took from a certain and speedy death in the foul cellar in Smyrna, the kitten that afterwards showed me its deep gratitude for my aid, go in some way to Constantinople and there rescue me by the whole change of atmosphere it brought into that strange court room? If it did not go to Constantinople, as I do not believe it did, it must have died, for that was also the belief of the professor with whom I talked about the matter.

I am a little uncertain about superstition. There may be a good reason for queer ideas about fate in our lives, for queer and unexplainable coincidences do happen with all of us.

"There is a divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them as we will."

Granted that the kitten died as the youth had declared. It still had "given its life," while the other one had saved me from the terrors of an oriental court.

As to the boy, his laziness or greed had been too deep for the foresight of reliability and honesty to pierce. Did he not know that if he had been able to place that kitten into my hands on my returning, his reward from me, together with his own reward of a good conscience, would have paid many times more than what he would receive by his treachery?

Here then is an index, pointing to the character of the Asiatics. They may be of vastly superior morals to their neighbors, and for the chance they have had, be excellent Christians, but when placed in contrast to the long cultured honor, they appear to us as heathen that lack the first and rudimentary principles of gospel morals. It is so with this youth. He was a good boy. He was a charming boy. He had mastered English and spoke it elegantly. That was one evidence of worth, for no European or Asiatic can master the English language without becoming more of a master of himself and of the principles of high moral value. In the eyes of his own fellows, this boy was reliable. In my eyes, accustomed to boys in my own country so much more faithful in their promises, he appeared like a worthless scamp. I could imagine a country where the boys were better in plain, everyday morals than our own, and I can see that a stranger coming from that country to ours would find more faults in our boys perhaps than I could find in these Armenians. As to this boy, there were certain things of an immoral nature he would not do. Compared to the people about him he was a little saint.

My first conclusion at the end of this sorry incident was that it did not pay to send our money over to these people, and that our sympathy for them when they were massacred by the Turks, was without substantial

reason. In this I was wrong and a moment after I had advanced from that false position. Christianity is not in the world for the purpose of saving worthy or lovable people. The Gospel came to make the worst sinner better, to make the bad man good, and to make the good man better. Here was a good boy, already. He merely needed more Christianity, more time, more culture. He couldn't bear seedless pears while shooting twigs. That would take long years of patient toil, by teacher and by lad.

The very arguments of the boy, flimsy as some of them were, but witty and thoughtful, were in his favor. When thoroughly taught the value of pure honesty, by personal instruction, and better still by experimenting with honest and dishonest men after he grew up, he would hold to the truth. But if he didn't hold to it, his own children will hold to it. The little leaven will surely leaven the whole lump.

Latent forces lie wrapt in that boy, the chief of which is the undeveloped germ of truthful character. Reliability came only with the ten commandments and the sermon on the mount. To lie was the world's shameful attitude. To say that you would do a thing and then not to do it, was counted right smart among those ancient youths. Living for ages in an atmosphere tainted by corruption of the basest sort, seeing every day dishonest things turned off for honest ones among his neighbors, this Armenian's standard of morals can not possibly be as high as our own. Though he reads the same New Testament and sings the identical gospel hymns, he reads into the Scriptures a certain language from his own world of standards, and interprets, just as we interpret the Bible, to suit himself. The reason some folks can't believe certain doctrines in the New Testament is because they don't want to believe them. They won't. Others, willing to obey to the last jot and tittle even though they lose their heads, are more liable to get the exact truth from the commandments. But they get that truth because they want it. They interpret the Bible as it *suits them*,—which is exactly as it ought to be interpreted by them so far as their knowledge and intellectual ability and spiritual insight lead. We put no more in it, and we take no more out of it, than there is in *us*. This is why we are cautioned to use what light we have, and to increase, by prayer and praise, our capacity for the indwelling of heavenly power. Our leaders caution us about the danger of little sins, for they know that many of these in their incipient stage, or one of them, when full-blown, will so dwarf the spiritual capacity for understanding as to make the individual believe a lie, when good will be bad, and bad good.

As this Armenian lad becomes of fuller growth in the knowledge of the life he is expected to lead in following the precepts and examples of the one Great

Teacher, and as each boy with whom he plays and with whom later on he emulates in strenuous traffic of daily toil, climbing the same ladder of advancement together, a new and better platform of righteousness will ultimately appear in his heaven of progress, from which, as on angels' ladders, other visions of higher good will descend and ascend, bidding his timid feet try the single rounds that lead surely but slowly and by wearisome uplifts, to the realms above.

"Heaven is not gained at a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise,
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit, round by round."

It causes me pain to see how little some of the Christians with good, living incomes are willing to give to missions in other lands. The evil one, ever on the alert to win his battle, whispers to the rich Christian that it would be better to keep his money at home. No greater fallacy is believed, in active propagation of the Gospel, than this one. The only way we can save our own country is by seeking to save all other countries. That's why Christ said, we should go into all the world,—or send somebody to represent us there. Christians can show what Christ is, in business and social life and political life only by going themselves and saying: "Look on us. We are living the real life. Our doctrines are the right doctrines. We have come to you, not because we are better than you but because you have had no model to pattern after a holy and a prosperous life. That which you long for and suffer for we bring you."

And when Christ shall have come to Smyrna, in fullness, the boy will care for the helpless kitten, be honest in his games at marbles, and when he grows up, he will honor and reverence womanhood and glorify motherhood with equal or greater adoration than he now cares for his own selfish happiness.

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SWEET POTATO CULTURE IN THE SOUTH.

J. I. MILLER.

THE sweet potato is one of the staple products of the South, especially so among the colored race.

Almost all, both white and colored, who have small plats of ground have some of it planted to sweet potatoes be it ever so small.

In February or March we make what we call a hotbed. A high location is selected, or where this is not convenient a bed is made something like the garden beds are made in the North, whatever size is wanted, then about four or six inches of stable manure is put on and well tramped down, then three or four inches of good mellow soil is put on, then the potatoes are laid down close just so they do not touch each other. Then three or four inches of mellow soil is put on to cover them.

The bed is then kept well moistened by giving a liberal sprinkling of water every day or two.

When the plants come up they come so thick in a few days the ground can not be seen. When they are four or five inches high they are pulled up and set in the sweet potato ridge, as it is commonly called. The plants are set from twelve to sixteen inches apart.

In from ten to fifteen days the plants will come up from the mother potato and be large enough to take up and transplant, and if they are taken off at intervals of every fifteen or twenty days they will keep sending up plants all summer.

Plants are set in April, May, June, July and sometimes in August.

The land should have good drainage. Sweet potatoes will not make a good yield on clayey or soggy land. The soil should be of a sandy nature, good and fertile.

We do not know how gravelly or stony ground would do as we have none of that kind. Here in our locality (or in the great rice belt, for that matter,) hardly a stone or gravel as large as a black walnut could be found that would average one to every ten acres.

The land should be well plowed and harrowed a month or two before planting. Then we usually plow two furrows apart; this makes a large, open furrow. Then a liberal supply of fertilizer is put in the furrow (good stable manure we think is best), then plow four furrows, two from each side back on fertilizer; this makes the ridge ready for the plants.

As soon as the plants previously set make vines two or three feet long the vines are cut off about eighteen inches long, laid crossways on ridge and pushed down into the ground leaving only a few inches of the two ends sticking out of the ground. Every joint on the vine that is put in the ground makes roots and potatoes and the deeper they are put in the more potatoes.

There are different methods of cultivation. When the grass begins to grow one way is to take a sharp hoe, scrape the sides of the beds down, then run between beds with a shovel-plow, let the grass die, then pull dirt up on beds with hoe. This, however, is a slow job and takes too much time for a large crop. A better and faster way is to turn a furrow away from each side of bed with turning plow, let it lie a few days and throw it up again. This way takes very little labor with the hoe. In a few days the vines will cover the ground so the grass will have no more chance.

In the matter of yield we will give just what we have done. We planted one acre and dug from same 174 bushels. Next year we planted the same ground and dug 186 bushels. The largest potato we had weighed 8 pounds and 15 ounces. We took up one hill that had only five potatoes and the cluster weighed twenty-four pounds. The large potato above men-

tioned was not in this hill. The average price is between 75 cents and \$1 per bushel.

The southern sweet potato is a very juicy potato,—not dry and hard like those commonly grown in the North. The favorite way of preparing them for the

table is to wash clean, put in a hot oven with peeling on and bake until thoroughly done, and you sure have a good bite. The rich juice often runs out in the oven in the form of a good, thick syrup.

Roanoke, La., May 24.

AS WE SEE THE CUBAN FAMILY

GRANT MAHAN

WE are not acquainted with families in the cities, and so what we have to say must be taken as applying to the families of the country or village. Traveling through the country, one would not suppose there were many Cuban families, especially in the unimproved parts of the island. But if one gets on a horse and rides across the country and along the streams, he will conclude that "the woods are full of them," for he

titles are all settled. And when that time comes the poor squatters will be at the end of their rope. Maybe they will drift to the cities, as such people tend to do. Some of them will doubtless waken up and secure homes for themselves before the price of land rises beyond their reach.

There is all the difference in the world between the various families. Some of them are thrifty and some are as shiftless as the worst of the negroes in the States. It is not hard to tell which class will drift to the cities and swell the already overcrowded ranks of the poor. It is here as everywhere else we have been—there are all kinds of people. Yet it does seem too bad that there are so many of some kinds and so few of others.

And there are all colors as well as all kinds. The color line has not been closely drawn—hardly drawn at all in new sections—and as a result there are white and black, and several shades between, in the same family. We called at a house once and were so surprised to notice

comes upon them in places where he would not have thought anyone had ever lived.

A great many of them are squatters; and some of them have been so for many generations. Whence they came or how they chose the place they did for a home, we do not know. Perhaps they thought they were moving to a place where no one owned the land and where they could remain undisturbed. If they were moved by any such motive, they have another think coming, for the final surveys of the land are being made, and those on land to which they have no title are being invited by the law to move off. The subdivision takes time, for there are many claims that must be adjusted; but it cannot be many years until

the difference in color of the children that the mother must have noticed it, for she said the children did not look as if they all had the same father, but they had. There will be a hopeless tangle in Cuba if they ever do try to draw the color line, as they are likely to do. But of course there has not been this intermarriage among the upper classes. They are as proud of their blood as almost anyone you will meet.

There is much the same life led by most of the country families; and yet there are differences, depending on the kind of people in the family. Comparatively few of them can read or write. And in even the best of these homes there is little that would make it seem like home to us. It would be torment for us who



A Cuban country family

have been accustomed to better things to try to live in that way. But of course it isn't so bad when one has never known anything better, and none of his friends or relatives can tell him of a different way of life—living instead of barely existing. Perhaps if they knew more of a better way of life they would not be so well satisfied as they are now, since it is not in their power to make much of a change, except very slowly.

But some of them come into the homes of Americans, and are struck by the contrast. It could not be otherwise. They appreciate what they see, and words and actions show that they would like to exchange what they have for what we have. But they do not seem to be envious. They know that what they see costs more money than they ever expect to have. Their houses are generally palm-leaf shacks; and their bedrooms are the only rooms not open to the weather on nearly all sides. Very few of the houses in our section are anything like as good as the ones shown in the picture. Just imagine a shack open on all sides, a dirt floor, uneven, pigs and chickens and goats and dogs all around—not a carpet or a rug; not a rocking-chair or couch; not a particle of ceiling or paper; not a picture; no books or papers; no piano or organ; no table linen; very few dishes. How would you like such a home as that? Don't you feel sorry for people so situated? Wouldn't it be a good thing to help them to something better?

Omaja, Cuba.



THE HORSEPOWER OF BUSINESS.

JOHN S. NOFFSINGER.

"SAY, do you use Pear's Soap?" This is the advertisement which stares us in the face, turn where we will. Pick up your morning paper and it is there; take up your evening paper and the same friendly question greets you; take up whatever you will, your scientific magazine, your weekly or monthly chronicle of events, your story paper or even perhaps your Sunday-school paper and the same interrogation greets you in lithographed colors from the back cover page. Take the train to the city and it stares at you from the billboards of every vacant lot; or retreat to the solitudes of the country and even there the fence-boards along the road are made to cry out, "Do you use Pear's Soap?"

This is not a freak of nature, neither is it a fanatic of a company who are thus educating the people of the civilized world to the merits of their product. Students of human nature have long since known the value of advertising. Even the ancient knew of its value, and the merchant who had wares to offer brought them to the gate of the city and there cried aloud, making known the worth of his goods to those who might be inducted to turn aside and purchase them.

But we are not more amused at this custom of those ancients than we are amazed at the magnitude of the modern system of advertising. From the day when Boaz took his stand at the gate to advertise Naomi's parcel of land by crying to the passing Israelites, until the day when Barnum and Bailey billed the town for their three-ringed circus, the evolution of advertising has been gradual, but at the same time astonishing.

As soon as printed symbols were invented, the advertising man made use of them to give publicity to his merchandise. We find advertising engraved upon walls and tombs, upon parchment and papyrus, and even some critics tell us that Homer wrote his great epics, the Iliad and Odyssey, to advertise some famous wine merchants of the East. And although these various forms of advertising were used by the ancients, yet little thought and care seem to have been expended upon them. But in the last decade posters, painted signs, street-car placards, booklets, calendars, almanacs, handbills, magazine and newspaper advertising have become forms of advertising so well established that we look upon them as an absolute necessity, and are surprised to learn that most of them are modern innovations.

Until about 1890 very little advertising of any nature was done in this country. In 1882 *Harper's Magazine* contained only one and one-fourth pages of advertising for the entire year. Last year the same magazine contained over 1,000 pages. There are now over 20,000 such periodicals carrying advertising, and each with a thus-increasing number of pages devoted to them. One company alone is said to put out over 25,000,000 almanacs annually to advertise its business.

And when we stop to think of this great expense it is appalling; conservative estimates of printed forms of advertising alone put the total annual expense at \$600,000,000. Think of it, every man, woman and child in the United States must pay an annual tribute of over \$6.00 to this great goddess of modern industry. It would pay our great national debt of two and one-half billion dollars in four years. It would build us each year six navies like we now possess, or in other words it would add two hundred first-class battleships to our navy each year. With the cost of advertising alone we could enter another war equally as expensive as the civil war and come out of it \$200,000,000 ahead. We could light up all our cities, install systems of sanitary sewerage, wipe out the obnoxious tenement districts until our towns would realize Moore's Eutopian dream, and yet with the surplus in a few years buy out the combined wealth of a Rockefeller and a Carnegie.

The first of last January the Proctor and Gamble Co., of Cincinnati, the makers of Ivory Soap, contracted with the *Ladies' Home Journal* for a full page advertisement for the space of three years at the rate

of \$4,000 per issue or \$600,000 for the three years. Mr. Post spends annually on his Postum and Grape Nuts over \$600,000; the Ayer Medicine Co. spends an equal amount; while such companies as Peruna and Force each spend over one million annually to educate the people of this country to the necessity of their products.

When we become conscious of this marvelous expenditure of money we are made to ask, Does this kind of investment pay? There is an old saying that a fool is born every minute and this is equally applicable to purchasers as well. For throughout the length and breadth of this country of ours thousands of men and women are daily, almost hourly, making their initial purchase of various wares. The comic papers have long since made sport of the bride and her early experiments in marketing. But the establishing of each new home is a matter of importance to most advertisers; for once let their brand of soap or soup or silver polish become established in a household, and the chances are that it will remain the family standard for years to come. So the farsighted advertiser begins to say "Sapolio" and "Gold Dust Twins" to her in infancy; "Sapolio" and "Gold-Dust Twins" follow her to school, they thrust themselves upon her when she travels, and all unconsciously engrave themselves upon her memory. At last the eventful day arrives and she sallies forth for her first day's shopping, and what is it that she orders? In all probability the following are on her list: Sapolio, Ivory Soap, Campbell's Soup, Walter Baker's Cocoa and a box of Toasted Corn Flakes. She knows and remembers these names but does not realize that in every case she has chosen an article made known to her perhaps by advertising alone. Multiply this instance a thousand times and countless others of similar character and you already have an army of purchasers.

Thus generation after generation must be schooled by the advertisers of the various brands of goods that are to survive in the twentieth century market. Manufacturers are becoming keenly awake to the proposition and in the last ten years have made marvelous strides toward the developing of this science; and science we may well call it, for magazines are now published especially for its benefit, books have been written upon the psychology of it, and at least half a dozen schools have been established for the development of the art. Mr. Mason has wittily but almost truly said in his paper on "Brains," "At one time brains influenced literature, but the discovery was made that literature could do without them and since they have been almost exclusively devoted to advertising."

Do you read advertisements? If you don't you ought to; for there are more downright brains and genius exhibited on one page of good advertising than over ninety and nine of modern literature.

Truly this is the advertising age, and with abundant reason it has come to be looked upon as the golden key which unlocks the door which leads not only to fortune but also to fame. For as no one will know what bargains are being offered unless his attention is forced upon them, likewise who will know the value of the advice and service of another unless he hears of his qualities? Everybody can read, everybody can buy, everybody can vote; and so the politician also enters the arena of advertising. The voters must be reached somehow by anyone who wants his vote, just as the purchaser must be reached by anyone who wants his trade. "To him that asketh it shall be given" is a truth with a great following in these days. To be, is no longer enough. If one would forge ahead it is necessary not only to be, but to be known, and the way to be known, is in some form or other to advertise.

We have come to advertise all things in this marvelous age; we advertise our religious meetings and we advertise our political meetings; we advertise our sacred things, and we advertise our secular things; we advertise our merchandise and if it does not pay to advertise the merchandise we advertise our business. We advertise and advertise until it has become universally recognized that advertising is the horsepower of twentieth century business.

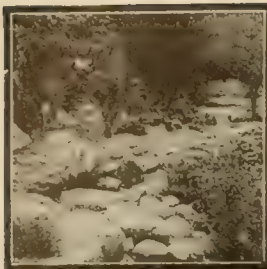


PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

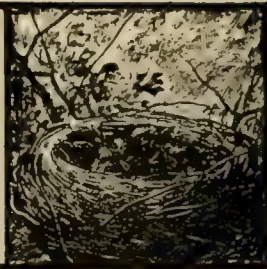
OLD and new methods of looking after the public health are contrasted in the twenty-ninth annual report of the New York State commissioner of health. The bulk of the work now falls upon the sanitarian instead of the physician, as formerly. Prevention and elimination are the processes employed where formerly the health department gave most of its attention to the cure of diseases after they had appeared.

"The old way," says the report, "has been expensive and deadly. Its central thought was to cure disease, not to prevent it. It made no attempt to protect communities. Its highest conception was to take care of individuals after they became diseased. So came our public hospitals, asylums, dispensaries, and other charitable institutions. But we realize now that we can do better than merely try to cure or care for the sick. We know now that if we do the things we ought to do we can prevent sickness. We have reached a point where it is recognized that it is the duty of the community or State to effectually protect itself against the ignorant, the selfish, the filthy, and the diseased. We believe now that we must have proper sewage disposal, pure water, decent tenements, clean streets, good sized playgrounds, supervision of factories, protection of child labor, and pure food."

A State school of sanitary science is urged where special training may be given along lines for the prevention of disease.—*Chicago Tribune*.



NATURE STUDIES



MY BROOK AND BANK.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

TODAY is a holiday for me and I am once more in one of my favorite haunts. When a holiday comes many seek the nearest town to while away the time. Others go in the opposite direction and seek a spot where the sights and sounds are those of Nature.

No place can be found where Nature reigns more supreme than in the grand old woods—God's first temples.

Here today not a sound is to be heard save those of Nature. Sit here by me on this old oak stump and see what you may see. But listen! You know birds? Good. Then you will enjoy the merry, changeable voice of the cedar bird in the brush behind us. Doubtless his nest is, or soon will be, in the cedar near us. There! Several of his fellows have taken up the song and the air resounds with their varied calls.

Over on the hill beyond, the jays are screaming and fluttering. Likely they have a squirrel or a snake. You can't mistake the jay, but do you know that bird in the tree to your right? He is Sir Oriole. His last year's nest is dangling from the bough of yonder elm, and there too may be his castle this year. Did you hear that shrill scream? That was the challenge of the hawk as he and his mate swept across behind us to the woods eastward. Their nest is away to the southeast in the top of a tall white oak in the dense woods. Every year that I have known this place they have had their eyrie here, to the sorrow of the housewife upon whose poultry they prey.

From my earliest childhood there has always been something fascinating about a stream to me. It is always coming, always going, yet always here. Here, almost at our feet, the water is rippling and flashing over the pebbles in the afternoon sun. Come back tomorrow and it will be the same.

Going back to the scenes of my earliest recollections after the lapse of years there was not a thing that was left to recall those days save the little stream. Not a bush or tree was left to mark the spot—no trace of yard or garden—nothing to indicate that it had once been the site of a human habitation. But the stream—it was flowing just the same as in those days. I had crossed that stream last a fatherless lad, not yet to the age of knickerbockers. When I returned I had learned

the bitter lesson that the world cares not for the sorrows of man.

Often have I passed near there since that day, but never have I again visited it nor do I expect ever to do so again. People change. Men come upon the scene, then vanish, but the brook pursues its way persistently. And what a latent power it possesses! What a model of persistence! Place an obstacle in its path and it will pass over, under, or around it, but never turn back.

Just beyond that small elm on a sandy bank see that bed of purple violets. Why did I say purple? Because that little flower not six feet down the bank is a *white* one while at the base of the hill is a large bed of them and farther down stream are *yellow* ones.

No, those blue flowers near the white ones are not violets—they are sweet Williams. Look sharply and you can see that they are not only basking in the sun, but some of them are peeping from the underbrush on the hill even to the very top. The bluebells are a little more particular—they keep away from the water's edge but swing from a clayey bluff where the woodchuck has his home.

Yes, that is a woodbine clinging to the elm leaning over the water, but the one on the tree where the oriole has his nest is a poison ivy. The difference? Easy enough. The woodbine has three leaves in a cluster and the ivy has five.

Certainly that elm would make lumber—but it also makes *shade*. Do you see that decayed limb? Madam Squirrel has her nursery there every year. Now you know why the woodman spares that tree.

Do you now wonder why I like to linger here? This is my study. Here at my feet are rushes—not the horsetail rushes but the branching ones—old plants when man first trod these hills.

Here you may watch birds, insects, and animals. Not a stone's throw from here is the body of the old oak felled some time ago, while a few paces farther is the rock quarry where you may read the record of the rocks.

On this acre of virgin sod bounded on three sides by the brook and on the other by the hill, may be seen sunshine or shade; land creatures or water inhabitants; birds flying from one to another of the twenty varieties of trees to be seen here, wading in the water, or peeping from the dense undergrowth;

plants that grow on the steep hillside or by the water's edge; ferns timidly peeping from damp, shady nooks, or clover basking in the bright sunlight.

What more could man want than to converse with Nature and thus with her Creator? That man would not be satisfied in this life if he owned the world.



SOME PLANTS THAT DO NOT FLOWER.

WHERE is the country boy or girl who does not know the possibilities of a playhouse in the woods? A lovely green bank beneath a great spreading beech, and sloping down to a little hollow, where stands a pool of water in the springtime, is all the invitation the average child needs to bring out his instinctive love for housekeeping.

Do you remember the summer afternoon when you and Bessie and Charlie went to the woods and made a playhouse? The ground was just soft enough so you could drive sticks into it, and the first thing you did was to make a fence around the whole bank. Heavy forked sticks formed the posts, and then you laid lighter crosspieces from one post to the other, resting them in the forks. And while you fixed sugar-trough chairs and shelves for bric-a-brac and some wooden "nails" to hang your hats on, you sent Bessie and Charlie away to find some pretty green things to decorate with.

They came back laden with ornaments of all kinds. There were tall, beautiful ferns, lovely mosses of all shades of green, and dear little "brackets" which they found growing upon the sides of logs and trees. You worked all afternoon, carpeting the bare places on your "floor," festooning the "walls," and ornamenting the doorposts and various articles of furniture.

And while you worked and played "house" did you realize what wonderful little woods plants you were playing with? The trees over your head were flower-bearing plants, but the ferns and mosses and fungi were plants that do not flower.

You know the mission of the flower is to produce seeds, and so reproduce the plant by making others of its kind. You do not recall ever seeing flowers on the fern plant, do you? And yet they must reproduce themselves in some way. This is how they do it. You perhaps have noticed the little brown dots on the under side of the fern leaf. These dots are the spores. Now "spore" is a new word to you, and I will explain the meaning. Spores are to the plants that do not flower what seeds are to flowering plants. They differ from seeds in this way: a seed contains a complete plant wrapped up in it; a spore contains no hint of the future plant. It is only a little cell, and when it falls on the ground a heart-shaped plant springs up from it. This is not a fern plant, however. The little heart-shaped plant produces a bud, and from this bud the fern

finally appears. This in turn bears spores again, and so the cycle of life is completed.

The spores of the moss are usually borne in a little cup on a tiny stem. You have often seen these little cups which give the moss such a beautiful appearance. When the spores are ripe the cups turn red.

The green, thick moss of the forests is truly beautiful. You have found it away down in a secluded dell where there is plenty of earth, the dark-green, velvety variety that is absolutely unequaled by anything of its kind for beauty.

The "funny little fungus family" are all very interesting. Many of them you know well. The mushrooms, toadstools, puffballs, all belong to this family. Perhaps you never knew that bread mold is in reality a forest of tiny growing plants, and wheat rust is equally wonderful under the microscope.

These fungi belong to the "tramp" variety of plants; that is, they are unable to make their own living, and must depend on other plants for their food.

The part of the mushroom that we see is not the real plant itself, but is the spore-bearing body. The real plant is under the ground. How often with a sweep of your little foot you have destroyed a whole village of toadstool dwellers, and then as you looked at the ruins you couldn't help taking one of those pretty white umbrellas up in your hands and looking at it. You thought the folds under the umbrella were just beautiful, and indeed they were. These folds produced the spores, and the whole "umbrella" was to that toadstool plant what the flower is to the flowering plant.

Has grandmother ever told you about the "scouring day" at the old homestead, when all the tinware was brought out and made to shine like a polished mirror? Perhaps you need not go back to grandmother's day; doubtless mother can well remember those occasions, which are now a thing of the past, since granite ware has come to take the place of the less durable and more troublesome tin. But what did they do the scouring with? Rushes, which grew down by the river—we call them horse-tails, or *equisetum*. These are interesting plants, for they have no real leaves, but scales which unite in a tube around the stem of the plant. Horse-tail rushes are hollow, with jointed stems which are easily pulled apart. The spore cases are borne at the top of the plant in a collection shaped something like a cone. And now comes the wonder of wonders: each little spore is wrapped about by four thread-like hairs. When the spore is wet these hairs cling closely about it, but when the spore gets dry and ripe, the hairs spring apart and the spore is thrown from the case to the ground, where it may grow.

Oh, the woods are full of wonders, that are more marvelous than all the doings of the fairy folk—and more wonderful, too, because they are real.—*Selected.*

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THIS week our readers are given an interesting glimpse of frontier life in the article on "Homesteading." Many boys of today would consider themselves seriously handicapped in life's race if they were compelled to begin in this way, but such experiences are really among the most valuable assets a young man can have.



THERE are many things that we should love. The power to love sincerely deepens our understanding and broadens our sympathies. But there are also some things that we should hate, as hypocrisy, injustice, dishonesty, and our hatred of these should be as unyielding and uncompromising as our love of the noble qualities should be unfailing.



THE would-be leader of progress passes a wholesale condemnation upon ruts and rut traveling. But ruts are all right if they are the right kind. By the right kind we mean the ones that lead somewhere—somewhere worth going—to something worth having. To get out of a rut, sometimes means to get on a broad plain that leads nowhere.



HERE are some words from the philosopher, Epicurus, which it would be well for us in this age to consider: "No one who is a lover of riches or a lover of pleasure, or a lover of glory, can at the same time be a lover of men." Can you prove that the statement is not true? If not, evidently here are some more things for some of us to learn to hate in order that we may get on the right side.



THE worst thing in the world is the abuse of good things—the abuse of intellectual gifts, the abuse of physical powers. The saying, that a falsehood with a mixture of truth in it is the worst kind of a falsehood, is simply another way of stating the same

principle. There is no more revolting sight in nature or in the moral world than that which has been deformed or perverted. And there is no more effectual way of defeating noble impulses than by their perversion. Let us be careful that we are not guilty of these worst things.



IMPRESSIONS. No. 2.

IT would be impossible for us to give full expression to the feelings that possess us when we find ourselves at one of our Annual Conferences where, for the most part, the moving power that has brought the thousands of members together has been love for the church and for the Master who made possible our sitting together in heavenly places. The inspiration of the numbers alone is something that will remain with one for some time, and when we add to this the effect of their singing and their earnest listening to the Word, Elijah's Mount Horeb feeling leaves us entirely and we are ready to meet duty with renewed courage.

A meeting of several thousand people causes many of us to change our ideas of numbers. In general our congregations are small and scattering and we get the idea that though we number ninety thousand altogether, we are a mere handful of people. To be sure we are a mere handful compared with some bodies,—much depends on what is compared,—but for all that when we get ten or fifteen thousand people together we find our original mere handful idea a ridiculously inadequate measure. The one whose comfort is not complete without the feeling that he is one of a large body of people—that there is "a big crowd of us"—ought to attend our conferences and be comforted.

The social side of these meetings is a very important feature, and while we believe it should be held in bounds and not be allowed to interfere with the real purposes of the conference, we do not at all agree with those who would preach it down. We verily believe that the common ground on which we as a people meet is as broad as that of any other body of people. It fosters the democratic spirit and gives no encouragement to the cold formality and cut and dried mannerisms that stand on ceremony. May the conditions forever continue that make this easy friendliness possible.

Here is a homely illustration of what we mean, in part, in the above: To our right at lunch was one whose face was that of a stranger but which withal carried that look of common brotherhood that invited acquaintance. So we bid the stranger the time of day and exchanged comments on the weather. Then we continued: "Live hereabouts, do you?" "No, I live in Kansas." "Kansas? Um. (Strange, we didn't recognize that Kansas drawl at first "sight.") Live near W—?" "No, I live at C—. Know anybody

around C—?" "Well, I can't say that I do. Le' me see, what's your name?" "Black—Will Black." "What, W. O. Black?" "The same." "Brother to J. W. Black?" "Yes; you know J. W.?" "Indeed, I do; used to be in class with him at school." "Well, well! and who are you? Is that so? I'm very glad to meet you." Then followed inquiries about mutual friends, the progress of church work in each one's district, etc., and when we each went our way, it was with additional reasons for believing that the whole world is kin.

You may live in isolation from the church and may attend a conference in a distant State where all are strangers to you, but if you go away from that meeting without scores of new acquaintances and some very dear friends, it will be your own fault. Indeed, you will have to take special pains to hedge yourself about if you are able to turn aside the streams of friendliness and good fellowship that flow in all directions at such a place. But while this attitude of friendliness toward those of our own faith leaves little to be desired, there is room for improvement in many of our congregations in our attitude toward "the stranger within our gates." Would that they, too, in every instance might have nothing to be desired in the way of a feeling of comfort and ease while among us.

A very encouraging growth toward effective work is the increasing number of meetings at our conferences devoted to the interest of some particular line of effort. This phase of the meeting contributes in some degree also to the large attendance. These general meetings are in many ways a great benefit to these special lines of work. In the first place they give a work a central organization which keeps the various branches of it in touch with each other. With this means of communication efforts will also be more concerted; there will be a thorough understanding of the ends to be reached and the best means to use. Then the inspiration, coming from the association of those engaged in the same work, is a consideration of no little importance. Altogether, a mighty impetus is given to the various lines of practical work by these general meetings. An account of the particular work of the Annual Conference has been fully written up in the *Gospel Messenger* and we will not repeat it here. The full report of the business sessions, together with that of several meetings preceding the business sessions, has been published and can be secured at this office at twenty-five cents per copy, postpaid.



It is good to have money, and the things that money can buy, but it's good, too, to check up once in a while, and make sure you haven't lost the things that money can't buy.—George Horace Lorimer.

"INTELLECTUAL HOBOISM."

"I HAVE taught the 'barefoot boy with cheek of tan' and the college boy with cheek of brass."

Dean J. O. Reed of the University of Michigan with this statement opened his address recently before the North Central Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools in Chicago. He was discussing "Intellectual Hoboism," exponents of which, he said, are to be found in large numbers in high schools and colleges.

"In the high school," he continued, "intellectual hoboism finds its expression in numberless ways, chiefly in aping the worst features of college and university life without the appreciation of any of its redeeming qualities.

"Such a student is at the bottom of every surprising outbreak of disorder. He may be an athlete or a fop, or both combined; he usually excels in dancing and other social functions, and maintains toward the principal an attitude of armed neutrality, or of open insurrection, according as he feels himself safe in assuming the one or the other. He chews gum or tobacco as his social standing dictates, and is usually addicted to the cigarette.

"Such a student does the school untold injury and receives no benefit from its teachings. If he be compelled to work or leave, he promptly leaves, and betakes himself to some prominent eastern private school or military academy, from which he graduates with great eclat in a surprisingly short time.

"In many cases he may be a girl, in which event devotion to society, to theater parties, to bridge whist, to late suppers, to balls, to pink teas and to similar intellectual pursuits leaves the poor dear in such a nervous and overwrought state that the dreadful mathematics, the horrid Latin or the detestable French is quite impossible, really, while the duty of reaching the high school on time is more than should be expected of one so frail and so sensitive in spirit.

"This amiable creature is not likely to know anything or to learn anything useful in the high school, and is soon ready for the girls' finishing school, from which she returns highly educated in a few months.

"These intellectual vagrants are in a large degree the children of parents in good circumstances in life."
—*Interstate Schoolman*.



To touch a languid spring, to break the rust off a tight or hindered bolt, to free a doubt with an inspired word, to kindle a long life of energy with one flash of fire, to make a fellow-man see God—there can be no privileges like that. The men who do that are the men whom the world remembers; or, if it forgets their names, it lives by their illumination long after they are dead.—Phillips Brooks.



THE HOME WORLD



THE HOUSEWIFE AND THE MARKET BASKET

CLARA NORTH RULEY

THIS redoubtable combination has in this twentieth century degenerated into "The housewife and the delivery wagon with a telephone connection." This sad state of affairs should not be, dear housemothers. Delivery wagons are all very well to carry home our supplies for us, but no one, absolutely no one, can buy for us as successfully and economically as we ourselves. For example, we conclude to have parsnips for dinner. So we call up the groceryman who tells us he has parsnips—and we order them sent down. Now what the groceryman does not tell us is that though he has this vegetable it is very poor in quality. Without going deeply into the subject of the grocer's honesty we can safely conclude that if we had our own welfare at heart we would have gone down to the store, personally inspected the supplies and used our own judgment as to whether we purchased wilted parsnips or fine turnips.

Perhaps on another occasion we ask the merchant whether he has any eggs and if he has to send them up. When they come, we look at them. They *are* eggs, there is no doubt of it, but those we boil for a salad garnish have the hall-mark of the cold-storage product and our sponge cake made from them is a failure.

Before one begins to fill the market basket, one must of necessity inspect the contents of one's pocket-book. There is a saying, "The best is the cheapest in the long run." This is not true in buying household supplies if one is to consider that the *best* means the *highest priced*. All food products should be fresh and in perfect condition, but there are many cuts of meat and many varieties of vegetables that afford the human system the maximum amount of nourishment that do not depreciate the amount of one's exchequer to any great extent.

After all, it depends upon the use to which one intends to put the material as to the grade that is pur-

chased. For instance, take rice. If you wish to serve a dish of stewed rice with mutton, perhaps, each grain separate and beautifully symmetrical and perfect in itself, why, the high-priced sort must be purchased, but if one wishes a pudding, or fritters, croquettes, pancakes, or a thickening for soups, a good broken rice may be had for less than half the cost of the better quality. The meals should be planned as far as possible beforehand, and the proper things cooked together; for example, apple sauce, tomatoes and sweet potatoes with roast pork, and rice and peas with mutton and lamb. Any meal is infinitely more satisfactory if perfect in this way instead of being put together in a haphazard manner.

As far as possible *feature* your *food* and don't let anything become common if you can help it. One reads nowadays of many strange kitchen utensils that appear to be most mystifying. Take for instance the number of recipes for dishes cooked "en casserole." Many a young housekeeper passes by many most excellent and nourishing "entrees" just because she has no "casserole." My dear young housewife, any old pan or dish will do, so long as it will not be harmed by oven heat. One of the best cooks I ever knew was a very poor woman at the time of her marriage—so poor indeed that she had no skillet whatever but one with a piece broken out of the side. She managed, however, to concoct many delicious dishes in that self-same skillet.

It is rather discouraging at the last of the week to see how one's allowance has dwindled, and to think of the meals that have to be furnished out of the fraction of money that remains. This is the time to put one's ingenuity to work. It is well on such occasions to be an optimist like a colored maid I knew. Her mistress inquired into the contents of the larder near the close of the week and the little maid replied

thus: "Suah, miss, we done got a plenty. They's lots of buttah, an—an—watah." It is needless to say that there was some marketing done *that* morning. But even though finances are low, there are always codfish and liver to fall back on. In the smaller towns, at least, liver may be had for five cents a pound and even if twice that must be paid for it it is still a cheap article of food, for one buys no bones with it. As for codfish it is a host in itself.

The most important thing for the housewife to learn, indeed to my mind it ranks far above ability in buying, is the use of odds and ends and in such a manner that they do not cry aloud that they *are* leftovers. If your family are the good-natured, experimental kind, this is not so difficult a matter, but if the "good man" has eaten in grooves for years, why then you have your work cut out for you. A bit of cold or mashed potatoes will help to eke out an insufficient amount of dry bread for dressing and will not spoil the flavor. A tablespoonful of cream, sweet or sour, will make one egg go as far as two in noodles with satisfactory results, and sour cream, if very rich, answers for mashed potatoes as well as sweet. Little

odds and ends of jellies and jams may go in the mince meat, or be used in pudding sauces with delightful results.

These are *little* things, but in the course of years the amount saved thus is not inconsiderable. It is quite possible to save much in fuel with proper management. One housekeeper of my acquaintance says that on ironing day she wishes for sixteen hands so she might have the oven full of things baking while she uses the irons from the top of the stove. And indeed with the two that she does possess she gets an incredible amount done. The evening before beans are looked over and put to soak to be baked with the ironing fire. While the irons are heating in the morning a rice pudding is put together, or a pie is made, and if at any time during the forenoon this clever manager is compelled to wait on the irons to heat, she stirs up a quick cake or a gingerbread, while invariably there is a piece of meat stewing slowly on the back of the stove. It is in the little things that the housewife saves and thus keeps herself from throwing out with a spoon what her husband and provider brings in with a shovel.

THE CARLTONS' VISITORS

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"WE haven't been alone for three months," said Mary Carlton. She and her husband were seated at the dinner table and I her neighbor had just "run in."

"That accounts for your lingering so long at the table," I remarked.

"Well, I should say," responded Mr. Carlton with considerable emphasis. "I dare not lose another minute if I am to keep my appointment with Scott." And he left the table hurriedly and went down town.

But his wife remained at the table, and I could not help saying, "I am glad your visitors are all gone, you look sadly in need of rest."

She smiled and said. "I have only been tired this last month; I enjoyed having Mrs. Wade here during August; she and Lillian were so cheerful and companionable, we hated to see them go home. But the old copy book heading is true, there are many men of many minds and women of many moods and fancies; and I want to be quiet a while before I entertain any more visitors."

I reminded Mrs. Carlton of one morning when they had a late breakfast and I found Aunt Amelia sitting bolt upright and dignified in her chair with a resigned expression that was peculiarly aggravating. I afterward learned that the fried potatoes had been fried in

butter and lard; as Aunt Amelia was a strict vegetarian she could not tolerate lard in any food, so this was her grievance.

"Aunt Amelia was a little trying," said Mary. In the joy of being alone she could not withhold some of her experiences from me, her dearest friend. "She used to look so mournful when George was eating his broiled steak, he confessed to me that under her condemning gaze he had all the sensations of a murderer."

"I suppose you have all the latest things in breakfast foods and know how to live hygienically after being so long under her instruction?" I inquired.

"You heard her talk on the value of cold baths, so let us forget her lectures and think of something else. Aunt Amelia is a good woman but she has always been given to fads, and she pursues the health fad with a singleness of purpose which leaves her but little time to talk about anything else." I could very readily believe this. Aunt Amelia had impressed me as being a tiresome visitor, to say the least.

"All my silver needs cleaning," said Mary. "And, oh, let me warn you against one thing, never put your guest room to rights until your guest has been gone many hours. When Mr. and Mrs. Sidney had spent a week with us, they left on Friday morning. I went to

at once changing sheets and pillow slips, when to my astonishment they suddenly reappeared, saying they had missed their train. They must stay with us another night and Mrs. Sidney said I could lay aside my clean linens until next morning."

I laughed and said that was thoughtful of her, then for a moment we were both silent. My thoughts were back in the old farmhouse where there was always room for the stranger within the gates. How different it is now. We were not burdened in the old days. Modern living is more complex, there are more responsibilities, more things to take our time. And I said to Mary, "We do not take to hospitality naturally, joyously, and inevitably as our mothers used to do. There are so many things to be done in order to have company in these days that sometimes it makes visiting a complicated, perplexing arrangement."

"Then there was Olive Murry. She came right after the Sidneys had gone home and she was pure delight; when we had any difficulties, Olive helped us to solve them; she had so many resources within herself and was interested in so many things that she enlivened us when we were all together. She was never a weight on our minds; when she was alone, we knew she was happy, for she always spoke of something which had amused or interested her when she joined us in the sitting room. I should like to welcome her back tomorrow, but there are not many like her," said this well-worn hostess, regretfully.

"Long ago our guests were members of the family, sharing our joys and sorrows. But that is passing away with hand-sewing and letter writing," said I. And then I left her to enjoy her home in peace and quietness, undisturbed by the thought of a guest who must be entertained. On a visitor in any kind of a home rests the invariable task of making herself agreeable, and many a one prefers the independence of a hotel to trying to make everybody happy in the home she might visit. Now all this going a visiting whether it be in the summer or winter, whether it be among relatives or friends, should be regulated by some custom that would keep it from being a bore and a bother to either host or hostess.

Many are the crimes committed in the name of hospitality. Take as an instance the visitor who must be constantly entertained. She should go to a large hotel at the seashore with its miles of piazza gossipers, its beach and its general excitement. It is an ideal place for the person who has no resources within herself. The guest who must be constantly entertained has no right to inflict herself on a busy hostess and expect constant attention. In this matter of visiting the golden rule, "Do unto others as you would that they should do to you," should be well observed by the visitor and the host and hostess.

TWO HOME-COMINGS.

THURSDAY; the maid already gone, having left a simple meal for two ready to serve; Mrs. Ashley intent on saving every possible minute for helping the little seamstress, who was working at high tension on a gown which Mrs. Ashley needed to wear that evening; the telephone bell; a message to say that three friends would drop in to luncheon—and then Daughter Dulcie, slender, sixteen and competent, walking quietly in, home for her vacation twenty-four hours earlier than expected.

"What luck that I came!" was the first thing she said on learning the situation. "Things to tell you? Well, rather! But they'll keep till this crisis is past. You sit down, mother, and sew, just as if they weren't coming. I'll make omelet and whole-wheat muffins and cocoa—don't you give it a thought. Isn't it good that I saved a clean shirt-waist and brought it in my bag? And now I know why I lugged that bunch of asters home—to have on the table at our luncheon. Oh, but I'm glad I'm here!"

That evening, while Mrs. Ashley was paying the seamstress, Dulcie, close by, was exulting over the prettiness of the finished gown.

"Pretty? Yes, child," said Mrs. Ashley, with a look at Dulcie that made the little seamstress suddenly homesick for her own mother, "but it's thanks to you that I have it ready for tonight, isn't it, Miss Brown? What would we have done if Dulcie hadn't come today?"

Before that week was over the little seamstress, in another home, found herself realizing, as the morning slipped away, that there was still two days' work to be done before finishing her engagement at Mrs. Brewster's that night.

"If I could have a few hours of help this afternoon, Mrs. Brewster—" she had begun, when a cab rolled up to the door, and the sentence was never finished. Ethel Brewster, pretty and high-keyed, had come back from a summer jaunt.

"Completely strapped, momsie!" she announced gaily, at the threshold. "Didn't have car fare. That's why I took the cab, counting on your pocket-book at this end. Yes, I'm later than I said, but we found there was a faster train with a chair-car, so we waited. The laundress? O momsie, I utterly forgot what you wrote about having engaged her to do up my things today! Been here all the morning? Such a shame—for every dud I have needs washing. I could have brought those things in my suit case instead of my trunk, just as well. And that isn't the worst. See this frightful trapdoor right in front of the only good skirt I have left—and school beginning tomorrow!"

By this time there was a veil on one chair, a pair of gloves on another, a hat on the table and a coat on the couch. For the rest of the day, while the little

seamstress remodeled the torn skirt and Ethel pervaded the house, pouring out continuous tales of the good times she had been having, her mother was following her about, picking up and putting away.

When Mrs. Brewster paid the little seamstress that night, she said, with a weary kindness, "It's not your fault in the least, Miss Brown, that you couldn't finish my dress. If it hadn't been for Ethel's coming home today—"

There she stopped, and the little seamstress went away, thinking. She was going home to visit her own mother the following week.—*Youth's Companion*.



WHY HE LOST HIS FRIENDS.

HE was always wounding their feelings, making sarcastic or funny remarks at their expense.

He was cold and reserved in his manner, gloomy, pessimistic.

He was suspicious of everybody.

He never threw the doors of his heart wide open to people, or took them into his confidence.

He was always ready to receive assistance from his friends, but was always too busy or too stingy to assist them in their time of need.

He regarded friendship to be enjoyed, instead of an opportunity for service.

He never learned that implicit, generous trust is the very foundation of friendship.

He never thought it worth while to spend time in keeping up his friendships.

He did not realize that friendships will not thrive on sentiment alone; that there must be service to nourish it.

He did not know the value of thoughtfulness in little things.

He borrowed money from them.

He never hesitated to sacrifice their reputation for his advantage.

He was always saying mean things about them in their absence.—*Success Magazine*.



SUNSTROKES AND HEAT PROSTRATIONS.

I ASKED a doctor one day why there were so many more deadly prostrations from heat in our northern towns and cities than in the South, where the temperature marked often a higher degree in the middle of the day than at the North. He replied: "Southerners understand the art of being at leisure better than the more hustling northern people do, and they also dress with a better notion of what is appropriate on a day of sizzling heat. They wear white linen clothing and dress the neck loosely; they do their work in the cooler morning or evening hours and take a midday rest. They are not above carrying an umbrella to ward off the rays of the noonday sun. At the North business men dress too warmly and rush about pre-

cisely as if it were mid-winter, making no difference between January and July. In consequence they almost invite sunstroke. They take life at too exciting a pace." The good doctor might have added that one prolific source of peril from heat prostration is cooling the temperature of the body too rapidly by copious drinks of iced fluids either from the soda water fountain or from the home refrigerator. Some years ago a noted prima donna died suddenly in Paris from the effects of a drink of ice cold milk. Many sunstrokes, so called, might be averted if people avoided cooling the temperature of the body too suddenly, and if they were careful to guard against intemperance of every kind, not forgetting that to lose one's temper on a piping hot day or to become agitated in any unusual manner is to invite danger and perhaps death.—*Selected*.



CUCUMBER parings laid around in cupboards will drive away roaches and sometimes water bugs.

The Children's Corner

AWAY WITH THE BUBBLES.

"I'm tired of everything, mama. Do tell me what to do!" said Beth Lincoln, coming into the room where her mother was sitting. "I am tired of everything and everybody. Please tell me what I can do."

"Is my daughter tired of herself?" asked Mrs. Lincoln, with a slight emphasis on "herself."

"Why, yes. Didn't I say so, mama?"

"How would it do to stop trying to please self, of which you are so very tired?"

"Mama, what do you mean?"

Just then dear little Madge came toddling into the room and wistfully said: "I haven't any one to play with."

"How would it do for my big girl to get away from herself and amuse my little girl?" the mother suggested.

Mrs. Lincoln was called from the room, and she found two happy children when she returned half an hour later. What were they doing? Beth was blowing soap bubbles, and Madge was trying to catch them. Mrs. Lincoln stood for a moment in silence, thinking: "What a beautiful picture!"

Beth looked up and saw her mother, and said: "Aren't the bubbles beautiful, mama, and isn't Madge a dear?"

"I have two dears now. But what has become of that tired self?"

"Blown away, mama, with the bubbles," laughed Beth.—*Exchange*.



THE QUIET HOUR



CHRIST'S TEACHING CONCERNING PRAYER.

S. S. BLOUGH.

THE conviction of a Supreme Being was implanted in man from the beginning. To him the sincere soul has always yielded itself as it had ability and understanding. This Supreme Being has been adored and appealed to in various ways. Prayer is one means of man's devotion to God. A proper understanding of prayer is very important in this church age. Prayer is all-important. It is the very essence of religion. It begins the Christian life. In true prayer, the soul of the creature goes out to the Creator in adoration, praise, thanksgiving and petition. Every step of growth is accomplished through prayer. By it we are enabled to withstand temptation and accomplish work.

Earnest search for a teacher in prayer invariably leads to Christ, for he lived preëminently the prayer life. The disciples, anxious to learn to pray, came to him, who in turn anxious to teach gave them invaluable instruction. His teachings are final and important to all who would pray to the Father. Constant association with Christ taught the disciples not only something of his prayer life but they saw the connection between his praying and his marvelous works. Desiring to be like him, they said, "Teach us to pray" (Luke 11: 1). All who will may have his teaching which is open to all.

Christ's Teaching.

1. All worship, hence all prayer must be "in spirit and in truth" (John 4: 20-26). God desires such prayer. Not alone in prayer, but continually the suppliant is controlled by the Spirit. The one praying and the prayer must be inside the realm of truth, the Word. Place in prayer is not essential. It aids us in coming into the spirit, but we can anywhere worship him in spirit and in truth.

2. Acceptable prayer can only be offered when reconciliation with man has first been effected. There must be a thoroughly forgiving spirit (Matt. 5: 23-24). It is utterly impossible to hate our fellow-men and obey God, for God is love.

3. Pray in all sincerity and not by a vain show in hypocrisy. Prayer shall be in secret rather than in public (Matt. 6: 5-15). Every Christian should by all means have a place and time for secret prayer daily. This period should be long or short as indicated

by the Spirit. "Our father who seeth in secret will reward us openly."

4. From the model prayer of Christ we learn that our prayers shall be definite, to the Father, for all things we need, from a forgiving heart, and with a wish for the final triumph of God's Kingdom. Praying is not informing God of our needs, but asking for the things which the Spirit lays on our heart. The Lord's prayer is general while our needs are specific, hence our prayers necessarily will consist of more than the Lord's model prayer.

5. In Matt. 7: 7-12, we have perfect assurance of answered prayer. Ask, seek, knock, it shall be done. God knows how our hearts have doubts and distrusts and so he emphasizes this promise. If then we ask and do not receive, the fault lies with us and not with God.

6. God has so planned that, through the prayers of his children, workers shall be raised up to publish the Good Tidings and bring to him those who should be saved.

The world-wide harvest is indeed large and ripe for the gathering. He commands us not to cease praying for laborers. Luke 10: 1-3. The faithful disciple will be much concerned in this matter.

7. Christ again has promised his presence to even two or three who agree in prayer. Matt. 18: 19, 20. In this spiritual harmony their prayer power is multiplied. They must be gathered in his name, agree and ask. Then Christ will be in their midst by his Spirit and will second their petition and see that it is done.

8. In Luke 11: 1-13, Christ teaches us that sometimes great importunity is necessary and that God will hear such prayer. As a father will not give an evil gift when a good one is required, so God will give us the best. He will give the Holy Spirit to whomsoever asks aright. There must, however, be a real need back of the petition. The father must be our friend, then we may be have absolute certainty if we have sought to know God's will. In the case of the poor widow and the judge there was utter helplessness but a just cause. Luke 18: 1-8. If an unjust judge will be moved by such an insistent plea, surely God will hear when we call upon him.

9. Matt. 21; Mark 11. Christ teaches the necessity of uncompromising faith. Faith in the Promiser as

well as in the promise. There must be full and absolute assurance without any possibility of doubt.

10. John 14, 15 and 16 teach us a great deal concerning prayer. The conditions here given are: Believing in Christ, chosen and appointed by him, we abide in him and his words in us. We must will, then ask. Christ will pray the Father, we shall receive from the Father. It will then be ours from the Father to do greater works and have great joy. There is here a strong teaching that our asking much be in Christ's name. We shall ask by his authority which is only given to those who advance his cause and are very truly his own.

With all this teaching there is no reason why any should excuse himself from prayer. There is but one thing to do. Serve the Lord wholly, ask him for what you need and receive the answer with joy.

Batavia, Ill.



"LIKE OTHER LITERATURE."

LAST night I heard a studied address by a distinguished writer who was formerly a Presbyterian minister and later accepted the doctrines of the destructive critics. His lecture had been announced in a most attractive and cultured way, and the lecturer himself had a winning personality that attracted favor from the very beginning. He came from a place where criticism lurks under every rose on the bushes about the front door, and culture is seen in every cobweb on the vines in the side yard. Every sentence the speaker uttered was in harmony with the refinement of his personal manners; and the logic of his lecture was set before us with a symmetry and smoothness that might have been expected from the accurate wording of any selected sentence.

Aside, however, from this impression of finish and cultivation, his address was based on the assumption that the believers in the Bible were out of touch with modern investigation, that they believed because passively under authority, and that intellectual men were not believers in that which they did not prove for themselves.

But this was old stuff, hundreds of years old; in fact as old as the time when Peter and John (Acts 4: 13) were considered "unlearned and ignorant" by the priests, and the captain of the temple, and the Sadducees, and the rulers and elders and scribes, and Annas and Caiaphas and Alexander, and the kindred of the high priest, and other intellectual men of Jerusalem.

But did you ever notice that of all that assembly that day in Jerusalem there was no man whose writings we care for in our time, except Peter and John, whom the highly educated men there called "unlearned and ignorant"? Have you noticed that, even of the cultivated and polished Caiaphas, about the only thing presumably worthy of record that he ever said has been preserved from oblivion by the writing of John (11:

49, 50), whom that day he considered "unlearned and ignorant"?

But how our lecturer could have asserted that we should not accept belief under the influence of authority I could not understand; for all men believe under authority. No man has lived long enough to investigate for himself every truth he accepts. No man discovers for himself the larger part of what he believes, unless we except the mere physical or unconscious discoveries of the child; such as length, breadth, distance, form, color, weight, etc. Sir Isaac Newton did not. Copernicus did not. Columbus did not. He is a fool who will learn only by experience. The accumulated knowledge of the past thousands of years, and of all classes and civilizations, is at the command of him who is willing to accept suitable authority.

Probably the speaker's most elaborate ostentation was in his adroit insistence on the theory that the sacred books ought to be treated "like other literature"; that they ought not to be accepted as authority until their statements were proved. But this doctrine is a "begging of the question." For the Bible has been "treated like other literature," until it has fought its way to the confidence of Christendom. No writer of any Bible book ever got it accepted in the canon of Scripture because he had any earthly power to put it there.

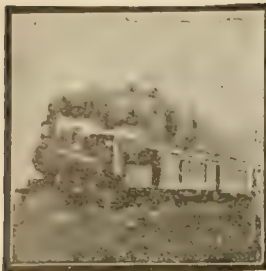
We might well say, The Bible did not gain its power because it had authority, but gained its authority because it had power. It fought its way to the mastery of Christendom.

Just as Jesus in his life had to fight against a skeptical, cultured age, the writings of Matthew, Mark, Luke and John had to fight. The pages of their histories were stained by the blood of the writers who testified to things which the critics of that day considered ridiculous and contrary to the knowledge of cultivated men; but they have created an interest in the hearts of millions and millions of men.

Again, the prophets of the Old Testament had no special advantages in putting their productions before the world. Most of them were persecuted. Sometimes their acquaintances asked them to prophesy "smooth things," and they would not. Some of them were martyred. The writings of some of them lacked polish. They had the opposition of kings, of literary fellows, of destructive critics of the time, some of whom even with "penknife" cut the distasteful parchments in pieces and burnt them (Jer. 36: 23), and, in fact treated them like any other literature. But these lived, while most of the writings of their day are now uncared for, except as matters of archæological curiosity. —J. J. Summerbell, in *Christian Sun*.



"PREACHING and practice are twins that often get separated."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



By a vote of 40 to 34 the Senate placed crude petroleum on the free list. This was the first defeat Senator Aldrich has suffered since the tariff bill was laid before the Senate.

The California Legislature has passed a law prohibiting a saloon within one and one-half miles of a college or university having 1,000 students.

Almost identical in construction with the great Roman Coliseum will be the new convention hall which is to be built in Chicago at a cost of over \$3,000,000. It will have a seating capacity of about 50,000, and 200,000 square feet of floor space for exhibits.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh recommends to the Senate finance committee that the tax on colored and uncolored oleomargarine be made 2 cents a pound straight. At present the tax on uncolored oleo is $\frac{1}{4}$ -cent a pound and on the colored product 10 cents a pound.

Within two months State Receiver Eckhardt at Taylor will offer for sale all of the property of the Waters-Pierce Oil Company located in Texas, worth about \$2,000,000. Whoever buys the property must operate it as a new concern and no bid by the Standard Oil Company will be received.

The Oklahoma State board of affairs has practically adopted a rule which will require all products purchased by the State which have to be sacked or wrapped, to be wrapped in cotton bagging instead of jute, in order to favor home-grown products. The same sort of a rule is under consideration in Texas.

In excavating for a dry dock at Taranto, Italy, some interesting archaeological relics were discovered. Among them were a sarcophagus of the fourth century A. D. containing two intact bodies, many valuable Ionic and Corinthian vases, sepulchral furniture, and a curious terra-cotta group representing Cupid kneeling on the shoulder of Venus.

That the British government has raised entirely its embargo on American beef is indicated by the recent announcement by Armour & Co. that it had received another order for 1,000,000 pounds of corned beef to be delivered to the British government in October. This is the second big order the company has received since the beef "scandal" four years ago.

A report just made shows that the postal savings-bank as established in the Philippines is a success, the deposits having more than doubled in the last year. Some people say we are ill-treating the Filipinos; it is now up to them to explain why it is that Uncle Sam has given them the postal savings-bank, when he refuses to let us enjoy this splendid institution for encouraging popular thrift.

Out of 3,600 checks paid out in wages by one manufacturer in Joliet, Ill., on a recent pay day, all but one were returned with the indorsement of some saloon. The single one had been indorsed by a man running both a saloon and a grocery store. Nine-tenths of the mill pay checks of Joliet come back to the banks indorsed by saloon keepers, declares one of that city's leading bankers.

According to William Kilpatrick, secretary of the Illinois railroad commission, the figures given out by the bureau of railway news and statistics are false and misleading. He says that instead of the railroads losing \$15,609,900 through the operation of the 2-cent law in Illinois, their earnings for the years 1907 and 1908 increased \$3,079,232. Secretary Kilpatrick says his figures are correct beyond denial.

The postmaster-general has instructed the chemists of the agricultural department to work out a formula whereby it will be possible to secure a much better paper for postal cards than is being acquired by the present contract. He points out that our postal cards are inferior to those of almost every other country. Improvements in the general style of the arrangement of the type and printing will be made.

The contract has been awarded by the Navy Department to the San Francisco Bridge Company for the construction at Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, of what will be the largest drydock in the world. The masonry and cement portion of the dock alone will cost \$1,670,000. Plans have been drawn for a complete system of defense for the harbor, and the construction of these defenses and of the dock will proceed simultaneously.

That the Chinese government intends to inaugurate a sweeping reform was reported June 21 in cables from Peking which stated that the constitution of the empire will soon be amended to permit subjects residing in the United States or other foreign countries to retain their ballot upon Chinese affairs. Chinese who renounce their Chinese citizenship will not have this privilege, of course. The purpose of the government, it is supposed, is to offer inducements to Chinese abroad to retain their citizenship privileges.

The National Bankers' Insurance Company has served notice on Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, that the national banks of the State will not be dictated to by the State as to interest rates. The nationals say they will run their business in their own way. The big fight is on between State and national banks, and Stubbs threatens to call a special session of Legislature to give State banks all that will enable them to meet interest rates fixed by the nationals. The State banks are limited to 3 per cent on deposits. Some national bankers are advertising to pay 4, and a few will pay 5 per cent on time deposits.

The American line steamer New York won the ocean race between the nine liners which started from New York on June 19, arriving at Plymouth four hours ahead of the Hamburg-American steamer Amerika. An exciting contest took place between the Lapland and the Amerika, which were within sight of each other throughout the entire voyage. They passed Eddystone within ninety minutes of each other. The other steamers were the Baltic, Minnehaha, Barbarossa, Konig Albert, Carmania and Furnessia.

Emperor William has contributed \$7,500 to the German Labor Exchange Association, an organization the object of which is to find work for the unemployed. The society has arranged for energetic support in the German states, and the Prussian cabinet has decided to include a liberal appropriation for it in the next budget. The association proposes to grasp the problem of lack of employment in the most thorough manner, so that men without work can be brought into immediate contact with vacancies in any part of the empire.

The American Institute of Homeopathy, in its annual convention at Detroit, June 25, adopted an amendment to its code of ethics releasing physicians from professional secrecy regarding the private affairs of patients or their families where such secrecy or silence may result in the injury or infection of innocent persons. The institute also went on record as advocating the formation of an independent national association of clinical research, which shall invite and receive into membership without disturbance of present affiliations the American Homeopathic Institute, American Medical Society, Eclectic Medical Association, state medical societies, college faculties and the hospital staffs of the army, navy and marine service.

The Austrian war on the Standard Oil Company will be aided by the government. The Galician Society of Oil Producers and the refiners' syndicate have agreed to take over and assume the management of the Austrian government's factory for the purpose of providing oil fuel, which is being used on the government's railroads. The oil producers and the refiners further declare they will not buy any more oil from the Standard if the government will build adequate oil tanks and pipe lines to store the various local supplies. The ministers of the government have signified their intention of complying with these conditions. Such a move will, in effect, practically bar the Standard from further business in Austria and Hungary.

No doubt the building of the Panama canal is the biggest undertaking of all time thus far, but because it is of such stupendous proportions other countries are not content to sit idle and make no attempt at canal-building because the United States is unrivalled in its work on the southern isthmus. Canada, therefore, is laying plans for a ship canal which will be nearly 450 miles long, extending from Montreal to Georgian Bay. Of course, a great deal of the route will not have to be cut, as it will extend through lakes and rivers, but it will not be the less cost, and the Canadian government is counting upon disbursing at least \$100,000,000 on the project. When the work is completed it will be possible for a cargo to be shipped without change from London to Lake Superior, following a route that will be 800 miles shorter than the one now in use.

It is generally understood that James Wilson will resign as Secretary of Agriculture shortly after the regular session of Congress begins in December. He has already attained his ambition to serve a longer continuous term in the cabinet than any other man. Representative Charles F. Scott, of Kansas, chairman of the House committee on agriculture, is said to have been agreed upon as Secretary Wilson's successor. Congressman Scott edits and publishes a paper at Iola, Kans.

Plans are under way for the electrification of the more important state railroads of Sweden. It is expected that the line running from Kiruna, in the iron ore fields of Lapland, to the Norway boundary will be the first to change from steam to electricity. The change is made necessary by the increase of traffic over the line, which can be handled only by doubling the tracks if steam propulsion be still adhered to. It is believed that electrification would be much more economical than the construction of double tracks.

Though the official figures of June 24 place the number of cholera cases in St. Petersburg at 313, careful estimates made by those in a position to know are to the effect that there are fully 1,000 cases. The conditions have grown steadily worse until now there is an increase of nearly 100 cases a day and within a few days the situation will be as grave as it was at its worst last year. About one-third of the cases are proving fatal. Within the last few days many persons have been stricken in the streets and other public places and the entire city is rapidly becoming panic-stricken.

Now that an international candle has been fixed upon, it is unfortunate that Germany clings to its Hefner candle, particularly as the value of this candle is less than that of the new unit. It is believed that the public, not understanding the difference in the value of the candles, will be apt to buy the German lamps because they will bear a higher candle figure for the same value. Eleven Hefner candles are equivalent to ten international candles. The international candle is to be adopted in this country on the 1st of April next. Our standard candle will have to be reduced 1.6 per cent. That would make a 16-candle-power lamp of the present rating equal to 15¾ according to the new standard.

Prince von Buelow has authorized the announcement that he intends to retire from the chancellorship of the German Empire, in any event, as soon as the pending finance measure is disposed of in one way or another. The Prince remains in office only temporarily in an endeavor to pass the bill. Emperor William has not yet given consideration to the question of a successor to Chancellor von Buelow. The most probable choice, however, is Dr. von Bethmann-Hollweg, imperial secretary of state for the interior and vice chancellor. Prince von Buelow, who came from the German embassy at Rome twelve years ago without title to be foreign secretary, will go back to Rome and live in the villa recently purchased by him there at a cost of \$500,000. Twelve years ago he was a poor man. He retires with a large private fortune and the rank of count and prince. On the day his majesty gave him the latter title Von Buelow was notified that his share of the estate of Herr Godfrey, the wealthy sugar merchant of Hamburg, amounted to \$1,375,000. Herr Godfrey had never met Prince von Buelow, but had become interested in his public career and left him his fortune.



Among the Magazines



WHAT THE POPE THINKS OF WOMAN-SUFFRAGE.

Roman Catholic journals are correcting the impression created by the daily press that Pius X has publicly condemned the woman-suffrage movement. But it is made equally clear that he does not encourage it. The Catholic News (New York) says that the occasion of his recent utterance was the reception in audience of a large number of distinguished women of Italy and France, members of the well-known organizations, "Union fra le Donne Catholique d'Italia," "Ligue Patriotique Francaise," and "Association des Dames Francaises." Rome, a weekly Catholic journal printed in English in the Eternal City, informs us that the president of the Italian organization "read an address promising His Holiness the coöperation of these bodies in his great work for the restoration of all things in Christ and that Pius X in replying "touched upon some of the vital questions connected with the woman's movement of the day." He is said to have pointed out that it is "an error to suppose that woman has the same rights and the same social functions as man. She is not his slave or his servant, but his companion and helpmate." "Their functions are different, but both equally noble and harmonizing in the scope of forming the family and educating the offspring." But woman's functions are not confined within the home, he said. She has also a social mission. The Pope thus continued:

"I would suggest also that you give serious attention to the study of pedagogy, so that you may learn the rules for the instruction of the young and become better equipped for the difficult work of education. Today there is a tendency to spoil the child by sparing the rod and to act on the belief that children will grow up good Christians and good citizens when nurtured on kisses and caresses. Then again, if you are to be good housewives you must learn something of the principles of domestic economy, which will enable you to regulate your households with thrift and order. But above all else, be assiduous in your religious duties, remembering that while the truly pious woman is the mistress of the house and of the heart of her husband, she becomes the bane of both when she is without faith."

"It will be observed," remarks Rome, commenting upon the Pope's address, "that the Holy Father gives due prominence to the work of woman in the social movement." It adds:

"He has not, of course, made any formal pronouncement on the political movement among women, but in more than one private or semi-private conversation he has let it be clearly seen that he has no sympathy with the female demagog—or, indeed, for that matter, with the male demagog of the hour. He does not wish to see women become members of Parliament or of Congress, but he does wish them to take an active and even a public part in questions connected intimately with the

sanctity of family life, the religious education of the young, the betterment of the condition, moral and material, of working women, and so on."—Literary Digest.



ATHLETICS IN COLLEGE.

The new president of Harvard University has asked the public to gauge the work of colleges and universities less by the victories of the athletes who represent them in sporting competitions and more by the scholarship attainments of their graduates. This is both a reasonable and a timely request. It is made at a period when the demand for "regulation" of school athletics is almost invariably met by the cry that to interfere with athletics would be "to kill the school," or by the charge that any change in policy in any one university would make that institution a "girls' school." Nor are the objections without foundation in fact. Not many years ago a well known university of the middle West did put the ban on intercollegiate sports and the result was that it lost a large proportion of its young men students. The school authorities did not attempt to discriminate against athletics, but merely to prevent the organization of school football, baseball and track teams for the purpose of competing with similar teams representing other schools. In fact, the faculty attitude toward the sorts of athletics in which every student could participate was rather more favorable than it had been previous to the promulgation of the anti-intercollegiate contest edict. The faculty recognized the value of physical exercise for the student body, but it took the position that competitive athletics tended to benefit only a limited number and that the benefit to these few was questionable. However reasonable this position may seem to the ordinary man and woman, it must have appeared utterly unreasonable to the young men who were then and have since been preparing to enter universities, for this particular school has never since been popular with the masculine element. Perhaps one reason for such a result is that parents generally do not advise with their children as they should regarding the selection of the institutions where those children shall be educated. Very often the selection is left entirely with the young men or the young women, and they are quite as likely to be influenced by immaterial as by material considerations in making their choices. One of the first considerations with the boy will be the condition of athletics at the school. He does not desire to attend a college or university that never has a team that can win a baseball or football game or a track or field contest. He may not be an athlete himself, but if he is a normal, healthy youth it is quite likely that he is greatly interested in athletics. So the boys, being permitted to follow their own inclinations, have rushed to those schools that have had winning athletic teams. And the school faculties, noting this, have encouraged athletics for the advertising value thereof. The remedy for the condition, however, does not rest entirely with the parents of young men

who are sent to college. The schools themselves are in a large part to blame. If a few of the strongest of them would reach some agreement that would place school sports on a safe, sane basis, present conditions would not be of long duration.—Woman's National Daily.



**RESOLUTIONS ADOPTED BY THE SECOND
NATIONAL PEACE CONGRESS HELD
AT CHICAGO MAY 3-5, 1909.**

Whereas, Civilization has now reached a point where conscience, reason and the sense of brotherhood are increasingly controlling men in their relations to each other; when private war and the duel have wholly or largely disappeared, and the different nations have created for themselves systems of law and courts by which differences between their citizens are peacefully adjusted; and

Whereas, The two Hague Conferences have created a permanent international court of arbitration to which all the nations are now parties, approved unanimously the principle of obligatory arbitration for the settlement of international controversies; have sanctioned, without a dissenting voice, the creation of a permanent international court of justice, with judges always in service and holding regular sessions, and have urged the governments to find a satisfactory formula for the selection of the judges; and have laid the foundations of a regular congress of nations by unanimously voting for periodic meetings of the Hague Conference hereafter—which great measures are the most decisive steps yet taken toward that organization and systematic coöperation of the nations which shall eventually substitute law for war; therefore be it

Resolved, By this second United States National Peace Congress, that public war is now out of date, a relic of barbarism unworthy of our time, and that the nations of the world by joint agreement, by a league of peace among themselves, ought to make its occurrence hereafter impossible.

Resolved, That no dispute between nations, except such as may involve the national life and independence, should be reserved from arbitration, and that a general treaty of obligatory arbitration should be concluded at the earliest possible date. Pending such a general treaty, we urge upon our government and the other leading powers such broadening of the scope of their arbitration treaties as shall provide, after the example of the Danish-Netherlands treaty, for the reference to the Hague Court of all differences whatever not settled otherwise by peaceful means.

Resolved, That the prevailing rivalry in armaments, both on land and sea, which imposes such exhausting burdens of taxation on the people and is the fruitful source of suspicion, bitter feeling and war alarms, is wholly unworthy of enlightened modern nations, is a lamentable failure as a basis of enduring peace, and ought to be arrested by agreement of the powers without delay.

Resolved, That this Peace Congress expresses its high appreciation of the action of our government in the recent conclusion of twenty-four arbitration treaties and in the promotion of friendly relations between the various American republics. It recognizes with special satisfaction what was done by our government and representatives at the second Hague Conference in behalf of a general treaty of obligatory arbitration, a court of arbitral justice, the immunity of private property at sea from capture in time of war, and the establishment of a periodic congress of the nations, and in support of the proposition of the British government for limitation of armaments. It respectfully and

urgently requests the President and the Congress of the United States to take the initiative, as far as practicable, in an endeavor to complete the work of the second Hague Conference in these various directions; and especially to secure an agreement among the military and naval powers for a speedy arrest of the ruinous competition in armaments now prevailing. As an immediate step to this end, we urge our government in obedience to the charge of the second Hague Conference, as well as the first, that all nations should earnestly address themselves to this problem to create a special commission of the highest character for its consideration, whose report shall serve as a basis for the action of our delegates at the third Hague Conference.

Resolved, That this Congress earnestly endorses the movement so auspiciously begun by the governments of Denmark and Great Britain to provide at public cost for constructive measures to promote international good understanding, hospitality and friendship, and appeals to our government for broad and generous action upon these lines.

Resolved, That this Congress, representing all sections of our great country, appeals to our churches, schools and press, our workingmen's and commercial organizations and to all men of goodwill, for increased devotion to this commanding cause and such large support of its active agencies as shall strongly advance the great measures which are to come before the next Hague Conference, and shall maintain our nation in high and influential leadership in behalf of international justice and order.—The Advocate of Peace.



**THE FLY THE MOST DANGEROUS ANIMAL
ON EARTH.**

THE New York Merchants' Association has recently been making an exhaustive study of the fly, and has summed up its findings in a most instructive pamphlet, entitled, "The House Fly at the Bar. Guilty or Not Guilty?" From this we quote as follows:

"Hitherto the fly has been regarded complacently as simply a nuisance, but regarded in the light of knowledge the fly is more dangerous than the tiger or the cobra and may be classed the world over as the most dangerous animal on earth."

They sent out a corps of investigators along the water front of New York City. During the hot weeks in summer along the shore line was an abundance of filth and even human excreta which were swarming with flies, and these identical flies were found by careful observation to be making trips forth and back to near-by restaurants and homes.

Microscopic examination of these flies showed that they were carrying on their feet thousands of disease germs which they left on the food that they came in contact with. It was also found that most of the seven thousand deaths from diarrheal diseases during the summer were within three blocks of the shore line which corresponded to the visits of these flies.

The number of bacteria on a single fly may range all the way from five hundred to six million. It is now known that the fly is one of the chief agencies in the spread of Asiatic cholera, and it is believed to have

been directly responsible for more than four thousand deaths from diarrheal diseases last year in New York City.

During the Spanish-American war more than twenty-two thousand of our soldiers had typhoid fever. The United States government appointed a commission to study the cause. They found the water supply was excellent, but they did find that the flies swarmed in the laterines and then visited and fed upon the food prepared in the dining tents. In some instances where the lime had recently been sprinkled over the contents of the pits the flies with their feet white with the lime were seen walking over the soldiers' food.

Dr. L. O. Howard, one of the United States government experts, suggests that it would be more appropriate to speak of the house fly as the "typhoid fly."

The health officer of Providence, R. I., has issued the following instruction, which is also recommended by the Massachusetts Association of Health Boards:

"Flies are filthy insects. They drink from the cess-pools and dine in the privy vaults. They eat the sputum on the sidewalk, and revel in the garbage pail. They swarm on the baby's diaper, and are greedy for the dressings from a discharging wound.

"Perhaps you think it is disgusting to read about such things, and so it is. But is it not more disgusting to have these same flies, after their repast of filth, drown in the milk pitcher, drop their specks on the frosted cake, or clean their feet on the bread? Is it pleasant to see the flies that very likely have just come from a neighboring privy crawl over the lips of the sleeping baby, or gather on the nipple of its nursing bottle?

"Suppose the fly that was fished out of the milk pitcher had just been eating the excrement of a typhoid fever patient, would you like to drink the milk? Perhaps the flies that are walking on the fruit which you purchased at the street corner had just been feeding on the sputum of a consumptive.

"Perhaps hereafter you will screen the house and protect the food from flies. Do you want to raise these filthy insects, these germ-carriers, these indicators of untidiness, to be a pest in your own house, and perhaps carry disease to your neighbors?"

Flies that have been fed on tubercular sputum were found to contain three thousand tubercular bacilli for each fly speck, and thirty of these flies made two thousand fly specks in three days.

Dr. Dickinson says that a housekeeper will spend a day rummaging over a bed for a bedbug and give little notice to her kitchen full of flies. Yet the fly is a pestilential fellow.

The Board of Health in Philadelphia has instructed the owners of all butcher shops, grocery and candy

stores that they must protect food materials from the flies.

Attention is called to the fact that common netting can be purchased for a few cents a square yard, which is certainly a very cheap investment compared to the human lives that may suffer.

We are just entering the fly season. We would suggest to all of our readers to remove as far as possible from their premises those things in which flies breed, such as horse manure and other filth, to screen their windows, to cover over with netting exposed food. Do not treat this matter as a joke; this is a serious and earnest matter and by giving heed to this instruction you will cut down sickness and possibly funeral expenses in your home.—*The Lifeboat*.

Between Whiles

Fruitless Fame.—"What is your member of Congress noted for?"

"Well," answered Farmer Cornloss, "around here he's mostly noted for arguments that won't go down and seeds that won't come up."—*Washington Star*.

A woman in a town lying east of the Rockies was much distressed at hearing a small clique in her town refer to themselves as the "smart set." She appealed to an ex-United States senator, and asked him what he understood by the term "smart set." He replied: "I think I can give you an inkling. In the eastern part of Colorado and in the western part of Nebraska there is a large tract of land known as 'the rain belt.' It never rains there."—*Ohio Educational Monthly*.

"Many statesmen refuse to depend on the judgment of the common people." "Well," answered a farmer, "after the poor judgment shown by us common people in putting them up for office, I don't know that I blame them."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

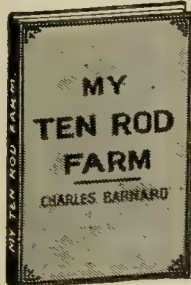
To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Illinois.

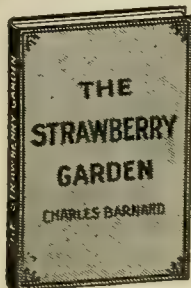
WANTED—Janitor and cook at college. Large school. Good church and social advantages. Give references. School opens Sept. 1.—Mt. Morris College, Mt. Morris, Ill.

THREE TIMELY BOOKS for the FLORIST AND GARDENER



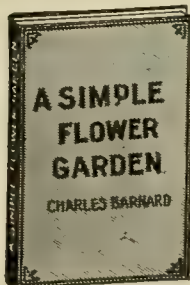
MY TEN-ROD FARM, or How I Became a Florist. By Chas. Barnard.

An interesting story of the successes and failures of a florist. Through an accident at the mill Mrs. Maria Gilman became a widow with two children to provide for. This she did by converting her small flower garden into a commercial asset which now furnishes an annual income of two thousand dollars. Attractively bound in cloth. 118 pages. Postpaid, 45 cents.



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A very practical story concerning the Wellson family and their strawberry garden. How it was planted, what it cost and what came of it financially and sentimentally. The writer is a close student of human nature as well as a practical market gardener. A book of 104 pages, bound in cloth. Postpaid, 45 cents.



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Contracts are now all let for the 176 miles of new railroad that will complete the connection between Galveston, Texas, and Clovis, which will put us on a short, through line from the Gulf to the Pacific. Through traffic from Chicago and from the Gulf will meet here on its way to the Pacific and Clovis will be a division point for both lines. That means that the capacity of the car shops, round house and railroad yards here will be doubled, and that Clovis will soon be a city of 10,000 people. Property values have doubled during the last few months and we expect them to double again in the next few months. Beauty about investments here, if a man buys he can sell again. Evidence that people are satisfied with their investments here is to be found in the fact that after they have put in some money and tried it awhile, they invest again and again. If you would like to correspond with some of these people, drop me a line and ask for their addresses. If interested, don't hesitate to ask for any information you desire. We are having fine rains, prospect of good crops, and our farmers as well as our business men are happy and prosperous.

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico.

CLASS COLLECTION ENVELOPE.

A tough manilla envelope, on which may be recorded the amount of class offering for entire year, with totals for each quarter. Price, each, 2 cents. Price, per dozen, 15 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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Teacher's Class Book.

A neat folder with blanks for one year. Can be carried in Bible. Very complete yet simple and compact. Price, per dozen, 35 cents.

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The International Sunday-School Lessons FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

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Elgin, Illinois

Webster's Imperial Dictionary

New and Up-to-Date. Reset from New Type. Thousands of New Words. This is the Only New and Complete Webster Dictionary issued since 1890. For it is the Only "Webster" in which common sense and discrimination have been shown by the editors in the use of capitals. In the Imperial all proper names begin with capitals and other words with small letters. It is strange that so important a feature should have been overlooked in the other Websters—but it was. This is but one of the hundreds of illustrations of the thoroughness with which Webster's Imperial has been prepared.

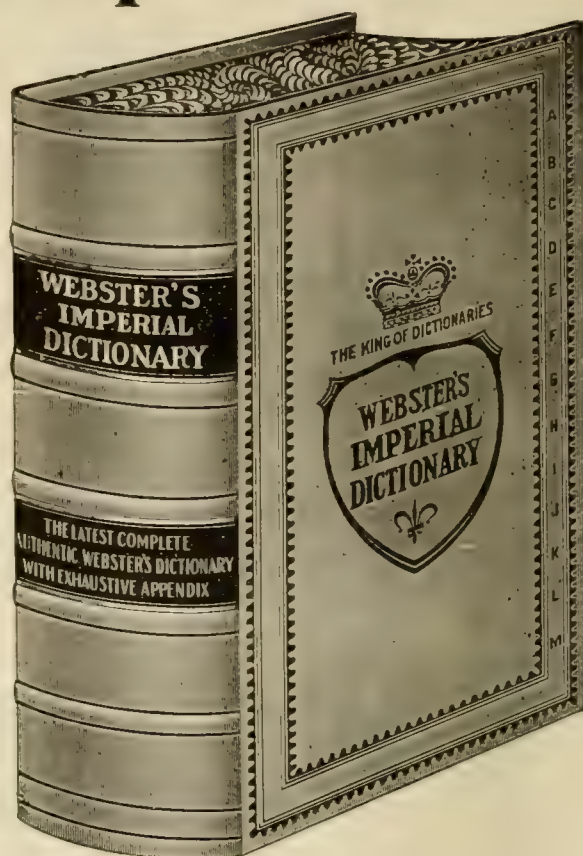
It is the Best and Most Practical, as well as the Latest Complete Dictionary of the English Language, giving the Spelling, Pronunciation, Etymology, and Definitions of Words, together with thousands of Illustrations.

Full Sheep Binding with Patent Index.

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Our Price (f. o. b. Elgin), 3.98

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Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

Real Art Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

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51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

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Prof. John S. Flory, Ph D.

Every one who has read this book is ready to speak a word of commendation.

"I have read with much interest Prof. Flory's book, 'Literary Activity of the



Brethren in the Eighteenth Century.' It is, no doubt, one of the very best contributions to our historical literature that has yet appeared. The style is transparent and pleasing. The most striking feature of the book is the scholarly conservatism which characterizes every state-

ment. Some of our writers have been disposed to jump at conclusions. This is not true of Prof. Flory. He always gives his readers the benefit of the doubt. The book is just what one would expect of its author, —A Great Book."—P. B. Fitzwater, Principal of Bible Dept., Manchester College.

"I wish to express my appreciation of 'Literary Activity of the Brethren in the Eighteenth Century,' by Prof. John S. Flory, Ph. D. I consider it a very valuable contribution to our church literature. The author is to be congratulated for the thorough treatment of his subject. His style is easy and attractive. It is a readable book and ought to find its way into many homes."—Prof. T. T. Myers, Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

Bound in cloth, 335 pages,\$1.25

Brethren Publishing House
Elgin, Illinois

Two Centuries of the Church of the Brethren

This book contains the twenty addresses delivered at the Bicentennial Conference, Des Moines, Iowa, June 1908. The first large edition was soon exhausted and we have not been able to fill orders



for some time. The second edition is now ready and will be in demand, as several thousand of our readers neglected to purchase during the life of the first edition.

This new edition is printed on thin paper, making a volume about two-thirds the size of the former edition. Typographical errors have been corrected and the binding improved. Large, clear type, 400 pages.

The book is embellished with Twenty-five Full-page Photogravure Effect Portraits. These illustrations consist for the most part of portraits of the speakers who delivered the Bicentennial Addresses at the Des Moines Annual Conference. The frontispiece presents a splendid likeness of the five men composing the Bicentennial Program Committee.

The book is a fitting souvenir of the Bicentennial year and should be found in every Brethren Home.

Send your order by return mail.

Price, in artistic cloth,\$1.50
Half leather, gilt top,\$2.50

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, near-by markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company
North Manchester, Indiana

or

W. Scott Garrioach,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

July 13, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



"I had rather be a kitten and cry mew."

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
F. H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

State	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona	Salt River	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California	Yuma	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California	Orland	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon	Klamath	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho	Minidoka	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho	Payette-Boise	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming	North Platte	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
		4,115,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico	Rio Grande	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon	Central Oregon	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon	Umatilla	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah	Strawberry	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

Fallon, Nev., June 18, 1909.

*TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Mr. J. C. Waite,
777 Federal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear sir:—

I have, of course, been extremely busy since coming here. Nobody can appreciate what has to be done, until they get into it.

All of my crops are looking fine. They say my alfalfa can not be beat. It is cut and cocked up now. It will stand me in \$20.00 an acre this one cutting and I will get two more cuttings this season besides pasturage this early spring and late fall.

I figure it will net me \$50.00 an acre this year at least, after paying expenses of labor, etc. This alfalfa stand is only 1 year old.

Well, I must ring off. Trusting that I may hear from you soon,

I am yours truly,

(Signed) A. O. Foskett, Sec.

Tell the folks in Chicago they can never locate cheaper here than at the present time.

CAP GOODS

SISTERS, when in need of Cap Goods remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List Free.

Mention the Inglenook.

Mary A. Brubaker

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Is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all.

Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Battle of Gettysburg

made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

Pastor's Pocket Record

Arranged by Rev. Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members; over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms; 84 marriages; 105 funerals; 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.

Ministers will find this an excellent little volume to carry with them at all times. It contains nearly 200 pages and is bound in black leather, size 3 3/8 x 5 1/8 inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket. Price, prepaid, only50 cents

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Our Goods are Reliable, Our Variety is Large, Our Prices are Low.

All orders filled promptly, post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers

by

Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D.

How would you like to have fifty-two of the greatest preachers of the world for the past 1,700 years come before you one at a time for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—every Sunday for a full year—and each one preach to you the eloquent sermon which made him famous for all time? The possessor of "Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers" will have conferred upon him, in the nearest possible manner, this inestimable privilege and benefit. Dr. Hurlbut has selected the fifty-



two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 681 large pages, bound in elegant cloth.

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Our Price,95

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WHITE BOOK By C. D. Meigs. Deals with Teachers' Meeting; (a) Its Vital Importance; (b) Two Plans for Starting it; (c) Five Gilt-Edged Rules for Governing it; (d) A Program for Conducting it. Price, 5 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

NEFF'S CORNER

Contracts are now all let for the 176 miles of new railroad that will complete the connection between Galveston, Texas, and Clovis, which will put us on a short, through line from the Gulf to the Pacific. Through traffic from Chicago and from the Gulf will meet here on its way to the Pacific and Clovis will be a division point for both lines. That means that the capacity of the car shops, round house and railroad yards here will be doubled, and that Clovis will soon be a city of 10,000 people. Property values have doubled during the last few months and we expect them to double again in the next few months. Beauty about investments here, if a man buys he can sell again. Evidence that people are satisfied with their investments here is to be found in the fact that after they have put in some money and tried it awhile, they invest again and again. If you would like to correspond with some of these people, drop me a line and ask for their addresses. If interested, don't hesitate to ask for any information you desire. We are having fine rains, prospect of good crops, and our farmers as well as our business men are happy and prosperous.

JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis,

New Mexico.

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six,15 cents
Two packs,25 cents

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Christian Workers' Society Outline Booklets

A full page of suggestions on each lesson of the second half of 1909. The outlines in this booklet have been prepared by Eld. J. G. Royer. Splendid topics! Helpful outlines! Timely suggestions! Order a booklet for each member of your society.

July-December
1909

PRICES.

For less than 25 copies, each, 4 cents
For 25 copies or over, each, .3 cents
For 50 copies or over, each, .2 1/2 cents
For 100 copies or over, each, .2 cents

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\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

History of the Brethren

By M. G. Brumbaugh.

This book is written from the most valuable early records, and gives a list of many early members in Europe and America with biographies of the leaders, analyzes the influences that led to Alexander Mack's action at Schwarzenau in forming the Brethren church, and contains a



description of the Ephrata Society movement. Profusely illustrated with fine engravings. The work is authentic, thoroughly reliable and intensely interesting, is well printed in clear type, and substantially bound. 559 pages.

Our Price, Cloth,\$1.50
Our Price, Half Morocco, ... 2.00
Our Price, Full Morocco, ... 2.50
(Postage extra, 25 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

The International Sunday-School Lessons

FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the Brethren Teachers' Monthly the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
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Twentieth Century Secretary's Book. For a school of 20 classes. Especially adapted for use in connection with "The Twentieth Century Sunday-school Record System." May be used to advantage with any system of records. Records the Attendance, Punctuality, Bible Bringing, and Offering by classes and departments. Two pages for each of 52 Sundays, 8 pages for quarterly reports and 2 pages for yearly summary. Printed on ledger paper. Size, 5¼x7½. Substantially bound. Limp cloth cover. Price, postpaid, 40 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

THE EXACT WORD OF PROPHET AND APOSTLE

That is what people wish to read in their devotions. That is what the greatest scholars of the world, toiling reverently for thirty years, have given us in the



American Standard Bible

Edited by the American Revision Committee

The King James translation was a wonderful work for its day; but the discovery of ancient Bible manuscripts since then, and other discoveries of almost equal value, with the better scholarship of this day, enabled the American Revision Committee to correct thousands of mistakes in the King James translation.

Write for Our Free Booklet, "HOW WE GOT OUR AMERICAN STANDARD BIBLE"

Telling how the Bible was revised and why it was done.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

CRADLE ROLL BIRTHDAY POST CARDS

The phenomenal growth of the Cradle Roll Department of the Sunday School calls for constant activity on the part of the publisher to supply novelties and helps that will suit this peculiar field. Among the most useful helps are the birthday cards of which a new and beautiful line is just issued which may be mailed as post cards. The cards bear appropriate photographic reproductions embellished with exquisite floral designs and having greetings and verses in colored lettering; on the address side of the card is space that may be used for a personal message or invitation.



Form P. First Birthday—Boys.—A beautiful madonna with dainty decoration of trumpet border and lily of the valley.

Form Q. First Birthday—Girls.—Photograph of girl baby with border of snowdrops and colored leaves. One candle burns at top of card.

Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

Form U. Third Birthday—Girls.—The girl's picture on this card is bordered with delicate grasses and pansies; three candles are burning on shelf.

The cards sell at the rate of 2 for 5 cents or 25 cents per dozen, postpaid. Order any one form or assorted.

Ask about our "One Dollar Cradle Roll Outfit."

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

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THE KING OF THE SILVER STATE

FRED V. KINZIE

"HERE we are at last, and what a sight! A right good view, too."

"Yes, indeed, this is splendid. What's the name of this mesa?"

"'Franklin'," was the brief reply, and the speaker, a middle-aged man of small stature and hair tinged with gray, put spurs to his large, bay saddle horse, the steed darting forward, anxious to be on the road. Closely following rode the second speaker, a youth of slight build though sunburned and dirt-begrimed by long and hard riding. An honest and trustworthy face was visible, and a piercing, black eye told of an inward sight seldom so noticeable. The weary travelers made their way down the steep, stony trail with the beauty of the morning's dawn unnoticed. The sun was about an hour high above "Saw Tooth" and as the red disk gleamed through the peaks to the south, and glistened on the summit of snow-capped Mt. Sniffles and her surrounding sisters, Carl Rendson, the younger of the travelers, could not resist the mesmeric power these mountain scenes hold so often over the beholder.

There at their feet lay the valley clothed in its garb of varied vegetation. Fields of unthreshed grain, yellow in the golden sunlight, large orchards of apples, peaches, pears, plums, prunes, apricots, and many smaller fruits, all loaded to such capacity that they seemed to groan under their tremendous weight. The distant buzz of the threshing machine, the chatter of an impudent prairie dog and the occasional whisk of a coyote through a nearby thicket added a charm to the scene indescribable.

Carl, or "Ren," as his associates chose to call him, was so unconsciously absorbed in his own reflections that when he came to himself their steeds had carried them to the road and the leader bounded off at great speed, the smaller following, doing his best to keep up. As they came out more in the open and a clearer view could be had, the first thing that struck the quick

eye of the youth was the outlines of Grand Mesa to the north; but the purple haze which distance lent was greatly dispelled by the bright sunlight.

On they rode to the east until, after the habitations had become more numerous and the roads showed more travel, "Ren," and his traveling companion, Alfred Keel, entered a good-sized town and went to the office of the man who would determine their next few months' occupation..

Approaching the desk of J. H. Farl, the elder of the riders was at once recognized.

"Well, 'Alf', how come you? Where've you been, and what're you doing here?" Thus the reception the range-rider received as he took an offered chair and began his mission.

"My young 'pal' and I rode over from—Here, 'Ren'! Mr. Farl, meet Mr. Rendson." And "Ren" joined the two in the talk. "Yes," continued "Alf" after the interruption, "we rode over from the Creek Country this morning in hope of getting work in the orchards. As you know, our line is not very brisk at present."

"Talk about luck!" ejaculated Farl, the proprietor of a very large fruit ranch. "Just what I was wishing for this morning. Help is a little scarcer round here than I like to acknowledge. Do you want to go to work at once? If so, go out to the place and I'll call up Ross and tell him to put you and your friend to work and we'll call this a day even if it is after nine o'clock."

"That suits me. How about you, 'Ren'?"

"Just as good as we can expect, so here goes."

The two left the office and were soon retracing their steps towards "Spring Creek" Mesa, and in the smaller part of an hour they rode into the farmyard designated by the proprietor.

"Where'll I find Mr. Ross?" inquired "Alf."

"Old Ross's in the orchard, I reckon. He's afraid to leave the men two minutes for fear they'll say

somethin' that he won't hear. If you're going to stay and work you can turn your broncs in that corral." So saying the speaker, Owen Cristlinger, a tall, gaunt-looking young man, who had been hauling the apples in from the orchard to the packing shed, turned on his heel and with a gesture of his hand toward the corral mentioned he jumped on his wagon and the team went at a galloping pace toward the orchard.

Alfred Keel and Carl Rendson freed their horses and before leaving the corral turned to take another look as if it was a curiosity to see them without saddle and bridle. They made their way through the large orchard laden with fruit to a portion that seemed

is another scene of much brisker activity, and instead of men employés they are mostly women and girls. Under a temporary, rudely-built shed are placed four tables with canvas tops and fixed to accommodate four packers each. Each woman stands beside the table facing the corner nearest her and before her are placed two boxes lined with smooth, white paper, and into these she packs the apples in two grades—"fancy" and "choice." The fancy are packed stem down and two layers are put thus, after which the rest are laid in any way convenient (called "throw-in"). The choice are packed one layer and the rest "thrown-in." The boxes they are packed in are made where used



Spraying Fruit Trees Near Montrose, Colo.

infested with human bees. They soon came upon the scene of activity and it was worth a few moments' notice by the newcomers. The foreman, Mr. A. A. Ross, was found and soon there were two more pickers busily engaged in plucking the rosy-cheeked apples, as a couple dozen others were doing on every side.

A sack with both ends open was fastened by straps over the shoulders and the top was held open by a stiff wire. Before beginning to pick the bottom was doubled up and hooked so when it came to emptying it was unhooked and the apples slipped out in the boxes, set under the trees for that purpose, with no danger of bruising,—a very important matter. Ladders were used by several of the pickers, though the limbs bent so near the ground beneath their weight that on medium-sized trees half the fruit could be picked while standing on the ground. Thus each man picks on an average of about fifty bushels per day.

Presently along came "Crist" and amid much laughter and many jests he loaded his load of filled boxes and with about seventy-five of these bushel boxes constituting a load he drove to the packing shed. Here

and just as needed. Two men, each making five hundred per day of eight hours, just about keep twelve or fifteen packers busy. The boxmaker puts the top on the box instead of the bottom and in packing the apples they are packed top first. The boxes are filled very full and then put under pressure to force the bottom to a nailable position. Although fancy and choice are the principal grades, a few, classed as perfect apples, may demand a better price by marking them "extra fancy." Packers receive four cents a box for their work. The swiftest can pack from seventy-five to one hundred per day while almost any person can pack as many as fifty.

At one side of the shed is a big pile of apples on the ground, of which a distant view does not explain the reason for their being there. These are culls. After the main rush of picking and packing is over they will be sacked and hauled to town and loaded in cars bound for the Denver cider mills. People from an appleless country would throw up their hands in horror at this terrible "waste." And it seems as such when upon examining one of them you can find nothing but

a slight blemish or a worm hole on an apple almost as large as a cocoanut.

Thus after the thousands of bushels of fruit have been loaded in the refrigerator cars, the hundreds of carloads have made their way over mountain and plain and rivers and seas, the busy rush of harvest has passed once more, and the morning's chill penetrates farther into the day, and darkness creeps onto the fleeting daylight sooner at evening, this harvest has hardly made good its disappearance when the ranchers' eyes are turned to the crop of the coming year. The Christmastide has hardly entered the mind and thoughts of the housewife; Thanksgiving puddings have hardly been digested by the schoolboy; much less has the farmer taken time to notice or consider the loss of one or two of his largest, fattest turkeys, when pruning shears are taken from their hook in the shed, saws are sharpened and a brigade of men are set to work in the orchards "slaughtering" the trees. Great piles of brush are left under the trees and after twenty or twenty-five men have worked like beavers the greater part of the winter on an orchard of three hundred and fifty acres and the brush is being hauled from the orchard it looks more like making hay than picking brush. And it is carried on in a similar manner. Several low-down wagons are used on which to load the brush and several men stay in the orchard and throw the brush on with a fork as fast as the wagons drive around. Between two and three weeks are required to clean the orchard.

Along about the first of May another department of the work is begun. Tools, implements and apparatus are brought on the scene and looked over and repaired, which to the novice would remind one of a rural fire department. And its meaning is not entirely solved until seen in the orchards at work. It proves to be nothing more nor less than a wagon with a gasoline engine and tank and pumps mounted thereon drawn by a team. Four long hose run from the apparatus, a man at each nozzle spraying the trees with a solution compounded to kill the insects which prey on the trees. In large orchards two or three wagons are in use.

Next come irrigation and cultivation of the orchard land and ere the rancher is aware another crop has budded and bloomed, and the young fruit is quickly nearing maturity, when it will be picked and sent out of this semi-appropriately named "Garden of Eden" where the sin of Eve and the temptation of the serpent are not strangers. Here is the home of the "King of the Silver State"—the apple.



THE SUNNY SIDE OF LOUISIANA.

JAMES E. LEWIS.

LOUISIANA is a very productive State and is adapted to various crops. First, its natural resources are great and unsurpassed in many ways. The State has some of the finest timber lands east of the Rockies;

long leafed, yellow pine, cypress, cottonwood, white oak, hickory, ash, etc. There is also much fine pasture land and stock lives out the whole winter without extra food and in many parts keeps fat.

The great sugar belt surpasses everything in the States. Louisiana also has a good cotton and corn belt, the best sulphur mine in the world and the best salt beds in the States.

Rice is a great industry and a very expensive crop to grow, owing to the fact that it must have lots of water and that is sometimes hard to get. I am at this writing running an engine of forty horsepower, pumping two wells, each throwing a ten-inch stream, one sixteen inches high and the other nineteen inches. Many wells throw streams three to four and five feet high. This water is carried by means of small levees over the entire farm and from one to six inches deep on the rice.

The rice is sown like rye or oats in dry ground. When it is four to six inches high it is flooded and the water is kept on until grain is all made, then let off to be cut in from ten to fifteen days. It is let stand in the shock ten to fifteen days, then it is ready to thresh as fast as machines can be gotten, but sometimes it is months before a machine can be secured.

When threshed it is ready for the market or the buyer for the mill. Then it goes through a great many different processes before it is ready for the retailer. We have mills at most all our towns that are of any note.

With all the expense in saving and caring for a good crop and putting it on the market the cost will run up to about fifteen or twenty dollars per acre, but the rice will bring from twenty to ninety dollars. One of our neighbors with twenty-four mule teams sold \$9,000 worth of rice and cleared \$6,000, so you can see about how it goes. If you don't get water you don't get rice, that's all.

Roanoke, La.



THE INDESTRUCTIBLE AND UNRECALLABLE MESSAGE.

NANNIE BLAIN UNDERHILL.

Only a little thought
 Wrapped in a little word;
 A tiny message brought—
 How far away 't is heard.

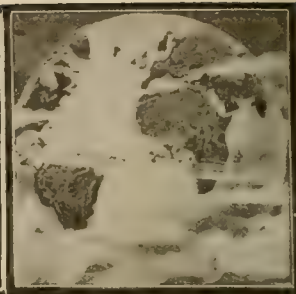
So, when we ope our lips,
 A messenger is gone,
 Ne'er to return to us,
 But travels on and on.

Eternity alone
 Reveals what we have said;
 Then shall we care to own
 The words so swiftly sped?

Let every thought be dressed
 In language pure and kind;
 That none may be distressed
 His message there to find.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXVI. On the Mediterranean to Joppa.

THE sea ride from Smyrna in Asia Minor to Joppa or Jaffa in the Holy Land is one of the most thrilling excursions on the globe. Going for the first time to the Lord's country, this fact alone intoxicates with holy emotion the believer in the Cross. Then here is the Mediterranean, with its warm breezes, its gentle evening zephyrs, its morning freshness. Here are its many islands that rise, like grim but fascinating spectres out of the quiet level of blue water, with dangerous bays jagging into savage mountains thrusting their horny backs out upon the shore line.

I am not exaggerating when I say that the magnificent sweep of mountain landscape along Asia Minor to Tarsus is one that enchants and delights the passenger into heights of ecstasy that cannot be measured. We were constantly guiding our ship around and between little islands, one of them the famed Isle of Patmos, where John saw sights that were to come.

In scarlet splash of orange
That paints the calm, blue sea
With magic sweep of brush,
I see the sun go down,
Itself a ball of yellow gold,
The standard unit of daylight skies.

And yonder glinted peaks that rise
From out their sea-girt, purple thrones,
Waved to the sun their fondest "au revoir"
When it from us had gone.

So may some soaring angel o'er our earth,
When others turn away into their darksome night
By human axis governed,
Still wave to me a "bon voyage"
When from me rolls
This dense, dark globe of night.

The sea was just as blue as writers say it is blue. It was calm almost the entire journey. Mornings and evenings were like two golden covers to bind together the recurring series of pleasant events of the fleeting, romantic day. There was no wind as there is always upon the Atlantic. No hats were blowing off. Our ears were not rustling. The sweet-scented breath of the mountains came down, kissing the sea and us and caressing our upturned cheek with hand of softest affection. Every night I slept on deck, sometimes

making a bed out of the big rolls of thick rope and folds of canvas.

A lot of Russian Jews were in the steerage. These usually spent all day on the foredeck, where they were nearly always praying in spectacular fashion, inviting attention, bowing, swinging to and fro, bending in humble curves, gesturing with hands and arms and uttering a plaintive sound as if they would all burst out crying the next moment. They were all poor, I suppose, for their dress and manners were rough. In their faces, however, intelligent and wise, was the reflection of all Jewish history. In their strong faces was also something that was not in the faces of others of similar station in life. It was goodness,—a certain holy look, a prayerful attitude to be and to do the right. I made friends with all of them, including two rather silly-acting fellows with quizzical look that made you laugh when you saw them. Two of the older men were quite rude in their manners and were too ready to share something not exactly their own. Two of the girls were quite pretty and one of them by her dress would have easily passed for a sweet little "Dunkard." I am finding out that in all countries and among all peoples there are always some who can throw the snare of charm in the way of a fancy-free bachelor.

I was the "whole show" on board, at first a mere curiosity to these pilgrims to the Holy Land and afterwards an interesting study for them. They had never been out of Russia before and they wondered what a free country like the United States would look like. So they looked at me, as if perchance in my face they might see the heights of our mountains, the courses of our rivers and the occupations of our people. Usually when I read a book or was taking my meals from my basket, or sewed on buttons, a group of these gingham-robed elders gathered about me, pressing so close as to deprive me at times of fresh air. For while water was all about us, none of them could take a bath. From appearances and odors, few of them had ever taken a decided bath, and on their garments I discovered vermin, head lice and graybacks. The one who was traveling with the graybacks had to be pushed away from me several times before he understood that I was determined not to cross breeds with him. While

trying to talk to a group of these holy men, he would forget and get too close to my resting place, when I would give him the far-away wink. Too persistent in rubbing against my belongings, I called out to him so that his neighbors could hear and showed him one of the graybacks wending his stiff-legged way across his phylacteries. After that he acted like a lost sheep, for he knew that he "had them" all right but did not want everybody else on board to know it.

At my meals several of the Jews shared with me my food of figs and raisins, for the reader will remember that I was given about fifty pounds of them back at Smyrna. Their food was extremely plain and so they enjoyed the fine figs and raisins.

We arrived at Mersina in the morning, anchoring

would be worth hundreds of dollars to me in sight-seeing value.

This is why I run so much. I like to. It is even more interesting to steal a few lightning glimpses of certain historic spots off the beaten path of travel and not included in my itinerary than it is to settle down for a week or more in some more noted place, and as I trotted along over the novel streets that wound up and unravelled at pleasure just like they do everywhere in these countries, kicking the ankle-deep dust, I enjoyed my visit more than if I had been riding in an auto of the mayor. Fifteen minutes go quickly at times and so I kept my ears alert for the rumble of the wheels and the queer toot of the whistle. I knew I could "make it," for my feet were wild for hitting the dirt in Tarsus.

I soon reached the market-place where some sleepy Bedouins were trying to sell some horses to listless buyers. In the stalls near by were fruits and wares for sale, the proprietors half asleep. The sun was burning hot. The air was stagnant. The dust was white and stifling. It was easy to see that there was no life that day in Tarsus. One of the natives tried to tell me where Paul's home was, and I hurried away to find the house and to get a sight of the mission school. I found the school, running into the court or yard on one side and out at the other, noticing the dormitory and buildings that were of better material than the other buildings in the town. In another spot I was told that Paul once lived in a certain house



"We were constantly guiding our ship around little islands."

far out in the ocean. From the little city I could see the locality of Tarsus, about an hour's ride by rail up along the coast. Once rowed ashore I found the U. S. consul as manager of the little railroad, who promptly wrote me out a free pass to Tarsus. I was soon seated in a first-class coach with several other passengers on their way to Tarsus and another station farther up the line. The mayor of Tarsus was in the same coach and could speak French with me. At my request he gave me his signature on my Turkish passport. Going to Paul's birthplace! Think of it.

The mountains in the distance, stretching for many miles across a dreary waste of level country, rose higher and higher as we neared Tarsus. From these mountains, looked upon every day by the boy Paul, he drew his inspiration and ambition.

I left the train immediately when it came to a stop, ignored the hackmen, ran from the little shrub-set yard and hurried in the direction of the town that lay a half mile to the right. The next train down would be due in *fifteen minutes*. A few seconds spent in Tarsus

now falling into decrepit age.

Though I stayed longer than I anticipated the train evidently had not yet come, but as there was such a painful monotony in the place I started back towards the depot, hearing the down-coming train enter the yards when about half way back.

Breathing through my mouth I sprinted back, cutting off corners in the curving road and leaping stone walls to get out again,—grabbing at lemon and fig trees for souvenirs of Tarsus.

The train was fifteen minutes late. I was exulting that I had seen so much of Tarsus, but as the captain of the *Lazareff* told me he would positively sail at twelve noon, I faced the danger of losing my passage. I would have fifteen minutes to reach the wharf at Mersina from the station and thirty minutes to get a boat and be taken out to the vessel that lay at anchor *two miles* away! I was so glad to have seen the birthplace of Paul that I didn't care very much if I missed the boat from no fault of my own, but still I pushed

on the seats in my impatience to hurry the train to Mersina.

Arriving, I leaped from the car while yet running and in doing so dropped my fountain pen in the cinders. When I had found it again the train was at a standstill so that I got nothing for breaking a rule of railroad propriety. At once I took the road on a run, for as the train had made up none of its lost time, the success of the forenoon now hung in the balance of my ability to run a mile to the beach, bargain for a boat and be rowed out to my old friends.

People here are not used to such world tourist enthusiasts and my rapid movements were puzzling to every one I met. Many of them made no effort to get out of my way. Others tried to make a way for me but only blocked the way more completely by their donkeys turning across the road in fright. Some of these were all but knocked down, and at some corners the confusion I had caused was so great as to congest the oriental traffic. But I kept on.

Out of breath at last I rushed upon the quay only to find that the boatmen were all at dinner. Far out at sea lay the *Lazareff*. On it was all of my property. I had just thirty minutes to reach her. A good oarsman could easily get me there. By the landing stood the policeman to whom I had given my passport on entering, as is the custom, who at once handed me the paper that had been issued after some trouble, in Constantinople. After looking and calling nervously for a few minutes a long, lank Arab about thirty years of age came down from an eating house. He would take me, he said, for the regulation price. I engaged him at once and was down in his boat while he was loosening it and getting the oars into play. The smoke was now rolling from the big stacks on the steamer, lazily ascending, but showing that the furnaces were fired up for immediate setting out.

"Hurry!" I called to him, "my ship will soon go. I must not miss it."

Just at that moment the policeman stepped down and laid his olive hand upon my shoulder, ordered the Arab to tie up his boat and commanded me to follow him, taking from me at the same time the passport he had just delivered to me.

He started to walk back into the town. I knew we did not have any time to lose in this way so I got in front of him. I talked to him in several languages. I gestured in all of them. I did everything but jump up and down. I almost cried, so bitter was the trial. I pointed to the *Lazareff*. I pointed straight up to the noonday sun. I told him the boat out there on the sea would start in a few minutes,—that I had no money to live on until the next boat would come along. He listened to my pleadings with as much concern as if I had been a croaking frog. I pressed his arm. I gestured again most beseechingly. Then I stepped from him a short distance. But as he had my passport

and kept right on, I ran up to him again. But he knew that he controlled the situation and I knew that no pleading on my part would change his determination to take me farther back from the landing. He had seen my furious dash down the street and I suppose he suspected me of being a government plotter who had just committed some terrible deed and was hurrying away to avoid arrest and prosecution. All the while he shrugged his shoulders and screwed his neck about most contemptuously, making fun of my unbearable predicament. To hasten matters I then walked ahead of him, asking him to walk more rapidly so that we could reach the spot of his intentions and get back again with a possible chance of making the vessel before she sailed. But he walked on just as he had been walking, slowly and stubbornly. Now and then, to increase my suffering, he motioned to me to "take my time" and to "keep cool." How could I keep cool? I had been running, was excited, of course, and my blood was boiling. Added to these was the indignation he caused me.

At last we entered a sort of police office. Like a prisoner I stood there while he told the officer what I had done or had not done. The chief threw up his Moslem hands with a flourishing gesture that pointed to another department of injustice in another part of the town. Farther and farther he led me, down crooked, dirty passages and through narrow gates that looked as if they would shut behind me,—then across open courts filled with Arabs and Turks lying about in abject indolence.

We were now out of sight of the sea and I lost hope of being able ever again to go aboard the vessel and regain my wheel and baggage.

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THE LITERARY STYLE OF WASHINGTON IRVING.

ARTHUR CABLE.

ALONGSIDE the "father of his country," though distinguished by a different calling and exalted in the minds of his countrymen for the result of efforts entirely estranged from that of the other, ranks Washington Irving, the "father of American literature." And to this comparison might be added the fact that he was named in honor of President Washington. Thackeray says: "Irving was the first ambassador whom the New World of letters sent to the Old."

The great author's literary productions testify to the talent and ability which he possessed. With a passion for reading, backed up by financial means, yet he had no desire to pursue student life, but rather, with shouldered gun, to explore the regions of the Hudson and Mohawk valleys; and as an alternative to worry away the time among the law books, in the office of Josiah Hoffman. Nevertheless his ability began to

make itself manifest, just as it will in any person peculiarly fitted for some life work.

The author was naturally humorous. Jollity and liveliness were major factors in his make-up. His first book, "Knickerbocker's History of New York," and the periodical which he edited, "Salmagundi," strongly corroborates this view. But the humor and satire found therein is of the most pleasing and kindly type. Bryant says of this native trait: "The author makes us laugh because he can no more help it than we can help laughing." And G. P. Putman, voicing the sentiment of thousands, leaves the following comment: "Irving was the earliest of American satirists, but there is no sting in the laughter that he moves."

But even before the completion of the Knickerbocker History, other qualities were painfully developed in the character of this man of such pleasing humor. While spending his time in the law office of Mr. Hoffman, he had made the acquaintance of the latter's daughter. They came to know each other perfectly, and to possess a fond attachment for each other. But shortly before they were to have been married, the young lady was called away by death. The loss to Irving was irreparable. The joy of his life, the pride of his heart, the happiness of his future years, was forever taken from him. The intensity of his devotion is shown by the fact that he remained true to her memory throughout his life. In a private notebook was found the following: "She died in the beauty of her youth, and in my memory she will ever be young and beautiful." Then it is not surprising, but rather do we expect, that this circumstance casts a sadness and melancholy over the remainder of his life. Yet the same sad occurrence made more a man of him, and fitted him all the better for the work which lay before him.

And who can doubt that such was the intention of the Power that rules the lives of men? How much more the tenderness, the sympathy, the pathos thus gained adds to the beauty of his writings. Contemplation is also a charm from this source, for he dwelt upon the magic of the days gone by.

The happy extreme of picturesqueness is found in "Bracebridge Hall" a book written while Irving was in Paris. What more picturesque lines can be found than those describing the eagle expelled from his resting place? In "Forest Trees" is also a comparison between the gigantic oak in the fatal clutches of the grapevine and "Laocoon struggling ineffectually in the hideous coils of the monster Python," which is told in such grand style that it cannot fail to attract attention. Indeed "Bracebridge Hall" is the perfection of ease and finish.

"The Alhambra," produced in Spain, narrates its story and describes its scenes with such gently flowing and well connected sentences; such an indescribable sublimity, that the reader is unconsciously carried into a mystified state of dreaminess.

His writings, as a whole, possess almost unequalled merit for their smoothness, elegance, and finish.

Washington Irving has been described as follows: He was thoroughly a gentleman, not merely in external manners, but to the innermost fibres and core of his heart; sweet-tempered, gentle, fastidious, sensitive, and gifted with the warmest affections; the most delightful and invariably interesting companion; gay and full of humor, even in spite of occasional fits of melancholy, which he was, however, seldom subject to when with those he liked; a gift of conversation that flowed like a full river of sunshine,—bright, easy, and abundant.

Scottville, Michigan.

AS A MAN THINKETH

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

AFTER the evidence is all in, and the final word has been spoken on the subject, the gulf between man and beast, and between man and man, is some way connected with the *thinking power*. In physical appearance they may be very similar,—one may not show any physical qualities that are uncommon to every member of his genus; and yet, the one lives in a world apart—unexplored and unknown to millions of his brothers.

Since that far-off beginning, "thought has always been at a premium." The quotation on other commodities may vary, but there has always been a rising market for thought, and today the demand far exceeds the supply. It is the one thing needed by every individ-

ual, and it is the one thing that Wall Street hasn't yet cornered! Everybody must invest in it each moment of his working hours, but it is amazing to consider the shoddy article most current. It is one thing which forces itself on man, but he may choose the *quality*. It is the one immaterial force in the universe, and yet it is supreme.

According to Grecian mythology, Atlas bore the world upon his shoulders. Literary critics have developed the fact that Atlas was a learned astronomer who carried locked up in the secret chamber of his mind a knowledge of the heavens and the earth, and in this sense he bore the world on his shoulders.

Borrowing this strange metaphor and making the

application universal, we may say that *every man* bears a world upon his shoulders! The most erect of all animals, man is crowned with the wonderful dome of thought, and within that dome a world of which he is the architect and builder!

Man is born not as a finality, but as a mere possibility. His infant mind is not a ready-made affair, but a world to be created. Every man, in a sense, has two creators—his *God* and *himself*. His first Creator furnishes him the rough materials of life and the laws in conformity with which he can make that life what he will. His second creator—himself—has marvelous powers he rarely realizes. It is what a man makes of himself that counts!

What a startling thought when we reflect that every man creates the "world" in which he lives! Would you have your world a "vale of tears," a "wilderness of woe," or would you have it a land of perennial sunshine? You may have either if you wish. Send forth your creative fiat, and the work is done!

Man cannot think except in terms of his past experiences. These experiences come to him in raw form through his five senses. His mind interprets for itself the sensations of heat, hardness, sound, color, etc. And until these sensations are interpreted they are no more knowledge than the block of marble, before the sculptor, is an angel. Mark Twain humorously illustrates the ignorance of spatial relations in his autobiography of Mother Eve, when she cries and begs Adam for the beautiful stars, and he tries in vain to knock them out of the heavens with a long pole!

Were it possible for a child to be born without any of the five senses, and were it possible for that child to live to the mature years of threescore and ten, it would leave this world without ever having experienced a single thought. I am trying to say that the mind, though immaterial, is wholly dependent upon the five senses for its thought material, and these senses are dependent wholly upon the *nervous system* for the reception and transmission of this material. There is a dual relationship whereby the body affects the mind and the mind the body. Instances of both kinds are too well known to require examples here. For who has not heard of the "snakes" in the debauchee's boots? or who has not been frightened until his "heart was in his throat," and his limbs palsied with fear? Since the above is true, isn't it suicidal and sinful for one through negligence or carelessness to allow himself to become a nervous wreck? We may gather from this some suggestion that would be well for us all to incorporate into our individual religious creeds.

The horizon of one's mental "world" is bound by his own experiences, either actual or imaginative, and the latter are only a reconstruction of the first. For instance: No one was ever frightened in his dream at

sight of the Indian's scalping knife, before America was discovered; nor did Julius Cæsar in his fairest dream of fancy ever conceive of an automobile or a trolley car. No man can know another's mental "world" until he has had experiences similar to those of his brother. What wonder then that this has been called a cold and unsympathetic world, when each of us lives in a little world apart to himself?

Or again: What wonder that the Message of Truth is so often disregarded when we tell it in terms of our own experiences and forget the experiences of our brothers? We may here, as always, learn from the great Teacher who gave the parables of the shepherd, the vine-dresser, the sower, the steward, the prodigal, of Dives and Lazarus, to illustrate the truth to different minds.

Let us consider for a moment the physical organ of the mind. The brain is composed of many millions of brain cells, and psychologists tell us each is capable of holding the "record" of an experience. Somehow that experience so impresses itself upon the brain cell that when subsequently that particular cell is stimulated, the former experience once more occupies our attention and we "remember." With our "mind's eye" we once more see things just as they were, formerly. Certain classes of experiences are even registered in a definite brain area. So that, when we recall one of these, it suggests others similar to itself.

The receptive side of education consists in gathering and classifying these experiences. It is not enough to have known things, but we should be able to recall them at will, and with them all their kindred that are pertinent to our purpose. Pope speaks of men who have "loads of learned lumber"—a chaotic and tangled mass of facts! But Napoleon gives us a beautiful figure of his mind, which, he says, was arranged like the pigeon-holes in his desk, where every paper is in its right place, so he could instantly lay his hand on any document he wished. While this material view is more or less hypothetical, yet it serves us well as an apt illustration of the conservative of psychic experiences. Prof. Romanes thus beautifully expresses this truth in verse:

"No change in childhood's early day,
No storm that raged, no thought that ran,
But left its mark upon the clay
Which slowly hardened into man."

It is true that I am a part of all men I ever met, and try, as I will, I cannot wholly change it. As heretical as the doctrine may be, when carried to the extreme, there is a very important sense in which man is punished by his sins, as well as *for* his sins. Man commits a sin and this act of transgression becomes a fact. He may subsequently be forgiven for this sin, but no power in heaven or earth can blot that act out

of the category of facts. His attitude toward that fact may be changed by his penitence or by a deserved punishment, and justice may be satisfied. Yet the fact was, and will always remain. And although the "bird with a broken pinion" may "soar as high again," it will never soar as high as it might have done.

"How careful then ought I to live,
With what religious fear;
Who such a strict account must give
For my behavior here."

To leave the material view and turn to speculative philosophy, and revelation, we are persuaded that the time will come when the mind will lay aside this timent of clay, and will no longer have to work with material tools. Just how it will be, neither you nor I understand. But our longing souls, our most reasonable philosophy, and the sacred words of revelation tell us that it will be; and our faith says, "*Even so.*" But the foundation of our faith is sure. Our bodies are subject to the physical laws of change and decay. But thank God for the metaphysical in man which defies the ravages of the growing tooth of time!

"The stars shall fade away,
The sun himself grow dim with age,
And nature sink in years;
But the mind shall flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter and the crash of worlds!"



NOT AS OTHERS SEE US.

SEEING the old woman going in and about the little, tumble-down house by the roadside, as she took her daily drive past the place, she determined to stop and speak to her, and perhaps offer her aid. So she bade her coachman check the horses as they approached the gateway, and call to the bent form that was standing beside the doorstep.

"My good woman," she said, as the old lady responded to the summons and hurried out to the carriage, "do you live here all alone?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"Are you provided with fuel and food?"

"Yes, ma'am. You see I gather enough sticks from the woods to last me through the day and I go to bed early at night, and as for food, I have enough, always."

"But are you not afraid that some one will disturb you at night?"

The old lady laughed outright. "Now, who would try to rob a poor body like me?" she asked.

"Do you not feel lonely here?"

"Lonely! no indeed, ma'am. I have enough work to keep me busy, and when one is employed all the time, one is not apt to get lonesome. I sew patchwork for quilts and rags for carpets, which I can always sell to the farmers' wives, and then when some poor body is sick and can not afford to have a nurse, I am ready to take my turn at that. No, there's too much to be done in this world to get lonesome."

"Are you well supplied with comfortable clothing?" she ventured further. "Comfortable clothes? Why I have more than enough to last a lifetime. I nursed an old lady in her last sickness and she left me a large chest packed full."

The lady made one more effort. "Your house is in a dreadful condition, it does not appear fit to live in."

"Yes, ma'am, you're right. It is a bit out of repair, but the owner doesn't charge me rent for it; and there is one room that does not leak when it rains, and I have that fixed up real cozy."

The lady looked past the old woman to the miserable looking abode and could see one window that had whole panes of glass in it, where a muslin curtain showed above a single potted plant upon the window-sill; then she looked back at the smiling, homely face, lined and furrowed by its threescore years of useful life.

She could read suffering and toil in the network of tracery, but there were no marks of evil passion or despair in the frank countenance lifted to her gaze. Trustfulness and purity of heart gleamed in the honest eyes, and contentment seemed to glorify every feature.

She, in her velvet and furs, reclining amid the cushions of her elegant carriage, had intended to offer her meager words of pity and dole out a handful of paltry coin to this (in her imagination) forlorn creature by the wayside, when lo! she found her in possession of the wealth that is most worth having in this world—contentment.—*Farm Journal*.



PURPOSE.

The uses of sorrow I comprehend
Better and better at each year's end.

Deeper and deeper I seem to see
Why and wherefore it has to be.

Only after the dark wet days
Do we fully rejoice in the sun's bright rays.

Sweeter the crust tastes after the fast
Than the sated gourmand's finest repast.

The faintest cheer sounds never amiss
To the actor who once has heard a hiss.

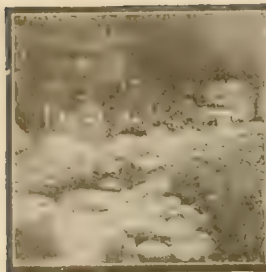
And one who has dwelt with his grief alone
Hears all the music in friendship's tone.

So better and better I comprehend
How sorrow ever would be our friend.

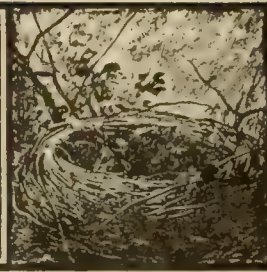
—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



THE great thing in life is not in realizing a purpose, but in fighting for it. We have nothing to do with results; they do not belong to us, anyway. It is our duty to do our best bravely and then to rest in the comfort of this fact alone.—*The Circle*.



NATURE STUDIES



TRUST.

Once more the song birds set the air athrill
 With symphonies of praise,
 And birds and blossoms grow to music's trill
 In warm and sheltered ways.

How fair the earth in tender green arrayed,
 How sweet the wild notes sung
 When tufted branches weave a web of shade
 And new-made nests are swung.

How know the wild birds when to take the wing
 From southern grove or clime?
 What voices tell the dreaming earth that spring
 Has brought the waking time?

Nay, question not nor doubt but birds can tell
 The time to come and go,—
 The earth to wake the sweet flowers in the dell,
 Doth God not always know?

—Benjamin F. Leggett.



SAGE.

T. H. FERNALD.

ALTHOUGH the sage is a very common herb, few people really know its history and real value.

It is of the genus *Salvia*, specially *Salvia officinalis* and *Salvia grandiflora*. The *Salvia* is of the *mondarea* family, of the tribe of *labiatae*.

The first is the common garden sage and is a native of Southern Europe, being brought to this country in its early history. The flower is blue, and runs into many varieties. Formerly it had a high reputation as causing sweating, was aromatic, astringent, and antiseptic, but is not now very often used. The Chinese use it as a tonic for debility of the stomach and nerves. It is employed in cooking for sauces and stuffing for juicy meats.

Sage is a common and excellent domestic remedy for worms. An infusion is made of it with senna leaves; and drunk freely until it acts as a cathartic. A warm infusion drunk freely is a valuable domestic remedy to increase or promote perspiration.

Salvia has the calyx two-lipped, two-forked stamens; underbrush or herb widely distributed. There are about four hundred known species, many of which are very showy, flowering plants, cultivated in gardens or in greenhouses.

The *Salvia officinalis*, of which there are many varieties, is the common sage, a well-known culinary herb. It is a feeble tonic and astringent and an

efficient aromatic. The *grandiflora* is also culinary. The galls of another variety are eaten in Candia as are the stalks of another in the Himalayas. The root is used in coughs, the seed as an emetic, the leaves as a medicine in Guinea for worms and itch, or as a poultice to wounds, etc.



THE FOOLISH HENS.

J. O. BARNHART.

SOME time ago we gave the readers of the Nook a story of a goose. We have another this time about some hens who were not so wise even as was Goosey in the story above mentioned.

Near my old home lived a lady all alone except for the feathered companions which she always kept about her. First were a number of canaries which she reared, not so much for the sweet songs with which they rewarded her care as for the purpose of supplying others with the gay little warblers in yellow.

But the chief sharers of her many bounties were the Buff Cochins of which each season she reared several hundred. These were her constant delight and while caring for them and bringing them to that stage where they began to repay her watchfulness and love (for no one who saw her feeding them could doubt that she loved them), days and weeks and months slipped away and she forgot through all the year that she was entirely alone as far as human companionship was concerned. But if she sometimes did remember she cared not, and why should she? To see her at feeding time surrounded by dozens and tens of dozens of fowls, not only of the same size and color but the same shade of color, all one mass of living yellow, was worth taking a long walk to see.

But for the story.

Among the dozens of hens which she reared last season were some who decided, though very dilatorily, for it was late in the season, that they wanted to sit.

Now a hen is a creature that has not very much mind to make up but when she makes up what she has, she sticks to her decision with a persistence worthy to be emulated by individuals of the highest intelligence, and the readers of the Nook need not to be told that when an old hen has a will she is going to find a way. But as I said, it was very late in the season and my friend had a preference always for spring chickens

and had no desire for any autumn waifs to be laid at her henhouse door, so she discouraged the ambitions of these stubborn Cochins in every way possible, but 'twas no use. To them a nest full of brickbats was always a nest, and a box though emptied and turned upside down was still a box. So their mistress had to remove every vestige and semblance of a nest and shut fast the henhouse door and it seemed now that those hens could not sit and "there was an end on 't." But alas for human intellect! How often it finds a match and sometimes more than an equal in the tiny brains of creatures much smaller than hens, and small wonder that it should be outwitted here.

My friend had closed and barred the entrance to the nesting place but the nesting place had been in an orchard and when the hens came and found the entrance closed they were not daunted. Not one jot or tittle of their courage had been blotted out by all their disasters. They found themselves houseless but there was still the ground to stand on and sit on, too, if necessary, and mother earth was not to be despised even by a hen, and what hen ever did despise our common mother? So these hens said, "If we may not enter the new poultry house and climb to a box to make our nest in the latest style we will make it in the old-fashioned way upon the ground. But we must have something to sit upon and we will."

So in casting about for something that looked round enough to be the home of a future fowl in embryo, they espied, oh, joy! dozens of—eggs? no, but apples half hidden in the grass. There they lay just as if they had been shipped to order and counted out for the express purpose of these determined hens, so each one lost no time in rolling together as many as she could well cover and upon them sat in triumph. Do you ask if they enjoyed their victory? What is joy but the gaining of the thing we most earnestly desire? Joy always sits upon the thing we covet and when we gain the thing joy comes with it, but whether she remains depends upon the use to which we put the things for which we prayed and strove.

So the hens had joy in sitting upon the apples, and what matter if their mistress came and several times a day scattered the apples from under them, as many times would each hen still collect her nest full and there out in the open with the August sun pouring down upon them, when I took my departure, the hens were still sitting upon apples.

Do you wish a moral for this story? It can be seen illustrated every day all around us. Do you see a man toiling day after day in an occupation for which he is not suited and wondering why he does not succeed? He is sitting upon apples.

See that man in the pulpit striving with stentorian tone and bombastic delivery to make his speech impressive. But his words, uttered in the spirit of self-exaltation instead of love for God and his fellow-man,

have no vitality and consequently no fruit, because he is as it were only sitting upon apples. See that teacher, with a capacious mind full of the wisdom gained at second hand from the university, but with no knowledge of child nature and with no taste for study of child nature, trying to pour into the child instead of trying to bring out what is in the child? He is sitting upon apples. See that young man listlessly standing behind the counter watching his comrades wait upon customers and waiting for the clock to set him free? He has no interest in his occupation, because it has brought no results. He should perhaps be following the plow, while now he is only sitting upon apples.

Thus we might multiply examples without number, for there are many people who are sincere, striving without hypocrisy or self-seeking to benefit their fellow-men, but their zeal accomplishes nothing and they wonder why they do not bring the world to their feet, not knowing that they are like the hens, only sitting upon apples.

The hens were honest and sincere and full of perseverance, but it amounted to nothing because they did not consider the material with which they were working. The apples possessed vitality and in the hands of the cook would have produced healthful food resulting in brawn and sinew and healthful intellect. In the hands of the horticulturist they would have produced other trees and other apples and thus gone on blessing and continuing to bless future generations, but in the care of the hen they could produce nothing but rottenness and decay.

Young man, just entering a profession, choose well the trade and the tools with which you are to work, lest after choosing wrongly and toiling for years with tools for which your hands were never made you will at last come to realize that you have made a mistake and are only as it were sitting upon apples.



A DEVOTED PARENT.

FOR several summers, a pair of Baltimore Orioles had nested in an apple tree near my study window.

Last summer, when the nest was full of young ones, the mother bird was killed, and the father bird had a broken wing. When I discovered this tragedy, the father was carrying food to his family.

There was a grapevine growing under the tree, untrimmed and lawless. Some wayward branches had caught hold of the lowest apple boughs, and a pole, leaning against the trellis, formed a continuous roadway from nest to ground. Down this road the poor bird would hop, and forage for food. He never went far from the grapevine and kept a sharp lookout for enemies. After filling his mouth with food he would commence his tedious journey up the grapevine, one hop at a time,—and thus cared for his family until they reached the flying age and were able to care for themselves.—*Jean Martin, in Bird-Lore.*

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WE only begin to live in this world when from actual experience we have caught the full meaning of service and fellowship.

IN the remaining chapters of Mr. Spickler's trip around the world he will cover much ground and give his readers glimpses of some very interesting places.

WHERE is the man who has been complaining about the change of the seasons, and saying that we never have any good, old-fashioned summer weather any more? Possibly he has had a sunstroke. If he recovers he will have to have some new words set to his calamity tune.

THE prosperity that has been waiting for tariff revision has doubtless contracted a severe case of cramps in its pedal extremities from long inactivity and will make a sorry spectacle when once it endeavors to travel over the road especially constructed for it. In the meantime real prosperity has made the up grade and passed beyond view.

WE have arrived at that season when nature has apparently reached a climax in her efforts in one direction and seemingly halts for a short period before completing her summer's work. It is a good time for man to draw rein also and contemplate the work which he has accomplished, as well as the marvelous accomplishments of nature, the master-worker.

REPORTS from a town in West Virginia state that a judge in that place has caused consternation among the church people by directing the grand jury to indict all societies and church workers that obtain money by means of raffles. The judge said that those guilty of this practice should be treated the same as ordinary gamblers. This is an instance of calling a thing by its

right name no matter where it is found. If the principle were strictly carried out everywhere doubtless the number of law-breakers would be greatly decreased. Commenting on this judge's stand, the *New York Witness* calls his reasoning "sound sense"; and adds that "churches which encourage gambling or permit gambling in their interest are more to blame than the keepers of gambling establishments."

THE number of graduates from the high schools of Chicago this year was about thirteen hundred, "by far the largest number in the history of the schools and a big increase over last year's figures." C. P. Megan, the assistant superintendent of schools, believes the large increase is due to the attractiveness of the courses of study; in other words to the fact that courses in the manual arts and domestic science have been extended. "The boys and girls like these courses, for they feel that they are getting something out of them that will help them directly in life." And no wonder they like them, with such a good reason. Boys and girls are not as thoughtless of the future as we often think they are. Many of them know they must learn to work some time and if they cannot learn this while they are learning other things, why, they will have to let the "other things" go. But they prefer to have the combination if possible and educate head and hand at the same time.

IMPRESSIONS. No. 3.

IMMEDIATELY after the close of the Conference a number of us, in deed if not in word, took up the cry of "On to Washington!" and proceeded to take possession of the city which "belongs to us as much as it does to any one."

We left Old Virginia June 3, the Memorial Day of the South. Here and there along the route we saw the stars and bars displayed—a sight that struck the Northerner at first as rather incongruous with citizenship in our beloved Union. Whether they floated merely as emblems of a lost cause or whether they expressed a thought traitorous to the country whose blessings the people enjoy, we do not know, and neither do we care to know. We do know that the war is over, and those whose loved ones bravely fought and died for a cause that was lost may keep their memories green unhindered. If they do more than this, they themselves must pay more dearly for the thought than any one else.

Throughout much of the section through which we traveled there were many landmarks reminding us of the terrible struggle of the '60s. We cannot describe the emotions that welled up as the soldier's child tried to imagine some of the actual experiences of the soldier himself as he wearily toiled over the rough country, his body a mark for the enemy's gun as well

as for the diseases incident to a soldier's life. But one dare not dwell on such thoughts for long, with the call to service in the work of today ringing loudly in the ears. Though we have no use for carnal weapons we have battles to fight still and we need all our strength and courage to meet the wily foe to whom we are opposed.

It was late in the evening when we reached Washington, but as the Senate was having night sessions, as was shown by the light in the dome of the Capitol, we began "doing" the city by watching our law-makers grind out the tariff bill. The experience was somewhat in the nature of a revelation, bearing little relation to our previous knowledge of deliberative bodies or to that which our imagination had pictured.

Perhaps it is not necessary to state even at this early stage that as to many details connected with legislative business and government affairs in general the writer is extremely verdant and the opinions expressed here must be interpreted with that thought in mind. We looked in on the Senate and wandered about through the government buildings with much of the frank rusticity characteristic of "Uncle Sam" himself, as represented by the cartoonist. Whether this will altogether depreciate what we have to say will depend largely on what, in the reader's mind, constitutes a good judge in such matters.

Several things impressed us as we listened to "the Senator from Rhode Island," or "the Senator from Iowa," or from some other division of our commonwealth. One was, that if this is the more decorous and orderly division of Congress, we wondered what the other is like. Another was, that some people have a wonderfully easy way of carrying a great responsibility,—and we had thought making laws for eighty millions of people *was* a responsible matter. We concluded that our law-makers have the easiest part of the job—that law-making is easier than law-keeping. But perhaps the keeping part is hard because the making part has been made easy. Perhaps if more wisdom and downright hard work were put into the making of the laws there would be more reason shown for keeping them and consequently more respect shown them. Who knows?

The secretary read off some item of the tariff bill, such as, "Dolls: china dolls, bisque dolls, dolls without heads," etc., etc., "duty so and so." Then perhaps Father Aldrich arose and explained or covered up (we did not belong to the initiated and so cannot say which) the reason why the duty should be so and so. Then Vice President Sherman repeated the item in part in shortly chopped off words, called for the ayes and nays and passed on to the next item. Sometimes no voice was heard for or against, but the decision was given that "the ayes have it." It was remarkable with what apparent ease the Vice President kept

track of the business in spite of the confusion, a part of which is, perhaps, unavoidable.

Washington is a beautiful city,—the most beautiful we have ever seen. Its streets are clean, its buildings new and substantially built, or in a good state of repair, and the city is adorned with many beautiful, well-kept parks. One can get only a very meager idea of what may be seen and learned in the government and other institutions located there in the time we had for sight-seeing, but we are sure that several weeks might be spent in them with profit.

Unless one desires to get around to as many places as possible simply for the sake of saying that he has been here or there, we would advise him to steer clear of the patent-applied-for Washington guides. They will get you around all right, but in the end you will have only a blurred vision of strange sights which you are unable to identify. The fact that time is an important consideration with you is simply an additional reason why you should make your way from one building to another without the help of these officious personages and trust to the kindness of officials to help you see what there is to see. And you can count much on the kindness and help of officials as well as citizens. We were never in a city where information was so graciously given. Many of our readers are familiar with that stony stare and scornful voice with which their inquiries in a strange town have been met because they did not know where "*our*" postoffice or "*our*" railroad station was located. The idea of any man or woman growing up in this free Ameriky and not knowing all the twists and turns of the streets of Smithville! But no such scorn met us in Washington. The people knew the place was new to us. Doubtless we told them this in several different ways, but in their eyes such ignorance was no crime. Perhaps they still remembered their own first experiences. Anyhow they were kind and helpful and we got around without loss of time or temper.

It would be sheer presumption for us to attempt to describe any of the places visited because of the shortness of our stay. We visited the Congressional Library at night which is considered the best for seeing it. It is a wonderful work of art. Bro. D. L. Miller, who has twice circled the globe and visited many of its finest structures, says it is the most magnificent building he has ever seen.

Some time when our ship comes in or goes out or runs aground or something else breaks in on the present even tenor of our way with its insistent demands on our time, we may be able to visit the Capital and take as much time as we would want to see the things of interest. But you who have never been there, do not wait for such a time if the opportunity comes for a flying visit. The latter is better than none at all; it gives one much to think and dream about.



THE HOME WORLD



THE FLEDGELING

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

ALLAN lay quite still on his neat, white bed close to the wide-open window, his cheek almost touching the ledge. Outside, the spring airs carried soft odors of distant, wooded hills and fresh, thickly-growing grass. From some low patch of ground beyond the near line of houses, came a faint croaking chorus of frogs. He had undressed in the dusk, and he did not even turn his head when his mother, coming in a few minutes later for the good-night kiss her fourteen-year-old was not yet big enough to do without, caught a fair glimpse of the boyish profile in the clear starlight. She did not speak; but a dull, half-defined pain shot through her heart. It was no ordinary look of dreaming, on the young face, and instinctively she knew its meaning, for it held the far-away, mysterious yearning of all seekers-out of new things, the hunger for a sight of the unknown world and all it might hold. She told herself that she had been aware from the first it must come to surface some time in her boy's stirring, ambitious nature, which she understood so well; months ago she had begun to see it slowly awakening, the world-old passion of primitive man, in whom the God idea of achievement and accomplishment is strongest when he has been naturally trained, as she had endeavored to train this child of her heart,—the *Wanderlust*.

Allan had always loved the little journeys and small explorations, which he and his parents had from his wee boyhood been in the habit of making. A long trip was tiresome and confusing to a child, his mother contended. It left a jumbled-up picture in his memory, oftentimes with only disagreeable features standing out most distinctly. A day's visit to a park or museum in the near-by city resulted in infinitely more pleasure and profit than a tedious and expensive journey, even without counting the additional satisfaction of being fresh to take up one's play or work next morning. As he grew older, of course, the trips were lengthened; but, until lately, he had apparently never entertained a thought of any companions other than

his tried and trusty guides. Now—a great lump rose in his mother's throat as she recalled the fact—several times he had asked outright to be allowed to go with younger friends instead of his parents, showing a decided preference for the former.

"Perhaps his father and I are getting too old for him," she had told herself, between a laugh and a tear. Yet the lurking fear of her boy growing apart from them stayed, and it returned again to her heart with chilling force, as from the rocker where she had seated herself she glanced once more at the rapt face on the pillow so near the window. A vision flashed across her mind, of Allan a man grown and developed, content in a far country with work and interests widely apart from her own and his father's, and amid unknown dangers and temptations. Her sensitive soul felt as a reality the imagined yet possible burden of long months passed without sight of his face, and perhaps in silence and doubt. It gave her so keen a heart-ache that she grew white even to her lips in the dusk, the heartache only a mother can know;—that mother-heart which is born, not made, and lies deep in the being of every true woman.

A light breeze stirred the draperies at the window, before those wide, unwinking, darkened eyes. An electric car whizzed past along the avenue a block away, and a momentary flash of its light discovered the place of a dimple in hiding at the corner of the firm lips, a babyish curl above the broad forehead. The sight choked her. Oh! She *did* love him, so tenderly, so truly, so unselfishly,—ah! *Was* it unselfishly, after all, when she was so fearful, so jealous of grown-up aims and purposes which, though they might take him from her physical sight, yet also might hold for him untold good to both body and soul? Suddenly, out of the dusk, or her own heart, or the great sweet silence of the Eternal Presence, there rose the fragment of an old poem:

"They are not parted, though their feet
Have wandered far in different ways,"

—she could not quite recall the next; then:

“They are not parted; only those
Are parted, whom no love unites—”

Ah! That was it! God’s beautiful great universe is his *gift* to his children, to her as well as to her growing, developing, hungering, aspiring boy. There was no spot hidden away in all its vastness where her love and faith and sympathy could not go with him, no nook or cranny where God’s own unfailing care could not reach. Wonderful sights it held for his eager eyes, good and noble work for his hands. Nothing but foolish fears could make it a place of terrors for either of them, nothing but her own—yes, *jealousy* was its proper name!—could shut the door between their two hearts.

In the starlight by the open window, Allan’s lids had gone slowly closed, and his fine young chest was rising and falling evenly in peaceful slumber. His mother got up, and crossing the floor quietly, dropped a soft kiss on the wayward curl, and the rumpled white sleeve just above the brown wrist.

“It is my fledgeling; God be the strength of his wings,” she whispered to herself; and there was peace in her soul, for she had destroyed her enemy, by making it her friend.

Next morning Allan came down to breakfast with something of the *Wanderlust* still in his eyes.

“Can’t we all take a trip around the lakes this vacation?” he asked his father, eagerly. “It wouldn’t cost any more, would it, than for me to go camping with the fellows as we were talking about? We could use the money that way instead and it would be lots more fun. Couldn’t we, father?”



NO RIGHT TO SPOIL A CHILD.

HE was a beautiful curly-headed little boy and as bright and quick as a flash, but all too frequently the mother’s commands were met with opposition often with stubborn resistance.

After one of these outbreaks over which the mother’s victory was doubtful, she turned to the kindly sympathetic minister (who was trying to find a few weeks of much needed rest within their quiet country home) with the old excuse, “I’m afraid we’re spoiling Tommie. He is our only one, you know,” and her eyes had the far-away look that told of thoughts of those two other little ones, that God had taken so early.

It was not an easy thing to do, but it was just the opportunity for which this godly man had been waiting, and most earnestly he replied, “My dear woman, did you ever think that when you have spoiled a child you have spoiled a man? And when you have spoiled a man you have spoiled an immortal life?”

“No one has a right to spoil a child. God loans them to us to train not only for this life but for eternity. He expects parents to use their mature judgment,

gained from years of experience, to direct the child which he has given and to attend to it that the child does right, even against its will, until the time when that child shall arrive at years of discretion. God holds parents responsible for the training of their children, and no one has a right to spoil a child.”

Pretty strong words? Yes they are, but they are none the less true, and there is another and more worldly side to the same thought. Parents will receive just the amount of respect which they demand.

Though perhaps the child may at times rebel, and think papa and mama too careful and too particular, in after years those same boys and girls will look back with thankfulness to the loving care which, while depriving them of no good, wholesome pleasure, not only frowned upon, but rigidly forbade all questionable amusements or company.

The children spoiled in babyhood are much harder to manage as growing boys and girls, when sometimes, realizing full well the power to gain their own way which they possess, they will break all restraints and pursue their own sweet will in spite of opposition.

The result is always the same. In after years when the fruit of reckless spending of their early youth begins to be borne, the blame is laid at the parents’ door.

“Mother should have insisted upon obedience.” “Father should have been more strict.” Excuses, of course, but mostly truth.

God holds parents responsible, not for the after life of the boy or girl (weigh that well, my friend), *not for the after life*, but for their childhood training.

No man or woman has any right to spoil a child.
—*Evangelical Visitor*.



USE MORE RICE.

FOR many years our army, both officers and men, have made a large use of rice. It can be obtained of the commissary when potatoes and other vegetables are not accessible, and when properly cooked, is a good substitute for potatoes.

There is a quantity of starch in rice, and unless thoroughly cooked, starch is hard to digest; but after the little starch-cells are broken up by intense heat, they can be reached by the gastric juices, and then there is no objection to the starch, even for a weak stomach.

An article in the *New York Medical Journal* says plainly that the American people, in order to appreciate boiled rice, must have it cooked either by a “southern darkey,” or a Chinese, Japanese, or East Indian. When properly cooked, each kernel stands up separate and distinct; and, although thoroughly soft, yet it is in this form a food to be masticated.

A lady who is an expert, gives the following directions:

“Wash the rice thoroughly, and drop into rapidly

boiling water to which have been added salt and a few drops of lemon juice. The usual proportion given is three cupfuls of boiling water to one cupful of rice; but for plain boiled rice it is well to allow five cupfuls of water to one of rice. Let it boil rapidly for twenty minutes. Do not stir. Test by taking out a kernel in a spoon; if sufficiently cooked it can be crushed between the fingers. Line a colander with cheesecloth, and turn the rice into it, placing underneath a clean bowl to catch the rice-water. Set the colander before the oven door, where the rice will dry; each grain will stand up quite distinct. Rice thus cooked may be served instead of potatoes, with chicken, lamb, or other meats. The rice-water left over can be used in making soup."

An argument in favor of rice is its easy digestibility. One authority says:

"The main reason for the superiority of the rice over other forms of foods is its ready digestibility, plain boiled rice being assimilated in one hour, while the other cereals, legumes and meats, and most vegetables, require from three and a half to five hours. Rice thus enables a man to economize fully seventy-five per cent of the time and energy expended in the digestion of ordinary food, setting it free to be used in his daily vocation, in the pursuit of study or social duties, and in the case of invalids and people of enfeebled vitality, adding it to the reserve force of the system."

It is evident, therefore, that as a nutritious and economical food, easily digested and in convenient form, rice deserves a larger place on our bill of fare. Every year we hear complaints of the dry rot which affects our white potatoes, and the waste which it necessitates. Why not use more rice?—*Congregation-alist*.



WHEN MOTHER PRAYS.

A calm, sweet peace steals o'er my heart;
Life's cares and sorrows all depart
As if by some mysterious art,
When mother prays.

Angelic sweetness falls around;
With glory bright her brow seems crowned:
It makes my heart with gladness bound,
When mother prays.

She points to Jesus' side that's riven;
Tells how his life for all was given;
I seem to see the gates of heaven,
When mother prays.
—C. Benjamin Hopkins.



HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

WHEN vegetables cook dry or are scorched, place the vessel at once in cold water, and it will scarcely taste of the scorching.

Dust a little dry flour over a cake before icing it, and it will prevent the icing from running off.

To remove iron rust, soak the stain thoroughly with lemon juice; sprinkle with salt and bleach for several hours in the sun.

A grease spot which cannot be removed with hot water and soap, can be removed by the use of chloroform or naphtha; but these must be used away from the fire or artificial light.

Hands which have been swollen with rheumatism have been healed by binding the hands in woolen cloths saturated with witch hazel. Keep up this treatment for two weeks. Wear at night.

For frost-bitten feet, bathe the feet several times a week in salt and water in which has been dissolved a piece of alum, the size of a pigeon's egg. Dissolve the alum and salt while the water is hot. It must be cool before the feet are soaked in it.

Boil a new-laid egg about a half-minute longer than one which has been kept some time.

In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices.

A lump of camphor placed in a drawer where silver is kept, will keep it from tarnishing.—*The People*.



If the half of a bottle of olives has been used, and you wish to keep the remaining ones, add a pinch of salt to the brine, pour a teaspoonful of olive oil on the liquid and replace the cork in the bottle. They can be kept in water and olive oil, if the brine be poured off.—*Woman's National Daily*.



For a Dutch potato salad such as many women serve often for Sunday night supper, fry a few pieces of bacon crisp, drain off the fat and cut them into tiny pieces. Slice cold boiled potatoes, cut them into quarters, mix them with the bacon and a small onion minced fine and arrange the mixture on lettuce leaves. Make a dressing by using three tablespoonfuls of the bacon fat in place of the oil, beating it with a tablespoonful of vinegar. Turn the dressing over the salad.—*Selected*.

The Children's Corner

CRACKED NUTS.

T. H. FERNALD.

IN the INGLENOOK of May 18 I gave the children—and older ones if they wished them—some nuts to crack, and as some may not have gotten them all cracked, I think they need a little help, so here they are in the order they were given. See if you can make them come right.

Hazel—Pecan—Shellbark—Beech—Almond—Hickory—Acorn—Butternut (should have been Tuntruetb)

—Filbert—Chestnut—Walnut—Cocoanut—Peanut—
Nutmeg—Castana.

Isn't it easy when you know how?



THE BIRD'S NEST.

ONE fair spring morning two bonny brown birds sat on a lilac bush.

"Chee, chee, cheeree. Where shall we make our little nest?"

"Make it here in my branches," said the maple tree that grew by the garden gate. "Many a nest I have held in my arms."

The maple tree was strong and green and beautiful. Its wide-spreading branches reached from the garden path far over the road beyond the gate, and they rocked like a cradle in the wind that fair spring morning. Oh, it was the very place to make a nest.

"Chee, chee, cheeree," they sang.

"We'll make our nest in the maple tree,
O! we are so happy, chee, chee, cheeree."

They twittered and chirped and trilled and sang till a cow, that was eating her breakfast of hay in the barnyard near by, put her head over the fence to ask the news. When the brown birds told her what they were going to do, she did not wonder at their singing.

"If you need any hay," said she, "fly over the fence and help yourself to some of mine. There is plenty here for you and me, and I have heard my friend the speckled hen say that there is nothing better for a nest than hay."

"Very true," said the maple tree. "Every bird must suit himself, but I agree with the speckled hen."

The brown birds looked at each other wisely.

"We'll weave our little nest of hay;
And we'll begin this very day
To make it in the maple tree.
O! we are so happy, chee, chee, cheeree,"

they sang as they hurried into the barnyard.

They could take only a little hay at a time in their bills, but they chose the nicest, longest pieces they could find, and were just ready to fly away with them, when a horse came galloping up.

"This is no way to carry hay," he cried. "Tell me where you live, and I will bring it to your barn in a wagon."

Then the two birds laughed till they dropped the hay from their bills; the cow laughed till her bell tinkled; the maple tree laughed till its leaves shook; and the horse laughed, too, though he did not know what the joke was till the cow told him.

"Well, well," he said to the birds, "if I cannot haul your hay for you, perhaps I may give you some hairs from my mane for your nest. I am sure I can't see what use they can be, but a bird in the pasture begged

for some, and she said she was building a nest in the hedge."

"Chee, chee, cheeree. 'Tis nice to line
A nest of hay with horsehair fine.
We're building in the maple tree,
And we are so happy, chee, chee, cheeree,"

chirped the birds.

By this time everybody in the barnyard knew that the two brown birds were making a nest in the maple tree by the garden gate, and everybody wanted to help them.

"Take this with my love," called the pigeon; and she dropped a feather from her soft white breast.

"We, too, have feathers to spare," cried the hen and the goose.

"Every nest is the better for a bit of down," said the duck.

The two birds were pleased with everything.

"Chee, chee, chee, chee, cheeree," sang they,

"With feathers soft, and hair, and hay,
How fine our little nest will be
Up in the dear old maple tree.
O! we are so happy, chee, chee, cheeree."

They were busy all the fair spring morning carrying the gifts to the maple tree; and, as they flew back and forth, a little girl spied them and called to her mother:

"O mother, come and see these little birds with feathers and hay in their bills. What are they doing?"

"I know," said her mother. "They are building a nest in our maple tree. Would you like to give them a piece of cloth like your new pink dress for their nest?"

"Oh, yes, yes," said the child; and she ran and got the cloth from the scrap bag, and hung it on the lilac bush. It had not been there longer than a minute when by flew a brown bird to get it.

"Chee, chee," he sang, "what do you think?
I've found a lovely bit of pink
To trim our nest up in the tree.
O! I am so happy, chee, chee, cheeree."

"Just what we needed," said the other brown bird; and she made haste to weave it into the nest.

Over and under, in and out, twisting and pulling, they wove the cloth and the hay together, with a lining of hair and downy feathers.

The nest was finished by the time the little girl's papa came home to dinner, and he held her up in his arms to see it.

"I'm glad I gave them a piece like my new dress," she said.

"Chee, chee, so are we," sang the brown birds in the treetop.

"We're glad we made our nest of hay.
We're glad we finished it today.
We're glad we built in the maple tree.
O! we are so happy, chee, chee, cheeree."

—Maud Lindsay, in *Kindergarten Review*.



THE QUIET HOUR



GOD HOLDS THE KEY.

God holds the key of all unknown,
 And I am glad;
 If other hands should hold the key,
 Or if he trusted it to me,
 I might be sad.

What if tomorrow's cares were here,
 Without its rest?
 I'd rather he unlock the door,
 And as the hour swing open, say,
 "My will is best."

The very dimness of my sight
 Makes me secure;
 For groping in my misty way,
 I feel his hand—I hear him say,
 "My help is sure."

I cannot read his future plan,
 But this I know,
 I have the smiling of his face,
 And all the refuge of his grace,
 While here below.

Enough, this covers all my want,
 And so I rest;
 For what I cannot, he can see,
 And in his care I sure shall be
 Forever blest.

—John Parker.

CHRIST'S REMARKABLE PRAYER LIFE.

S. S. BLOUGH.

CHRIST not only gave us a perfect teaching on prayer, but he became a perfect example in the prayer life. From his baptism in the Jordan to his ascension on the mount, very often and under varied circumstances he exercised in prayer, even though he was the Son of God.

In connection with his prayer, the Holy Spirit descended upon him at baptism. From his baptism he was led by the Spirit into the wilderness where he fasted and undoubtedly prayed much.

The record gives us many instances where Christ prayed. He never left a great crisis pass nor solved a great problem without praying until the matter was clear. Often he prayed alone, by day and by night, thus emphasizing his teaching on secret prayer.

These prayers were offered in the wilderness (Luke 5: 16), in the mountain (Luke 9: 28), in the garden (Mark 14: 32-42), as the opportunity would present itself. This would seem to throw some light on his wilderness experience. Christ simply felt that he

must be alone for communion with God. If the opportunity did not present itself he would make one. He rose very early before day or he went into the mountain in the evening, continuing all night.

Christ asked a blessing upon the food alike at the little table at Emmaus and when feeding the five thousand.

When little children were brought to him he blessed them. When about to separate from his spiritual children he prayed for them.

When a miracle was to be performed, whether opening the ears of the deaf (Mark 7: 30), or raising Lazarus from the tomb (John 11: 41-43), prayer was always the first move. When the Father had granted the request, then the miracle was performed. When an exceptionally stubborn devil was to be cast out, fasting accompanied the prayer.

Before the reception of the Holy Spirit, the choosing of the twelve or his transfiguration, earnest prayer was the method of preparation.

And last but not least, in the preparation for his atoning death, while instituting his ordinances, with bloody sweat in Gethsemane, and, on the cross, he communed with the Father, his loving heart went out to his friends and enemies. He prayed most earnestly for all who should ever become his disciples. From the cross he prayed for the Father's forgiveness of those who slew him. What a noble example of the prayer life his was, and yet he was willing that the Father's will should be done.

Oh, that men would willingly obey the precept and follow the example of their blessed Christ! May all who read these words resolve to study harder the lessons he has given and follow more closely his steps in the prayer life! Blessed is prayer. Thrice blessed he who prays aright.

Batavia, Ill.

FAMILY PRAYER.

THE first church founded on earth was the church in the house. The first worship was the worship of the family; and family religion still lies at the foundation of all church life, and of all true worship. But there are families, professedly Christian, which have no family worship, and do not at all realize the idea of the church in the house. This is an evil to be deplored, reprovèd and corrected.

It is the business of every Christian man, not only to train his household in the fear of God, but to collect his family for purposes of worship, and thus publicly acknowledge the Most High. He who fails to do this deprives himself of a blessing, and also trains his children in an evil way. A little Swedish girl who went to live with a family in the State of Maine, after a few days declined to remain longer, and went home. They inquired her reasons for leaving her place.

"Were not the people kind?"

"Yes."

"Did they not treat you well?"

"Yes."

"Why, then, did you not stay?"

"I was afraid to stay in a house where they *did not pray*."

If children are brought up in homes where God is feared and worshiped and honored, they will not be likely to feel entirely at home in dwellings where there is no fear of God; and their own houses, if they come to have them, will most likely be houses of prayer. A man and woman of the present day who were brought up where prayer was offered usually wish their children to have as good opportunities as they had; but in neglecting this great privilege of prayer, they in so far neglect the welfare of those they most love. Let us rear the family altar, and worship and honor God, lest we be included in that solemn word of the prophet, "Pour out thy fury upon the heathen, and upon the families that call not upon thy name" (Jer. 10: 25).—*The Common People*.



A MISSION ROMANCE.

"Is it worth our while to hold the meeting tonight, do you think?" asked a Londoner of his friend, one raw December night in 1856.

"Perhaps not," answered the other; "but I do not like to shirk my work, and as it was announced, some one might come."

"Come on, then," said the first speaker. "I suppose we can stand it."

That night was as black as ink, and the rain poured in torrents, but the meeting of the English Missionary Society for the Propagation of the Gospel was held, in spite of the elements, in a brightly-lighted chapel in Covent Garden. A gentleman passing by took refuge from the storm, and made up half the audience that listened to a powerful plea for the North American Indians in British Columbia.

"Work thrown away!" grumbled the Londoner, as they made their way back to Regent Square.

"Who knows?" replied the missionary. "It was God's Word, and we are told that it shall not fall on the ground unheeded."

Was it work thrown away?

The passer-by, who stopped in by accident, tossed on his couch all night, thinking of the horrors of heathenism, all of which he had heard that night for the first time. In a month he had sold out his business, and was on his way to mission work among the British Columbian Indians, under the auspices of the Church Missionary Society.

About thirty-five years afterward we found him, surrounded by "his children," as he loves to call them, the center and head of the model mission station of the northwest coast, an Acadian village of civilized Indians. It is the romance of missions.

The missionary referred to is William Duncan, missionary to the Metlakhatta Indians.—*Selected*.



THE MELODY OF LIFE.

THE desire of happiness, beyond all doubt, is a natural desire. It is the law of life itself that every being seeks and strives toward the perfection of its kind, the realization of its own specific ideal in form and function, and a true harmony with its environment. Every drop of sap in the tree flows toward foliage and fruit. Every drop of blood in the bird beats toward flight and song. In a conscious being this movement toward perfection must take a conscious form. This conscious form is happiness—the satisfaction of the vital impulse, the rhythm of the inward life, the melody of a heart that has found its keynote. To say that all men long for this is simply to confess that all men are human, and that their thoughts and feelings are an essential part of their life. Virtue means a completed manhood. The joyful welfare of the soul belongs to the fullness of that ideal. Holiness is wholesome. In striving to realize the true aim of our being, we find the wish for happiness implanted in the very heart of our effort.—*Henry van Dyke*.



REMEMBER OUR SUCCESSES.

"My hay crop is a failure," moaned a farmer to his neighbor.

"But how about the potatoes?" asked the neighbor.

"They are all right."

"And your corn?"

"A fine crop."

"And your oats?"

"An excellent yield."

Then the neighbor said, "Why don't you mention your successes first, and put that one failure in a parenthesis at the end?"

The farmer raised four crops of produce and moaned because one was a failure. We can moan over one poor crop or rejoice over three good ones. Which are we doing?

This is a good illustration for workers in the Lord's field. Let us thank God and take courage.—*Selected*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



On September 1 President Taft will leave his summer home in Massachusetts for a trip to the Pacific coast. He will return via the southern route and on the international bridge at El Paso, Texas, will meet President Diaz of Mexico.

Republican members of the Senate finance committee have agreed to a general advance of about 20 per cent over the House rates on the tobacco schedule. They will also urge that the use of coupons on tobacco and snuff packages be prohibited.

Realizing the income tax amendment to the tariff bill was doomed to defeat, Democratic Senators joined with the Republicans and voted for the corporation tax. The amendment carried—59 to 11. Two Democrats, Senator Hughes of Colorado and Shively of Indiana, voted against it.

Severe earthquake shocks following the earthquake in Messina on July 1 were felt in all the countries on the eastern Mediterranean. Reports from Italy, southern Spain, Portugal, Tunis and Algiers say that the quake was of great extent and severity. It is feared that more detailed reports will show heavy damage.

After Sept. 1 there will be no more child criminals in the State of New York, at least they will not be called such. According to a new law which goes into effect Sept. 1, all persons under sixteen years of age who commit what in adults would be called crime will be put down as juvenile delinquents, thus sparing the youthful lawbreakers the stigma of criminal.

During the fiscal year which ended on June 30 importations of hides show a larger total than in any previous year, amounting to \$75,000,000. The census of 1905 shows the value of leather tanned, curried and finished in 1904 to be \$252,000,000. The exportation of leather and its manufactures from the United States has grown from \$7,000,000 in 1880 to \$40,500,000 in 1908.

Business men are looking on with a good deal of interest as the digging of the canal across Cape Cod which will connect Buzzards Bay with Cape Cod Bay, progresses, work having been begun a week or so ago. The immediate purpose of this canal is to shorten by about 150 miles the distance by water from Boston to New York and to other points to the south on the Atlantic coast. It will also furnish an important link in the inland waterway from Massachusetts to the Carolinas. As is well known, there are many perils attending the sea route through Vineyard sound and around Cape Cod, and the new canal will completely obviate these dangers. The saving in time and inconvenience which the canal will afford ought to make it a highly profitable undertaking.

The work of constructing the Cape to Cairo Railway is to be started again in the near future. The present end of the line is 370 miles north of Victoria Falls, and it is expected to carry a line into the Congo copper district during the present season. The new line will not be an all-rail route. A considerable part of the distance will be covered by steamers on the great interior lakes of Africa.

The Turkish chamber recently discussed the law on strikes, and the minister of the interior opposed the formation of trade unions, declaring that they formed an institution hostile to capital. The representative of minister of public works made a violent speech along the same line. Many deputies opposed it. The chamber finally accepted in principle the rejection of trade unions. The grand vizier was present during the discussion.

The steamer Carolina sailed from San Juan for New York July 1, having on board all the American school-teachers who taught in Porto Rico last year under contract. The failure of the United States Senate to pass the Olmstead bill, which was designed to remedy the deadlock existing between the executive council and the House of Delegates, leaves the island without money to begin the fiscal year, since the Legislature has made no appropriation.

Recently Dr. Eliot, former president of Harvard University, in a public address gave advice as to what books should be read, his list being dubbed, "Eliot's five-foot library." The Bible and Shakespeare were not in the list. In an interview Dr. Eliot says the list was selected by a publishing house as a business proposition. He says he was remunerated for compiling the list, but does not think he has done wrong in lending the prestige of his name to an advertising scheme.

At a conference President Taft authorized Representative Tawney to announce that he was opposed to the change in the tax on oleomargarine, as proposed by Secretary MacVeagh. The President wants it understood the administration will not lend its support to any bill which seeks to change the present oleo tax of $\frac{1}{4}$ -cent a pound on uncolored and 10 cents a pound on the colored product. Secretary MacVeagh advocated a 2-cent flat tax on all oleo, colored or uncolored.

Determined to stamp out the smugglers who have systematically defrauded the government for years, William Loeb Jr., collector of the port of New York, has organized a new police of 300 men to patrol the harbor and shipping points along the river front. Officially the members of the new department are to be known as "customs watchmen." They will have the power of seizure and arrest and are to be armed with revolvers and short clubs, such as are used by the New York police department.

Fifteen hundred girls and women of Chicago devoted at least a part of last year to the study of scientific home-making, according to a report just made by the School of Domestic Arts and Sciences, 39 State Street. The course included sewing, dressmaking, millinery, cooking and buying. Young society women, engaged girls, mothers of families and professional cooks were among the students. The June term had the largest classes. A summer term which will last six weeks is now in progress. Special work can be arranged, and cooks left in care of city houses are among those in attendance. The School of Domestic Arts and Sciences employs no solicitors or canvassers either for students or money.

Universities and colleges which permit students to smoke cigarettes may expect no endowment funds from Dr. D. K. Pearsons, the multi-millionaire Chicago philanthropist. This was the announcement by Lucy Page Gaston, head of the Anti-Cigarette League, following a conference with the philanthropist. Dr. Pearsons has given many millions to educational institutions within the last ten years. Miss Gaston asked him for financial assistance for the league, but he replied: "While I cannot give you financial assistance at this time I am going to make you a promise which may tend to aid the cause. In future I shall contribute no money nor make a bequest of any kind to a university which permits cigarette smoking on the part of its students."

A school for cooks and general hotel service, to cost \$250,000, is to be added to the Winona Technical Institute of Indianapolis. Ground for the building will be broken on one of the three days of the International Stewards' Association convention, to be held in Indianapolis Aug. 18, 19 and 20. Adolph Meyer, former chef to the Czar of Russia, and now steward of the Knickerbocker Club, New York, will be superintendent of the school. The school will be inaugurated as a model hotel. The guests will be the four hundred or more students of the technical institute. They will live higher than the undergraduates of any college or university in the world, for the daily menu will be of the widest variety, from the simplest biscuit to the most complex sauces and pastries. A banquet hall capable of seating four hundred persons will be available for public use. Here the senior class of waiters will be instructed.

A good many of the steamships still employ the old method of hoisting the ashes from the boilers to the decks above and dumping them overboard; others mix the ashes with water and pump them up; but both methods are objectionable to passengers, especially when the wind is blowing in the wrong direction. The newest of the liners get rid of their ashes by forcing them through the bottom of the hull by means of compressed air. The ashes are received into a hopper along with the clinkers and are passed along to a crusher, which grinds them up together. In a watertight casing below is a revolving drum, open as it turns first to the crusher chamber and then to the discharging pipe below. Of course, ordinarily the water pressure would force the ashes back through the discharge pipe and would flood the ship, but compressed air, about 70 pounds to the square inch, is applied to the drum just before its opening comes over the discharge pipe, and the ashes are sent into the sea with such a force that they sweep clear of the vessel's hull. This expeller can get rid of eight or ten tons of ashes, drawn from 48 furnaces, in an hour.

The last round of shots in the east heading of the Gunnison irrigation tunnel, near Montrose, Colo., was fired at 5:30 o'clock July 6. A few minutes later when the debris had been cleared away the workmen from the two headings shook hands through the opening. The tunnel is six miles long and has been four and a half years under construction.

With the beginning of the present fiscal year the Republic of Cuba established a Bureau of Information, President Gomez appointing Leon J. Canova, an American newspaper man, who has resided in Cuba eleven years and has a wide acquaintance with the island, as its director. Parties wishing information of any nature concerning Cuba can obtain same, free of charge, by writing to Leon J. Canova, U. and I. Bureau (Utility and Information Bureau), Department of Agriculture, Commerce and Labor, Havana, Cuba.

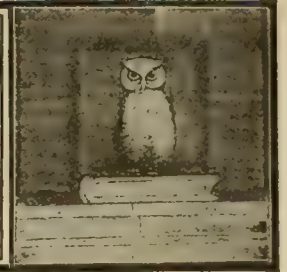
Both Canada and Australia have followed the lead of New Zealand in the decision to contribute to the naval defense of the empire. The federal government of Australia has voted to build one "Dreadnought" for the British navy. The Canadian government will build and man a navy of its own, to act as an auxiliary force to the fleet of Great Britain. The plans call for the construction of eight first-class cruisers of the "Cornwall" type, of 10,000 tons displacement, ten torpedo-boat destroyers, and ten torpedo boats. The fleet will be built in Great Britain, and the time and cost of construction are to cover the next five years.

More than \$2,000,000 in money, jewelry, and precious stones and bonds recovered from the ruins at Messina is being kept there by the military authorities. The valuables are tied up in bags and heaped in boxes and stored in various places, causing the utmost confusion. A treasury official with clerks has now been entrusted with the custody of the valuables. Theoretically, the treasures of Messina, as they are called, are at the disposal of their rightful owners, the procedure being for a claimant to obtain authority to make a claim from the tribunals, which takes two months, then to identify his property after finding it, and to prove that it belongs to him. This, in many cases, is impossible, and an attempt to regain property is fruitless.

Dispatches from Teheran by way of St. Petersburg say foreign legations have been notified by the rebels, who are approaching from Kasvin, that the latter can no longer guarantee the safety of foreigners in Persia. Saradar-asad, the rebel leader, in a message to the legations, declares that Russian intervention is responsible for the danger of the foreign residents. The situation in Teheran is grave. The Persian Cossacks now in the city number only about 700, the brigade of 1,200 having been depleted by detachments for service in other parts of the country, and it is quite plain that this force would be unable to make any serious resistance to the liberal army which is within striking distance of the city. Gen. Snarsky, with a Russian force, is hurrying from Tabriz, but his arrival, it is thought, will be too late to forestall the attack of rebels. A strong Russian force is massed on the Caspian shores in transport ships, but they are deterred from landing by the fear that their advance will precipitate a terrible massacre of all the foreign inhabitants of Teheran before they are able to reach the city.



Among the Magazines



OUTRAGES OF THE TELEPHONE.

The Drunken Sailor's fate having been satisfactorily settled, what shall be done with the telephone fiend? This distressing problem is agitating more than one long-suffering soul. The Fiend is petticoated, rarely trousered, who holds you up until you are ready to hurl anathemas upon the very Inventor. Where is the specialist who will conquer this disease of the wire—disease that is working such wholesale havoc, rifling husbandly purses, stealing time bodily, breaking the needed rest of invalids without a qualm, and robbing the "party" at the other end of all surety of peace? For all else seem we to have found a quietus, but for the "caller up" at any old time or place, no remedy seems forthcoming.

That the telephone has blessed many a man, saved many lives, and helped pile up fortunes, is true; but has it not cursed some women, ruined more lives, and hastened domestic misfortune? It has. Has it not become the favorite pastime of the woman with nothing to do? It has. Does it not accelerate gossip? Aid the flirt and the wayward, constantly? It does. Self-indulgent women waste their husband's money by ordering food "over the too handy telephone, rather than bother to dress for the street," thereby losing both their wholesome morning exercise and their chance thriftily to secure the best there is for the price at market or at stores from which the family larder is supplied. The time wasted by women in foolish 'phoning can never be offset by time gained by forehanded men in business, for what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world if his "world" is lost through folly?

Telephoning from a habit finally becomes a vice, and a menace to the courtesies. It has destroyed the fine art of social correspondence. It has crowned Haste with Courtesy's laurel.

Another phase of the telephone madness, and one of its most audacious, is the impertinences it makes possible against the party "called up." Impulsive women say things to men and to each other over the telephone that they would never say face to face. To be rude to an acquaintance is at all times shocking to the gentle, therefore to have to answer the long-drawn-out "call" of an idler, who wishes to kill time at your expense, is outrageous. Nevertheless, seemingly it must be done and very graciously, with "thank you" added, or—you become a target for ire. Sometimes you pay the price of discomfort to your entire family. If you protest verbally, forthwith you are a "crank," disagreeable, unfeeling, and what not. Again, if you fail to "call up" in turn, you are "queer." If you do, it is a signal for renewed mortgages upon your time, patience, and quiet. Busy men whose women-folks, friends or sweethearts call them up inopportunely are beginning to lie diligently, in order to save their day.

A telephone in a residence should be for the convenience of the user, for imperative needs, for exceptional

social emergencies, where writing, sending, or going is quite impossible,—for sudden illness, for bad weather, for unavoidable delays, for trains, or service of any sort. For these things it is indispensable, but for the exchange of twaddle between foolish women, communications between the prowling wolf and the unsuspecting lamb, it has become an unmitigated domestic curse.

The remedy lies with the Man of the House. In his wife's good taste and judgment one man may safely put his trust; he needs no remedy. The other man, whose wife's stability of purpose, and dignity, are of a dubious quality, does well to look to it that he affords madam neither an unlimited service nor opportunity to decorate him metaphorically with a Fool's Cap and a (telephone) bell.—July Lippincott's.



CHICAGO'S VACANT LOT GARDENING.

The cultivation of vacant city lots as a remedy for unemployment is now tolerably familiar in this country, though in the days of the "Pingree potato patch" it was a startling novelty. Chicago has on record two limited experiments in that line, but neither was very successful. This year, however, we are assured that "the movement for city gardens in Chicago is on a safe and permanent basis."

It will be remembered that the International Harvester Company placed several months ago a twenty-acre tract at the disposal of the board of managers that was chosen at a meeting in February to consider the question of utilization of vacant lots by families in need of relief. An account of the progress of that "lot" under intelligent management is given in the current issue of *The Survey* by Mrs. Pelham, the president of the board. The tract has been divided into four sections, with twenty-five lots in each. Every inch is now occupied, and about 100 families are busily engaged in "gardening." Most of the cultivators were recommended by charity organizations, Hull House and other settlements, but it is instructive to note that the immediate neighborhood of the tract—Marshall Boulevard, opposite the house of correction—has furnished some of the farmers and gardeners. The Tuberculosis Institute has placed some of its patients on the tract, and they are doing well.

Several races are represented on the improvised farm, and intensive cultivation is resorted to where the previous experience of the gardeners renders it possible. Among the vegetables raised are onions, potatoes, parsnips, lettuce, carrots, cabbage, pumpkins, beets, radishes, peas, parsley, spinach, peppers, squash, sweet corn, etc. Plenty of variety, truly, and a chance for everybody who has tilled the soil "in the old country" under any known system.

Many of the gardeners have already made application for lots for next year, and the waiting list is long. The difficulty will be in finding suitable tracts in sufficient quantity. Financial support of the enterprise has not

been lacking; generous men and women, appreciating the value, moral and physical, of such forms of relief, supplied the funds for tiles and drains, tools, seeds and salaries. Expert superintendence has been secured, and the result will be not only a profitable crop but a "pleasing display." The tract is constantly visited by persons interested in enlightened beneficence and in rational solutions of the problem of unemployment. Their personal observations will stimulate sympathy and make next year's planning and work even easier than it has been this season.—Chicago Record-Herald.



GOBLETS OF ICE.

It would be well for inventors to study the advantages of reversing or inverting well-established customs or methods of procedure with a view to developing new and valuable inventions. For example, a native of Holland recently conceived the idea that instead of putting ice in a beverage it would be a good plan to pour the beverage into ice. This led to the invention of the ice goblet. For such a novel vessel there existed no precedent, and in the building of a machine for making it, many physical and technical difficulties had to be overcome. The apparatus has now been reduced to a commercial form and the inventor, Mr. H. D. P. Huizer, has installed a plant at one of the summer resorts near the Hague (Netherlands). The apparatus was also exhibited in Paris, last October, before the First International Refrigerating Congress.

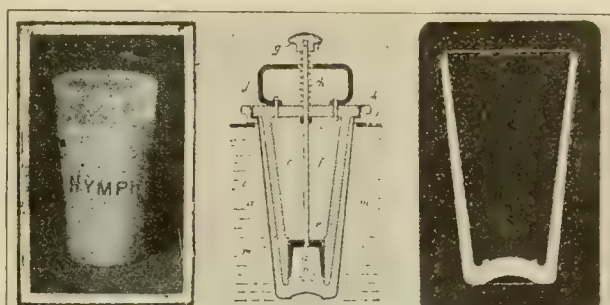
The ice goblet as shown in one of the engravings is a conical drinking vessel like a tumbler made entirely of ice which is placed in a smaller paper shell for convenience in handling and for protection against surrounding heat and direct contact with warm bodies such as the hand, table, etc. It weighs $3\frac{1}{2}$ ounces and is 5 inches high. The walls, which are slightly tapered, are about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch thick and terminate in an arched bottom of $\frac{3}{8}$ inch thickness. It has a capacity of $\frac{1}{4}$ liter (about $\frac{1}{2}$ pint). By a special process the ice may be made in all degrees of transparency or opacity, and even with a flowery structure. It can also be colored to give it a pleasing aspect. A drink out of one of these goblets is said to be delightfully refreshing and not as cold as one would think.

The refrigerating capacity is quite sufficient to hold the beverage about half an hour in summer; but it collapses instantly at a second refilling. As it thus can be used only once, the sanitary properties are ideal. Everyone has his own goblet, which is thrown away after use. In its manufacture it is not touched by the hand, and by using pure or distilled water an absolutely clean goblet is obtained. The paper shell is thrown away after being used a single time, because when wet it loses its shape and it does not pay to dry and reform it.

One would imagine that ice was entirely unsuitable for such a purpose, but as is well known a great

deal of heat is absorbed in melting ice. In the goblet the ice is insulated by the paper incasing it and itself insulates the liquid within, while the difference of temperature between the two diminishes rapidly, thus arresting the melting of the inner side. Owing to these very favorable conditions the goblet has an astonishingly long existence. The same ice goblet thrown in water would melt away in a few minutes.

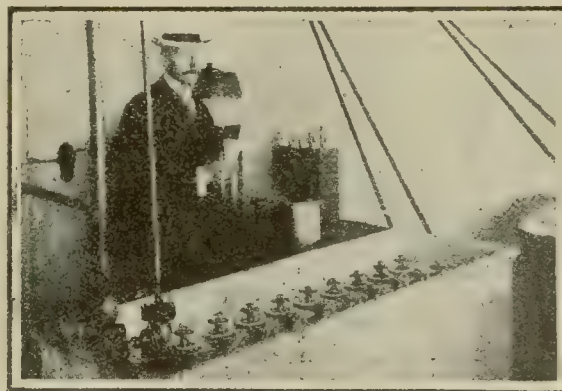
One of the illustrations shows in section the apparatus for making the goblet. It consists of a mold *a* and a core *c*. A measured quantity of water is first poured into the mold, then the core is inserted, which presses



The ice goblet complete.

Forming the ice goblet.

The ice goblet shown in section.



Selling beverages in goblets of ice.

Courtesy Scientific American.

the water upward in the space *b* between the two. The device is submerged in refrigerating brine *m*. If the temperature of the brine is kept at -10 deg. C. (14 deg. F.) the ice goblet is ready in a quarter of an hour, at -20 deg. C. (-4 deg. F.) in but 6 minutes. The core has a chamber *d* at the bottom, constituting a kind of diving bell, in which the water rises only as far as the hydrostatic pressure and the contracting of the confined air by cooling will allow it. The freezing takes place in regular layers from without inward; the ice at first closes the top of the space and then the solidification gradually proceeds downward and ends in the chamber, where because of the expansion an arched bottom *n* will be formed and around this a peculiar shaped inner gripping edge. In the same way the air confined in the water is

forced to escape therein. The ice goblet is not removed in the ordinary way of thawing it out—such would obviously be its ruin. The mold is made of a material expanding more rapidly than ice (viz., a special metal) and the core is made of a material expanding more slowly than ice (viz., a special porcelain), so that the dilatations by heat are: $a-b-c$.

The apparatus is sunk for a while in a special heater, giving off just enough heat to the mold without transmitting any perceptible heat to the ice goblet; now this latter is instantly drawn out with the core, to which it adheres chiefly because of the gripping edge within the chamber d . The latter is in reality a structural part of the bell-shaped piston e , that is carried by a rod f ending in a handle g outside the core. On pressing the handle downward the piston expels the ice goblet, which is then caught in a paper shell. The whole operation takes but a few seconds.

About 100 ice goblets per hour can be made with one-horsepower, so that only very small refrigerating machines are needed for producing considerable quantities.—*Scientific American*.



FOXY GERMAN EMPEROR.

The Kaiser, finding himself isolated as the result of French and British diplomacy, debarred on every hand from territorial expansion in Europe, had dreamed of a commercial empire in Asia. But Wilhelm is the kind of a man who prefers to see things with his own eyes, and that is why, in the spring of 1897, he set out on his spectacular tour of the Near East. He rode through Palestine in a theatrical uniform made for the occasion, with a great cavalcade behind him. At Jerusalem he laid the cornerstone of a German church; at Haifa he addressed a great assemblage of German colonists; from Damascus he carried away with him the priceless furnishings of the palace which he occupied, loaned, for the occasion, by the neighboring pashas; at Ba'albek a peculiarly hideous tablet was placed in the Temple of Venus to mark his visit, and so he came to Stamboul, where Abdul-Hamid, his friend and brother, awaited him.

Imagine, if you can, a more queerly assorted pair. The Sultan, crafty, cautious, timid, patient; the Kaiser, bombastic, blatant, hot-headed, domineering. This meeting of the monarchs was as curious as any in modern history—the one a ruler in spite of his physical cowardice, and the shrewdest diplomat in Europe; the other a sort of footlight king. Humble, patient, and furtive, the Master of Turkey listened, while the War Lord thundered. Always he dilated on his great idea, the Drang nach Osten—that on-sweep to the East of German imperialism. This strangely mated pair, these masters of East and West, made a compact that the one would abstain from intervening in Crete and would use his influence to obtain the withdrawal of the international soldiery from the island, and that the other would give him, in payment, a right-of-way for his railroad across Turkey-in-Asia. And so they arranged it between them, the billious, sallow-faced, silent little man with his eternal cigarette, and the stoutish, aggressive, domineering Teuton who puffed inter-

mittently at a black cigar. And this is what Abdul-Hamid gave to his German brother:

A concession to build a railway line from Haidar Pasha, a territorial port on the Asiatic side of the Bosphorus, across from Constantinople, through the heart of Anatolia, over the Taurus Mountains to Adana and Aleppo; thence passing through southern Kurdistan, to Nineveh on the head waters of the Tigris, thence paralleling the river to Bagdad, where, crossing over to the Euphrates, the line is to continue southward, via Babylon, Kerbela, and Basra to its proposed terminus at Koweit, on the Persian Gulf. It looks simple enough on the face of it, does it not?

But when the European chancellories came to examine its provisions, they stood aghast, for they soon found that it constituted one of the most gigantic commercial concessions in all history. Not only was the concession granted under an Ottoman mileage guarantee of close on five millions of dollars per annum, but the concessionnaires were given in perpetuity a tract of land 12.4 miles wide along the entire length of the line, or, in other words, 6.2 miles on either side of the railway for a distance of fifteen hundred miles. The Sultan had, indeed, bartered a kingdom for the Kaiser's friendship. To the German concessionnaires was given the exclusive right to cultivate the land within this railway zone—18,600 square miles in all, and every foot of it, to all intents and purposes, German soil—to work the mines and the forests within this radius; to grow wheat, tobacco, and cotton; to colonize, and to navigate the streams, not to mention various subsidiary rights. The concession admits, moreover, of the concessionnaires' utilizing all waters along the route for electric purposes; and such power will eventually be used, it is planned, for lighting their towns and running their factories.

The grant likewise includes navigation rights on the Tigris, the Euphrates, and the Shat-el-Arab, and permission has been granted for building quays at Bagdad, at Basra, and on the Persian Gulf. On both sides of the railway line in Mesopotamia lie bituminous and petroleum yielding lands of inestimable value, while it is calculated that Anatolia, Syria, Mesopotamia, and the Irak can produce more grain than the whole of Russia. To this are added the vast possibilities of the cotton supply in western Asia Minor. Is it any wonder that the frock-coated gentlemen in the foreign offices of London and Paris and St. Petersburg, reading the terms of the grant, threw up their hands in horror?—From "The Fight for the Highway of Nature," by E. Alexander Powell, in July Everybody's.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for samples of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Illinois.

WANTED—Married brother of good executive ability to manage 200-acre Michigan dairy and truck farm. May invest in farm if you would like. Splendid opportunity for right man. Address, Farmer, care Inglenook.

WANTED—A few young men and women to work for part expense while in college. A will to work will supply many a dollar. Drop card. We'll do the rest.—MT. MORRIS COLLEGE, Mt. Morris, Illinois.

"On the Sweet Grass"

Sweetgrass County, Montana Irrigated Lands

This space has been reserved for Glass Brothers Land Company, who are offering for sale 28,000 acres of choice irrigated fruit and farm land, in the famous Sweet Grass district of the Yellowstone Valley, Montana.

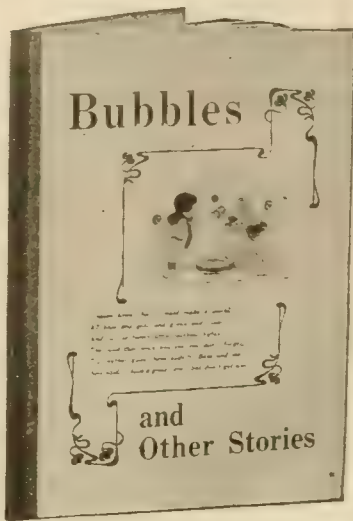
Elder L. H. Dickey of Fostoria, Ohio, who was present at and conducted the simple ceremony, at the opening of this great irrigation system, says:—"I believe this to be a good place to live and that the settler will prosper to a very high degree."

Elder J. F. Appleman of Plymouth, Indiana, who has also inspected these lands says:—"The land and irrigation system are far better than you told me."

Look for this space next week.

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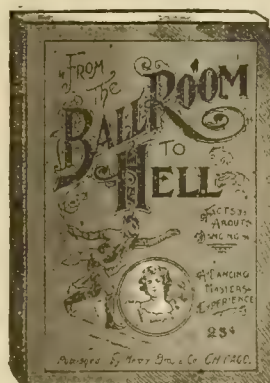
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The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real



Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Low Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful reading. The book is printed from large clear type, on a good quality of paper. The frontispiece is reproduced from a painting by David Emmert. Handsomely and substantially bound, artistic side title, profusely illustrated.

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ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to develop land in the Colony at PORTAGE, CANADA. This colony is most well suited for settlement. The land is rich and well watered and the road to Winnipeg is very good. But as the policy of this company is—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” we are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various reasons offered for settlement, the Directors of the company have decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
3. Its location in good market—close to the city of Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Winnipeg.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are very cheap for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, locate a good farm in a prosperous section with good communications, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For further information, details of Land Sales, Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company North Manchester, Indiana

or

W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

July 20, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Midsummer Night

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
F. H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Location	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ..	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ..	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, ..	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	*Truckee-Carson, .	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

Fallon, Nev., June 18, 1909.

*TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Mr. J. C. Waite,
777 Federal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear sir:—

I have, of course, been extremely busy since coming here. Nobody can appreciate what has to be done, until they get into it.

All of my crops are looking fine. They say my alfalfa can not be beat. It is cut and cocked up now. It will stand me in \$20.00 an acre this one cutting and I will get two more cuttings this season besides pasturage this early spring and late fall.

I figure it will net me \$50.00 an acre this year at least, after paying expenses of labor, etc. This alfalfa stand is only 1 year old.

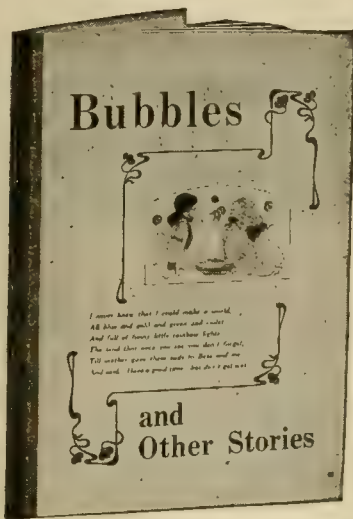
Well, I must ring off. Trusting that I may hear from you soon,

I am yours truly,

(Signed) A. O. Foskett, Sec.

Tell the folks in Chicago they can never locate cheaper here than at the present time.

Bubbles and Other Stories



Edited by Edna A. Newcomer. A collection of 108 poems and stories for little folks. Illustrated with 83 halftones and pen sketches. Printed in blue on fine quality of calendered paper. A few of the many subjects are "Bubbles," "The Little Soldier," "Butterflies," "Her Letters," "The Runaway Goose," "Bedtime," "A Catnip Tea," "The Goose That Grew," "Ten Little Smiles," "Visiting Grandmother," "Who Is She?" "Building Pebble City," "The Doll Hospital," "Philip's Pet," "If," "When Lettie Reads," "Why the Photographer Waited," "The Honest Old Toad," "The Baby's First Steps," "The Misfortunes of Bill," "Jimmy the News Boy," "Ten Little Pumpkins," "Jimmy Fishhook," "A Young Canadian" and "How Mabel Helped."

A beautiful cover design printed in blue and photo-brown inks. Substantial board cover.

Sixty-four large pages.

Price,30 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Girdling the Globe

By Eld. D. L. Miller.

The author tells of things seen in his travels around the world; and writes in such an interesting and impressive manner that the reading of the book will give one a better idea of things than would be received by many hundreds who would make the trip themselves. Profusely illustrated and elegantly and substantially bound. 602 pages.

Cloth Bound, Regular Price, \$2.00

Our Price,90

Leather Bound, Regular

Price, 2.50

Our Price, 1.10

Full Morocco, Gilt Edge, ... 3.00

Our Price, 1.40

(Postage extra on each, 25 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

1909

AMERICAN PROHIBITION YEAR BOOK

Just from the press. Contains a whole library of valuable information gathered from the most reliable sources. This little book chronicles facts and analyzes doctrines. It attempts new deeds. It is designed to equip and fortify the friends of temperance and prohibition as never before. In abstinence, in economics, in legal aspects, in studies of legislation and its results, and of national resources and political action, and in its whole field it says the latest word.

Here are many hundreds of things which the people wish to know in connection with the present widespread agitation on the liquor traffic and its record.

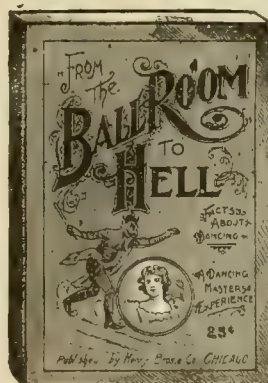
Bound in paper, postpaid,25 cents

Bound in cloth, postpaid,50 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

From the Ball Room to Hell

Is there any harm in dancing? There can be but one answer to this question, facts are facts.



This little book, written by an ex-dancing master, will give you more facts about dancing than can be obtained elsewhere. It places a dark picture before the dancer, and one that is very convincing. It explains the natural and necessary effects of modern waltzing and why

thousands of girls are ruined every year through its influence.

Our price, cloth,35 cents

Our price, paper,18 cents

(Postage extra, 5 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois



Let One Billion Gallons of Water Protect Your Crops

The above illustration is a reproduction from a photograph of Miami Ranch Reservoir No. 2.

Although the average annual rainfall at Miami Ranch is 13.92 inches, the owners have constructed ditches and storage reservoirs which give such an abundant supply of water as to **insure the biggest crops possible for any soil to raise.**

This one reservoir alone has a capacity of one billion gallons of water and an unlimited supply keeps it always filled. Instructions for raising big crops are furnished free by an expert who lives right on the ranch.

—MIAMI RANCH—

Consists of 18,000 acres of rich valley land in Colfax County—the county which won the \$400 prize cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October, in competition with the entire irrigated West for the best general agricultural, horticultural, educational, mineral and live stock exhibit.

Colfax County apples won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair and New Mexico wheat took first prize at this same fair.

Excellent church privileges, good school, nice homes,

good cultured neighborly inhabitants, beautiful scenery, clear skies, pure air, ideal weather, big crops and everything that combines to make health, happiness and prosperity, are all to be found at Miami Ranch.

The elks, deer, bears and other large game which inhabit the surrounding mountains, together with our thousands of wild ducks and geese, furnish plenty of sport for the farmer who likes to hunt, while the Rayodo River, famous throughout the central west for its trout fishing, keeps the angler happy.

Read What Others Think of Miami Ranch

Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M.
Gentlemen:

Miami, New Mexico.

A year ago my wife and I made a western trip through Texas, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico with a view to finding a desirable place to locate for my health and for investment, having been in the hardware business in Bellefontaine, Ohio, for 13 years in the firm of Osborn & Churchill.

I had heard of the Miami Valley located in Colfax County, New Mexico, which was opened up less than a year prior to my visit, by the Farmers Development Company. I was very much impressed with the present and future prospects of this beautiful valley. I made another visit last August and purchased 40 acres, several others purchasing like amounts at that time.

This community is composed of an intelligent and industrious class of people from the Middle States, largely from Ohio. I disposed of my business interests in Ohio and arrived here the 19th day of February, 1909, to make this my home. I find, as I become better acquainted with this community, that it is the most perfect country I have ever had the pleasure of visiting. The health-giving properties in the pure air and sunshine is acknowledged by the most prominent physicians to be the best in the United States.

I find for investment that one cannot make an error, as climatic conditions and location for fruit are ideal, and for general crops most excellent. Land is advancing because people are looking for improved farms as well as unimproved, which creates a demand for both.

I find my health already improving, having only been here two months.

There is an abundance of water to irrigate, having the best and most substantial reservoir in New Mexico, this company has spared no time or money to make it perfect. People are happy and contented. I can recommend this Valley to my friends feeling that I have done a good deed. Respectfully,

(Signed) W. W. Osborn.

Our Free Booklet, "Westward Ho" tells all about Miami Ranch. It tells also how and when you can get a round trip ticket from Chicago for \$30 and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. We are making special bargain offers on both large and small farms, for a short time only. Write for booklet today and learn how payments can be arranged to suit your convenience.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT CO., Springer, New Mexico

Real Art Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only

25 cts.

Set of eight designs, postpaid,

\$1.50

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.		
Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

July 20, 1909.

No. 29.

THE BOOK OF SILVER SONG

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

DIM, rainy days I used most of all to delight in, for such times my elders gave me little heed and I was left much upon my own devices. Then it was I used to slip away up the attic stairs to my little den of books beneath the eaves. There, with the gentle patter of the rain upon the roof above me and the noises of the house coming only faintly to my ears, I would lose myself in the fairyland of books until the light from my little dormer window only dimly traced the printed page and forced me to abandon it reluctantly. I remember that I was ever a shy and quiet lad, silent for the most part when others were about, but voluble enough when alone. Of real playmates I had few—games and races gave me little pleasure—but I seldom lacked for company. I could easily garrison a fort or hold a tourney with the children of my mind and long afternoons I would play with them, quite content that their fancies ran with my desires and that we never quarreled, as children often do.

There was no end to our adventures, battles, sieges and encounters single-handed—and the favored one we played more often than the others, "The Romance of the Purple Knight and the Beautiful Lady." Of this we never seemed to tire, for there was always the glamour of martial trappings and the lure of chivalry to make it a delight. How often did we clatter along the King's highway, my companions and I, on charging steeds, faring forth to rescue the princess from her castle by the sea. And how the swords would clash and the helmets ring and the moat turn crimson when we stormed the drawbridge and fought our way within the stronghold. Then, too, there was ever the spice of the homeward ride, with the princess in my arms, pursuit behind, and the long white road before us.

Strange play fancies for a boy were those, but as I look back upon them now, I think it must have been "The Book of Silver Song" that made me so much

the dreamer. It was the most cherished volume of my goodly store, and rainy days—as I have noted of the opportunity—found me most often lost in the charm of its pages. I had carpeted my under-roof domain with a soft rug of some old Persian weave, long banished from the living rooms, and in this I used to snuggle up, the book propped against the window at an angle for the light and my eyes noting nothing save the quaint characters of the text before me.

And what a book it was, to be sure! Broad and generous pages of a parchment strange to modern volumes, flecked with the saffron touch of Time and hand-lettered quaintly in a style long forgotten. The leather of the binding was well worn in the places that fit best to the hand, as though the book had been a close companion and a friend; but no careless hands had been those placed upon it, for, with all the traces of long use, there was yet a soundness to every page that evidenced the care of maker and of owner.

Here and there an odd leaf bore a quaint embellishment, traced and colored in a genius' certain hand. I liked to fancy when I came upon them that he who wrought the volume found mere words too feeble for expression of his thought and so gave to them a broader meaning. A picture to every song—curious figures of another age, garbed in fashions long abandoned. Stately dames and brave esquires, and pages, knights and castles in profusion. What a world of romance they revealed to boy eyes and what a land of charm.

"The Book of Silver Song" I have called it—a whimsical title of my own invention, for I was ever giving in those days odd and most fantastic names to all things in my treasure trove of dreams. A "Ballad Book" it was, if we must be precise. Old folk songs sung and told from Scottish loch to English lowland: a golden currency of thought in days when hall and hovel had but a baser metal for their daily speech. A

crude and homely story form, but rich with a people's struggling powers of expression and forerunner to the lyric of today. Brave old song-poems of a rough and ready race, loved in equality by baron and peasant, passed along from lip to lip and sung a-down the corridors of Time by those old wandering bards whose music, sweet and crude, had powers to 'rouse the battle lust or soothe the heart to peace. In imagination I can see them pass, each

"With harp across his shoulders slung,
And murmuring round his tongue."

I chanced upon the book most strangely, I remember. We had an old sea chest in one corner of our storeroom, filled with trophies of a roving ancestor. A "black sheep" he had been called in days when people little understood the "wanderlust" and thought illy of one who found no pleasure or content in the close restraints of home. My mother often told the tale to me, of how he quarreled with those who loved him yet misunderstood, and how he went away one day with silent lips and a glowing anger in his heart. Years afterward this chest had come to them from the friendly captain of a ship, who sent with it the message of his death by fever in a foreign land, but it had remained unopened through the years till a later generation forgot the bitterness within the hearts of the old and revealed its treasures—this book among the others.

I know today a stern Puritan creed misjudged the man, for no one of vicious nature and a blackened heart ever chose a volume such as this for his book of dreams, strange as may have been the manner of selection. I used to fancy I could see him as he must have been—proud and courtly in demeanor, yet passionate and loving underneath, with the restless blood of vikings in his veins and the spirit of a rover; misunderstood and suffering as only those rare souls can suffer who live alone in the shadow of their dreams without the touch of human sympathy.

I think it must have pleased him that the book came to me, for there were times when I felt a strange comradeship and days when my eyes used to visage scenes that were new and vibrant with the charm of unknown lands. Visions of the desert, stretching white and dazzling to the distant lines of sky, conjured from the mists of everywhere, pyramids and palms and sluggish streams that laved strange tropic lands I never knew. Voices spoke to me in varied tongues and soft breezes whispered lures of pleasant isles in most enchanted seas. Hand in hand, I would wander through the world with him, unheeding Time's swift passage, till my mother's voice broke rudely such adventuring and brought me back again.

So, in these later years, would I give credit to that which played so true a part in forming childish fancies and the themes of play. There are those

who will tell you that the maturer mind may essay the longer flights in the lands of charm, but I would say them nay, for the child world has no boundary save the limits of imagination and there is in the quick and eager mind of youth a range of imagery which can never be compassed when once the golden early days are gone. The dream ships that sail out of your ports today are barges of splendor that seldom return, for, as the old ballad goes in the book:

"The masts that were like the beaten gold,
Bent not on the heaving seas;
The sails that were of the taffetie
Fill'd not in the east land breeze."

And if ever the time shall come to me, through a son, when the bars of the child world shall be let down again and I enter therein, I would that "The Book of Silver Song" be of like inspiration to him. That I might again, in some measure at least, share with him and through him, those splendid dreams of the boyhood days, wander old places among, fight old battles and win old loves over again.



THE COMMON PEOPLE.

NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is said to have remarked that "God must have loved the common people since he made so many of them." That is true. He *does* love them. Orchids are not as common as grass. But if we had to choose between the two, which would we rather have? Roses are lovely indeed, but the modest little grassblades in great numbers are of more value and comfort to humanity. Yet we tread upon them without a thought of their beauty and loveliness.

So, in God's garden of humanity, there are a few intellects that shine as leaders of men, writers of song or inventors of useful things. They are worthy of honor and praise from their fellow-men. They stand before the world as great examples of worth. But the *common* people, like blades of grass, are all around us. Do we treat them like blades of grass, I wonder? The tender little grass requires the same kind of nourishment and heavenly care that the roses and lilies do. God sends the same bright sunshine and refreshing rain to give life to the grass, as to the rare flowers. So, the common people, have the same requirements as do those who seem to be great. They need food, shelter, happiness and love, just the same as do others.

It is common to shower praise and good things upon great and notable people; but how many of us let the dear common people all around us hunger for kind words of appreciation, for little acts which betoken sympathy and love. When we need a little real help, we look to the common people for it. If a great deal of work is to be done, the common people

do it. They build the houses we live in, and keep them clean after they are built. They construct the roads over which we travel, and the cars or vehicles in which we ride. They plant, tend and harvest the crops which furnish us food; they also furnish us clothing to wear. If we are sick, it is the common people who attend to our wants, and they carefully bury our dead.

Dear multitudes of common people! We couldn't live without them. Then let us have as sweet smiles for them as we have for others. Let us treat them with as much courtesy as we would show the President, the King, Queen, or other great person. The man who hoes our potatoes and the woman who cooks them need and deserve sympathy and kind-

ness just as much as do the great preacher, singer, actor, inventor, orator and statesman. The grocer-boy, the shoe-mender, the laundress, the seamstress the working man or woman, wherever they are, need and deserve just the same kindly consideration and encouragement as do other people.

There is no respect of persons with God. He loves them *all* and cares for them all. So his children should emulate his example in being courteous to *all*. God made more of the common people than of the great ones, because more common people are needed. They are the salt of the earth. Honor them, love them.

Collbran, Colo.

SOCIALISM AND INTERNATIONAL PEACE

JOHN WOODARD

It is remarkable that the organization which is probably accomplishing the most for international peace is not a religious society but a political party known as the Socialist party. Only a few religious societies, as a whole, are opposed to war and their influence is mainly confined to the neighborhoods where they have congregations. They have not reached out and made the world feel their influence as they should. The other denominations, and they contain a large majority of the professing Christians, allow their members to go to war and many of their ministers consider war as a necessary evil that Christians are sometimes compelled to engage in. There are, however, others, in these denominations, that are wielding considerable influence for peace. But, in spite of this work by all the churches, it has been Socialism that has spread abroad that feeling of the Brotherhood of Man that will, in time, make war impossible.

Some people will be surprised to learn that the Socialists are a peace people. The word Socialist brings to them the picture of a man about to hurl a bomb. To them, Socialists and Anarchists are synonyms. This is a great mistake. The Anarchist says the state should do nothing to control the individual. The philosophical Anarchists who originated this theory were harmless political theorists but their false teaching has incited the ignorant to an attempt to overthrow all government. The Socialist is different from either of these classes. His theory is that the state should have almost complete control over the individual. He does not believe in using violence.

The ballot is his "big stick" and with this he expects to usher in his regime.

Socialism is founded on the theories of Karl Marx. Marx said the laborer produces all the wealth and only gets a small part of it. The capitalists control the means of production so they are able to take the "lion's share" and give the laborer a bare subsistence. The many create the wealth, the few take possession of it. As a result many people are in distress. The Socialist party attempts to remedy this. They say let the government own all means of production including factories, means of transportation, and even the farms. Then everybody will be a wage earner, the majority will control the government, so each laborer will be well paid, and all misery and want will be relieved. There will be no community of goods. Each person or family will be independent in the matter of spending his money. The only thing is that all have to work for the government and get paid by the government. The Socialists think that everyone will be able to make a comfortable living and yet have time for study and pleasure but there will be no multimillionaires.

This in brief is the change the Socialists expect to bring about. They intend to do this by getting control of the State and national governments. This will require a large majority of the voters so they are constantly conducting a campaign of education to gain voters. They keep at this with an energy and persistence that the churches might do well to follow.

The Socialist party is not confined to the United States. It is an international movement. Every

important civilized nation has a Socialist party and their platform is the same in all except in a few details.

Socialism is an economic movement and herein lies its power. When you touch a man's pocketbook you are getting pretty close to him. The Prohibition movement is a good illustration of this. People have talked prohibition for years with little effect, but, as soon as people began to see that the liquor traffic was an economic evil, they began to wipe out the saloon. It is the same with war. Tell people that war is a moral evil and but few will oppose it, but get them to see that they reap no benefits from war and that it is a great burden that they will have to help carry, and they will oppose war every time. That is just what the Socialists are doing. They work among the laborers, the mass of common people. They teach that the rich stay at home and reap the benefits of war while the poor do the fighting. They say that the poor man has to pay the bill in blood and taxes and gets nothing for it. They believe that the poor laboring class have less to fear from foreign powers than from the wealthy in their own land. The Socialists in one country keep in close touch with those in other countries. During a great war scare between Germany and France, the Socialists of those two countries were constantly sending each other messages of friendship. The Socialists say that, whether Americans or English, German or French, Italian or Japanese, we are brothers and have no occasion to fight.

It is quite evident that, with even a large minority of the people in each of the leading nations opposed to war, there is very little danger of war. The Socialists are a minor party in all the nations but, in Germany, they control one-fifth of the members of the Reichstag and in France, one-fourteenth of the Deputies. In other nations they have few or no representatives in the governing body but the popular vote is increasing rapidly in all nations, mainly due to their persistent educational work. Even in the United States the popular vote nearly doubled in the last four years.

Will the Socialists gain control of the governments in the United States and other countries? The writer thinks not. They base their argument on three conclusions that they cannot prove. They assume that poverty is the result of one cause, insufficient wage. That is a mistake. There are other causes, so Socialism will not remove all poverty. They assume that their government could be conducted without graft, which is very doubtful. They expect the individual to work as hard for society as he would for himself, but we haven't reached that altruistic stage yet and it is doubtful if we will very soon. The Socialists will never gain complete power. They are very radical, too radical for the majority of men, but

they are exposing evils. They are so persistent that people cannot help but pay attention to them and recognize the evils. As a result a public opinion will be developed that will drive out these evils. But the reform measures adopted will not be as radical as the Socialists propose. The present social, industrial, and political systems have serious faults but it would not be safe to go to the other extreme, so the middle ground is sure to be taken.

There are some things about Socialism with which we cannot agree but we must admit they are doing considerable good, especially in behalf of international peace. And while we cannot join with them in their political work, we can do a great deal towards spreading the idea of the Brotherhood of Man. The churches should wake up and do more active work in behalf of peace. They ought to be ashamed of themselves for letting a political party outdo them in this work.

Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.



THE WORK-AT-HOME SWINDLES.

ANYONE who scans the "*Wanted—Female Help*" columns of almost any great daily or Sunday newspaper is sure to see such advertisements as the following:

"*Wanted—Ladies of refinement to do light, profitable work at home. No experience necessary.*"

"*Ladies wanted to do fascinating work in their own homes. No talent or experience required. Big pay.*"

"*Ladies can make \$10 to \$20 a week easily by giving a few hours daily to light, pleasant employment in their own homes. No experience necessary. Talent not essential.*"

"*Ladies can make from \$3 to \$5 a day by devoting spare time to pleasant, healthful employment. No experience required.*"

A little reflection should convince any sane person that such advertisements are either dishonest or utterly absurd. They would quickly disappear from our journals if the unsophisticated women who are so easily beguiled by them could be induced to use a little common sense and to realize how inexpressibly foolish it is to believe that any employer will give "big pay" to inexperienced persons for a few hours spent in "pleasant, healthful employment."

If it were possible, it would certainly be interesting to discover by what train of logical—or rather illogical—reasoning the untrained woman arrives at the flattering conclusion that she can earn from \$3 to \$5 a day easily by devoting merely spare time to light, pleasant work in her own home, while she is all the time fully cognizant of the fact that thousands of women with practical training and years of experience are glad to work in shops and factories all day for \$1.

The best newspapers occasionally sound a note of

warning on this subject, but evidently without avail, for, no sooner does a glittering advertisement appear, though unmistakably stamped with fraud and impossibility, than the offices of the advertiser are thronged to the doors with women of all ages who apparently vie with one another in their eagerness to be duped. These women may be divided into two classes—those who appeal to our sympathies and those to whom contempt, rather than pity, is due.

To the former class belong the self-supporting woman who is temporarily out of regular employment, and the woman who, through untoward circumstances, is thrown upon her own resources without practical training in any particular line of business. While our hearts go out sympathetically to both of these women, our lips can hardly refrain from censuring, as well as deploring, the short-sightedness which permits them to be beguiled by patently fraudulent advertisements.

Once in the office of the wily advertiser and under the spell of misleading oratory, the woman in desperate straits for the wherewithal to pay her room rent and to buy bread is likely to emulate in folly the drowning man who clutches at a straw.

The proverbial drowning man knows that the straw will not bear him up, and the half-starved woman, when she is wheedled out of a much-needed dollar for materials to work with, knows in her heart that she is being imposed upon; but, prompted by the undying spark of hope inherent in human nature, she rashly takes the one chance in ten thousand, hoping that where others have failed, she may succeed. Or, she reasons that if \$20 a week is promised, she may be able to earn at least one-fourth of that amount.

To the second class belongs the married woman in fairly comfortable circumstances, who selfishly neglects her home and her husband for the possible chance of gaining money for the purchase of theater tickets, candy and unnecessary finery. This woman—and her name, also, is legion—who is ever on the alert to seize upon whatever may be had in the line of light employment, with a heartless indifference to the fact that she is depriving her self-supporting sister of the means of procuring daily bread, is not deserving of one iota of pity when she becomes the dupe of a crafty advertiser; on the contrary, she only meets with something closely resembling retributive justice.

For the benefit of those who many have any lingering doubt concerning the dishonesty of the numerous companies that flourish upon the gullibility of these two classes of women, the writer recently armed herself with a small sheaf of "work at home" advertisements and set out upon a tour of investigation in one of our large cities.

Although none of the advertisements alluded to

painting, four of them led into offices where that art was offered as remunerative employment.

One company wanted ladies to transfer photographs onto glass and to paint them in oil-colors. The work was simple enough to persons experienced in the handling of paints, but presented unlooked-for difficulties to the amateur. A deposit of from \$5 to \$18 was required, according to the amount of materials taken out. Anyone who already possessed a full box of colors might begin the work by making "the small deposit of \$5" for other necessary supplies. Would-be workers were suavely informed that the work required no talent and was *very profitable*. No doubt it *was* profitable—that is, to the company.

Two companies exhibited a tempting array of fancy articles made of cheap white velvet that was beautified with hand painting. One of these companies professed to have its headquarters in Chicago and to have branch offices in numerous cities and towns throughout the United States. The class of work offered by both companies was identical and the methods of each similar, except that one charged \$35 for tiny phials of paint and required the purchase of an instrument for tracing and enlarging studies, while the other sold its paints for \$20 a phial and offered the work already outlined. The latter company, however, required that each worker should keep her first two pieces of work—for the materials of which she had been obliged to make exorbitant deposits—as it was an inflexible rule that the early studies should not be accepted. The ventured suggestion that a person of experience and artistic ability might do the first pieces well, elicited the snappishly given information that "all are treated alike, whether beginners or experienced."

When urged to make a deposit and give the work a trial, the writer asked for time to think it over and was promptly told that when ladies came to the office and could not make up their minds they were asked to deposit \$50 and to pay the remaining amount when they came again, because they took up time and did not always return to take up the work.

Not caring to pay \$50 for the privilege of making up her mind, the writer approached the elevator while the representative of the company called after her in disgusted tones, "Well, I never expect to see *you* again!"

The other company that offered painting on velvet as remunerative employment was more fully investigated and the work was practically experimented with. The company advertised extensively for ladies to do "copying," with the result that its offices were crowded with women and girls who thought their services were in demand for plain writing.

Once in the office, the more credulous ones were easily ensnared. They were eloquently harangued

concerning the beauty and value of the articles on exhibition; they were told the company furnished the materials and gave free instruction; that the work was mechanical and required no talent, and that anybody who worked at it could easily make from \$10 to \$20 a week.

What weak-minded woman could look upon so many pretty things and listen to such plausible oratory without being persuaded against her better judgment to "just give the work a trial"?

To give the work a trial necessitated the purchase of paints at an exorbitant price and the deposit of many times the value of the scrap of velvet entrusted to the victim.

Incomprehensible as it may seem, the writer saw many apparently sane women, who, according to their own account, did not possess even the most rudimentary knowledge of painting, much less the skill necessary for the proper shading and blending of colors, easily convinced by the company's demonstrators that they could do the work. If it were not so pathetic, it would be ludicrous to picture these poor dupes, who had received a few minutes' instruction and seen a leaf and a petal painted by the few deft strokes of an expert,—leaving the offices, smiling and confident, with a supply of materials which included a study to "copy."

A few days later, when the writer again visited the office, the inevitable had already happened. Crest-fallen women were presenting unsatisfactory work, receiving criticism and being advised to invest in more materials and to try again. A third visit revealed a number of despairing women, vehemently declaring that they could not do the work and vainly clamoring for the return of their misspent money. Each of these complaints was greeted by the erstwhile suave instructress with the exclamation, "Here comes another kicker!"

It is possible that a few of the shrewdest, and, therefore, the most dangerous, of these "kickers" may have been able to get a small part of their ill-made investment returned, in exchange for their unused materials, by paying \$1 for each lesson received—a "lesson" being a few minutes' instruction regarding the work, but the majority were obliged to abide by their bad bargain.

It is plainly the policy of this company that the work shall not be satisfactory. One palpable stumbling block put in the way of its victims is dark blue paint, which is sold to them with instructions to make light blue backgrounds. As this paint cannot be diluted by ordinary means, the required backgrounds are an impossibility. The finished work is, therefore, adversely criticised, and from forty to fifty per cent is deducted from the small amount promised for it. The discouraged worker is then advised to invest in

a phial of the company's special fluid for lightening dark paints and removing the blots and smudges which usually characterize the work of the novice. Another purchase is, therefore, found to be necessary if the work is to be continued. And so it goes on: the company's victim ruefully discovering that, instead of making from \$10 to 20 a week easily, she is constantly confronted with unforeseen expense. Then the truth begins to dawn upon her and she realizes that, should she continue the work and master it, there would be no market for her wares, for by the time she could produce salable work the company would have sought "pastures new" and fresh victims.

That this particular company reaps a rich harvest from the sale of materials is amply proved by a conversation which was overheard in the manager's office. The conversation took place between the manager and a man who was evidently negotiating about the establishment of a branch office in a neighboring town. The office was to be managed by a woman who was promised, through her proxy, a clear profit of ninety per cent on all paints sold and an enormous profit by the sale of velvet.

To the profits, according to the company, from the sale of materials must be added the gains realized through the sale of work; for work that is salable, and for which the workers received little more than the cost of the materials, is offered for sale at high prices. Sofa pillows are marked at \$7.50 each, and smaller articles are charged for proportionately.

To go into details concerning the numerous companies visited or written to would be tedious and unnecessary. In one respect they presented a striking similarity; they all want the *money*, not the work of the victims for whom they advertise so seductively.

A parting word to the two classes of women usually victimized may not be amiss. If you have a home, be devoutly thankful for that inestimable blessing. Gladly, ungrudgingly devote your time and energies to your home—where they rightly belong. If you are conscious of a hankering after pretty, hand-painted articles and have time and talent to give to the beautifying of your home, hire a competent teacher and buy your materials from a regular dealer; it will be to your advantage to do this rather than to fill the coffers of some swindling company.

If you are dependent upon your own efforts for a livelihood, diligently prepare yourself to do some one thing *well*—if it be but to darn stockings, or to fry doughnuts. Well accomplished work of any description will pay you better and be fraught with fewer heartaches and disappointments than will the futile pursuit of "light, pleasant employment" at fabulous rates of remuneration.—*Home Herald*.

THE BOYHOOD OF THOMAS A. EDISON.

THE successes of boys who have become rich and famous in the years of their manhood are always matters of interest, and the interest is greater when poor boys achieve successes that add to the public good or advance the cause of medicine, of science, of education, or of anything that the whole world may share and be helped by. Of living men it is doubtful if we have any whose life history is more interesting than that of Thomas Alva Edison, and the new book in which his life story is told, by Francis Arthur Jones, is one of the books that rank with Booker Washington's "Up From Slavery," or Jacob Riis' "The Making of an American" in point of interest, when it comes to a record of a poor boy overcoming all the obstacles poverty has set before him and at last conquering success. The "Life of Edison" is a book that all boys should read and find absorbing interest in. When a boy can rise from the position of a newsboy, selling papers on a train, to the position Edison occupies in the world today, it is well worth while to find out just how this success has been achieved.

Thomas Alva Edison was born in Ohio, a State that has given to the world as many men of character and distinction as any State in the Union. It was in the little town of Milan that Edison first saw the light of day, in February of the year 1847. His father was Samuel Edison and his mother was of Scotch descent and a woman to whom her famous son has paid many tributes of love and respect. Speaking of her, Edison says:

"I was always a careless boy, and with a mother of different mental caliber I should probably have turned out badly. But her firmness, her sweetness, her goodness, were potent powers to keep me in the right path. I remember I used never to be able to get along at school. I don't know why it was, but I was always at the foot of the class. I used to feel that the teacher never sympathized with me, and that my father thought I was stupid, and at last I almost decided that I must really be a dunce. My mother was always kind, always sympathetic, and she never misunderstood or misjudged me. One day I overheard the teacher tell the inspector that I was 'addled,' and that it would not be worth while keeping me in school any longer. I was so hurt by this last straw that I went home crying and told my mother about it. Then I found out what a good thing a good mother is. She came out as my strong defender. Mother love was aroused, mother pride wounded to the quick. She took me back to the school and angrily told the teacher that he did not know what he was talking about. In fact, she was the most enthusiastic champion a boy ever had, and I determined right then and there that I would be worthy of her and show her that her confidence was not misplaced. My mother was the making of me. She was so true, so sure of me, and I felt

that I had some one to live for, some one I must not disappoint. The memory of her will always be a blessing to me."

When "Al" Edison, as he was always called, was seven years old, his father moved from Milan, Ohio, to Port Huron, and we are told that the boy at this time was a "cheerful, good-natured lad, fond of fun and as sharp as a needle." He was as passionately devoted to his mother as in the Milan days, and there was also a link of affection forging between him and his father which no years of separation were ever able to sever.

The boy received most of his early instruction from his mother, and at the age of nine years he had read, or his good mother had read to him, Hume's "History of England," Gibbon's "Rome," Sears' "History of the World," and "The Penny Encyclopedia"—pretty solid reading for a boy of nine. At the age of ten years young Edison, eager to increase the rather limited family income, became a newsboy and seller of fruit and candy on a train running between Port Huron and Detroit, and while doing this the boy gave evidence of his hustling ability by buying some old type and beginning to print the *Grand Trunk Herald*, the first newspaper ever printed on a railway train. He had one or two assistants to help him get out this paper, and one of these assistants says of the publication:

"It was a little bit of a thing about the size of a lady's handkerchief. Of course he did not set it up altogether on the train, because you cannot set type and have it stand up on a train; but it was printed there. Sometimes the station master at Mount Clemens, who was also a telegraph operator, would catch some country news on the wires, and he would write it down and hand it to Al when the train came in. This news, of course, would be later than that contained in the daily papers. He would immediately retire to his caboose, set it up, put it in the little form, and before the train reached Ridgeway, he would have it printed off. I sold lots of these papers for three cents each."

The story of how Edison learned telegraphy is interesting, because there is a bit of boyish heroism in it. At the imminent risk of his own life young Edison saved the station master's little child from being run over by an advancing train. In gratitude for this brave deed the station master offered to teach the boy telegraphy, an offer that was gladly accepted, and the youthful operator's inventive ingenuity soon began to manifest itself. One time there was an interruption on the line to Detroit, and the operator asked young Edison to look it up and try to find where the trouble was. The boy at once laid a wire from his father's house and strung it along the railway fence. Thence he tumbled down the bank by a swing bridge

and fastened a wire to one end of the cable, which, as he suspected, had been parted by a passing vessel. Then he went back and was telling the operator what he had done when a line repairer came along, and, overhearing the conversation dropped his kit and proposed to trounce the boy for interfering with his work. The operator stood up for the boy, who was not a bit afraid to stand up for himself, and there would no doubt have been trouble had it not been for the interference of the operator.

One of the prized possessions of the wife of Mr. Edison is the only copy known to be in existence of the *Weekly Herald*, the little paper her husband printed on the railroad train. Mrs. Edison has the crude little paper in a neat frame. The date of this paper is February 3, 1862. The boy, not yet fifteen years of age, worked up a regular list of five hundred subscribers, in addition to a train sale of several hundred copies of this paper, and for a time he made a clear profit of forty-five dollars a month with his paper. The paper attracted a great deal of attention, and a copy of it fell into the hands of Stephenson, the English engineer, who complimented the young editor and publisher on the appearance of his paper and on his energy in getting it out. The *London Times* once quoted from the paper, and it was predicted that the boy editor had a real future as a journalist before him. At this time young Edison was engaged in all sorts of experiments, and it was the sad result of one of these experiments that caused him to come to grief and ruin as an editor. While on the train of a pretty "touchy" Scotch conductor named Stevenson, Edison let a bottle of phosphorus fall on the floor of the car in which he had a sort of a laboratory and his newspaper outfit. The phosphorus burst into flame and set fire to the car. The quick-tempered Stevenson became so indignant that he threw the dazed and indignant young editor and his printing and telegraphic outfit, as well as his chemicals, out of the car at the next station. Young Edison then set up a laboratory in his father's house, and soon had another supply of telegraphic instruments, chemicals and tools, and was more absorbed than ever in his studies and experiments. He continued his paper, but it was published in his workshop with type that a friend connected with a Detroit paper gave him.

Mr. Edison's first salaried position was that of night operator in the telegraph office at Port Huron at a salary of twenty-five dollars per month. He was then but sixteen years old, but he was as good an operator as many men of years of experience in telegraphy. For a number of years Edison served as a telegraph operator in different places and was constantly making experiments. He had some sort of a workshop in every place in which he lived, and he lived in a good many different places in five or six years. In

fact, his inventions and experiments were so absorbing that they sometimes caused him to neglect his work, and that is why he lost so many positions. To be a successful inventor was the one great desire of his heart, and all of his hopes were based on new inventions with electricity as their basis. He went to Boston to live, and most of his time was spent in the public library or in old bookstores, hunting up books about electricity.

From Boston Mr. Edison went to New York, where his cleverness in an office in which there were some electrical devices secured for him a position at three hundred dollars a month, and for the first time in his life he had a good deal of money to spend in his experiments. He cared nothing at all for the allurements of the great city, so fascinating to most young men, but kept right to his experiments, steadily perfecting his inventions and making new discoveries, until people began to talk of him as a veritable wizard, and today he is known over all the world as one of the greatest inventors of the age. Of course he is a very rich man, and those who know him best feel that his success has been deserved, for he has worked long and faithfully for it. It is pleasant to record that in the days of his high prosperity and his greatness he has never forgotten those who were true to him in the days of his poverty. His life story is one of splendid achievement, and it is a tale that should have in it much of encouragement and inspiration for other poor boys with high aspirations, but apparently limited opportunities. Edison made good again and again the old truism that where there is a will there is a way.—*J. L. Harbour, in Boys' World.*



LITTLE THINGS.

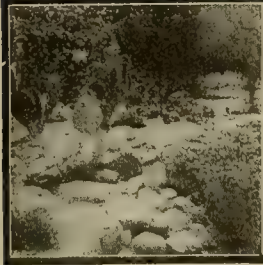
"A cup of water timely brought,
An offered easy chair,
A turning of the window blind,
That all may feel the air;
An early flower bestowed unasked,
A light and cautious tread,
A voice to softest whispers hushed
To spare an aching head—
Oh, things like these, though little things,
The purest love disclose,
As fragrant atoms in the air
Reveal the hidden rose."




THERE is something better than public sentiment and public opinion—namely, public reason. It is public reason for which the educated classes ought, above all others, to stand. By checking popular frenzies they can help the cause of peace.—*Felix Adler.*



"LITTLE things are the tools upon which the foundations of great things are laid."



NATURE STUDIES



THE POND LILY AND ITS WATERSIDE COMPANIONS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE midsummer sunshine resting on still waters woos the water lily from the watery depths below into the brightness above. To a seeker after parables, the upward striving of the bud suggests the efforts of a soul reaching out of darkness and the mire of sin, groping towards God's light, growing whiter and whiter, and at last attaining to purity and gladness. One wishes the flower had a longer term of joy and beauty, and that it did not so soon withdraw into the depths again, having looked its last upon the sun. But in this, as in most water plants, the stem of the fertilized flower-heads shortens, and thus the baby seeds are drawn down to ripen in the dark.

The water lily breathes forth fragrance and wears her fresh lovely dress to attract the water beetles, which, it is believed, act as messengers, carrying the pollen from flower to flower. The floating leaves are smooth and lustrous, as are those of most aquatic plants. To an artist's eye, the flashing of their polished surfaces seems to repeat the flashing of the waters around them. Push them below the water with an oar, and they will "bob up" serenely, as shiny, and, seemingly, as dry as ever. Drops roll off the bright surfaces of such leaves as they roll off waxed wood, and in fact the skin which covers them is actually waxed.

Every leaf consists, in the first place, of a fine network of branching fibers. Then in between these branches lies leaf-tissue, which consists of countless cells set closely together. Over the whole is stretched a fine skin, quite transparent, very thin, and yet very tough. This, in water plants, contains a little wax, and so sheds water easily; for though washing is good for foliage, soaking disagrees with it sadly.

This skin or epidermis is full of holes invisible to the naked eye, and almost innumerable. Through these the plants breathe out moisture; and if they get stopped up with dust they cannot thrive. This is why house plants need an occasional sponging with clear water.

Submerged leaves of water plants scarcely transpire at all, and they live, as fishes do, on the air which is in the water. They are often delicately cut and

fringed. This is partly in order that they may not be torn by the currents, as broader leaves might be, and partly because the long green fringes, washing this way and that way, are able to gather up every floating bubble and find out every glint of light within a wide circle. Perhaps such foliage suggested the fabled sea-green hair of the mermaids.

A little nearer the shore than the floating water lilies, a circle of cat-tails, stiff and tall, stands like sentinels around the edges of the pond. Their thick heads are, little as one would think it, dense masses of small flowers. The top part, which grows fluffy in later summer, consists of countless tiny stamens, which, when they have fulfilled their mission and shed their pollen, blow away.

The cat-tail is a mass of innumerable pistils, or rather little ovaries, each surrounded by a ring of silky hairs, and so extremely small that one cannot distinguish them separately without the aid of a microscope; if you cut the spike across, the only thing you can see is a thick mass of brownish hairs, black at the tips, and paler inside toward the central stalk. How many hundreds of thousands of flowers are thus crowded on a single stem, nobody has ever had the patience to count.

A little bare stalk sticks up at the top of the cat-tail. This is to support the stamens which have all ungratefully gone off and left it naked in the cold world. The minute seeds when they are ripe will go off also; and if we cut our cat-tails for decorations too late in the season, when the seeds are nearly mature they will soon come to pieces in the warm house. In that case we shall certainly be duly impressed with the numbers of the tiny seeds, and with their enterprise as travelers.

Of all the flowers that grow by the water or beneath it, the most wonderful are those produced by the vallisneria. This plant, better known as "tape grass" or "eel grass," is common in sluggish streams and shallow lakes, and excites the indignation of rowers by twisting its long, tough, grass-like leaves around the oar blades and impeding progress, but its peculiar organization fills the botanist with delight.

The white, pistillate flower is borne on a very long stalk, which rises through the water, corkscrew fashion, in a beautiful, symmetrical spiral.

The stamen-bearing flowers grow crowded together

in a cone-shaped head, which is borne on a very short stalk and grows under water, close to the bottom of the pond.

When the staminate flower buds are ready to burst, the cone-shaped cluster breaks from its moorings and rises to the surface.

Here in the sunshine the flowers expand, the anthers open, and the pollen is shed upon the surface of the water. About the same time the stalk of the pistilate flower grows much longer and straightens itself. The flower is now, as it were, tethered by a very long line, and sways over a large circuit moved by the wind or waves. Soon it is in among the scattered pollen, and some of the golden grains adhere to the stigma. Now the purpose for which the blossom rose into the air and sunlight is accomplished. The long stem coils itself up once more, drawing its spirals closer and closer, as a watch-spring does when the watch is wound. The fertilized flower-head is thus drawn down into the cool depths of the pond, where the fruit is matured.

Thus there is still room for field naturalists to enlarge the sum of knowledge, even with regard to our commonest plants.



SEEDS OF VIOLETS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

In the spring of the year, when violets are so profusely scattered through pastures, meadows, lawns, shady wood and roadside, do you ever look for the seed or wonder how the modest little plant is propagated? You will be disappointed in seldom finding any seeds, but nature has provided a way by which this little harbinger of spring is to replenish itself and not become extinct.

Late in the fall if you examine the plant very closely you will find that it is then preparing its seeds for the next year, quietly and secretly.

A second crop of flowers, so very small that you will have to look very closely to see them, is produced. These are very close to the ground and are the flowers which prepare the seed.

The seed receptacles are very small and seldom seen. When they are ripe the pods break open, scattering the seeds far and near. The spring flowers are merely to gladden our hearts and make the day seem brighter for us. The hidden flowers are for use. This is a good illustration of the apparent forethought of nature in preserving a species. The number of seeds in a pod may be estimated from the amount of violets which spring up every year.

Towanda, Pa.



THROUGH FIELD AND THICKET.

As we tread in midsummer the fields and woodland paths, it is best to select the early hours of the morning to hunt with lens and sensitized plate; for during

the fierce heat of noontide the vine-shaded porch or the cool country parlor is vastly preferable and decidedly more comfortable.

Those delicate flowers which we looked for so eagerly in May have now given way to coarser and more robust than dainty forms. The flaunting yellow heads of the wild sunflowers, the flat-topped clusters of the iron-weed, the pale blue stars of chicory, the feathery crimson spikes of Joe Pye weed and the purple brushes of the thistles constitute the stock of our midsummer wild bouquets.

In the low lying meadows you will find the brilliant bills of the Turk's cap or wild tiger lily (*Lilium Superbum*). These tropical looking flowers when seen in countless thousands are a sight never to be forgotten. Gorgeous with their tall, prolific spikes of bloom are the low salt marshes along the Atlantic coast, where these deep yellow and orange or flame-colored lilies tower above the surrounding vegetation.

If you wish to see this wilding in all its glory you must visit the places just mentioned, as there, for some unaccountable reason, its color intensifies. The plant rises to the height of five or seven feet and is crowned with a terminal group of from three to seven beautifully speckled and shaded lilies. The peculiar way in which the petals curve backward has, no doubt, suggested its popular name. Anyone who has ever smelled these lilies, as well as their cultivated cousins, the tiger lilies, is familiar with the discolorations of the nose which he received for his pains. This powdery colored matter is the pollen which the anthers—those caterpillar-shaped bodies which swing from the tips of the filaments—secrete, and which the bees carry from one flower to another, thus causing cross fertilization and setting the seed. In order to accomplish this delicate operation the flower provides lines, called pathfinders, attractive and speckled, so as to lead the bee visitor to the place where the nectar is stored. Nectar alone does not satisfy the bee, but the dark, rich pollen is necessary to mix with it as a food supply for the bee babies. While laden with the pollen their bodies brush against the sticky stigma of another lily, and a microscopic growth ensues, by means of which the seeds develop and mature.

How gorgeous are those cardinal flowers yonder in the thicket! They are the richest of nature's offerings. Their tall racemes of intensely brilliant blossoms, which look as though they were suffused with the blood of some wildwood creature, peep shyly from beneath the overarching alders and blackberry bushes. The depth and brilliancy of its hue have suggested its name from the color of the famous hat worn by the seventy ecclesiastical princes of the Roman church. Because of its vivid hue few who pass it can withstand the temptation to pluck every spray within sight, so it is becoming rarer every year in certain localities.

The cardinal is a lobelia, and like all its family has an irregular, monopetalous corolla, split down upon the upper side. The pistil protrudes through this split, and is rubbed against by the pollen-laden insect which comes from another flower.—*Selected.*



HISTORY OF THE LOCUST.

THE locust occupies a unique and interesting place in the insect world. Perhaps the knowledge of this fact makes it desirable to him to appear at his best, and the first thing after his debut is a change of clothes. A sense of timidity or something after that sort makes it convenient for him to effect this change in apparel at about the going down of the sun; so observation of his maneuvers is rendered quite difficult. He is very deliberate in the shifting of his garments, no doubt having learned the folly of undue haste by his undisturbed rumination beneath the surface for seventeen years.

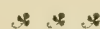
His appearance is made through a hole about half an inch in diameter. On his arrival he is a shiny brown creature, which is rather a strange color, considering the many years that he has remained "indoors." He is about one inch in length, his eyes are red, and his wings are not worth mentioning. His front legs are very agile and strong, and are armed with claws that are very serviceable to him in making excavations. He generally aspires to some elevated position to effect the change in his wardrobe and to hang up his old clothes. He obtains a firm footing for his front toes, for it may require a considerable effort to extricate himself from the suit that he has grown up in. It seems that his garment "opens on the back," as here is where the first sign of disrobing manifests itself. This line gradually develops into a crack, and extends to about half the length of his body. His head is first to make its appearance, and his red eyes are of a more brilliant color than when they were veiled by the brown skin. Just back of his eyes are two curious black spots; with the exception of these and his red eyes, he is white. He is not exposed long to the air, however, till he begins to darken a little, gradually becoming a sort of grayish cream color. The next move, after he has disrobed the front half of his body, is to pull his front legs out of the skin. His old clothes seem to have been tied on with fine white strings and these seem to hold him for a while, but they soon break and he has his freedom. At first his wings are very small, and are yellowish and opaque, but very soon they begin to unfold and fall away from the body; their growth in three hours' time is simply marvelous. An eyewitness to the performance says of it:

"The insect rests for some time in a horizontal position, making no move except to bend and straighten his legs languidly from time to time, as

if trying them. After a while he makes a more decided trial of his legs, and raises his body a little, experimentally, once or twice; then all at once, with a determined effort he raises himself quickly to a vertical position, grasps the top of his old skin with his front feet, settles himself firmly, and pulls the rest of his body free. All this is done within a minute or two, in contrast to his former slow movements. It is an exciting time for the fortunate observer.

"Now comes the most wonderful part of the transformation—the expanding of the wings. They seem to grow before one's eyes, as the insect stretches them, little by little, shaking them with a slight quiver every few seconds. With each movement the wings grow longer, broader, smoother, and more transparent, till they cover his body, and finally extend beyond it at their full length. At this stage the insect looks like an immense white fly, but a little later he folds his wings down at his side, in the characteristic cicada fashion, and he is a perfect locust in form, though still pale in color. The remainder of his night's work consists in changing this color to black with the trimmings of deep yellow, which all self-respecting locusts of this kind wear by daylight, and very early the next morning he will probably be found still resting close to his cast-off skin, his dress correct in every detail."

Locusts have committed considerable ravages in America, and various methods have been resorted to to destroy them. A bounty has been given for the collection of their eggs, which may easily be turned out of the ground; the adults may be taken by means of cloths and nets swept over the field; destroyed by boiling water, they are greatly relished by hogs. They are devoured by insectivorous mammals and birds, especially domestic fowls; winds sweep them into the sea, and immense numbers are drowned by the high tides which inundate the marshes.—*The Classmate.*



OUT IN THE FIELDS.

The little cares that fretted me,—

I lost them yesterday

Among the fields above the sea,

Among the winds at play,

Among the lowing of the herds,

The rustling of the trees,

Among the singing of the birds,

The humming of the bees.

The foolish fears of what might happen,—

I cast them all away

Among the clover-scented grass,

Among the new-mown hay,

Among the husking of the corn

Where drowsy poppies nod,

Where ill thoughts die and good are born,—

Out in the fields with God.

—Elizabeth Barrett Browning.

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STRANGE how we despise the gossip and discredit her story and then proceed to tell our confidential friends the awful thing she is circulating!

THE problem about how the little busy bee improves each shining hour is not half so attractive these days as the one about how the cucumber manages to keep cool.

A GOOD many people have a peculiar hankering after the other fellow's job, but if a close analysis of their desire was made to determine the particular thing which attracts them, they would in a good many cases be ashamed to own up to it.

THE chapter of "Around the World Without a Cent" intended for this issue did not reach us until a late hour,—too late to have the illustrations prepared which are to accompany it. It will appear next week and will be followed by the account of an interesting visit to the Holy Land.

IN this issue we are printing a somewhat lengthy clipping from a well-known periodical on "The Work-at-Home Swindles." We urge all to give the article a careful reading and take it as a warning to have nothing to do with advertisements of this kind. One will be on the side of safety and common sense and real honesty by steering clear of every offer that overdoes the bargain scheme to the extent of offering something for nothing.

WE have on hand several chapters of a series of articles on "Historic New England," written for the INGLENOOK by a resident of one of the New England States. We expect to run the series during the time when many of the younger members of our family

will be following the varying fortunes of the early history makers of our country as a part of their school work. We trust the articles will contain much that will add to the store of information of the older as well as the younger lovers of history.

NOR all ministers can see their duty as clearly as did the pastor of a wealthy New York church who gave up his work there to take charge of a church in another city with a difference of \$12,000 in salary against the latter place. Of course there are many other ministers who make even greater sacrifices because of duty, and it is the noble lives of these men who make all other considerations subservient to the "one thing" of their profession that are saving the church from total secularization. As it is, the church has lost much of the respect and reverence and therefore power that should be its due because of its tendency to weigh its work in the balances of dollars and cents.

IT is doubtful whether the Czar's visit to the several European countries is giving much pleasure to either guest or hosts, in view of the assassination at Stockholm of Major General Beekman of the Swedish coast artillery and the reports that anarchists in the countries to be visited have been preparing for the Czar's visit for months with the purpose of attacking officials in these countries. Is it "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"? It is to be doubted whether even this simulation of rest is made by the one who in this the common people's day so jealously guards his despotic power over his subjects. One ought to pay dearly for the possession of power to which he has no right and if this uneasiness should bring the Russian Emperor to recognize the rights of his people and to see the incalculable good he might do them, it will not have harried him in vain.

JUST to encourage the amateur gardener at this time and impress him with the fact that outdoor work is highly beneficial to the health and conducive to long life, we wish to call his attention to Mrs. Hester Cordoy, of Delmar, Delaware, who at one hundred and twelve years of age cultivates two large gardens. The old lady has relatives who would gladly care for her, but she insists on living alone and working her gardens. Of course even in this healthful occupation the most beneficial results are secured only when there is a love for the work. To raise cabbages merely for the sake of having cabbages to sell or to eat is about as small and unsatisfactory a business as one can engage in, but to raise cabbages for the sake of watching them grow and develop and respond to this or that treatment, as well as for their commercial value, is to experience the pleasure of the scientist, artist and "trucker," all in one.

A PLEA FOR EDUCATION THAT EDUCATES.

THROUGHOUT the country the latter part of June witnessed the closing exercises of many colleges and universities. Much wholesome advice has been given to those just starting out into the busy world, and if we might count on even half of it being followed we would have little to fear from a wrong use of the skill and development attained. In view of this wholesome advice and encouragement to righteous living one wonders where the fault lies through which so many in the ranks of the educated get their false ideas of life which lead them to be anything but a blessing to their fellow-men.

June 24 witnessed the sixty-fifth commencement day of the University of Michigan. Nine hundred and one graduates were given diplomas, including eighty-five post-graduates who received masters' and doctors' degrees. Professor Charles Mills Gayley, of the University of California, was the speaker. His address was a plea for education that educates, not that entertains the student. He began with the question, "Was the world of learning ever better worth preparing for?" and "Why is it, then, that from every university in the land the cry goes up, our young men were never more indifferent?"

Professor Gayley urged greater attention to studies and less to functions such as "class meetings, business meetings, editorial meetings, football rallies, pajama rallies, and vicarious athletics on the bleachers. Talking rubbish unceasingly, thinking rubbish unceasingly, with all this, what margin is left for the one activity of the college, which is study? In Oxford and Cambridge the purpose is to study and the honors are paid to the scholar. Of nonacademic activities there are but two—athletics and conversation. They are not a function, but a recreation. Nor are they limited to specialists. So long as the social pressure of the university is toward mundane pursuits it will be vain to expect the student to achieve distinction in that for which the university stands."

With many more such common-sense views did the speaker address the large class. He also advocated the plan of the high schools taking over the first two years of work now covered by the colleges. With a higher grade of freshman entering the universities the latter should insist that scholarship be supreme and "encourage emulation by publicity of rewards and responsibilities." By so doing he argued that they would be able to "explode the follies of athletics at long range and offset the hysteria of athletic notoriety."

As we said above, it is inexplicable how, in some respects, we have gotten away from the real meaning and end of education, but with such wholesome advice, together with the feeling of revulsion from the present tendency that is bound to come in some quarters, we may hope for better things in the future.

OBEYING ORDERS.

THE master mechanic had finished showing me through the great car works, where hundreds of men were at work. It was a great railroad plant at the end of a division of one of our greatest railroads. It had been an inspiring hour for me. The order, the power that I had seen displayed, the splendid system with which everything was managed, the well-kept walks, the rush and push and hustle of it all filled me with admiration for the general who was the one man under whose charge all these great activities were being carried on so admirably. He had an oversight of all. Every man in the employ of that division was under him. Every train that went out or came in, every pound of coal that was used, every gill of oil, every can of paint, every bolt, every particle of repair to car or roadbed, were all under this man's supervision, in one way or another, though, of course, he had his lieutenants to look after the details.

After we had gone through the great shops, and were chatting in the plain but well-appointed office, I said to him, "How did you get this position?" I was interested to know, for he had told me that he had begun work in this great shop as a laborer at a dollar and a half a day. He had remarked this incidentally, and as I saw the vast amount of ability which must have been developed in order that he might do what was now being done, I was interested to know by what process he had climbed up the ladder of responsibility and success. So I asked him how it came about that he had managed to climb so high. Turning to me simply he replied—and I shall never forget that answer—"I have reached my present position by doing what I was told."

That was all he said, but this simple reply, spoken most naturally and quietly, tells volumes, and is one of the choicest secrets of success known to the business world. Almost all of those who employ labor tell me that the one thing that they find most difficult to secure, is a man who will do exactly what he is told to do, and do it thoroughly and patiently. No man who is a man wants an employé who is a mere machine, but there is no activity in the world which does not need those who are willing to obey orders. The boy who enters the employ of any business house, determined to do the very best that can be done, the things that he is told, and who is always found in his place doing this, will be certain before long, to be requested to do something higher and more important.—*Exchange*.



"It takes what the world calls a good fellow to set what the church terms a bad example."



"EMERSON says it in this wise: 'Men are as lazy as they dare to be.' It may be added that some are very daring."



THE HOME WORLD



THREE MOTHERS

CATHARINE BEERY VAN DYKE

(An Address Given on Mothers' Day.)

I AM wearing today three white carnations. By these I recall and honor the deeds and lives of three noble women who have been related to me as my mothers.

The first of these was born in western Ohio on September twenty-ninth, eighteen hundred twenty-four, and was married to my father at the age of twenty-four. In their correspondence,—for they lived more than a hundred miles apart,—my mother was modest and coy, as all maidens ought to be. She was a country schoolteacher and wrote well. My father, ardent, earnest and persuasive, quoted in one of his epistles to her those sweet words of Ruth: "Intreat me not to leave thee, nor to return from following after thee: for whither thou goest, I will go; and where thou lodgest, I will lodge; thy people shall be my people, and thy God my God." This must have been conclusive evidence to my mother of my father's sincerity and devotion to her just as it was to Naomi that Ruth meant what she was saying, for on the twenty-third of September, eighteen hundred forty-nine the wedding took place.

She left her home and other loved ones and in the crude way of traveling of sixty years ago, moved with her young husband, just a year her senior, over hill and through dale about a hundred and fifty miles east and began her new life. After two children were born they moved back to within ten miles of her old home where farms were better. Here in Miami County, Ohio, she finished bearing their family of seven children—four girls and three boys. One of the boys died in infancy.

Here she partly reared the children. Here she struggled side by side with my sturdy father, sharing with him the many hardships, disappointments and discomforts as well as many pleasures and blessings of pioneer life. Here she taught us the principles of religion and worship. Here, as far as in her lay, she lived out those principles day by day and in her cheerful, jolly days, played with us, sang to us and taught

us to sing. She taught us the blessed songs of Zion and I seem to hear her sweet voice yet as it rang out clear and confident in one of our favorite hymns:

"Oh, how happy are they who their Savior obey
And have laid up their treasures above!
Tongue cannot express the sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

"This sweet comfort is mine since the favor divine
I have found in the blood of the Lamb;
Since on him I've believed what a joy I've received,
What a heaven in Jesus' blest name!"

Here she associated with her neighbors and with my father in the deacon's office, visiting the sick, ministering to the poor, entertaining relatives and friends and endearing herself to all. Here, in the press of a busy season, when father was preparing to build a new and larger house and was getting ready to take life a little easier, she was stricken with her last illness. After living with my father for twenty years, when her eldest child was eighteen and her youngest one six and she herself but forty-four years old, God invited her to a broader, more perfect life with him.

Yes, it is true that God gives us but one mother; but one who has suffered the birth pangs for us and who can in every natural and instinctive way sympathize with us completely and love us perfectly, but, in his infinite provision for our protection and direction, God has, in many instances, brought women into homes as second mothers who have exalted and magnified their office.

Some time after my mother's death—too soon to suit my oldest sister—a new woman came into our home—oh, so different from our little mother! to take her place. She came, too, for she had been a widow, bringing a little girl with her just a year and a day older than our baby sister. The woman was slender, rather tall, hollow cheeked, and almost altogether grey-haired though she was only thirty-five years old. And she did not belong to the same church with my father! She was a Quakeress. I had seen her but

once or twice before she married my father. He had told me, though I was only twelve then, that he expected to bring her to be our new mother and had asked me if I thought I would like her. I had said I believed I would. So when she came, to be loyal to my father for the confidence he had reposed in me, I called her "Mother." My oldest sister, hearing me apply that sacred name to any other than our own, dear, real mother, gave me, as I presume she gave the others, as a substitute, the name "Ma" and, as a rose does smell as sweet by any other name, the name Ma, too, has become a very sacred one in our family, and this saintly woman has been known far and wide by the sweet and significant name of "Ma Beery."

With a tendency to tuberculosis she came to our farm and into our home. An elderly aunt lived with us. A year later a little boy baby, son of father and Ma, came also into our midst. These with our hired help and all swelled our family to an even dozen in number.

She kept and cared for a number of cows and chickens, in addition to her housework. She marketed the products and managed the household finances well. She lived, as much as convenient, an outdoor life. She became strong and robust, at times weighing a hundred and seventy-five or eighty pounds. Three years after she joined our family, she was baptized into my father's—the Brethren—church, was installed as deaconess and has lived a faithful Christian life.

Instead of antagonizing us—my older sisters especially who were so bitter against her supplanting our mother—by some latent faculty or unction she won us all to her side and gained our loyal coöperation and support. She was our comrade, our protector, our champion. This was not done in a day. She had not moved into a house of angels.

She was not demonstrative; she was not sentimental nor emotional. She could not sing a tune. We never caught her on her knees in private praying for us. Yet she was patient, enduring, long suffering, tactful, trustful, hopeful, masterful. Yes, she loved us though I do not remember of ever hearing her say so. She cared for us when we were sick, waited on our company, never stood between us and our plans for self-improvement. She was not officious but a wise counsellor. When my oldest sister, in the second year of her married life came to her death bed, our Ma watched by her bedside day and night and said she would go with her through the "dark valley" if she could. Then it was again that my sister "made good" to Ma and said: "O Ma, if you should live as long as you deserve to live you would never die!"

Four years ago my father was called to join the ranks beyond the River, having lived with Ma for thirty-five years. A year later her own daughter

passed away. Her baby boy is now the father of a family of six children and is a minister of the Gospel. Ma is still living and recently celebrated her seventy-third birthday. May God bless all good step-mothers!

I come now to speak of the life of a very remarkable woman, the mother of my husband.

This little dark-haired, dark-eyed woman was born seventy-eight years ago on the twentieth of May. At the age of twenty she was married to Archie Van Dyke Jr., who afterward became a minister and elder in the Church of the Brethren. She lived with him forty-seven years and in this marriage were born fifteen children—nine sons and six daughters.

Ten years ago, when Mother Van Dyke died, these children were all living, her baby boy being past twenty-one years old. For a family of two parents and fifteen children to live, as it were, intact, for more than twenty-one years you will agree is a very remarkable dispensation of Providence.

Some people seem to think that the bearing and rearing of many children is against a woman's health and tends to destroy her happiness and peace of mind. Here is one instance in which this was not the case.

Every baby of the fifteen was welcome in its turn and I sometimes think that even yet each one seems to have an inward notion that he was her particular favorite, and, so far as I have been able to discover, she had fifteen favorites.

My mother-in-law was a woman deeply religious and orthodox; and she reared her family according to such principles.

These children were all born in the country among the hills of central Pennsylvania where digging was hard. In those days the demands upon preachers were urgent so that father was often away from home. But with all the stress of providing for this large family I have often heard Father Van Dyke acknowledge the goodness of God in words like these: "Thou hast cared for us from the cradle and we have never known want."

Mother Van Dyke was a woman with a purpose and that purpose was to rear her children for Christ and the Church. She strove early and always to keep them pure in body, mind and heart. She gave to each her personal self in the minutest details of each child's physical and spiritual needs. She was scrupulous in her notions of cleanliness and order, a good cook, industrious, of course, and solicitous, almost to a fault, about both her husband's and her children's comfort and well-being. The children, it is said, each had a box near his bed in which each week were deposited his clean stockings and underclothes so that on Saturday evening or Sunday morning there were no mixups nor any confusion as to the whereabouts of the desired garments. Not a birthday nor

a Christmas passed without some token of remembrance and love from Mother. She wrote often to her married children and those away from home. Her letters were full of strength and courage though always of entire dependence upon God and his Word. Could such a woman be anything but self-emancipated? She lived to see all of that number baptized into the church of her choice and theirs and her chief concern in her later days was that her children might honor God and be loyal to the church. How she would have shielded them from the rude blasts of temptation and sin that blow so fiercely about us all! Perhaps the most telling influence of this little mother's life is seen in the fact that the home of each one of her children is a carefully regulated religious home.

I quote a few thoughts from her dying message to her family:

"To our dearly beloved and precious ones: I may not have the privilege of seeing or speaking to you as some are far away. I desire to make this request: Search the Word. Believe and obey it. We have no promise short of this that we can be saved. I have made many mistakes as you all know, but I have asked our dear Father many times to forgive me. You may all do better than I have. I exhort you, Search the Word. Let nothing separate you from the love of Christ. Be strong! May not one be led away from the simplicity of the Truth. This home of ours must be broken up; but up yonder, if we are faithful a home is prepared that we may enjoy through an endless eternity.

"Our dear Father has been so good that we have been spared so long together an unbroken band. I have often earnestly prayed that I might be spared with you when you were helpless and so much needed my care and promised I would strive to raise you in his service. My request was granted. I have ever loved you with all the tenderness of a mother's love and now I leave you all in God's care. May he ever bless and comfort you."

It was also her desire to have the children associate and communicate as much as possible in order to keep strong the family tie. For many years, both before and since her death, a family letter has existed going from one address to another until every member has contributed his message; then the first takes his old letter out and replaces a new one and so on—the letter being always "on the wing." Sometimes it has gone from the West Indies to Alaska with its intermediate stopping places. Just now it stops in Pennsylvania, Illinois, Kansas, Nebraska, Colorado, North Dakota, Montana, Oregon, and California.

I have given you true sketches of the real mother, the step-mother and the mother-in-law, but what does it all mean to us and what is it for? These three types which I have here described are by no means the only

ones nor are they even exceptional types of true motherhood. But these three have placed a wonderful responsibility upon me. In the light and with the advantage of my experience with these three women more will be required of me as a woman and as a mother than had I not had this advantage. God means for us to go on unto perfection and he will hold us responsible for every chance he gives us to improve.

We are apt to lose sight of the value of having had Christian parents. We are in danger of not applying our own religion to the bringing up of our children. The tendency today is toward the childless home. It has been said that in a hundred and fifty years from now, at the present rate of decrease, there will be no more children in the world. The drift is toward the lighter, easier, faddish things of life and we are inclined, with all our show of thrift and hurry, slothfully to move along the line of least resistance. But this course does not improve manhood and womanhood, does not develop stalwart character; and men and women who want to enjoy the height of their physical, mental and spiritual powers must choose the hard things—the heroic life, and that life is outlined in the Word of God and delineated in the life of Christ.



PROTECTION AGAINST FLIES.

WHEN, a few summers ago, some public-spirited citizens and health officials undertook to rid their neighborhoods of mosquitoes, they brought upon their heads not a little ridicule, as well as some well-argued objection as to the impossibility of exterminating this pest. But they went ahead, drained the marshes and oiled the stagnant pools, and now their neighbors, enjoying almost entire freedom from the scourge of former years, are ready to join in the good work.

This experience should encourage those who are urging a campaign of extermination against that much more dangerous foe to mankind, the common house-fly, or "typhoid-fly," as the government entomologist suggests that it be called. This is not the "amoosin" little critter that it seems to be, as we lazily watch it, on a warm summer day, playing tag with its fellows or tickling the nose or bald spots of our drowsy companion. It is a most active carrier of disease, not of typhoid fever only, but of summer diarrhœa of infants, tuberculosis, and many other infectious diseases. There is probably no other living creature that is responsible for one-half as many deaths as this once-thought innocent nuisance.

Much can be done, of course, by screens to keep the flies out of the house, and by fly-paper and formalin solutions to kill them after they have got in; but here, as elsewhere, prevention is far better than cure. Flies breed always in filth; in this part of the world largely in horse-manure, but also in garbage and the excrement of man and other animals. They may

breed in other less filthy material when the place of their choice is inaccessible, but then comparatively few of the eggs hatch out, and still fewer of the maggots develop into flies.

The best preventive measure is to keep the stables scrupulously clean and the manure in a tightly closed pit. When this is not possible the manure should be removed every week, since it takes the flies ten days to develop. When this is done, the material so removed should be treated with chloride of lime or a solution of Paris green, or should be spaded into the ground, else the flies will hatch out just the same in the new locality.

All garbage-cans should be tightly covered, and vaults and cesspools treated regularly with copperas or chloride of lime. With these precautions observed by every one, any neighborhood can be practically freed from the plague of flies.—*Youth's Companion*.



HOT WEATHER REMEDIES.

WITH the coming of the hot days, comes also the discomfort of prickly heat, and physicians tell us this is due to unclean skin pores. Before bathing at night or in the morning, take a handful of cornmeal and rub it into your skin from the chin to the feet, and over the face and neck. Rub the meal in well over the chest, hips and stomach, using the meal plentifully. Then rub the meal off with a rough towel, wash or bathe in hot water with a pure vegetable soap, and enjoy the comforts of cleanliness.



For chigger bites, apply liquid sulphur; or rub salty grease on the bites. When coming in from the field of grass, wash the body in thick soapsuds and leave on for a little time, then rinse. This is splendid for children, who suffer intensely from the pests.—*The Commoner*.



If a new broom is dipped into hot salt water the splints will be toughened and the broom will last much longer.



WHEN frying eggs, put a sprinkle of flour in the pan. This will prevent them from popping and will brown better.

The Children's Corner

WHO'S AFRAID IN THE DARK?

"Not I!" said the owl,
And he gave a great scowl,
And wiped his eye,
And fluffed his jowl •

"Tu whoo!"

Said the dog, "I bark
Out loud in the dark.

Boo-oo!"

Said the cat, "Mi-iew!"

I'll scratch any who

Dare say that I do

Feel afraid

Mi-iew!"

"Afraid," said the mouse,

"Of the dark in a house?

Hear me scatter

Whatever's the matter.

Squeak!"

Then the toad in his hole,

And the mole in the ground,

They both shook their heads

And passed the word round.

And the bird in the tree,

The fish, and the bee

They declared, all three,

That you never did see

One of them afraid

In the dark!

But the little girl who had gone to bed

Just raised the bedclothes and covered her head.

—The Play Box.



TEN WAYS TO HELP MOTHER.

Do you ever help mother? How many ways to help her can you think of? Would you like to know some others besides the ways you know, or would you rather not know any more? You may think there are too many already. Below you will find ten ways to help mother. If you know of any others, or if you know of several others, kindly tell us about them and we will give them place on this page. Here they are:

1. Keep the caps and hats hung up where they belong, no matter whose cap or where you find it. Just put it where you know it ought to be.

2. Keep the papers folded right side out and piled nicely together on the library table. It takes mother a good many minutes a day to do just that.

3. Get into the habit of remembering where you see things. This will help not only mother but everybody in the house. It is such a comfort to the people who lose things or forget where they put them.

4. See how many times a day you can "save steps" for her by running errands. It is what little feet were made for, partly.

5. Laugh twenty times every day. It will help make others laugh.

6. Like things she does for you. Tell her how nice they are.

7. Whisper in her ear sometimes. Whisper this: "I love you."

8. Watch for chances to do things she has spoken about. Don't wait for her to ask you. It is such fun to surprise people!

9. Notice when she is sick or tired or headachy, and go about the house on tiptoe.

10. Don't tell her you are going to be this kind of boy or girl—have the fun of seeing her find it out.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE HARVEST OF SOULS.

Gather the harvest in:

The fields are white, and long ago ye heard
Ringing across the world the Master's word—
Leave not such fruitage to the lord of sin;

Gather the harvest in.

Gather the harvest in:

Souls dying, without hope, all o'er the lands,
East, west, north, south lie ready to your hands;
Long since that other did his work begin;

Gather the harvest in.

Gather the harvest in:

Rise early and reap late. Is this a time
For ease? Shall he by every curse and crime,
Out of your grasp the golden treasure win?

Gather the harvest in.

Gather the harvest in:

Ye know ye live not to yourselves nor die;
Then let not this bright hour of work go by;
To all who know and do not there is sin.

Gather the harvest in.

Gather the harvest in:

Soon shall the mighty Master summon home
For feast his reapers. Think ye they shall come
Whose sickles gleam not, and whose sheaves are thin?

Gather the harvest in.

—Selected.



GOD-FORGETTING.

WALTER SWIHART.

BABYLON, once the mighty city of the Euphrates, rich, grand and royal, for centuries "most glorious among the kingdoms," but wicked to its center! Isaiah prophesied: "It shall be overthrown as Sodom and Gomorrah; it shall never be inhabited. On its ruins the Arabian shall never pitch his tent, nor the shepherd make his fold: wild beasts of the desert alone shall lie there." How completely is this verified—the city, the walls, the gardens have become a waste—a desert of blown sand.

Ur beyond the river—the home of Abraham—Ur, cradle of the awakening-place where first the morning star of promise shone, like Bablyon has been wasted, covered up and lost.

And Nineveh—proud, wicked, wealthy, boastful—Zephaniah said, "The cormorant and the bittern shall lodge in the upper lintels of it: their voice shall sing in the windows. This is the rejoicing city, *that dwelt carlessly*, that said, *I am* and there is *none other* beside me: How is she become a desolation, a place

for beasts to lie down in!" Nineveh has for ages been buried in the sands along the upper Tigris.

Thebes, city of the Nile, with monuments, columns, gateways, sleeping figures, mausoleums, temples—Thebes, grandest city of the world! And it? Ezekiel said, "I will execute judgment upon On (Thebes). I will pour my fury upon Sin, and I will cut off the multitudes of On (Thebes)." The Libyan sands of three thousand years have drifted through her ruined courts.

Likewise, scores and scores of other cities well-built; planned and reared by the ant-humanity, intending them to outride the ravages of time. Today we look with astonishment upon their work. What intelligence! What art! What energy! What determination! Yet all are gone, fallen into dust—kings, lords, peasants, servants, slaves and the land reverted back to its original domain—the sun and wind. And why? Babylon was steeped in license; Nineveh, lost in pride, Thebes in dissipation—GOD WAS RULED OUT—FORGOTTEN!

Looking a little farther; the chosen children, when they had come out of their long bondage; when through trials and repeated tribulations they had come face to face with the promise given to the fathers, they were disappointed. Their constant discipline had been, "Thou shalt have no other God before me," yet they did forget. Yea, seven times after they were settled upon the land of promise were they subjected to the yoke of oppression. Why? *They had forgotten their God!* Even in the time of Solomon when the promise reached the zenith of the royal kingdom, disease was eating out the soul of Judaism. As Isaiah remarked, "Israel doth not know, my people doth not consider."

Later when there rang out on the still night air "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men" dead, empty Phariseeism could not hear it,—wanted no reform,—wanted the formal priesthood,—wanted the dead letter of the law: denied weightier matters "judgment, mercy, faith,"—robbed widows' houses,—made long prayers,—rioted on the labors of the poor. In the very face of prophecy they rejected the *man Jesus*—the man who would not break the bruised reed; who would not cast down but raise up; who, against their forced hypocrisy, uttered many stinging rebukes.

Is it an accident that Chaldea lies buried in the sand? That Egypt is a desolation? That Chorazin is but a name? That foxes and conies dwell in Bethsaida? That owls and bats haunt the wreck of Capernaum? No, it is the result of disobedience, the effrontery of pride—the *forgetting of their God*.

Ancient heathendom, wise and masterly in her ways, perished by the corruptions bred within herself. Ancient Judaism, evolved and fostered under the direct hand of God, allowed her environments to overrule, and she fell. Troy, Rome, Carthage, because of their infections, weakened, sickened, died.

Today in our own fair land are conditions monstrous in themselves—arch-God among them is high commercialism. It looms, it shadows, it prophesies. By men crazed through it, our rights are trampled, our freedom manacled; small interests swallowed up. Bloated in fortune they levy upon the very rights of the hearthstone. Aye, they tax our smoking lamps; toll our children's bread! In this mad whirl the saloon, the brothel, the dens, divorce, Sunday desecrations are legalized. Is it not the same old story running down through the ages—"forgetting God"?

Though we are practically bound, we are not yet overcome. Though our rights are much restricted, we still have the *home, the church, the Sunday school*. We cry, "Awake out of sleep: put on the armor of light." For the hand that awed Belshazzar, overthrew Pharaoh, razed the walls of Jericho, overruled the Midianites, rent the temple veil, still endures and some time in the future may write "Mene, mene, tekel" on our own temple walls. Can you not hear the ever-nearing sound in these,—*dishonesty, dishonor, drunkenness, gambling, license, divorce, Sunday desecrations*,—who wonders at God's vengeance? Let us bow down the ear and listen to the heart-throbs of that sweet singer of old: "I will delight myself in thy statutes! I will not forget thy word."

Churubusco, Ind.



NOT MERELY A LIFE PRESERVER.

THERE are many people who regard their religion much as the traveler at sea regards his life preserver—as a handy thing to have in case the ship should go down. The majority of people would rather go out and pick wild flowers than go to a prayer-meeting. They take religion just as they do medicine, not because they relish it, but because they suppose they *need* it. They would rather have a bouquet of flowers than a handful of tracts, and yet the Bible maintains that "godliness is *profitable* unto *all* things, having promise of the life that *now* is, and of that which is to come." 1 Tim. 4: 8. And the promise to the child of God is that he shall grow up as the lily (Hosea 14: 5).

Beyond question many professing Christian people

miss the real thing. They try to keep their religion and their daily life in separate compartments and as a consequence they do not get, by a long way, what is coming to them in this life.

They live miserable, narrow, contracted, wretched lives when they might be living large, noble lives that would seem almost charmed to those with whom they come in contact.

If they would only take God into partnership in all their life's affairs, and find out from him what he wants them to do as well as what he has for them, then they would be able to make good. For the Word says, "Acquaint now thyself with him, and be at peace; thereby good shall come unto thee" (Job 22: 21), and "Thou shalt also decree a thing, and it shall be established unto thee." Verse 28. If you will do this you will become an inspiration to those with whom you come in contact, for "when men are cast down, then thou shalt say, There is *lifting up*." Verse 29. All that is worth while. It is not an empty theory. You may have to give up something for it, but you will get a thousand times more than you will give up.—*The Lifeboat*.



LOVING SERVICE.

SERVICE and sacrifice are the natural language of love. Other men may have ambition for themselves, but a Christian must do as his Master did—serve humanity. The life that ended on the cross, how little it is understood! How many know that there is but one material of which a cross can be made? There was never yet one cross of gold or silver or precious stones; the only material that can get into that shape is love; love that manifests itself in service which will not shrink from sacrifice. The first recorded word of Christ was: "Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?" and his last: "It is finished." What lies between these words? Constant ministry. When he said, "Let him that is chiefest among you be servant of all," he outlined the form that the Christlike must take.—*Amory H. Bradford*.



THE TIMELESS BOOK.

SOMETIMES the Bible is called the "dear *old* Book." But it is really the newest book of all, most modern, contemporary and permanent like all good things. It can say, "I am," even as does the living Word. It is a young Book. The dew of the morning is upon it, the freshness of the spring is in it, and the angels of the resurrection forever blow their trumpets of renewal above its pages. It is also the Book of hope, of promise, of tomorrow. It is bright with the radiance of still unrisen suns, rich with the sweetness of unripened summers, and the golden wealth of ungathered harvests.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



John D. Rockefeller has contributed another \$10,000,000 to the general board of education, making \$52,000,000 in all. Mr. Rockefeller also released the board from the obligation to hold in perpetuity the funds contributed by him.

The Socialists of Virginia this year have put out a full State ticket and advocate in their platform compulsory education, free schoolbooks, feeding and clothing of children whose parents are unable to supply them, and the abolition of the power of judges to grant injunctions in contests between capital and labor.

Marriage to a deceased wife's sister, recently legalized in England, has been declared by the church council of the Church of England to be immoral and against the principles of the Scriptures. The use of the prayer book in solemnizing such marriages is also reprobated in strong terms. The vote on the question was 224 to 24.

Prof. John A. Brashear of Allegheny calls attention to a peculiarity of the solar eclipse of June 17. For a few seconds it was an annular eclipse, then a total eclipse, and finally an annular eclipse again. Although we have records of annular eclipses for four hundred years, and of total eclipses for thousands of years, Prof. Brashear maintains that this is perhaps the first occurrence of the kind.

Those who are familiar with motoring know that when it becomes necessary to remove a tire on the road there is unpleasant work at hand. If the motorist did not think to bring an extra tire along with him, then his fate is still worse. A French inventor has devised a tire which he claims will do away with both these troubles. It is pneumatic, but is made up of twelve separate sections, which fit around the wheel, each one having to be blown up separately. The advantage lies in the fact that if one of the sections is punctured it can at once be removed and another substituted. It is an easy matter to put the section in place, and there is no trouble in carrying along with one a good supply of them.

Prof. Alfred E. Stearns, head of the Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass., calls attention to the prevalence of the swearing habit among boys in our schools and colleges. He cites close observers, who say that profanity is more common than it was a generation ago, and that it is the usual thing among American boys, whereas among English boys it is not considered honorable. Analyzing the causes, he comes to the conclusion that the vice of profanity is generally adopted by boys as a matter of pride or bravado; they have an idea that it sounds manly to use bad language, and they resort to it in order to prove that they are not mollycoddles. Then when it has become a fixed habit it requires rare resolution to throw it off.

In the Superior Court of Washington, Judge Clifford decided the new State anti-cigarette law to be unconstitutional on the ground that it conflicts with the interstate commerce law. At Aberdeen, Wash., Superior Judge Ben Sheeks ruled that the anti-cigarette provision is applicable only to the sale of cigarettes or materials used in the making of cigarettes and does not prohibit smoking.

The world-wide falling off in business in 1908 made itself felt in the traffic through the Suez Canal. During 1908 there passed through the canal 3,795 vessels of 13,633,283 tons net, a decrease of 472 vessels and 1,095,151 tons as compared with 1907. There was an increase in the size of the individual type of vessels, and the average time of passage, seventeen hours and twenty-four minutes, was the best that had been made in any year since the canal was opened.

In recognition of the growing importance of the subject of the public health and preventive medicine, Harvard University has announced the establishment of a department in its medical school exclusively devoted to those subjects and the election of Dr. Milton J. Rosenau of Washington, D. C., as professor of hygiene and preventive medicine and head of the new department. Dr. Rosenau will begin his service at Harvard with the opening of the next college year.

On suggestion of Secretary of State Roach, Attorney General Major has notified the Adams Express Company that it must take out a permit, as required by law, or cease doing business in Missouri. Furthermore, it must comply with the law, which requires all corporations to have general offices in the State. Unless the company complies suit will be instituted in the Supreme Court to oust it from Missouri.

Fraternal organizations, building and loan associations operated exclusively for the mutual benefit of their members, labor organizations or any corporations operated exclusively for religious, charitable or educational purposes will be exempt from the taxation provided for in the recently adopted corporation tax. An amendment to this effect was adopted by the Senate July 6, after considerable discussion pro and con.

In denying a report printed recently that an absolute cure for the sleeping sickness had been discovered by physicians in the Rockefeller Institute, New York City, Dr. S. J. Meltzer, one of the experts connected with the institute, later made the announcement that the disease is not caused by the bite of the tsetse fly, as has been popularly supposed. After more than a year of experimenting, during which exhaustive tests were made with mice as subjects, the specialists at the institution established the fact that the ailment is caused by the bite of a tiny insect known as the trypanosom.

Dr. William Tell Kudlich has brought to the notice of the Health Board of Hoboken, N. J., a plan for exterminating the mosquito, which consists in planting mosquito-ridden tracts with *arzolla*. The plant is a native of Africa. It in a short time covers marshy land with a layer three inches thick, thus both suffocating mosquito larvæ and preventing the living insects from depositing their eggs in the water. The plant is said to have been used with some success in the German colonies of Africa.

During a session of the recent convention of the National Education Association at Denver, James Yadkin Joyner, superintendent of public instruction of North Carolina, was elected president of the association. His election is regarded by his supporters as a victory in their fight against regulation of the prices of school textbooks. Among other things done by the association, it went on record against the existence of fraternities in high schools in a resolution which declares such organization to be opposed to the spirit of democracy. It was also decided to investigate the feasibility of simplified spelling, but the convention took no decided stand for or against.

Vague but alarming reports from Central Asia indicate that the earthquake of July 7 did enormous damage in Western and Persian Turkestan and Northern India. It appears that the death roll will be heavy although dispatches give only meager accounts of the catastrophe. It is reported that the shocks were of greater intensity than those which destroyed Messina, and as the country is thickly populated it is feared the result of the quake will be grave when the details are learned. Owing to the remoteness of the territory affected and the poor means of communication, definite reports are not likely to be available for several days.

The first American city to take up for trial the plan for giving employes more daylight in which to enjoy recreation is Cincinnati, which by action of the councilmen has passed a law making the more-daylight plan effective from May 1, 1910, until Oct. 1 of the same year. The official clock of the city will be turned ahead one hour so that the workmen will go to their labors one hour earlier than usual, and will then have an hour more of daylight in which to enjoy themselves. One of the councilmen of the city says that the measure was passed by the city board because of the pressure which was brought to bear upon the members by thousands of workmen and a large number of prominent business firms.

A unique scheme to evade prohibition laws has been devised by the incorporation of express companies which operate between States. In the last two or three months several of such companies have been incorporated in various parts of the country. The commission received an inquiry from the Mississippi State authorities a few days ago respecting the operations of an express company at Natchez. Mississippi is a prohibition State, yet it developed that an express company had been organized and incorporated at Natchez, the bulk of the business of which appears to be the transportation of beers and liquors from another State into Mississippi. The beverages are consigned to individuals in Mississippi, and are delivered by wagons of the express company. The curious part of the transaction is that the express company was incorporated by dealers in beers and liquors. A similar case has arisen in Massachusetts.

It is understood that a majority both of the Canadian and American Commissioners of the International Waterways Commission will recommend that a dam be built on the Niagara River, opposite Buffalo and Fort Erie, for the purpose of raising the level of Lake Erie. In the autumn of every year there is a fall of about two feet in the level of the lake. This reduction of available navigation depth seriously affects the shipping interests; and with the increase in the size of vessels it is becoming a menace to navigation. The estimated cost of the dam is about \$5,000,000.

The French Chamber of Deputies by a vote of 548 to 11 has adopted the motion introduced by the Socialist leader, Jean Jaures, to invite the government to call an international conference of all the powers interested for the purpose of securing the gradual and simultaneous reduction of customs tariffs. Immediately after the vote was taken a new motion for the postponement of further discussion on the clauses of the customs commissions bill was defeated. M. Klotz, in behalf of the commission, and M. Cruppi, minister of commerce, acting for the government, accepted M. Jaures' proposal, though Minister Cruppi styled it as "perhaps chimerical."

Formol has been recommended as a fly poison by several writers, who have studied its action and the best method of using it. It is necessary, in order to obtain good results, that the formol shall be swallowed by the insect, hence the flies must be attracted to the poison by mixing with it an appetizing food and by spreading the mixture over a large surface. Honey has given poor results. The best mixture is that of formol with milk. The best results are obtained by using a solution containing 15 per cent of the formaline of commerce, 20 per cent of milk, and 65 per cent of water, placed in large flat vessels. Most of the dead flies fall, not within the vessels, but around them, sometimes at a great distance.

Librarians and historians are being given no little anxiety over the fact that the newspapers of today do not last like those of a few decades ago. The journals of the past 20 years, when bound and laid away in the libraries become in time brittle like pine shavings, so that when they are handled they break and are lost. It is now being suggested that the managers of newspapers print a few copies of each issue on paper such as was formerly used, these to be sent to their home and other libraries, so that current history may be well preserved. The wood pulp paper is excellent for the passing, ephemeral sheet, but it has not the enduring qualities necessary to stand the wear and tear of the years to come.

To quietly annex Macedonia while Turkey and Greece are involved in the controversy over Crete now appears to be the object of Czar Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Although the facts have not been officially made known and every effort is being made to preserve secrecy as means of preventing interference of the powers, the Bulgarian government is known to have represented seriously to Turkey that Czar Ferdinand can not much longer endure the ill treatment which he says is being accorded Bulgarians in Macedonia. The Bulgarian population of Macedonia lives on good terms with the Turks themselves, but between Bulgarians and Greeks bitter racial feeling exists. The hostility which subsided slightly after the granting of the Turkish constitution has revived and the murder of Bulgarians has been resumed by Greek bands.



Among the Magazines



A CONVICTION FOR AUTOMOBILE MANSLAUGHTER.

Although William Darragh, the chauffeur convicted of manslaughter in the first degree by a New York jury, complains that he is the "victim of prejudice created in the community by the unlawful acts of others," more disinterested observers look upon the verdict as the first significant warning which reckless drivers have received. "The verdict will stand as a landmark in the relation of the law to the new problems of public safety raised by the automobile," says the New York World, "and the new field of criminality opened by its use as an instrument of slaughter." The Springfield Republican believes that "this trial and its outcome should be effectively sobering and restraining in its influence." It will be remembered that the crime for which Darragh was convicted was the killing of thirteen-year-old Ingevaard Trimble on March 27 last. According to the evidence upon which the jury convicted him, the chauffeur was driving his machine at the rate of forty miles an hour when the accident occurred. He failed to blow his horn, and after he had struck the boy he deliberately increased his speed, and later fled to Texas where he was finally arrested. It was also brought out in the trial that the boy's body was carried for some distance, jammed between the mud-guard and the lantern, before it fell to the pavement lifeless.

Judge Mulqueen, in pronouncing sentence to not less than seven nor more than twenty years in Sing Sing prison, took occasion to warn reckless drivers "that the next man who comes to the bar of this court charged with this offense may pay the penalty with his life." Judge Mulqueen, in what the New York World calls a "model of calmness and restrained force," also went over the history of the trial in careful detail before the sentence was imposed. He said in part:

"No new or obscure law has been invoked in this instance. The statute defining murder in the first degree is very old. It provides as follows:

"The killing of a human being, unless it is excusable or justifiable, is murder in the first degree when committed by an act imminently dangerous to others and evincing a depraved mind, regardless of human life, although without a premeditated design to effect the death of any individual."

"That law was enacted at a time when the automobile was unknown and when the present conditions could not possibly have been foreseen. And yet it so clearly applies to the reckless use of these machines that I doubt if its terms could be improved upon by the most expert legislative draftsman. It was urged by your learned counsel that you did not intend to kill your victim. But it is an elementary legal rule that a man's intent may be inferred from his acts.

"It has been said that you have been convicted for the crimes of others and that the popular clamor produced

this verdict. Nothing is further from the truth. . . . If any motive swayed the jury other than a sense of duty it was not a desire for revenge, but rather a spirit of mercy. Indeed, I am convinced that if you had been a rich man or a dissolute man the verdict would have been murder. The legal proof of murder was overwhelming. But not even the most sympathetic juror could acquit you of manslaughter. The statutes defining that crime were clearly applicable and no question of intent is involved in them. The law does not seek revenge, and punishment of one criminal is intended to serve as a warning to others.

"A difficult situation confronts us today. The automobile has come to stay. Properly used it is a source of healthful recreation. It is an important factor in business. It affords remunerative employment for many. But it is clear that its use is fraught with the gravest danger to the people. Therefore all drivers and owners of these machines must be extremely careful. Recklessness and negligence will subject them to severe penalties. They must not seek their own pleasure or convenience at the risk of the public. It is the paramount duty of the State to protect the lives of our people.

"It is incumbent on the court to impose a sentence that will drive the lesson home to all."

"Well deserved as is Darragh's punishment," says the New York Times, "there is hardly any question that he would have escaped with a lighter penalty had not his crime been the last and worst of a series, the length of which had justified a general public indignation and inspired a common determination to teach chauffeurs to respect the rights of pedestrians."

The New York Tribune treats the subject in somewhat similar vein. We read:

"The idea has too much prevailed among a certain type of automobile-drivers that their rights on the street are superior to those of any one else; that when they sound their raucous horns it is the duty of everybody else to get out of the way, and that if any one fails to get out of the way and consequently gets hurt it is his own fault. Such fellows need a stern reminder of the intolerable error of that idea. They need to be made to realize that the rights of the general public on the streets are superior to those of any particular class of it; that an aged and infirm person has just as good a right to walk slowly across a street as an automobilist has to run his machine along it at any rate of speed; that it is more incumbent upon the drivers of such engines to avoid running over persons than it is upon persons to avoid being run over; and that when a driver does run over anybody he must bear the responsibility for it. The conviction of Darragh ought to go far toward bringing some motor-maniacs back to sanity and toward inducing some motor-criminals to respect the law. If it does not, then we must hope that at the hands of other just judges and juries every one who does as Darragh did will meet with Darragh's fate."—Literary Digest.

ANOTHER STEP FORWARD.

In a recent article in the Independent one of our writers suggested the federalizing of our agricultural colleges at Washington. This led to a correspondence, suggesting that the thought be worked out formally, and that the writer of the article propose some method whereby, at Washington, there might be a sort of clearing house of the several State colleges and experiment stations. There seems to be no good reason why we might not have an American University of Agriculture at our national capital, which might serve the purpose suggested, and at the same time go farther, in doing such advanced work as might be classed as strictly university work; a school for the graduate work of those who have already passed through the State colleges or otherwise secured graduate privileges. We are rapidly accumulating the problems for such a university. Our Department of Agriculture is handling some of these questions as well as it can with its present organization.

But leaving this question for the present, why should there not be a conference or university convocation of all our State industrial colleges at Washington once a year, possibly during the month of September; a convocation of the presidents or deans of the colleges and such professors as may be elected by the faculties?

More specifically, what would be the object of the conference? This would surely unfold and shape itself with freedom, but we might anticipate the discussion of the most important annual discoveries and experiments of the State colleges. These would be sifted, compared and possibly corrected. Certainly a review of localized work by a body of pronounced experts, trained to the broadest generalizations as well as the keenest analysis, would be of national value. A second object would be to take charge of interstate problems of an agricultural and industrial sort. Production is not limited by State lines, and the marketing of agricultural products reaches from California to Maine. We cannot, much as we would, confine the codling moths, the gipsy moths, the root galls, the blights and the beetles. In the third place, the conference would prevent an iterant waste of force in experimentation. This is an important matter to be attended to, in order that the bulletins sent out to the farmers shall not traverse the ground of experiment repeatedly, and frequently with contradictory conclusions.

A fourth purpose of the convocation might be to publish the more important discoveries, of course with due recognition of State investigators, but with added authority. A large amount of the best work that is now done is never heard from outside of narrow areas. Nor is there any reason why a national body of this sort should not serve as an arm of the International Institute of Agriculture, which is to meet annually in Rome. In this way an invulnerable world's peace organization would come about; a force, in every fiber of it, making for human good will and coöperation. The final world's organization will have to be on an industrial basis.

Congress might advisedly be asked to appropriate an adequate sum to pay the expenses of the convocation and to carry out any experiments proposed for the national welfare. The whole country is vitally interested in the increase of our productive power. The food problem is going to press keenly, and very soon we have got to make two blades of wheat grow where one grew before. Our corn must yield one hundred bushels to the acre and we must stop the waste of one-fifth of our crops by insects, blights and our own heedlessness or ignorance. Our population will number two hundred

and fifty hungry millions by the end of the present century. There are no more wild lands to pour the tide of immigration into or to be filled up by our natural increase. The tide is already backing up to reoccupy the deserted farms of New England. What we need is national organization on an industrial foundation.—The Independent.



ALASKA'S VARIED RESOURCES.

What does Alaska stand for? On this point there is a wide divergence of opinion. To the tourist it means magnificent fiords, heavily forested islands, high snow-clad mountains, glaciers, and picturesque Indian villages. To the whaler, arctic floes bordering a flat treeless coast, with here and there an Eskimo sod house. To the merchant, a field for exploitation, the source of salmon, cod, and halibut. To the hunter, the best game tract on the continent, with its huge bear, moose, countless herds of caribou, and white big horn. To the pioneer farmer, a region of some agricultural promise. To the prospector, long, weary journeys, lonesome camps, disappointments, incessant toil, and substantial rewards, if he be the lucky one. To the capitalist and engineer, an empire to be opened up by railroads, highways, cities, and the development of gold, copper, and coal mines. While to the average man, it must be confessed, Alaska is but a small spot on the map somewhere near the pole, where the snow lies deep and men grow suddenly fabulously wealthy,—the source of seal-skins and an endless stream of gold.

Of these varied impressions each is in part correct, but a composite of all would best represent the Alaska of today. Yet it is no easy task to blend such discordant elements. Even Alaskans, accustomed by long residence to think of their country in terms of its great magnitude, seldom do it justice. The Alaskan fisherman has as little in common with the inland prospector as has his prototype of Gloucester with the Colorado miner. The life of the whaler, again, is outside the experience of either prospector or fisherman. The lode miner of Juneau is apt to despise the placer miner of Fairbanks as little more than a roving adventurer. The pioneer prospector who has won his gold from the auriferous gravels unaided by capital or machinery views the advent of the trained engineer with suspicion. Those who have spent their lives among the somber rocky fiords and heavily forested islands of southeastern Alaska evince great skepticism regarding the possibility of any agricultural development. On the other hand, the resident of inland Alaska, familiar with broad fertile valleys, luxuriant grass, and long, bright days, realizes that some farming is possible. The small fur trader in isolated posts has still another point of view, for he lives under almost as primitive conditions as did the voyageur of the Great Lakes two centuries ago. At Nome and Fairbanks,—the thriving centers of rich mining districts, possessed of telegraphs, telephones, railways, electric lights,—all the essentials and most of the luxuries of modern life are to be found.—From "The Alaska of Today," by Alfred H. Brooks, in the American Review of Reviews for July.



One day a little motherly body of seven or eight went to school with her tiny brother, who had been absent for some weeks. "Where have you been?" inquired the mistress. The little girl was full of excuses, but eventually a bright idea flashed into her mind. "Please, teacher," she whispered, "my little brother's been ill," and turning to her diminutive relative, she said, "Sneeze, Billy, and let the teacher see what a bad cold you've got."

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THE STANDARD FOR STORE, FARM, BANK OR FACTORY



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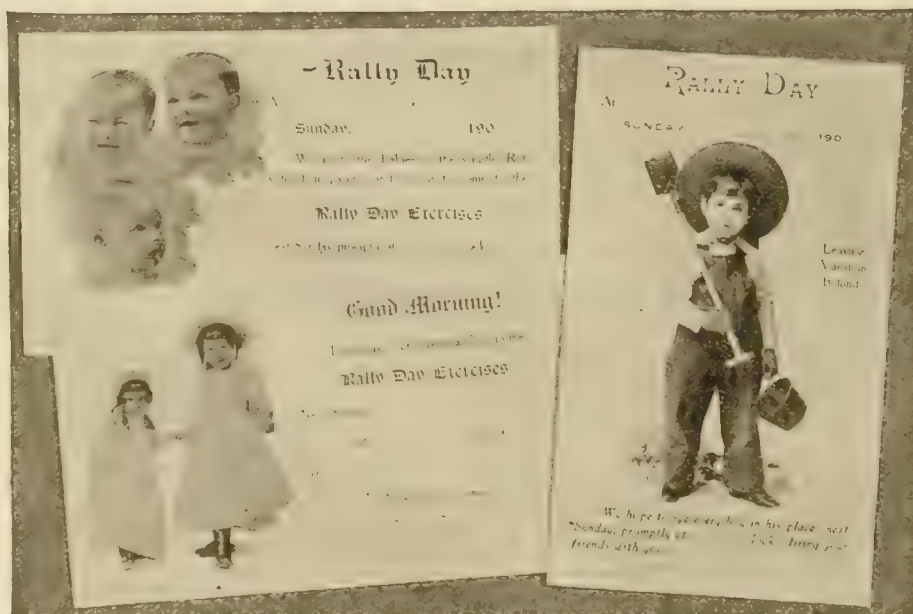
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made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

NEFF'S CORNER

Contracts are now all let for the 176 miles of new railroad that will complete the connection between Galveston, Texas, and Clovis, which will put us on a short, through line from the Gulf to the Pacific. Through traffic from Chicago and from the Gulf will meet here on its way to the Pacific and Clovis will be a division point for both lines. That means that the capacity of the car shops, round house and railroad yards here will be doubled, and that Clovis will soon be a city of 10,000 people. Property values have doubled during the last few months and we expect them to double again in the next few months. Beauty about investments here, if a man buys he can sell again. Evidence that people are satisfied with their investments here is to be found in the fact that after they have put in some money and tried it awhile, they invest again and again. If you would like to correspond with some of these people, drop me a line and ask for their addresses. If interested, don't hesitate to ask for any information you desire. We are having fine rains, prospect of good crops, and our farmers as well as our business men are happy and prosperous.

JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis, New Mexico.

Late and Early Card

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. On one side may be read the words "I am Late"; on the other "I am Early." Printed in three colors on heavy card board. Size, 5½x8½. Price, postpaid, 10 cents.

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The International Sunday-School Lessons

FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

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CRADLE ROLL BIRTHDAY POST CARDS

The phenomenal growth of the Cradle Roll Department of the Sunday School calls for constant activity on the part of the publisher to supply novelties and helps that will suit this peculiar field. Among the most useful helps are the birthday cards of which a new and beautiful line is just issued which may be mailed as post cards. The cards bear appropriate photographic reproductions embellished with exquisite floral designs and having greetings and verses in colored lettering; on the address side of the card is space that may be used for a personal message or invitation.



Form P. First Birthday—Boys.—A beautiful madonna with dainty decoration of trumpet border and lily of the valley.

Form Q. First Birthday—Girls.—Photograph of girl baby with border of snowdrops and colored leaves. One candle burns at top of card.

Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

Form U. Third Birthday—Girls.—The girl's picture on this card is bordered with delicate grasses and pansies; three candles are burning on shelf.

The cards sell at the rate of 2 for 5 cents or 25 cents per dozen, postpaid. Order any one form or assorted.

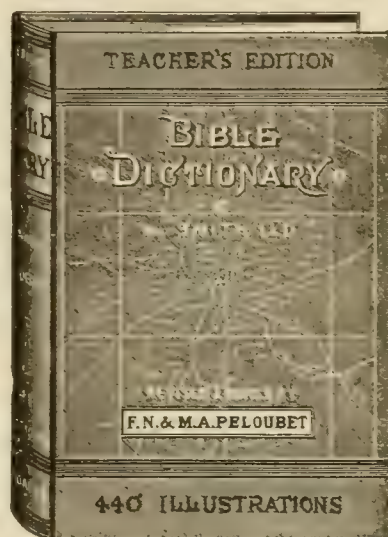
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Teacher's Edition



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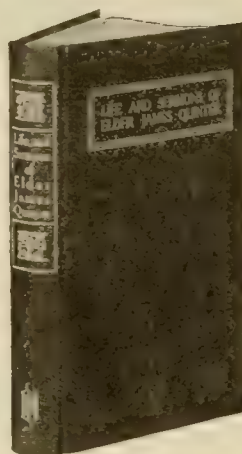
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We have just completed the second book and are filling orders every day. We feel certain that several of our customers neglected to place an order in advance, and have printed a few hundred copies besides those needed to fill the advance orders.

The work should prove helpful to thousands of our readers who know little of Bro. Quinter. In his day he was one of the most scholarly and devout men among us, and it will do the younger generation of members good to learn more of his life and experiences. His sermons will prove especially interesting.

The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

The binding is an artistic cloth, on which back and side titles are stamped in white foil.

If you are interested, order today.

Price, postpaid,\$1.00

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**
Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company
North Manchester, Indiana

OR

W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

July 27, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Topsail Schooner, the First Kind of Fore-and-aft Built. The Fore Topsails Were Abandoned Many Years Ago.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Location	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ...	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ...	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, ...	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	*Truckee-Carson, .	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

Fallon, Nev., June 18, 1909.

*TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Mr. J. C. Waite,
777 Federal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear sir:—

I have, of course, been extremely busy since coming here. Nobody can appreciate what has to be done, until they get into it.

All of my crops are looking fine. They say my alfalfa can not be beat. It is cut and cocked up now. It will stand me in \$20.00 an acre this one cutting and I will get two more cuttings this season besides pasturage this early spring and late fall.

I figure it will net me \$50.00 an acre this year at least, after paying expenses of labor, etc.

This alfalfa stand is only 1 year old.

Well, I must ring off. Trusting that I may hear from you soon,

I am yours truly,

(Signed) A. O. Foskett, Sec.

Tell the folks in Chicago they can never locate cheaper here than at the present time.

History of the Brethren

By M. G. Brumbaugh.

This book is written from the most valuable early records, and gives a list of many early members in Europe and America with biographies of the leaders, analyzes the influences that led to Alexander Mack's action at Schwarzenau in forming the Brethren church, and contains a



description of the Ephrata Society movement. Profusely illustrated with fine engravings. The work is authentic, thoroughly reliable and intensely interesting, is well printed in clear type, and substantially bound. 559 pages.

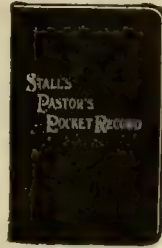
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Battle of Gettysburg

made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

NEFF'S CORNER

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JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis,

New Mexico.

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Our business has almost doubled itself during the last year. We are sending goods by mail to thousands of permanent, satisfied customers throughout the United States. The reason is simple.

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R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

The International Sunday-School Lessons

FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the Brethren Teachers' Monthly the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

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This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth

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Children's Meetings, and How to Conduct Them. By Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman. With lessons, outlines, diagrams, music, and helpful suggestions. Introduction by Bishop J. H. Vincent. 9th thousand. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

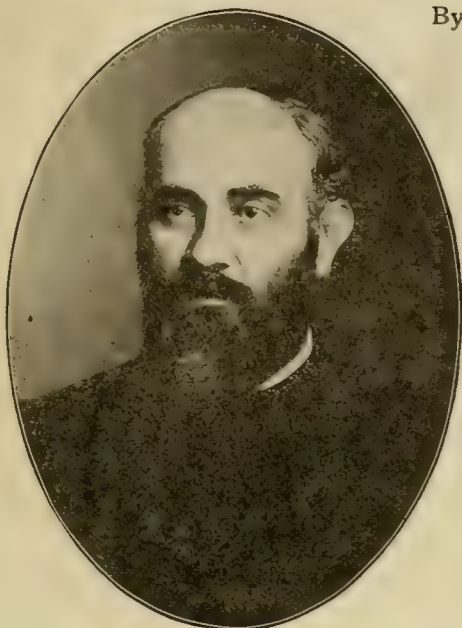
The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

Practical Exercises in Music Reading

By Geo. B. Holsinger.



The Late Geo. B. Holsinger, Author of
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A first-class instruction book for use of both teacher and pupils. Valuable as an aid to the individual student, as well as

Day School, Singing School Institute and Normal Classes

Besides numerous exercises in music reading, the book contains a goodly number of first-class songs and hymns. It contains 32 pages and is bound in heavy paper covers. We can furnish both round and shaped notes. Be sure and mention which notation you desire. Shaped note edition sent if notation is not named.

Price, prepaid, each,\$0.15

Price, per dozen, prepaid, 1.00

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NO. 14. MAP OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Illustrating the Journeys of the Apostle Paul based on recent explorations of Ramsay, Sterrett and others. Size, 36 x 58 inches. Lithographed in Four Colors on Muslin of Superior Quality. Price, postpaid,\$1.00
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By George R. Stuart.

A book of sixty-four pages. The best thing we have seen on this subject. A new book, dealing with an old question.

Simple, Practical and True.
"I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail to do good."—Eld. P. J. Blough, Member of Temperance Committee.

Bright, Breezy—Not a Dull Line.
"A bright, breezy, thought-compelling little book with not a dull line in it. Full of suggestion and inspiration for one who would have a part in the fight against the saloon, a fight that grows in strength and popularity every day."—United Presbyterian.

Every minister of the Gospel will have occasion to use some of the arguments presented by Mr. Stuart, who turns the light on in full force and lets the reader see what a monster evil the liquor traffic is.

There is enough in the book, if people can be induced to read it, to drive the saloon out of every village, town and city in the United States.

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Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

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G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

July 27, 1909.

No. 30.

ABDUL-HAMID II

G. WILFORD ROBINSON

THE foregoing is the name of the late Sultan of Turkey, whose recent deposal has been greeted by the nations of the world with joyful acclamations. This, the result of the revolution created by the young Turks, means the emancipation of the Turkish nation from one of the most tyrannical despots known in history.

He has been called the "European Sick Man" because of his ill health from birth. But the eminent statesman Gladstone styled him, "The Great Assassin," and the name is very suggestive of the many massacres which have been instigated by his cruel hands.

But the day has come at last that thousands, millions—including the Sultan's own family—have been patiently waiting for. The Young Turk Party—a liberal organization which demands a constitution for Turkey—has wrenched from the absolute despot his rule and power.

Abdul-Hamid is the thirty-fourth sultan of the Osman family, and is sixty-seven years old. His mother died of pulmonary trouble at the age of twenty-six, and his father also died of phthisis at the age of thirty-nine.

Abdul-Hamid came into the world, therefore, with the germs of the malady that carried off his father and mother, but so far he has succeeded in resisting them. Because of this affliction he has been called "sick man of the East."

Abdul-Hamid's infancy was spent in the harem among slaves and eunuchs. Sickly and lonely, he differed from his brothers and sisters in character, tastes and habits. He avoided his brothers' society and took no part in their games. A celebrated orientalist, who knew him well when a boy, said his face always wore a distrustful and cunning expression.

He always had the displeasure of his father who never spoke of him but with contempt. One evening

that the Sultan was at dinner with his sons he noticed an improper action of Abdul-Hamid and turning to a prominent gentleman present remarked: "I feel no uneasiness about my other children, but I'm afraid I can do nothing with him." Another time, speaking to an uncle of the former gentleman, he complained that his son Hamid showed a great fondness for intrigue. The official tried to defend the young prince and ventured to reproach the Sultan gently for his coldness toward him. "I am tired of that boy," replied the sovereign. "I tell you he is a born intriguer. He is not the one you can give too much rein." These incidents give an insight into Abdul-Hamid's early character.

The love of money is a characteristic trait in Abdul-Hamid and was noticeable ever since he was a child. His monthly income was about \$4,000, but unlike the other princes he had no debts, and kept his own accounts and managed the investments of his money and the revenue from his estate.

In his childhood he showed great antipathy for study and little aptitude for books. As is well known today, he is practically uneducated and ignorant of his own tongue.

His youthful mind inclined much toward superstition, and a new existence began for him when he met with a fanatical old woman, superstitious and a crafty intriguer. During the long evenings he passed the time with her, and other sorcerers and soothsayers, and was initiated into the mysteries of magic and astrology which were born and much practiced in the Orient.

Many astrologers or necromancers predicted that young Hamid would mount the throne and enjoy a long reign. And in time, little by little, the prediction came true. Abdul-Hamid studied the black art with fervor, not because it predicted he would mount the throne, but because it was to aid him to accomplish that object.

When his uncle was deposed in 1876 his brother ascended the throne under the title of Mourad V. But Mourad was on the throne but a short time until he began to show symptoms of intellectual incapacity. The moral tortures and some stirring events which happened caused a cerebral disorder which deprived the young sovereign of his reason.

Prince Abdul-Hamid, so envious of the throne, watched with great anxiety the progress of his brother's malady. He is believed to have practiced magic in hope of hastening its progress, and according to the statements of persons worthy of credence who lived at that time at the palace, the prince employed other unlawful means to make the invalid's condition worse. Owing to the state of the young monarch's health a provisional abdication was brought about which gave to the prince his long coveted desire—the throne. But Midhat, the eminent statesman, shortly before his proclamation compelled him to give a promise in writing that he would restore the throne to his brother as soon as he was cured. Later, after Midhat was exiled, by some accident his residence was destroyed by fire. It was, perhaps, thought that the precious document was in it. But Midhat had carried it away with him.

How faithfully this promise was kept is well known. Since his accession to the throne his brother's palace was closed to everyone not sent by the Sultan. Although since then Mourad has regained all his faculties he remained a prisoner and has suffered many insults and persecutions from his imperial brother.

It is said he originated a proposition suggesting putting to death the unfortunate brother because the law does not permit two sultans to exist at the same time. But this inhuman proposition was rejected.

Many are the means which he employs to get rid of troublesome people. Vengeance is his favorite dish and woe to the person who causes him to eat thereof.

He soon became fearful of Midhat, the man who had dethroned two emperors, and had his Grand Vizier arrested and sent into exile where later he was executed. The Sultan ordered his head sent to him to make sure of his death. Another time for some reason he was going to put one of his under-secretaries out of the way, but he learned of it and saved his life by fleeing to Paris.

A few years ago a prominent official published a work on morals, inspired by the Koran, which displeased the Sultan who had him arrested and exiled to Mecca. This act aroused great indignation among the ulemas and was considered an insult to Mahomet. Thus he proved himself not a good Mussulman and professes religion only as a political instrument and not for the moral uplifting of his subjects. He

detests Christians and frequently uses that term to designate a person in whom he has lost faith.

The author of another book, to whom I am indebted for my data, has been condemned by the Sultan to death and has sought refuge in a foreign country.

His nature, in fact, is cruel. An instance of this is shown in the famous drowning of the *softas* who had been dissatisfied with the Russo-Turkish war. Among the more recent cruelties are the massacres of 1896. Another recent incident is the exiling of 1,700 persons on suspicion of being implicated in a conflagration in the imperial harem.

These incidents and many others show the nature of a cruel tyrant who exiles or puts to death everyone against whom he has a real or imaginary grievance. His victims are rarely heard of again once they fall into his power.

This is a brief sketch of the Sultan whose thirty years' rule of tyranny and cruelties has only inspired fear and terror in the minds of his subjects; the one who seized his power by intrigue, kept it by force and cunning until liberalism which he has stifled for years has grown too powerful even for this absolute despot and has broken the chains which held it in abeyance and proclaimed: "We will not have this man to rule over us"; the tyrant who shall be known to all generations as the Red Sultan of Turkey.



A SHORT SERMON TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

Text: Behold there were many rejection slips.

ALL things have a beginning. No matter what the trade or profession may be, which we wish to enter, we must begin at the bottom. All writers must begin at the bottom, whether soon or late. It may be with the early efforts of a child, or the patient, painstaking work of mature years, when the mind, that has been slowly ripening, feels that feeling of unrest, that strong desire, to write; to tell the world your tales; to teach the world the truth enfolded in your essays. You have that desire to be a leader of men, and thought. As a poet you desire to make the nations sigh, and weep and laugh. You wish to be great—successful. You can be successful but you must avoid a good many things on the way. You must not be too much on the lookout for roses, or else the thorns will discourage you. And on the literary road there are more thorns than roses.

You and I may have begun to set our thoughts on paper ten years ago, but a beginning there was, and it had its doubts, its crudities, and its lack of self-confidence.

We have learned that there are many ways of beginning to write. The usual way is to begin alone and in nine cases out of ten in ignorance. After a while (if we have the courage to stick to our purpose) we do a little better. We are bound to do better. It

stands to reason that a persevering mind can do great things. We learn by degrees what we should have done, and what we should not have done. Slowly, wearily, and often—nay, always with an amazing waste of effort, so it seems, we increase ourselves, broaden out, widen our scope, attain the knowledge how to succeed.

While we write we must read what others have written. We must study human nature. The best study of mankind is man. When traveling in a railroad train, tired of reading, time hangs heavily on our hands. The ride grows monotonous. Why not try to describe the scenery we are passing? Why not try to describe the old gentleman who sits in front, the woman in the opposite aisle? The characters that hang around each station? There are a thousand things to absorb. Read, write, take notice, absorb. Read everything, even the ads in the trolley car. Saturate your being with literature.

It is a mistake to dabble in tragedy. A witty writer once said: "It is very pleasant to be sad when you haven't anything to be sad about." The story you are writing may gratify you, but you must always think of your public. Study the contents of the current magazines, and see just what they are printing. To the public, as a rule, life is serious, and they read your story for amusement, relaxation, and forgetfulness. Cheerful characters, bright, sparkling humor, a rosy atmosphere, live-happy-ever-after endings.

Personally I like the kind of endings that are sad. Endings that touch a responsive chord in one's soul and that make the reader remember the story he (or she) has read. I prefer the literature that sticks in one's bones—but, as I have mentioned above, there are our friends, (?) the editors, who demand the other kind of literature, and as they make out the checks, the other kind of literature they will have.

A story is not a mere creature of paper and ink. When you write a story, live it. You must be the principal character—walk like him, talk, suffer, laugh; do, achieve like him. Put your life's blood into your story. You may come out with a wilted collar and your hair sticking all ways for Sunday, but you must enter your work, not alone with your head, but with your heart and soul. You can't expect to reach other people's depths if you don't, at first, stir your own emotions.

Above all things, don't be too romantic. Put plenty of romance in your work, but don't overdo the waving pines, the silver moon, the ripple of the stream and clinging vines stunt. Use common sense in your peppering and salting of local color.

If you live ten miles out in the country, way back of sundown, don't write about the great city and society. Keep your low necks, Prince Alberts and

drawing room teas between the covers of your Laura Jean Libbey, and your Captains of Industry in the *New York Journal*. If you live in the city, don't write an essay on how to keep cows. If you are near the sea, for goodness' sake avoid writing about lumber camps, and if you live in a lumber camp, do not, under any consideration, write about starboard, port, and other nautical terms. Stick to one thing. Study that thing, learn all there is to be known about it, and become proficient in your subject. In time you can write about everything. But not yet. Soon you will have a whole world to write about. Human nature is the same all over. You will know about love, hate, discouragement, despair, success, and a million other elements that, if they are not in your head, they can be found in the dictionary. Study words. What they mean, where they come from.

Avoid being commonplace. You are not copying real life so much as you are transposing it. You may use a situation which not alone you, but most if not all of your public has experienced; the end of your story, the climax, must not be what it was, but what you would have liked it to be. Life is very well stocked with thrilling possibilities, but they are mostly only possibilities except when the imagination of the story-teller develops them.

As Charles Reade had a rule for writing: "You must have a thrill every thousand words." That was for a novel. For a short story the thrill must run the entire narrative. Suggested in the opening paragraph, continuing through the middle of your story, and, finally, at the end appearing with the force of a volcano—short, pithy, dramatic endings make a story. The rest is mere pudding. Have a good beginning and a good ending. But don't let your reader know what is coming. Keep him in ignorance of the outcome; make him expectant, and, then, why, fool him! Make him think your story is going to end one way and have it end in an entirely opposite direction.

Have a plot. Life is ever moving onward. We are here today; somewhere else tomorrow. The fiction writer must place his narrative like a gulf between his characters, at the opening and closing of his tale. Better or worse; changed in their attitudes toward life, or each other; they must be different. (If they are in the way kill them. This is a favorite method used by many writers.)

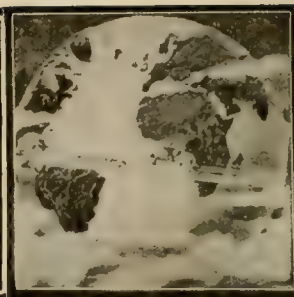
It is necessary that the interest have a proper focus. Your hero or heroine must occupy the center of the stage; cast a paler light on the other actors; blur them somewhat. They are only fabrics of a lighter shade, used to weave in with the brighter colors, thus making a brilliant composite whole, restful, graceful, delightful and pleasing to the mind and eye.

Be simple. Use short words. Make your sentences

(Continued on Page 733.)



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXVII. In the Toils of a Turkish Police.

"If I miss my boat, your city will have to support me till the next one," I said to myself, as the policeman led me up a long flight of stone stairs that was to take us—only Allah knew where.

Coolly he walked down the open hallway and entered a small office of some Turkish dignitary. Now I began to show less anxiety, and the big man in the chair, hearing the tale of the policeman, waved us out of his presence to some one higher in rank. Winding me up in this maze of difficulty, he next took me down through a group of soldiers who glared upon me as if I were a Bengal tiger that had just swallowed a native.

The next magistrate was at lunch. He was the first one to show a gleam of mercy, paid close attention to what I was saying to him before the policeman had made any statements to him, and said a few words to the officer who now acted as if the farce had ended in this office, and that he must take me back and "turn me loose."

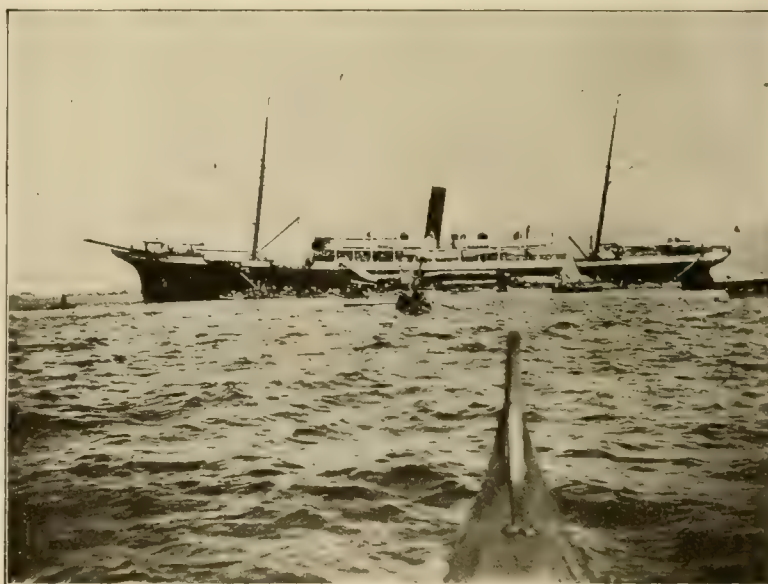
He was about to give me my freedom in a remote part of the city where I would have difficulty in finding my way back to the wharf. I remonstrated at this and told him it was his duty to see that I got back all right so that I might lose no time in getting out to my ship in case she for some reason had not sailed.

He did go with me, but at the same time he assumed control of my liberty and treated me just like his prisoner. Fortunately, when we emerged into the long, wide street running from the depot to the wharf, I saw the railroad agent coming on foot. He had received the train on which I came, attended to all of its business and had leisurely walked down town; while I, hurrying to make my boat, had not gained a single minute. I told him my trouble and he at once asked the officer to point me out the way to the wharf.

The real motive of the policeman was to extort money from me. Almost any one else would have given him a fair sum for the privilege of setting out

to sea at once rather than miss their boat. One dollar, or possibly twenty-five cents, would have set me free at the start. I do not intend to give a single cent for such low purposes on any part of my tour and will set an example of stubborn independence. Once giving way to these rascals will only make it harder for the next tourist who may not be as fearless as I.

A tall Arab was soon pushing me out toward the



I Am Being Taken Out to the "Lazareff."

Lazareff that was apparently still taking on more cargo. She was half hidden by other vessels anchoring between her and the beach and the tide had swung her end for end, so that she seemed to be moving. But I cheered my boatman and as I did so, some friend of his called out from the quay: "Make him give you two francs."

When about half way out he demanded his fee. I objected to paying him until he landed me, for as I had been warned by others, if I paid him now he would demand a second fare from me before he landed me on the ship. For passengers must demand that every piece of baggage be deposited on the deck of the vessel, together with themselves, before settling

for the boat hire. Of all my boatmen he was the most importunate and savage. But I sternly refused to hear him. When we reached the ship and I knew that I was to be one of its happy passengers again, he refused to land me, still shouting for his fee.

On deck the officers and passengers were intently watching us to see who would win out. They were taking my part. I was standing in the prow of the

I hired a Turkish boatman for forty cents to row me over to where lay our battleships, the *Brooklyn* and the *San Francisco*. I was homesick and weary of the many dangers through which I had just passed among foreign strangers.

The object of these war vessels was to defend our interests in the Turkish Mediterranean. Our consul had been fired upon by one of the natives and the Mohammedans were now threatening to break into and loot our American College at Beyrout. The honor and lives of the girls in attendance here were at stake. Both battleships had their guns trained upon the college and at the first impulse of an outbreak by the Moslem fanatics, were ready to hurl shells into the city.

We stopped first at the *Brooklyn* where I displayed my flag, the stars and stripes, and sent up my card. Soon I was invited to come up on deck.

It was the first battleship I ever saw at close range. There was such a splendid cleanliness and order about everything. It was a lesson of neatness and orderliness and system to the boys who were enlisted for a year or more in the sea service of Uncle Sam.

The boat proved to be much bigger than I had expected. The scene was marvelously

beautiful and powerful in aspect. They took me to the chaplain's stateroom and office. He was a Harvard man and enjoyed a more luxurious study aboard the *Brooklyn* than the preachers of the big churches enjoy in his city. I saw through the kitchens so sweet and clean, and entirely unlike the ordinary ocean ship. They were so wise, these good Americans in far-off Turkish waters, for they at once set to cooking me a great big dinner. What made this so much better, I didn't tell them I was hungry. They surmised that. They knew what I had to eat in countries outside of our own great bake oven land. So they killed the fatted calf for the wandering prodigal. I had boiled potatoes, boiled beef, American bread and cocoa. Then they gave me a fine lunch for my boatman who rowed me to the *San Francisco* a half mile distant, though because of the size of the vessels, apparently but a few hundred yards away.

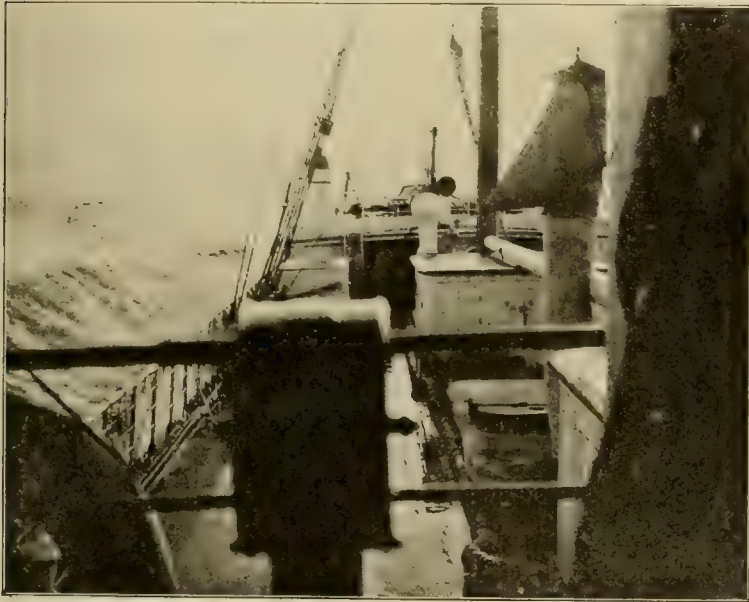
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SHOSHONE IRRIGATION DAM.

MAUDE HAWKINS.

IN northern Wyoming, east of Yellowstone Park, just below the junction of two forks of the Shoshone River it flows through a canyon of solid granite, with almost perpendicular walls several hundred feet high. In the narrowest portion of this canyon the govern-



Our Ship Plunged Below the Waves.

boat, about ready to leap off and swim to the vessel that now rocked heavily in the surging sea, when I would have paid him little or nothing. He was in the act of pushing his boat away from the ship so that I might be his captive at his will when a wave struck us, throwing our boat so close to the ship, I was able to seize hold of the flying steps and draw myself up out of his reach before he could get from the stern to the prow to prevent me, the passengers cheering me as I climbed, safe and sure, up on deck before them.

The Arab then came above after fastening his boat. Opening my hand I showed him four pieces of silver which I meant to have given to him if he had dealt fairly with me. Then removing one piece, I handed him the three pieces which he took while trying to hide his discomfiture by a forced grin.

The next morning we sailed into Beyrout that lies on a pretty bay at the foot of the proud Lebanon Mountains. On our right lay at anchor two fine men-of-war,—ordinary fighting vessels when compared with our biggest and best ones, but still magnificent enough in the eyes of an American far from home to call forth screams of delight.

On account of plague, the port was quarantined against us and no one was allowed to go ashore except those who expected to remain there.

As our ship would lie in the harbor for some hours,

ment has constructed a dam which will excel in height all other structures of the kind in the world. It is eighty-five feet wide on the bottom and two hundred feet long on the top. Its height is 328 feet, which is forty-eight feet higher than the Flatiron building in New York. The water it stores is sufficient to cover an area of ten square miles to a depth of seventy feet, or it would cover 456,000 acres one foot deep.

The engineering features of this dam are indeed wonderful. About 15,000 acres of valuable farming land in one of the most beautiful valleys in the West will be reclaimed by means of this irrigation project.

It is in a section of wonderful scenic grandeur. The soil is very fertile and it is free from cyclones, blizzards or severe storms. It is in close proximity to the most wonderful park in the world.

This was opened to settlers May 22. The farms are offered for settlement under the homestead law, but the actual cost of supplying the water to the land will be charged, which is about \$46 per acre, also one dollar per year per acre for the maintenance of the irrigation system.

Towanda, Pa.

THE PASSING OF THE BRIG

JOHN S. FERNALD

AMONG the various classes of "square rigged" vessels now closely following the little "pinkie" (see INGLENOOK of January 26) towards the port of Oblivion, the brig probably heads the fleet and will be the first to arrive there, or at the near-by haven of Total Extinction.

Whether or not the whole line of square riggers will ever be superseded by "fore-and-afters" is a mooted question, but the tide is now setting strongly in that direction.

The earliest form of sails was that now known as "lateen," still used to some extent in the East. This was gradually changed in the early centuries to what is known as the "square rig," by bringing the yard to a horizontal position and increasing the number of sails on each mast. As vessels increased in size and longer voyages were attempted the triangular sails, now known as jibs and staysails, and the fore and aft sail known as the "spanker," were added. Jibs are carried on a spar extending out from the bow of the vessel, and in larger craft on its extension called the "jibboom." Staysails are carried between two masts, or between a mast and the deck. The spanker is supported by the "gaff" above and the "boom" below, and is carried only on the after mast.

entine," with three or more masts, only one of which is Originally square riggers were of three kinds, the "ship," with three masts square rigged; the "bark," with two masts square rigged and one carrying the spanker only; and the "brig," with two masts, both



Brigantine and the Vessel Which Is Driving Her from the Ocean, the Fore-and-aft Schooner.

square rigged. Later modifications include the "barkentine," with three or more masts, only one of which is square rigged, and the "brigantine" or "hermaphrodite brig," with two masts, one square rigged and one fore-and-aft. In all combinations the square sails are carried on the forward masts, to assist in "tacking," but to explain the process and reasons of the same would require more space than we now have at our disposal.

The so-called "fore-and-aft" rig, which is driving the square rigger off the sea, and is herself being closely pursued by the powerful rival of both, the

steam propelled craft, came into existence as late as 1714. In that year Capt. Andrew Robinson of Gloucester, Mass., built a vessel, with two masts, and fore-and-aft sails on both. At the day of the launching no name had been found for the novel rig, and as the vessel slid from the ways into the harbor a bystander exclaimed: "How she schooners!" Capt. Robinson, hearing the remark, answered: "Then she must be a schooner," and that name has stuck to the rig till today, without regard to the number of masts. For more than a hundred years the idea of carrying square sails forward was clung to, and as late as 1845, when the schooner *Mary Farrow*, of one hundred and forty-eight tons, was built in Belfast, Maine, and rigged without a square sail, the wise ones said a vessel so large as that would never tack without square sails forward. They were greatly surprised, however, to see her beat out of the harbor and not once "miss stays" or "wear ship."

The brig takes her name from a private craft used in the Mediterranean, but the rig early became a favorite with the hardy seamen of Britain, Scandinavia, Holland and the countries of Southern Europe. In the early history of the American Republic, the stars and stripes were carried to all quarters of the globe at the masthead of this class of vessels. The great clipper ships of that day carried the larger cargoes, but where smaller lots were to be shipped the brig, of from fifty to three hundred tons, found no voyage too long or too dangerous. She penetrated the frozen Arctic Seas in quest of whales, brought valuable products from the Indies and China, in fact, wherever on this planet the foot of civilized man stood, there the American brig, manned by bold Yankee tars, was to be found. Like her larger sisters, the ship and the bark, our little two-master had a field to herself, and well she utilized it.

Doubtless other nations built and navigated brigs in about the same proportion to other craft as the United States, for the flag of every maritime nation on the globe was to be met with frequently adorning the masthead or "peak" of a brig. The official lists of the United States treasury department show that 224 brigs were built in this country in 1815; 197 in 1825; 80 in 1835; 87 in 1845; 126 in 1855. After 1856, when the number built was 103, the figures rapidly declined on brigs, while the number of schooners increased. Ships and barks fell off largely during the same period, but not to so great an extent as the brigs. The last brig built to fly the American flag was launched in 1880, and the total number now entitled to American registry is but five, while of her closely allied type, the brigantine, there are but six. These living brigs were built between 1872 and '78, and the brigantines from 1877 to '92. Nearly all were built and are now owned on the Pacific coast.

ON THE WING.

D. M. CLICK.

MAY 20 we left our home near Grand Junction, Colo., for a visit to Virginia, our native State. Twenty years have elapsed since I left the land of my childhood in the beautiful valley of the Shenandoah. The first part of our trip was made over the Midland Railroad through the beautiful, picturesque scenes of the Rocky Mountains. How wonderful are the works of God! Well may David say his wisdom is past finding out. One moment we behold the lofty snow-capped peaks, and then in another instant look hundreds of feet down into the chasm below us.

Our company consisted of my wife, four children, myself and my brother, N. S. Click. Our first stop was made at Rocky Ford, Colorado, where we visited cousin David Heckman's family and others. We attended church services twice, also Sunday school and Christian Workers' meeting. The brethren here have a large, well-arranged churchhouse with a number of efficient workers in the ministry; also we noticed that the young members were quite active in the young people's meeting. God bless our young people everywhere. May they willingly and actively take up the work assigned them so that they may be able to carry on the grand work of the church when it falls on their shoulders. Our visit with the Father's children here was very pleasant and we hope profitable to all who were concerned.

We should have stated that Brother Levi Hertzler of Fruita, Colorado, was also in our company. Though blind, he seemed to enjoy himself. Brother Hertzler attended the Annual Meeting and will visit with his relations in Pennsylvania during the summer.

We found the accommodations on the Midland Railroad all that we could ask for. They have clever and accommodating employees. From Colorado Springs we traveled over the Sante Fe Railroad to Chicago. Over this road we enjoyed the best of accommodations. We noticed while speeding over the great plains, that God has bountifully blest the tiller of the soil; the waving wheat and barley fields remind us of God's goodness to the children of men.

From Chicago to Harrisonburg, Virginia, we traveled over the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad and were somewhat disappointed in the accommodations on this road.

We reached Harrisonburg May 26 and were met by my brother-in-law, John Barnhart, and taken to the home of my wife's father, Philip Barnhart, at Hinton, six miles west of Harrisonburg. The next day we went to the conference grounds and here we met many of our old friends and relations, many of whom I had not seen for twenty years.

Our brethren had an ideal location for their meeting—a beautiful park well covered with grass, and timbered with all kinds of beautiful trees, such as the

oak, hickory, walnut, pine, maple, etc. The Annual Meeting was largely attended. On Sunday it was supposed there were over 30,000 people present. The best of order prevailed and the services were deeply spiritual. It was the best meeting of the kind we have ever attended. We will have more to say of the meeting in our next notes.

Hinton, Va.



INSECT POWDER.

DALMATIAN or Persian insect powder consists of the dried and pulverized flowers of two species of chrysanthemum (sub-genus *Pyrethrum*) of which one grows wild in profusion on the snowy mountain slopes of Montenegro and the neighboring districts of Albania, Dalmatia, Herzegovina, and Italy. The other species is a native of Asia Minor. The exportation of pyrethrum powder from Montenegro began in 1865. The price was very high, exceeding one dollar per pound until the cultivation of the plant was commenced in Dalmatia.

Extensive plantations were made in California in the eighties, in consequence of which the price of the powder in the United States fell suddenly to about 8 cents per pound. It was soon discovered, however, that the cultivation of pyrethrum in California diminished its potency, and the price of the European product rose in consequence of a renewed demand from America.

The best time to pluck the flowers is in the latter part of May, when they are just opening and possess greater insecticidal power than in the fully expanded condition. The flowers are bought by dealers, who dry them, obtaining one pound of dried from four pounds of fresh flowers. Nine or ten tons of the dried flowers are annually exported from Montenegro. Formerly they went almost exclusively to Trieste, whence they were distributed to Venice, Vienna, Budapest, and Berlin, where they were pulverized. In recent years an English firm in Podgoritzta has been endeavoring to capture the entire crop for a firm in New York. This firm bought 5 tons in 1906, and 7 tons in 1907. The flowers destined for America go first to London, where they are pulverized. In consequence of this attempt to corner the market the price has risen from 26 to 49 cents per pound.

For some purposes pyrethrum has been largely superseded by naphthalin, but pyrethrum powder is still employed extensively and effectively for the destruction of insects in the house and on the farm. The Montenegrin product is the best, probably because of the dry and cloudless summers of Montenegro. Even the stalks of the Montenegrin plants are said to furnish as strong a powder as the flowers produced in other countries.—*Prometheus*.

THE SCHOOL AND THE COMMUNITY.

INSTITUTIONS, like persons, have their influence, and play their part in the world's regeneration. The dictum that "no man liveth to himself and no man dieth to himself" is as true of a church, society, lodge, or school as of an individual man or woman. The world is full of mighty forces that shape our destinies; and, to deny it or acknowledge it, there is no human force more potent to civilize and uplift than that of the public schools.

The school possesses this deep influence mainly because it touches life at its most impressionable stage. The proverb of the bent twig and the growing tree is more than a mere proverb; it is a profound truth underlying all sane moral training. The priest who asked for the first ten years of a child's life must have been a close student of the human mind, and its phases of growth and development. With rare insight into the heart of things, that great man of business, John Wanamaker, has said, "Save a man, you save one person; save a boy and you save a whole multiplication table." Speaking of the inner life, what a man is at twenty, that will he be at forty and at sixty. But, during the first twenty years of one's life, it is far different. This is the formative, the period when life is in the making, when mind and soul are as wax to be moulded at will, when the child's character is plastic and may be worked like clay in the hands of a potter. And so because the school comes in contact with the child in this stage when his nature can be so moulded and directed, when the lessons here taught are as seeds sown in fertile soil, it is second only to the family in its enduring influence on society.

This deep and abiding influence of the school is due also to the fact that the school's training and guidance are felt by the child in a desultory way. Three-fourths of the calendar year is the school year. For the best six hours of the day, five days in the week, nine months in the year, the care of the growing boy and girl is in the hands of the school. There are some who would say that the family influence is much stronger and much more lasting than that of the school because it is felt by the child twelve months in the year, seven days in the week, and at all hours of the day. This is true, and is as it should be—when there is a family influence, and it is a beneficent one. Too often, however, the home influence is positively harmful. Often, too, the child is cheated out of the care and training that is rightfully his because of the business duties of the father or the social ambitions of the mother. Too often there is a feeling of indifference concerning the child's training on the part of one or both of the parents. Too often, the boy, especially, has no real home, but instead, a place where he may board and lodge with those who brought him into the world. And finally it is frequently the case, that the parent

does not understand his child, and has neither sympathy nor comradeship for him when he hungers for both.

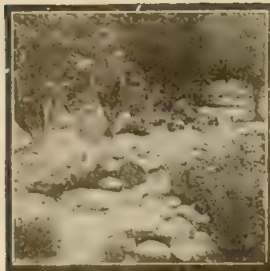
The ways in which the school exerts its influence upon the life of the child are many. From his books he acquires much, from his mates more than his books. The playground, the classroom, the study periods and the recitation periods are all charged with silent or spoken influence. And in this process of character-building and mind-development, the teacher plays a large part. For the wholesome influence of the true teacher can hardly be overestimated. How often has the wise teacher moulded the thoughtless lad or the heedless girl into a noble manhood or a gracious womanhood. How often has the teacher's righteous anger rebuked the shameful act which, left unchecked, would have in time cankered the growing life. How often has the timely word of reproof shamed the unmanly deed, and waked the latent sense of honor. The kindly word of encouragement, the friendly clasp of the hand that bespoke a loyal sympathy, the mere mention of a good book—these are little things, but how often have they been the influences that have made a man of the boy, a woman of the girl.

A generation ago the schools were looked upon much as charities. It was felt that the children should be furnished the opportunity of acquiring a passing knowledge of "the three R's." Farther than that the community felt it was in no sense bound to go. It was not recognized that primarily the school exists, not for the children, but for the community as a whole. It was not thought, as now, that the school should exist "because the state and society at large can get more out of an individual when he is educated than when he is not." Rarely was there any interest taken in educational affairs. When school meeting was attended, it was usually with the sordid end in view of keeping down the tax levy, or for the purpose of voting for a shorter term of school so as to decrease the running expenses for the ensuing year. High schools, in the true sense of the term, were unknown outside of the large cities. Libraries and laboratories were unthought of. Specially trained teachers were undreamed of. Almost any one could teach school, it was thought, and the average monthly salary paid to teachers was perilously near twenty-five or thirty dollars, with that of the principals and superintendents only about twice as much.

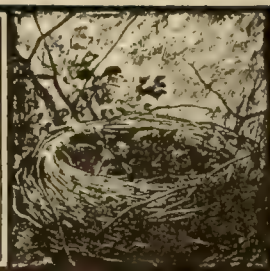
But in the last decade there has been an awakening. Today we are building up our schools, and are recognizing that "the schools are not charities, they are necessities, without which civilization would come to a standstill." We are taking pride in our high schools. We are demanding that our teachers be men and women of specially trained minds, fitted in every way to bring out the very best there is in our children. We are investing in single seats, books for the library, and

apparatus for the laboratory, and we recognize the investment a good one. We are equipping our buildings with steam heat and fire escapes. The wages of the average teacher have been doubled, and we feel that the money is well spent. The recent legislature has provided State aid for high schools that maintain normal courses, and hereafter students completing normal courses in standard high schools will be given certificates to teach. Indeed, it will be a very few years until a high school education, or its equivalent, will be required of every teacher in the public schools, whether that teacher wishes to teach in the city or the country. The day of the teacher with no more than a district school preparation is passing, and its passing means the coming of better schools.

There is yet, however, much that remains to be done. Our entire school system, and especially our high schools, must be made more practical. At present the high school is hampered in its work from the fact that there is a mistaken notion that all its work should be planned with the view of fitting the student for the university. The high school must be freed from this university incubus. The idea that the high school is merely a feeder to the university is a deplorable one. Not one student out of twenty will find his way to the university. Though the term itself savors of demagoguery, yet it is true that the high school should be "the people's college." It should be made to appeal to all classes of youth. The boy who is not naturally a studious boy is of more concern to society than the boy who takes to his books readily. The girl who leaves school in the seventh or eighth grade because she doesn't "see any use in going to high school," is the very one the high school ought to interest. Latin is an important study and should have its place in the high school curriculum by all means; but it should not be allowed to overshadow all else, and become a bugbear to the student who happens to lack the classical bent. So our high schools should be brought down nearer to the real life of the average boy and girl. Not every boy can be or cares to be a lawyer or a minister, nor does every girl care to be a teacher or writer, and for those who have other inclinations, there should be an opportunity and encouragement to excel elsewhere. So our high schools need more teachers, and broader and more liberal courses. Every high school should offer something in the way of a business course to interest the student who expects to go into some line of business. Manual training, too, should have a place in the modern high school, for ours is an industrial age, and many of our boys and girls could easily be interested in an industrial education. Our education should be not only of the head, but also of the heart and hand. Many of the boys who drop out in the first year of high school or in the eighth grade could easily be kept in school by the aid of a few classes in manual



NATURE STUDIES



THE STORY OF BOB WHITE.

THE story of Bob White is simply told, as becomes the life of a simple member of the quail family. Many interesting facts concerning the habits of the bird, its usefulness to the farmer and its popularity on menu cards are told.

There are seven members of the quail family in the United States. The most beautiful species occur in the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast.

Of the seven species only one, the Bob White (*Corlinus virginianus*), is indigenous to the eastern United States, where it ranges from southern New England to Florida and Texas. The sub-species, the Florida Bob White and the Texas Bob White, are recognized by scientists.

Owing to the climatic influences, the birds of Florida and of Texas differ enough to be distinguished as geographic races. But wherever it occurs, the Bob White has the same call and varies little in habits.

The Bob White proper is a handsome bird, but is the plainest of the seven species, with the exception of the cotton top or scaled quail of the deserts of southern Texas and Arizona. The latter is slaty bluish on the upper parts, which are ornamented with scale-like markings, and has a whitish crest.

The most bizarre and curious of all is the Merns quail of the high, broken plains and mountain slopes of southwestern Texas, southern New Mexico and Arizona.

It looks not unlike a little guinea hen. It is the gentlest and most unsuspecting of the quail family and is frequently killed with a stick or a stone by persons who encounter it in their walks. The people in the region which it inhabits have given it the name of fool quail on account of this trait.

The Bob White is the most widely distributed and popular game bird in the United States. While it is rapidly being exterminated, its preservation could be secured very easily, for unlike most wild fowls or animals, it does not vanish with the growth of agriculture but increases when not molested by hunters.

The Bob White is called a quail in the Northern, Western and Middle States while in the Southern States it is known as a partridge. Both names were brought to America by English colonists. The name Bob White is from the familiar call note of the bird.

In some of its characteristics the bird differs strik-

ingly from other members of the family. "For example, the crest—a well-developed adornment of several closely related American quails—in Bob White is invisible except when the bird is excited."

The common Bob White ranges more or less generally over the eastern half of the United States and southern Ontario, except in the colder mountainous parts, from Maine to Florida, and west to South Dakota, Kansas and Texas. In addition colonies have been introduced and found to thrive in Colorado, New Mexico, Utah and the island of Jamaica. The bird has also been found in limited numbers in Cuba, Mexico and Guatemala.

In the field, the nuptial call note of the cock bird is an infallible guide to its identity. This familiar challenge, sounding to the sportsmen like "Bob White," "Bob-Bob-White," and to the farmer like "more wet" or "no more wet," is by no means the only note of the species during the breeding season.

It was the good fortune of the writer during the last week in June, 1902, to hear the nesting note and other calls. Again and again the cock left his distant perch where he had been whistling "Bob White" and, still calling, approached the nest on the banks of a little sluggish briery run between open fields.

When within fifty yards of his mate he uttered the rally note, so thrilling to the sportsmen in the fall, "ka-loi-kee," which the hen often answered with a single clear whistle. Then followed a series of queer responsive "caterwaulings," more unbirdlike than those of the yellow-breasted chat, suggesting now the call of the cat to its kittens, now the scolding of a caged gray squirrel, now the alarm notes of a mother grouse, blended with the strident cry of the guinea hen.

As a finale sometimes came a loud, rasping noise, not unlike the effort of a broken-voiced whip-poor-will.

The call of the hen to her youngsters is invariably "ka-loi-kee, ka-loi-kee," while the youngsters respond "whoil-kee." At close range the whistle of the bird loses all its melody and becomes a nasal shriek almost painful to the ear.

As many as forty-two eggs have been found in the nest of a Bob White. The main breeding season for the Bob White in the Northern States is May, June

and July, although Professor Robert Ridgeway, curator of ornithology in the Smithsonian Institution, found a nest of Bob White eggs in southern Illinois in the middle of October.

Another naturalist found a nest filled with eggs in Missouri in January, on which the mother bird was found frozen. Two or three broods have been produced in a season.

There is a tendency among Bob Whites toward local migration. In Virginia and Maryland particularly they leave their summer homes on the approach of winter and congregate near the large water courses.

The habit of the bird during the hunting season is to move about most actively and feed in the early morning and late afternoon. The best shooting is to be had the hour before sunset, in the places where the birds have decided to spend the night. They roost on the ground, forming a solid ring, with tails in and heads out.

The Bob White as an ally of the farmers is chiefly valuable as a destroyer of weed seeds. Professor Judd made an estimate of what the Bob White would accomplish in this line for the farmers of the two States of Virginia and North Carolina from the beginning of September to the end of April.

He allowed four Bob Whites to each square mile of land, which is a low estimate, and would give 354,820 in the two States. The crop of each bird holds half an ounce of seed and is filled twice a day.

Since at each of the two daily meals weed seeds constitute at least half the contents of the crop, a half ounce daily is thus consumed by each bird, and on this basis the total consumption of seed in the two States covering the period mentioned would amount to 1,341 tons. A similar calculation shows that 340 tons of destructive insects would be consumed by the birds in the same period. The Bob White eats the Rocky Mountain locust, the chinch bug, the potato beetle, the cotton boll weevil and cotton worms and army worms.

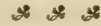
Professor Judd estimated that with proper management some farms of from 500 to 1,000 acres would yield a better revenue from the raising of Bob Whites for the market than from poultry growing. In North Carolina many farms yield a regular income by this industry.

The shooting rights are leased to sportsmen who pay considerable sums for the privilege. In some places in Maryland, Virginia and North Carolina sportsmen pay from five to twenty-five cents for every bird shot.

Millions of dollars can be realized by the proper management of the quail crop of the United States. No game is so much sought for in the market as quail.

"The writer" says Professor Judd, "knows of a

single dealer in Washington who in 1902 sold 100,000 quail. The present price is \$3 to \$5 a dozen, yet Audubon tells us that in 1810 the birds could be bought for 12 cents a dozen and in 1851 for 50 cents a dozen."—*Selected.*



FASCINATION OF THE ORCHID.

HALF a century ago orchids had not attracted any great amount of attention, while today it is quite the thing to be interested in their culture. But it cannot be denied that there is a subtle fascination about the flowers of the orchid which one does not find in ordinary plants. Always curious in form, the blossoms of some of the varieties are almost grotesque in design, whilst the colors of the different species are of an infinite diversity, the like of which may not be found in any other group. Once to engage in the cultivation of the orchid is to become a slave to the influences of the bewitching flowers, and your true collector is never so happy as when among his treasures.

Where there is a demand there will also be a supply, and with the tremendous boom in orchids has come into existence the specialist in this plant—a man who devotes the whole of his life to the serious business of growing, importing and producing varieties of orchids. It is only by visiting an orchid establishment that one may realize what an important commercial industry has sprung into being. Here we shall find large greenhouses, under the care of experts, entirely given up to the cultivation of orchids, each structure filled with thousands of plants of all ages and sizes, from the small seedling up to the well-established plant, gay with its cluster of lovely flowers.

All parts of the world send their contribution to the grower's collection, for orchids are indigenous to almost every country. To imitate nearly the natural conditions which each species demands has called forth not a little ingenuity on the part of the horticulturist, and, indeed, there are still varieties which baffle the grower, even with the best of modern appliances at his command. Many kinds of orchids do not root in soil at all, being entirely epiphytal in habit, the plants attaching themselves to tree trunks. For such as these, an intensely damp atmosphere must be maintained in order that the air roots may be able to find a sufficiency of moisture. As opposed to these, some of the orchids from the temperate regions require a cool and rather airy house, and would not thrive well under very humid conditions.

The only way in which the florist may raise new varieties of orchids is from seed—the system of artificial cross fertilization of the flowers being brought into requisition to obtain the hybrids. This is a laborious process, calling for an immense amount of patience. Orchids are among the most capricious of plants, and the experimenter is more often than not

(Continued on Page 744.)

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THE apostolic injunction to "be content with such things as ye have," doesn't mean that we are to be satisfied with our present attainments. "On to perfection" is given as our watchword in character building, and our growth in this direction is greatly increased when we leave off fretting about the accumulation of material things.

PERHAPS in no other one way are more efforts for improvement in some particular line nipped in the bud than by the calculating, indifferent individual who points out this or that other thing that is as much or even more in need of improving. We cannot all be equally interested in one line of work, but it would be a good thing all around if we had the grace to lend encouragement in word or deed to every good work, knowing that the success of one only increases the chances of success for another.

SUCCESS, in its generally accepted meaning, is a relative term. A man is said to be successful when he has reached a certain goal. If he falls short of it he is called a failure, although along the road leading to the coveted goal he may have won victories whose ultimate influence will place him far beyond the prize which he once considered dear. On the other hand, the man who has won an abundant possession of that for which he has striven sometimes finds that the success so-called has been the most potent influence in bringing him defeat farther on in the race. Let us be slow to put down as a failure our own or others' efforts so long as they have been honest and earnest.

EARLY reports of the casualties of the Fourth, while still gruesome and pointing to much suicidal carelessness, give some encouragement to those who have endeavored to enlist the people in a sane observance

of the day. Among the leading cities Chicago and Washington are especially noted this year for the success of their efforts in this line. With these examples of what can be done other cities should lend a hand to the work of reform. In the meantime a campaign of education should be carried on through the medium of the press and other agents so that people may become thoroughly aroused to the necessity of aiding every reasonable effort to do away with the things that spread the pall of suffering and death over a day that should bring rejoicing to every one.

PLEA FOR TRADE SCHOOLS.

IN the East and in the West some of our leaders in the educational field continue to agitate the question of industrial education in our public schools. Recently E. G. Cooley of Boston, formerly superintendent of Chicago schools, raised his voice in a plea for trade schools in a session of the National Council of Education at Denver. His speech was in part as follows:

"Since there are two million boys and girls to be educated for the professions as against thirty million who must depend on the labors of their hands and sweat of their brows to live, it is essential that immediate changes should be made in the present educational system.

"The schools of the plain and common people are attempting to give to their pupils an opportunity to acquire the social heritage of truth and ideas resulting from the laborious investigations and profound meditations of all past ages. The leisure class theory of society has dominated the educational theories of the schools. The privilege of acquiring the social heritage has been given to certain selected members of society who are planning to follow the professions.

"While we have talked glibly about giving every boy a chance to become President of the United States, every one knows that the chances of this happening are only one in several millions. These chances hardly justify keeping the training of all children along the lines that seem likely to profit the few. Such a theory of opportunity as this can hardly be called democratic, and the so-called democratic opportunity of becoming President is not a real opportunity to get the kind of education demanded by the conditions of modern society.

"A system of schools that permits an increase in the number of the exploiting class can hardly claim to be democratic, when we recall the percentage against the great mass ever realizing any advantage from it."

Perhaps the fact that the present system of education encourages an increase in the number of the exploiting class when the percentage is so great against the majority ever realizing any advantage from it, may largely account for the efforts of so

many to escape the life of manual labor which they should follow, giving us the large third class which by hook or crook maintains its existence by its raids upon the other two.

Clearly the schools are not giving the people all they have a right to demand in the way of preparation for life's duties. Whether industrial education, even in its best interpretation, is the only improvement needed, remains to be seen. And see it we will, for its advocates have too much argument on their side to be put off without a thorough test of the plan. Then if the ultra enthusiasts or extremists can be kept within reasonable bounds we may see one child as thoroughly equipped for his life work as another and the boast about equal rights and privileges will have some foundation.



THE COMIC SUPPLEMENT.

MORE than two years ago on this page we expressed ourselves somewhat freely on the above subject under the heading, "Something about the 'Funnies.' " Our examination of these pages of the modern newspaper and our observations of their influence convinced us of their power for evil and we endeavored to open the eyes of parents to the harm they were doing in allowing this poison to be taken in by their children. Since that time other periodicals have carried on a persistent war against the comic supplement and the result has been that some of the leading newspapers have cut this feature out of their Sunday issues.

The Boston *Herald* was one of the publications which had the courage to do this. At the time it was predicted that they would lose largely by their folly (?) but after an eight months' trial they have no desire to again adopt "this miserable attempt at humor." Here is what the *Herald* itself says on the subject:

"The *Herald* had no difficulty in finding substitutes for its colored pages. Not only has the abandonment of the comics been praised by social and other organizations and by individuals whose interest is general, but the approval from the homes into which the *Sunday Herald* enters has been the most convincing evidence that a colored comic is not essential even to the amusements of the children. It is an unfortunate estimate of the American people that assumes that the grosser and the lower is the most popular. We believe it worth while to recognize a different standard of popularity. The demand for the 'comic' is overestimated."

In commenting on the *Herald's* statement the New York *Outlook* says: "The plea put forward by all those who pander to the taste of the public instead of trying to lead it, or even to meet it on higher levels, is itself a confession. The public does not want vulgar things. There is a vulgar vein in a good many people

to which appeal can be made, but there are better things in these people to which finer things will appeal with even more force. The so-called comic supplement, as at present issued, is a device to coin money as rapidly and with as little trouble as possible. The public does not want it; for the public wants its children to be decently educated; it does not want them to be vulgarized in taste, manners, and ideals. A little more editorial energy, a little lifting of editorial standards, a little sense of editorial responsibility, and possibly the expenditure of a little more money, will substitute for the present indefensible vulgarity of the so-called comic supplement decent drawing and decent text."

It is to be hoped that the opposition to the "comics" will continue to be agitated until they are entirely displaced by matter that will have only a beneficial influence.



A SHORT SERMON TO LITERARY ASPIRANTS.

(Continued from Page 723.)

short. Don't try to make literature. Write your thoughts as you think them. When you write differently than you think, you are manufacturing, and there is a straining after effect. Do not think that your thoughts are so original that they will not be recognized as being worth anything. *Be original.* The successful author is the one who is not afraid to send forth a story that is different, new, out of the ordinary. Not new themes in old dress; not old themes in new dress. But altogether different.

In conclusion: Don't be discouraged. You will receive more rejection slips (I can prove it) than checks. Don't write so much for the money that there is in it, as the experience you are getting is worth more. The recompense, the reward, both of money, fame and recognition will come on you before you are really prepared to receive it. Like Byron, you will awake some morning and find yourself famous.

Then when you are basking in the sunshine of your achievements, you will thank those editors and publishers because they refused your first efforts, which were crude and unfinished. Every rebuff, every refusal, every adverse criticism, will only spur you on to improvement if you have in you the element that spells

Success.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.



Big things are only little things put together. It is encouraging to think of this when confronted with a big task. Remember that it is only a group of little tasks, any one of which you can easily do. It is ignorance of this fact that makes some men afraid to try.—*W. P. Warren.*



THE HOME WORLD



THE PREVALENT USE OF SPECTACLES

DR. O. H. YEREMAN

THE mechanism of the different ranges of vision is produced by the increase and decrease in the convexity of the crystalline lens produced by the ciliary muscle. When in a healthy condition, this little muscle is able to change the focus of the eye instantly from the viewing of the far distant fields to the discerning of the finest print close at hand. But after many years of strenuous service, the ciliary muscle begins to wear out, and at the age of forty to forty-five years the average person is not able to focus his eyes for fine print. This inability to focus for reading is technically called presbyopia, and is due to other anatomical changes besides the wearing out of the ciliary muscle. The advent of these changes is evidenced by difficulty of reading fine print by artificial light; by having to hold the book farther away than before, to be able to see well; by inability to thread a fine needle, and to work on black or dark goods.

With many these changes are evidences of approaching old age, and unwilling to allow their friends to find it out, they force their fagged out ciliary muscles to active duty until, after a short period of desperate effort, they are completely exhausted, never again to perform their delicate important work. When this

glasses necessarily indicates the aging of the individual, as our present day strenuous life with much close work and reading predisposes many to an early weakening of the ciliary muscle, necessitating the early use of glasses. If, instead of putting off the use of glasses until compelled to do so, at the first sign of



Perfectly-fitting Glasses.

the appearance of presbyopia, the eyes were tested by a competent oculist, and glasses employed whenever the eyes are subjected to prolonged use at close work, thus giving help to the weakening ciliary muscle, its strength could be maintained and its services enjoyed for quite a few years longer.

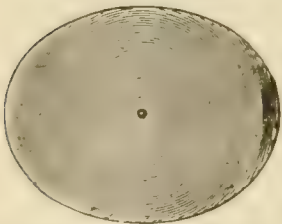
I am treating the wife of a lawyer at present, who although young in years, has made the fatal error of overtaxing her ciliary muscles, until they absolutely



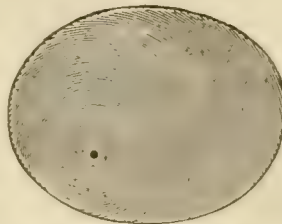
Ill-fitting Glasses.

refuse to act; and she can not force them to do so, even with the aid of glasses.

I suggested the employment of an oculist for testing the eyes, because of the thorough understanding of the entire organ of vision which he is supposed to have. For the benefit of many who do not differentiate between an optician and an oculist, let it be understood that an optician may be a jeweler, or any individual who, having learned the rudiments of the mechanism of vision, tests eyes and fits glasses for such common trouble as presbyopia. An oculist, on



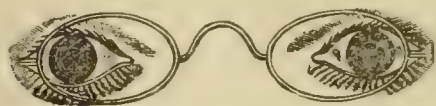
Axis of Glass in Center.



Axis of Glass Eccentric.

condition takes place, the only remedy is to place a pair of glasses in front of the eyes to increase the convexity of the lens artificially, and bring the rays of light to a focus on the retina—the seeing part of the eye. It is a mistake to think that the use of

the other hand, is a physician, having completed his education as a doctor of medicine, and passed his State board examination, and obtained a license to practice his profession; and who, after a few years of such practice, decides to limit his studies and attention to the diseases of the eye. This man is backed by a knowledge of the entire human body and



Frames Too Narrow.

its diseases. His experience in practice has taught him the relation of the eye to these other organs. His knowledge is therefore not limited to the mechanism of vision; but embraces every disorder from which the eye may suffer. He is able to look inside of the eye, and examine its nerves, bloodvessels, lens, and other important structures. He is qualified to treat the various diseases of the eye, and operate on it whenever it becomes necessary. The insidious onset of many diseases can be discovered on the delicate membranes on the inside of the eye, and many a person has been saved life-long misery by the early discovery of such



Frames Too Wide.

diseases by his oculist. I well remember a man who came to me from a long distance some years ago. All he wanted was a pair of reading glasses; but a careful examination of the interior of his eyeball showed signs of degeneration of the optic nerve due to the use of tobacco. He was informed of it and urged to stop its use immediately, which he did and saved himself from blindness. Many diseases of the kidney first manifest themselves in the eye, so that it is advisable at all times to go to an oculist and get competent service.

But what about the traveling man who poses himself as a specialist, and goes from town to town peddling glasses? It is safe to believe that a competent man will have all he can do at home, without needing to peddle his wares from town to town. So numerous are their acts of deception that I must tell you of one of them. Two years ago one of these "Professor Eye Specialists" went to Frederick City, Md. Among his other victims was an elderly lady having trouble with her eyes, whom he told that unless she bought glasses of him she would go blind. Thus he scared the lady into buying three pairs of gold (?) glasses, for which she paid him ninety-three dollars. One pair was to be worn for distant seeing, another pair

for reading, and the third pair was to be worn one hour each day as a tonic (?) to her eyes. In a few hours the sheriff was looking for this charlatan, but it is needless to say that he had already left town. The deception of many in this manner has made the pendulum of opinion swing to the opposite side, and many a man will declare that glasses from the ten-cent store or the hardware shop are just as good as those for which you pay a fancy price. This is the other extreme. There is a great deal of difference in the quality as well as the manufacture of lenses. Between the ten-cent glasses of the hardware store and the hundred dollar lens of the microscope, there is a great deal of difference. Aside from the quality, however, the proper center of the lens is of the highest importance.

Rays of light passing through the focal center of a lens are not refracted (or bent) at all, and the degree of refraction varies with the distance from the focal center. Rays of light passing through a properly centered lens are focused on the most sensitive part of the retina, called the fovea centralis. A decentered lens would focus rays of light on some other part of the retina; and not only force this less sensitive portion of the eye to do work for which it is not intended, but also cause the decay of the fovea centralis by misuse.

The middle ground between these two extremes is the safe one. The "stamped out" defective glasses of the drugstore are injurious to the eye, while the exorbitant price of the traveling "specialist," for his fancy glasses, is injurious to the pocketbook. A fair price paid to an honest oculist, will protect both the eyes and pocketbook.

I am often asked how long a pair of glasses should last. There is no hard and fast rule governing this; but an average for reading glasses is five years. Some may be able to wear them longer; others not so long, but five years is a fair average. We must remember, however, that this applies only to glasses used by elderly persons for reading purposes.

It is not only necessary that the right lenses be used, but it is equally important that the frames fit the face properly. The center of each lens should be in front of the pupil of each eye, and be kept there in an erect, and not slanting, position. We are so particular about our clothing, shoes, gloves, etc., fitting us; and yet the proper fitting of frames is more essential than any of these. Therefore the best lenses in proper frames, fitted by a competent man, are what tired eyes need; and as we are given only one pair of eyes during a lifetime, we can ill-afford not to give them the very best of care.

THE MISSING COAT.

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

"I BELIEVE I'll give father's coat to my brother," said Mrs. Devine.

She was looking things over after the funeral, as one always must do, no matter how lonely and dreary the house seems. And, indeed, who has not noticed that when a dear one has left us, the home seems utterly empty as if there were nothing left.

On this bright spring morning, Mrs. Devine thought it a good time to examine her husband's belongings and put some of them away. When the lady found time to look for the coat, she could not find it anywhere.

"I think it is so strange," the mother said to her daughter, "that I can not find the coat."

"We'll surely find it somewhere," Louise answered cheerily.

But in spite of this assurance the mother never again saw the missing garment.

Five years later it was found on the floor of the unfinished attic, destroyed by rats and mice. One who could not bear to see the coat given away had placed it in the unused room.

As for the brother, he never possessed a coat as warm as the one his sister so kindly planned to bestow upon him. Many a chilly day, he shivered in the wind when going to and from his work.

It was well that the mother never knew why she was disappointed in her project. Now she is sleeping the "last long sleep."

I thought as I looked at the remnants of the once useful garment, What a pity! Then the words spoken by the lowly Nazarene came to my mind: "Lay not up for yourselves treasures upon earth where moth and rust doth corrupt, and where thieves break through and steal. But lay up for yourselves treasures in heaven where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt and where thieves do not break through nor steal."



A LITTLE GIRL'S GRANDFATHER.

My grandfather is a pretty sober man. He doesn't ride you on his foot, he doesn't chase you with his shaving brush; but I guess he likes little girls.

One night I woke up when my auntie came to bed. The room was all black. I wasn't a bit sleepy. I could hear kind of queery things outside. My pillow felt like a miserbul pillow. My auntie said: "Oh, do lie still! Do go to sleep!" Then I lay still. The ocean was making a mornful sound. I wished I could see my mother. I hoped she wouldn't die before I got home. Once there was a little boy—he was horrible naughty to his mother, and she died that very night. I wished I could tell my mother I was

sorry for every naughty thing I ever did so long's I lived.

My auntie said: "What is the matter? What are you crying about?"

She said a good many things to me. She said she was wore out. I wished my father would come and take me in his arms and carry me home right off. I got all chokled.

Pretty soon my auntie said: "See what you have done, you naughty girl! You've waked up your poor tired grandfather!"

It seared me very much. I hugged my pillow tight.

My grandfather came in. He said "What's this?"

My auntie said: "She won't try to stop. She ought to have a whipping!"

Then I cried out loud. I put my hands over my mouth, but I only cried worsen.

My grandfather said, "Oh, well, well, well, well, well!"

He sounded just as good—sounded as if course he wouldn't whip me. He said, "Your grandmother has sent you a drink of water."

It was very kind of my dearie grandmother. I sat up in bed. My grandfather put his hand on my shoulders. It is a nice big hand. The light shined in at the door, and stopped its being such a dreadful dark. It was beautiful water.

My grandfather said, "You don't want to cry any more, my daughter."

I said, "No, grandfather."

He seemed as if he knew I wanted to be a good girl. He seemed to like me just as well. I laid down in bed. My pillow felt like a good pillow. My grandfather put his hand on my head. He said, "I would go right to sleep, my daughter." I said, "Yes, grandfather"—and next I knew 'twas morning!—*Marcia Cary, in Congregationalist.*



TO CHRISTIAN PARENTS.

A MOTHER was expressing to a Christian of great experience her anxiety for her children's salvation. Her answer may comfort other anxious parents.

"My dear," she said, "I have gone in and out among a large circle, and have watched many families grow up around me, and my experience is that parents get what they work for in their children.

"If parents desire, above all things, that their children should be obedient, they turn out obedient; if they desire them to be rich, they are rich; if well educated, they are well educated; if brought up for the world, they are worldly; and if for Christ, they grow up Christ's."

There is much truth in this. Though no Christian parent would knowingly bring up his child for the world, yet the associations, the training, and the in-

spirations are too often worldly. As the young tree is bent, so will it grow.

Should not all parents ask themselves seriously, "What is my chief desire for my children? and am I working to accomplish it?"

What we work for we should also pray for. Some parents only pray, some only work; let us do both. It is God who giveth the increase.

There is a solemn warning, as well as encouragement in his Word: "God is not mocked: whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." May it be "life everlasting"!—*Selected.*



"IN FLY-TIME."

DR. WALTER M. CROSS, city chemist of Kansas City, gives the following methods of exterminating the house fly as published in the *Kansas City Star*. The first remedy advocated is plenty of soap and hot water well supplied with a scrub rag, wherever the flies may congregate, and especially in the kitchen. A thorough application of this, aided by a sharp stick, to the cracks, crevices and corners, moldings and isolated places about the rooms, will kill eggs deposited therein last fall and early winter before fly-time ended. For the new crop, the advance guards of which are just now appearing, he recommends the following, which he has tried and found successful. He says the flies are not prohibitionists, and like the taste of beer. At night place an ounce (two tablespoonfuls) of beer in a saucer and drop into it a pinch—about two grains—of arsenic of soda; as soon as daylight comes, the flies wake up with a horrible thirst, and swoop down on the saucer of beer and take long draughts of the brew. Presently they get the stomach-ache bad, and a few minutes later they are dead. The saucer should be removed before the daily routine of the housework begins; otherwise, the dead flies may be dropping in the cookery preparations. Where there are little children, the saucer of poison should be put out of their reach.

Another way recommended is by hanging. Flies can not resist the desire to roost on a pendant cord or string. Take equal parts of rosin and sorghum molasses and boil them until the rosin is in solution; then dip twine strings in the mixture, and hang the strings so as to make them inviting to flies. They will go for these strings like a hungry dog to a hunk of beef; the combination of roosting place and molasses to eat is so attractive they can not resist it. The mixture in which the strings were dipped is the same as that used on commercial sticky fly paper.

Of course, the string with its load of flies should be taken down and burned every morning and new ones strung up in their place. The methods are inexpensive, and should be tried. Flies are worse than a nuisance—they are disease carriers.—*The Com-moner.*

The Children's Corner

THE NEW WELL BUCKET.

ONE day, fifty years ago, a little boy stood watching his old grandfather as he put a new bucket on the well pole. The old bucket that for more than a fourth of a century had swung in the curb, drawing up each day pailful after pailful of clear, cold water from the well's dark depths, had at last become so warped and cracked that it was no better than a basket for holding water.

Sanborn Fairweather was the little boy's name, and he had watched with keenest interest his grandfather getting this new bucket ready for the well pole.

It was an emptied paint cask, holding a large pailful of water, and to cleanse it of paint he had built a bonfire in it of straw and birchbark, which quickly burned away its oily smearings. Then it had been carefully scraped and washed and fitted with four new iron hoops, and the old bucket's strong iron ears and bail.

"There! The new bucket is hung at last, good and strong, grandpa," Sanborn gleefully cried as the pole, being let free, swung up above the curb, the stout bucket dangling from its rusted chain. "How much water, guess, grandpa, will it haul out of the well before it gets as worn out and leaky as the old bucket?"

"Enough to fill a millpond, child, I'll guess, if it swings in the curb for thirty years, as did the old one."

"Come, Sanborn, you and I will draw up the first bucketful of water, but I'll not be here to help draw the last one," and grandpa's face grew very thoughtful.

"Here she goes!" Sanborn shouted, giving the well pole a strong, quick pull that sent the long, heavy sweep creaking up in the air, and the bucket with a jerk and swing down into the deep well.

Grandpa Fairweather laid his shaky old hands on the pole as the bucket filled, and helped little Sanborn draw up the brimming measure dripping with cold, clear drops.

"What makes you whisper, grandpa?" Sanborn asked, as together they lifted the bucket to the curb's plank floor; "are you talking to me?"

"No, child, but to God. I was asking him that everyone who in the many long years to come shall draw water from this well shall also draw living water from the fountain of life, Christ's love."

"Oh!" was all that Sanborn said, but in after years when he came back to the old home and saw the swinging well bucket, he thought of his grandfather's prayer and of the well of living water of which whosoever will may drink.—*Exchange.*



THE QUIET HOUR



BLESSED SOLITUDE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Blessed solitude, the hour
 When the soul communes with God;
 Through its ways of meditation
 Hath our Savior often trod.
 Oft communing with the Father,
 Silently he walked apart,
 Till he felt the inner spirit
 Speaking through his loving heart,
 Then he spoke unto the people,
 Gave his messages, divine,
 So the light of all his wisdom,
 In their souls might, also, shine.
 Let us, too, then, in the silence,
 Learn, our Father's voice to hear;
 So he'll always guide our footsteps
 And be ever seeming near.

Philadelphia, Pa.



SOMETHING ABOUT TRUTH.

J. S. FLORY.

A CERTAIN minister said, "The supreme event in history was the revelation of the truth in Jesus Christ.

"The transcendent privilege of man is to know the truth.

"Man's greatest need is the power to harmonize his life with the truth.

"Truth is larger than the Bible.

"The revelation of God may be complete, but it is folly to say the limits of man's understanding of it are fixed.

"It is impossible for one generation to formulate truths which will meet all the needs of future generations.

"Creeds have a needful place in our lives, but out of place, they are a menace to our spiritual existence."

These ideas are significant and ought to make us ask, "What is truth?" The mistake so often made is to put our own interpretation on what God or Christ really means in the book we call the Bible. The different meanings claimed by finite men is what has caused the turmoil of religious persecutions in the ages past and always will cause trouble until we learn the right way to interpret the Bible. When we make our lives an interpretation of what truth is and there is a clear harmony in living the Christ life with Christ's character and the characters of those who proved they were born of God by their all-righteous living, there

will then be no doubts as to what is the real pregnant truth of Christianity; that and that alone will open wide the gates of gospel grace into the "City."

The worldly man or woman who becomes so thoroughly made over as to demonstrate to the casual observer that they are no longer conformed to this world and the governing power of mind has so completely transformed their lives that every discordant note will be silenced, then he or she may go on like the Master to conquer and continue conquering until victory is won. No one has any fault to find with the church of the Living God who is alive to every known duty. It is the halt and lame who find the law of liberty a hard task to accept. The pilgrim whose feet are shod with the preparation of peace has no fault to find even if the way does lead by the "boggy man" of the proud world. He started on the route Christ traveled from Gethsemane to Calvary, hence no regrets. He knows the crown is after the cross. Everything in its order.

Truth is the same now it ever was. The larger it comes to us the more we have reason to rejoice. One thing sure, no child of God can outgrow the truth. It may make the child grow up to the full stature of a perfect man in Christ, our federal Head. The food Daniel lived on proved to be better than the food of the proud king and even he had to confess temperance was best after all. It will always pay to dare to be a Daniel. Never yet has it paid to be disloyal to the truth. Truth is the only thing that will make the Christian free. The Christian really is the freest person that walks the earth or breathes the non-poisonous air of the kingdom of God. He is bound to no secret order, he or she never bows at the shrine of fashion or folly. Above no social class of the four hundred. Knows the social circle of freedom's halls are heavenly places in Christ Jesus. God's truths, the psalms they sing, are sweeter than honey in the honeycomb.

Truth's field has no limit other than the needs of the soul and the expanse of everlasting realms of bliss. Truth is as deep as the foundations of eternity, high as the limitless heavens, and boundless as the home of God who is omnipotent. Omniscient as the wisdom of God is truth. Oh, the foolishness of man to tamper with truth, to try to circumscribe its meaning or to add to its interpretation. It is the one thing that admits of no comparison. The one thing so

ponderous, so full of life and strength that apparently crushed to earth it will arise again in all the majesty of its Author. In a sense to man, truth may be more voluminous than the Bible, though it means all between the Alpha and Omega of the wonderful Book, and yet the world cannot contain all the truth outside of it. Be still, O worm of the dust, and believe THE TRUTH.

Pasadena, Cal.



CONSECRATION.

At the present time there is much high-mindedness in the religious world—man thinking himself able to gain heaven. Man is loath to believe that self must be destroyed, but this and this only is God's way. Consecration is needed because self and everything of a selfish nature is foreign to God. Man is born in selfishness and sin and cannot of himself rise above it. Until emptied of self God cannot fill us with his fulness. A stream cannot be more nearly pure than is its source, neither can a fountain yield both bitter water and sweet.

Consecration is an entire yielding of the will to God—being able to say from the heart "Thy will be done" in all things. It means writing one's name at the bottom of a blank page and allowing God to fill it. The future is dark—one step at a time is all we can see. God, the Father, leads, and with uplifted hand clasped safely in his, we follow. Faith reaches from the soul to God, and we are not afraid. This is consecration.

If the will is really given up, everything else goes with it; but sometimes we think we have consecrated all, and when God calls for our time and talent, to use them in spreading the Gospel, there come up plans that we have made—plans for devoting our time for the accumulation of wealth, of using our talents for the winning of fame, and these stand between us and God. This is Satan's stronghold. If he can succeed in keeping one thing between us and God he has robbed us of everything. God never fills a soul with his love until he has the privilege of cleansing and fitting it for the indwelling of his Spirit.

The sinner consecrates his will—it is all he has that God can use. God does not want his sinful self; his burden of sin he brings only to get deliverance, and God removes it as far as the east is from the west.

The Christian consecrates the things that God has given him: his time, talent, friends and possessions. These are sacred because God has made them so. We need to consecrate these because they already belong to God and he would have them used to his glory.

All who would serve God need consecration—in fact it is impossible to serve him without it. Not

only missionaries and preachers need it, but those whose calling is at home. If we are ever used in God's service we must be consecrated in our home life. If ever the world is convinced of the reality of the Gospel, the every day life of consecrated souls will do it. Consecrated souls are so given up that they manifest the Christ life in their dealings, conversation, and appearance.

Since consecration is so important are there not some manifestations of its presence? Yes, and some of them can only be found where it exists. One of these manifestations is victory. Victory over self and the works of the devil. Who can overcome the secret inclinations of the heart, except it be by the power of God? God asks us to give our lives into his hands that he might give us victory that our enemies cannot refute. The soul having given up everything for God, naturally trusts God for everything. Here is the secret of victory.

Then there is the manifestation of power,—power to touch the hearts of the unsaved, to convict those who do not live worthy of their calling. The very presence of a consecrated child of God is a silent rebuke to worldly minded churchmembers. Not only have we power in personal effort, but our influence goes beyond our possibilities. The people of the world do not question the integrity of a thoroughly given up man of God.

Thousands are trying to serve God with unconsecrated hearts. Some knowingly, but many because of delusion. One evidence of this condition is a desire for the things of the world. The apostle's admonition is, "Love not the world." If we love the things of the world we are yet carnal, not having yielded ourselves to God.

Another evidence of a lack of consecration is an unwillingness to work wherever he calls. No one is ready for active service in the church who is not willing to fill a call at home. God knows for what we are best fitted. Where he wants us, is the place of most happiness.

Some have mistaken intellectual development or a high state of culture for consecration. If things morally low are repulsive to you it is not a sure sign of spirituality. Culture and refinement are good and needful, but let us first be sure that everything is on the altar. This only will stand the final test when the earth and its work shall burn.

"Oh, to be nothing, nothing,
Only to lie at his feet;
A broken and empty vessel
For the Master's use made meet:
Empty that he might fill me,
As forth to his service I go;
Broken that so, unhindered,
His life through me might flow."

—*Christian Monitor.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The American Woolen Co., known as the wool trust, has formally given notice to the manufacturers of clothing that an advance of 25 per cent on all goods will go into effect in the autumn.

Mrs. Margaret McCarthy, New England's oldest woman and probably the oldest woman in the United States, is dead, aged 112 years. Mrs. McCarthy was born May 30, 1797, at Minewah, County Cork, Ireland, and had documents which proved the fact beyond question.

Luther Burbank's latest creation, "the wonderberry" or "sunberry," has been labeled as "worthless" by the judges of the Massachusetts Horticultural Society. Thousands of amateur gardeners have made unsuccessful attempts to grow the berry, which is expected to rival the blueberry.

For some time in New York City the Hudson and Manhattan Railroad Company have been running special cars between Hoboken and 23rd Street, in which only women passengers were allowed. They have now been discontinued, owing to the fact that the women did not patronize them.

News comes from Pekin that the United States government has made formal protest against the ratification of the proposed treaty between Russia and China, giving virtually sovereign power to Russia in the towns along the line of the Russian railway in Manchuria. The objection is that the American residents in those towns will thus be deprived of their rights.

By order of the board of prison inspectors Missouri penitentiary convicts will no longer be required to wear stripes except for infraction of the rules. It is thought that the dread of wearing the detested stripes will be an incentive to good behavior on the part of convicts. It will require several days to make the change as there are 2,240 male convicts in the penitentiary.

The New York Aquarium has acquired an octopus after considerable expense and difficulty. The specimen was captured in Bermuda waters, and conveyed to New York in a large tugboat, which was specially chartered for the purpose. During the forty-eight-hour trip from Bermuda to New York, seamen were kept busy pumping water into the tank which contained the octopus.

The longest pipe line in the world is that which extends from the Oklahoma oil wells to New York harbor. At the present time the oil field of Oklahoma is the most active in the United States. It is not likely that the line will be put to immediate use for conveying oil over the whole distance. The completion of the system is regarded rather as a provision for emergency, and to meet the future conditions, when the Pennsylvania and West Virginia fields shall have been depleted.

Ambassador Takahira of Japan will sail from Seattle on August 17 in the event that Congress adjourns in time to enable him to get there before that date. He will go direct to Yokohama, Japan. The ambassador said that the question of his return to the United States would not be decided until his arrival in Japan. Personally, it was his expectation to return in the fall.

The Smithsonian Institution of Washington will erect on the very summit of Mount Whitney, Cal. (altitude 14,500 feet), an observatory which will enable investigators to study atmospheric conditions at great elevations, in dry air, and in clear skies. The observatory will be erected from the Hodgkins fund, and will comprise a three-room structure of stone substantial enough to stand for centuries.

The final dimensions of the great drydock which the United States navy is building at Pearl Harbor, in the Hawaiian Islands, show that the government is wisely building for the future. The dock will be 1,152 feet long from the coping to the outer sill, 140 feet wide at the top, and will have 35 feet of water over the entrance sill at mean high-water level. There will be a sill at the middle of the dock, for an intermediate caisson which will divide it into two docks, 575 feet and 532 feet long respectively.

Because of a depleted treasury and the certainty of a deficit it is probable the government will order an issue of \$397,000,000 for the purpose of building the Panama Canal. The subject was discussed by President Taft, Senator Aldrich, Representative Payne, Secretary MacVeagh and Assistant Secretary of the Treasury Norton. Cardinal Gibbons was also present. Out of the money realized from the bond sale the treasury is to be reimbursed for the \$40,000,000 paid to the Panama Canal Company of France, and \$10,000,000 paid to the Panama republic. The intention is to make the bond issue a part of the tariff bill.

Edward Payson Weston, the veteran pedestrian, finished his walk from New York to San Francisco July 14, just five days behind his schedule. He traveled a distance of 3,895 miles. Though tired, Weston insisted in walking five miles around Oakland to compensate for the five miles' trip across the bay on the ferry. A great throng met him at the Sixteenth Street station at Oakland at 9 o'clock and he was cheered all along the route. "Now let some of you fellows come on and show what you can do," he said. "I've shown I've got something left in me." Weston is 71 years of age. He walked from New York City to San Francisco in 105 walking days, resting Sundays. He had stipulated he could make the trip in 100 days. Whenever he came to a river he walked backward and forward a sufficient distance to make up for the distance traveled on the ferry. He averaged 38.1 miles a day for the trip.

Officers of the American Peace Society are sanguine over the prospects for influence on the public of the world in the coming international peace congress which meets in Stockholm Aug. 29 to Sept. 5. They point out that advocates of peace now command respect, whereas twenty years ago, when the first international peace congress was held in Paris, it was regarded as a meeting of impractical dreamers.

A call has been issued for a convention of the cattle breeders of the United States to be held in Denver next January, at which the danger that beef will soon go to prohibitive prices will be discussed. The packers and the beef producers of the West are back of the meeting, which is designed to call attention to the recent alarming decrease in cattle raising. Plans will be discussed for reawakening the interest of western ranchmen in the industry.

The tariff conferees have agreed to adopt the corporation tax amendment as redrafted by Attorney General Wickersham with the assistance of Senator Root. The tax is made 1 per cent, and holding companies are exempt. There are also exceptions of mutual benefit insurance and building and loan associations. Both the Attorney General and Senator Root appeared before the conferees to explain the details of this measure. It will take the place of the inheritance tax which was adopted by the house.

Neither trust fed, trust clothed nor trust armed will the American regular soldier be if Secretary of War Dickinson can prevent. The Secretary of War has just issued a new rule for the purchase of supplies for the army. He directed Brig.-Gen. Henry G. Sharpe, commissary man, to enter into no direct contract with any corporation which is a party to a trust or combination in restraint of trade. He has also directed that no dealings be had by the department with any agent or middleman who may be a representative of such a concern.

Rates of the Adams Express Company, the American Express Company, Wells, Fargo & Company, and the Pacific Express Company, between New York City and Boise, Idaho, and points similarly situated in the intermountain territory, according to a decision of the interstate commerce commission, "in almost every instance violate the general principle that a through rate shall not exceed the lowest combination of the local rates between the same points." This sweeping holding was made recently in an opinion in the case of the Boise Commercial Club against the express companies named.

Reports from the interior of Crete, July 18, say that many were killed in an earthquake that shook the island. The damage to property is also reported to be great. Means of communication with the interior are limited and the reports are meager, but it is understood the quake was coincident with the disturbance in Greece. Reports of death and disaster in the earthquake which devastated the province of Elis, Greece, July 15, continue to come in slowly. Troops have been hurried to the province and relief measures are being taken by the government. Dispatches from the officers of the troops say that a famine is threatened and ask that supplies be forwarded at once. The troops have met thousands of peasants who have quit their homes and are wandering aimlessly fearing another shock. The death list is now placed at 400, but it is acknowledged to be incomplete.

It has been left to the managing board of the Moscow, Windau, and Rybinsk railway to turn the gramophone to practical use, for the board has announced its intention to set up a huge gramophone at the Moscow station of the line, so that the arrival and departure of every train can be announced clearly to the traveling public. At the same time the gramophone will sound the bell thrice, as is usual, before a train starts on its journey. As over 70 per cent of the people of European Russia are unable to read or to write, the ordinary time tables are not of the smallest use to them, and the gramophone referred to has a splendid future before it, if only it can be made to speak clearly and loudly enough.

Don Carlos, of Bourbon, pretender to the Spanish throne, died in Lombardy, Italy, July 18. He had been ill a long time and latest reports indicated he was suffering from apoplexy, with accompanying paralysis. Don Carlos, who claimed under the special law of succession established by Philip V, to be the legitimate king, by title Charles VII, was born in Austria in 1848. His father was a brother of Don Carlos, Charles VI, in support of whom, it was claimed, the Carlist risings of 1848, 1855 and 1860 were organized. The rights of Charles VI devolved upon his prother, Don Juan. In 1868 Juan abdicated in favor of his son, whose standard was raised in northern Spain in 1872. Don Carlos himself invaded Spain July 15, 1873. Then followed the "four years' war," which ended in January, 1876, when the last stronghold fell. Subsequent Carlist agitations have been of little or no importance.

Many hospitals in England are provided with a special apparatus for extracting iron and steel fragments from the eye by means of powerful electro magnets. The magnet employed has a core three feet long and six inches in diameter of the best Swedish soft iron. Two hundred pounds of insulated wire are wound in two coils about the core. The end of the magnet is threaded to receive terminals of different shapes to suit various conditions. The magnet is mounted on ball bearings, and can be moved in any direction. The strength of the magnetic field may be varied at will by means of a rheostat. When used at its maximum power, the magnet exerts a pull of 30 pounds per square inch at a distance of an inch. A special type of apparatus is provided for reclining patients. In this case the magnet is mounted on trunnions, and is tilted by means of suitable gearing operated by a hand crank.

The national assembly of Persia, composed of the chief mujtehidis and the leaders of the nationalist forces, proclaimed the crown prince, Sultan Ahmed Mirza, Shah of Persia in the presence of an immense crowd in parliament square. Azad Ul Mulk, head of the Kajar family, was made regent.—The government is busy preparing to hold elections for the new assembly, and the official investiture of the Shah is not likely to take place until the next assembly meets. Efforts also are being made to establish a satisfactory police system. The new police commissioner, an Armenian, proposes to create a police system in the capital on the European model, with a force of 900 police selected from the Bakhtiaris and the Persian Cossacks. The organization of this force will insure the preservation of order and relieve the troops now in Teheran for service in the provinces, where there are still some dangerous elements of the population which require to be checked.



Among the Magazines



THE CURSE OF LEGAL TECHNICALITY.

Reverses of verdicts in serious criminal cases continue, in spite of protest and agitation. Supreme Courts profess deep sympathy with the demand for substantial justice and protection against crime, but go on upsetting hard-won victories for law and order on purely technical grounds.

In one State the Supreme Court sets aside a conviction because a "the" was inadvertently omitted from a rhetorical flourish in the indictment. It excuses itself by saying that the Constitution prescribes the flourish with the "the" and that it can't override the Constitution. Another Supreme Court sets aside a verdict in a sensational murder case because the jury was in some small particular improperly drawn. The question of guilt or innocence, of the proof and justice of the verdict, is not touched.

What is needed, clearly, is a provision in each Constitution expressly forbidding the appellate tribunals to exploit technicalities. Some States have already adopted such prohibitions, and all the others should follow suit. Rhetoric and surplusage should be swept out of all indictments, informations and legal documents, but, pending that reform, directions to the courts forbidding them to exalt trivial or irrelevant technicalities above the merits ought to be made a part of every Constitution. To say that courts can't even read a "the" or "of" into an otherwise perfect indictment is to step into the realm of absurdity. Constitutions should not even remotely sanction legal wanderings in that realm.—Chicago Record-Herald.



SAVED BY A LETTER.

The letter "e" has saved a St. Louisan, temporarily at least, from serving a 2-year term in the penitentiary. Because this letter was dropped in the drafting of the indictment against the accused man, the Supreme Court of the State has decided that he is entitled to another trial. Leo Judd is the name of the man who thus profits by a technicality. He was accused of fraudulent registration, the charge being that he had registered under the name of Charles Cohn. The evidence showed that Judd had really signed the name Charles Cohen and his lawyer argued that he was therefore not guilty of the offense charged against him. Technically, of course, he was not, but that he was guilty of attempting a fraud was not disputed and it was for that offense that the jury found him guilty. His crime lies in the fact that he signed a false name, and the effect is exactly the same whether he signed the name of Cohn or Cohen or Jablitzovitch. The purpose of fraudulent registration is to pave the way for illegal voting; the name has nothing whatever to do with the matter so long as the desired end is attained.

This decision is a parallel for one recently handed

down by the Supreme Court of Missouri, by means of which another man was saved the disgrace of a term in prison because the indictment under which his conviction was obtained omitted the word "the." In drafting the indictment, the circuit attorney wrote "against the peace and dignity of State," when he should have written "against the peace and dignity of THE State." The omission of the word "the," of course, had no more to do with the question of the guilt or innocence of the defendant than the omission of the letter "e" has to do with the guilt or innocence of the man Judd, who is the latest beneficiary of the system of deciding cases on technicalities rather than on evidence. The argument of the court in the Judd case is particularly interesting because it explains the mental processes through which the court went in reaching its conclusion that the defendant should be granted a new trial. Cohn is not Cohen, the court says. A rose by any other name may smell as sweet, but a man who is bad under one name is not of necessity bad under another, hence the information in this case is defective. The opinion says:

We can see no reason why this is not as material as any other provision in this section, and this being so, the circuit attorney properly decided it necessary to allege that the defendant did sign said registration book on the margin thereof, but when he came to make that averment, after alleging that the defendant had answered that his name was Charles Cohn, he proceeds to charge and allege that defendant unlawfully and feloniously did sign said register and books of registration by writing the name of Charles Cohen; in other words, it charges a registration under one name and a signature of an entirely different name; that is to say, the allegations of the information are repugnant in material matters.

The more often we meet with repugnant matters of this sort, the more thoroughly do we become convinced that they are not more repugnant than the result that they have in thwarting or delaying the administration of justice. Such decisions, and they are by no means peculiar to the Supreme Court of Missouri, loudly argue for the enactment by State Legislatures of a law such as that introduced recently in the Missouri General Assembly by Representative J. J. Kyle of Thornfield. The bill, which passed the House but failed to pass the Senate, provided that "neither the Supreme Court, nor any courts of appeals, shall reverse or remand any judgment rendered in any civil or criminal case, on any ground, unless the court, after an examination of the entire record, can affirmatively say that the judgment of the trial court was for the wrong party, and that but for the errors complained of a different judgment would have been rendered." Such a law might not have the approval of a certain class of lawyers, but it would go a long way toward correcting some of the most serious delays of the law and toward reducing the cost to the people of criminal prosecutions.—Woman's National Daily.

WHAT THE IDEAL PHYSICIAN SHOULD BE LIKE.

Dr. F. Cathelin, an occasional lecturer in the schools of medicine in Paris, publishes a paper in the *Revue du Mois* (Paris), in which he depicts the modern physician, not as he exactly is, but as he would like him to be, as he himself says. He dwells upon the question of the suitability, in point of character and conscience, of any candidate for the honors of the medical doctorate, as being a crucial one for the public, and suggests that those responsible for the acceptance of students for the medical profession care little enough for what the doctor terms the personal harmonies of disposition, provided the candidate can "pull through" his examinations.

Doctor Cathelin maintains that no person who does not possess certain "six moral senses" should attempt to enter the medical profession. These senses are: The sense of duty, the sense of responsibility, the sense of kindness, the sense of manual skill (which he subdivides into the sense of boldness and the sense of prudence), the sense of beauty, and the social role.

The sense of duty toward the patient is the very first requisite in a doctor. This sense can only arise from a positive and innate altruism or love of one's fellow creature,—a quality similar to that which moves the hospital nurse to devote her life to the care of the stricken. There can be no personal sensitiveness, nor lack of interest in details, as against an absorbing curiosity that complicated cases arouse. And yet, with all this sense of duty which calls for extreme goodness or sensitiveness of heart, he must not show a trace of emotion when his duty calls him to operate on a McKinley, a Carnot, or a Frederick II. In the profession the word equality has certainly found a lasting place. No matter how far he may have gone in his profession, or how rich he may have become, if he possess this sense of duty in his heart, he will die an active member of his profession, unless old age prevents him working.

In the matter of responsibility a doctor must follow the traditional advice,—namely, to do as he ought to do, no matter what the issue. No doctor can be held responsible for results that are independent of his zeal, and to limit his action by undue legislation is to put a stop to scientific medical progress. As for the sense of kindness, it is certain that the age of the brutal surgeon has gone by. There may be occasions when it is desirable, on account of a surviving family, to tell a patient that his end is approaching. But in the generality of cases, to pretend to see recovery in a patient is often effective, and is always kind.

The proper sense of manual skill in a physician is founded on reflective audacity,—that is to say, an audacity born of a sincere wish to succeed, and of common-sense. Bold doctors are frequently characterized as innovators. It is incontestable, nevertheless, that many of these doctors prove the greatest. Boldness is frequently the difference between the clever and conscientious surgeon and the simple operator or dissector who has grown bold through indifference. And yet, the surgeon's "nerve" must always be kept in check by his prudence. That prudence must depend much on his intuition, without which a doctor is a public calamity. Judgment and correct intuition must be part of his equipment. His sense of beauty must really be a sense of the artistic, an anxiety to execute with neatness and celerity; without these no operations can be said to be correctly done, either from the point of view of medical science or from that

of the patient. But, above all things, a doctor must be good in the sense of his possessing good moral qualifications. His social role, therefore, becomes of the greatest importance.—Review of Reviews.



PLAY AND THE BOY.

"Why, we've done everything for him," will be our first indignant answer, if anybody asks what we have done for the American Boy. "Look at our schools and our colleges!" Then, after a second thought, we may acknowledge that, as a nation, we have not taken good care of the normal, healthy boy upon whom the future of the country depends. We have looked after the boy as an individual possession, perhaps; but until recently we have been indifferent to him as an American institution. We have cared for the blind, the deaf, the truant, the feeble-minded and the incorrigible. They have had gymnasiums, amusement-grounds and all the luxuries civilization can devise, because their needs have appealed to our sympathies. Meanwhile, the boy without a handicap, the ordinary, vigorous, everyday boy, has been neglected. Schools have been provided for him, but his other needs have been ignored. Too often he has been denied childhood's inalienable right to play.

We have been slow to realize that the playing, wrestling and ball-throwing of boys are actually preparations that will make them the working, struggling, enterprising men who by and by will control the destinies of the nation. We are beginning to feel our obligation to provide proper environment in which the boy shall be helped in his play, but we have not yet realized the full possibilities of this outdoor education.

This playground idea is as old as the ancient civilizations. At seven years of age the Athenian lad entered the palæstra, where the first half of the day was passed in gymnastics, dancing and games. Until the boy was ten or twelve years old all studying was done in the open air, and until he was sixteen the training of the body was given precedence over the training of the mind. What the Greek system of education accomplished in producing not only physical perfection but superb attainment in art, literature and philosophy, has never been surpassed. Chicago has expended ten million dollars upon public playgrounds, concerning which President Roosevelt said: "They are the greatest civic achievement the world has ever known." These playgrounds and those of the other one hundred and thirty-six cities that support playgrounds are experiment stations from which the whole country may obtain inspiration for the future.

When it is remembered that the playground appeals to the boy in the formative period from childhood to manhood, the magnitude of our obligation is apparent. It is a civic obligation quite outside the domain of philanthropy, since it improves the quality of the citizenship of the future. The playground is as much a civilized demand as the public school, and it should be conducted as if it were of equal importance. Well-directed play is of just as much value as well-directed study.

The acceptance of the obligation to help the boy in his play will hasten the eradication of child-labor. When all the factories have poured forth their workers—girls as well as boys—into playgrounds, then, and not until then, shall we be justified in boasting of our American civilization.—The Delineator.

FASCINATION OF THE ORCHID.

(Continued from Page 731.)

but ill rewarded for his trouble. Still the business of raising orchids from seed is a fascinating one, though the process is very slow.

In the first place, it is usually a matter of from nine to twelve months after the fertilization of the flower ere the seed will be ripe. As a rule, it is bound to be more satisfactory to sow the tiny seeds on the soil around an orchid—the plants seeming to grow more happily under the shelter of a foster parent. Another three or four months passes, and the baby orchids make their first appearance in the world as small, green cushions hardly as large as a pin's head. How jealously the grower guards his charges, taking every precaution to shield them from extremes of heat or cold! It is no matter of wonder, for any of these green specks may grow into a plant which will be worth an enormous sum of money. Of course, as to this, the florist is quite in the dark, and five years, or in the case of some species, even ten or twelve, must elapse before the new orchid will be old enough to display its bloom.

The flowering time is anxiously awaited, and when it arrives quite often the florist will scan his collection of freshly raised plants in vain for any great novelty, and another disappointment is added to the long list of those which every orchid breeder will experience. However, if luck be on his side, out of several score of plants, one may be unique, and if the form should be an attractive one, there will be plenty of collectors only too glad to acquire the new variety without any demur at the high figure its owner demands.—*World's Work and Play*.



THE WOOLERS OF THE WOOD.

THIS romantic story may not be issued in book form, beautifully embellished, but if it should be, it would still be unfair to keep the reader in suspense, so we shall proceed at once to set forth the remarkable career of these (wood) be lovers.

This happy (Pear) lived in the (Buckeye) State, at (Mulberry) Grove, near (Ash) tabula. Mr. Henry (Hawthorne) was no common scrubby (Locus[t]), but was strong, tall, and majestic like the (Oak), a very (Pop[u]lar) young man, and she—Miss Minnie (Myrtle)—was a slender, genteel (Willow)ey creature, whose very nature seemed to (Pine) for affection and (Wood knot) be denied. It was a lovely scene to behold them as they sat on the rustic (Elm) seat, under the (Chestnut) branches, or to see them as they wandered through the (Sugar Maple) groves, which they often did until they reached the (Beech).

The sweet scented (Peach) blooms and the (Apple Tree) blossoms added to the joy of it all. Now, Henry was true as the needle to the (Pole); every time he gazed into her (Hazel) eyes, or looked on her

(Cherry) cheeks, his heart jumped for joy. He loved her more and more every time he (Cedar), and she was equally devoted; in fact, she was (Plum)b gone on him, but he never tried to (Bamboo)zle her, or (Palm) off any deception, and when the time arrived, he said, "Will you leave all and (Gum) to me?" "I will truly, surely," she said; "I must first ask my (Paw)," and here was the shadow, for he seemed set against it, firm and unyielding as (Hickory), but she did not care a (Fig) for this, for he soon relented and said, "Do as you think best; I (Walnut) further oppose you," and now they will be made one as soon as they can suitably (Orange) matters.—*American Boy*.



THE SCHOOL AND THE COMMUNITY.

(Concluded from Page 729.)

training. For this purpose, too, the judicious encouragement of school athletics will prove of great value. Our grade departments as well need to be overhauled and made more practical. The important things need to be emphasized, and the frills need to be dropped. The child should be taught especially those things that will help him most in his daily life when he goes out into the world. It is to the shame of our public school system that business men can point out so many public school graduates who are wretched spellers, poor writers, and have no working knowledge in simple arithmetic.

In conclusion it may be well to point out that there is an interdependence between the school and the community. The more the community does for the school, the more the school will do for the community. The children of today will be the citizens of tomorrow. It is merely a matter of "casting bread upon the waters." It is an investment of influence.—*Interstate Schoolman*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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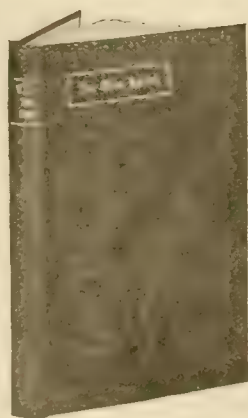
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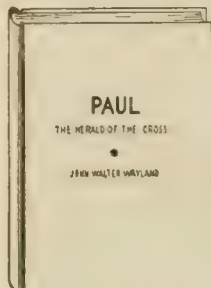
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Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

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It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
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3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

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North Manchester, Indiana

or

W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

August 3, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Our American Battleship, San Francisco, Lying in Beirut Harbor.



BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
F. H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Location	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ...	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ...	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, ..	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	*Truckee-Carson, .	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

Fallon, Nev., June 18, 1909.

*TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Mr. J. C. Waite,
777 Federal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear sir:—

I have, of course, been extremely busy since coming here. Nobody can appreciate what has to be done, until they get into it.

All of my crops are looking fine. They say my alfalfa can not be beat. It is cut and cocked up now. It will stand me in \$20.00 an acre this one cutting and I will get two more cuttings this season besides pasturage this early spring and late fall.

I figure it will net me \$50.00 an acre this year at least, after paying expenses of labor, etc. This alfalfa stand is only 1 year old.

Well, I must ring off. Trusting that I may hear from you soon,

I am yours truly,

(Signed) A. O. Foskett, Sec.

Tell the folks in Chicago they can never locate cheaper here than at the present time.

Results Are What Count

Results of Some Crops Raised in Idaho, 1908—Yield of Beets.

Nampa District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
Mark Austin,	35	18
Company Farm,	90	16
Allen Bissett,	2	18
Tolef Olsen,	4	17½
C. G. Nofziger,	5	19
Geo. Duval,	6	26
A. C. Coonard,	6	18½
Geo. Duval,	170	14
Rogers' Farm,	20	24
Gough & Merrill,	10	18
A. V. Linder,	25	16
David Betts,	14	15

The results of grain crop following the beet crop.

	Kind of Grain	Bushels Per A.	A.
I Hildreth	Wheat	58	15
Gough & Merrill,	Oats	100	17
Joe Dickens,	Wheat	56	20
Sugar Company,	Barley	60	40
Geo. Duval,	Barley	75	35
John Holtom,	Wheat	52	20
Albert Mickels,	Oats	90	9

Payette District.

Name	Acres	Tons per A.
C. M. Williams,	5	19
W. F. Ashinhurst,	3½	18
E. E. Hunter,	27	16
Wm. Hansen,	6	16
Melcher & Boor,	37	15
A. E. Wood,	18	16
P. A. Gregar,	6	15
R. F. Slone,	5	15
Thos. Weir,	14	23
Wm. Melcher,	21	22
S. Niswander,	26	17
John Ward,	10	22
W. B. Ross,	5	23

J. A. Bowers' apple crop of 1907 netted \$1,000 per acre, and in 1908, \$700 per acre.

E. A. Blair gathered from seven and one-half acres of apples 3440 boxes of fancy apples which netted \$5,500.00.

These results are only from a few points and a few individuals. Some localities report even greater yields, and show the possibilities of the country. The fruit crop was very good; many of the growers realized from \$700 to \$800 an acre for their apple crop this year, clear of all expenses. More land was sold in Idaho in 1908 than in any previous year. Land is still cheap. Settlers are going in very fast and the best opportunities will soon be taken.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago.

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50
Boise, Idaho,	57.50
Butte, Mont.,	42.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50

Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Weiser, Idaho,	57.50

S. Bock

Colonization Agent,
Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.,
Salt Lake City, Utah

\$400 Prize Cup Won by Colfax County, N. M. In Competition with Entire Irrigated West



Miami Ranch

is located in the choicest part of Colfax county, New Mexico, and it was largely due to the products grown upon and adjacent to this ranch that Colfax County won this valuable cup at the Interstate Industrial Exhibit held at Albuquerque, N. M., last October. Every State was represented—products from land selling as high as \$1,000 an acre were shown—but Colfax County won by many points.

Many other prizes have been won by this section of the country. New Mexico wheat took first prize at the World's Fair in Chicago, while apples raised in an orchard directly adjacent to Miami Ranch won the Gold Medal at the Chicago World's Fair. This orchard yields the owner an average annual income of \$300 an acre.

Miami Ranch

offers you health and pleasures as well as wealth. It's situated in a rich, cheerful valley, surrounded by picturesque mountains. Elk, deer, bear and other large game are to be found in the mountains, while thousands of wild duck and geese inhabit the surrounding lakes. The Rayado River, which flows through this ranch, is noted throughout the central west for its trout fishing.

The rainfall is sufficient to insure big crops. But with the gigantic irrigation system recently installed, there is not the slightest chance of crop failure.

The climate is perfect, the air is pure, and the scenery beautiful. Excellent church privileges, a good school and pleasant neighbors are all to be found on Miami Ranch.

Write for a free copy of our booklet, "Westward Ho." It tells in detail all about Miami Ranch. Tells how and when you can get a round-trip ticket from Chicago for \$30, and from Kansas City for \$25, via the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe. Write at once and take your choice of the bargain offers which we are now making on both large and small farms.

Farmers Development Company, Springer, New Mexico

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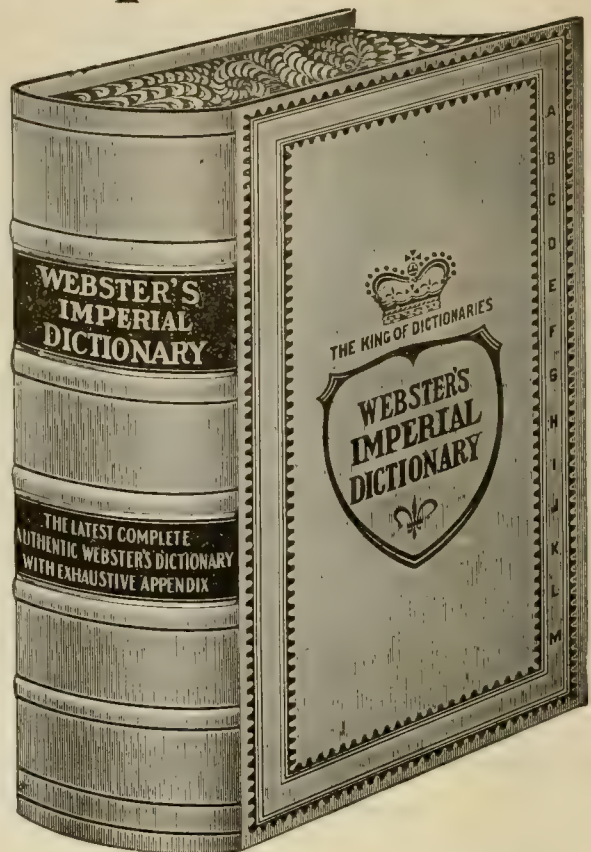
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Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

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No. 31.

ALFRED TENNYSON

DALLAS B. KIRK

"So was their meaning to her words. No sword
Of wrath her right arm whirl'd,
But one poor poet's scroll, and with his word
She shook the world."

—From "The Poet."

ALFRED TENNYSON was born in Somersby, England, August 6, 1809, this year marking the hundredth anniversary of his birth. His father, Dr. George Tennyson, was a clergyman, musician and poet. His mother, Elizabeth, was a daughter of Rev. Stephen Fytche. When seven years old Alfred started to school at Louth, a near-by village. The manners being rude and discipline rough he stayed only two years. His scholarly father now taught his son for the next ten years. It was in the home library that he read a number of his father's books.

When fifteen, Alfred wrote some verses which promised well for a bright future.

In 1827 he and his brother Charles published "Poems by Two Brothers."

These two young men attended Trinity College, Cambridge. Alfred was one of the apostles here. At the college in 1829 Alfred won the chancellor's medal for writing "Timbuctoo," a poem in blank verse. Arthur Hallam said, "Alfred Tennyson promises fair to be the greatest poet of our generation."

His father died in 1831 but Alfred lived with the family until 1837.

He published in 1830 a volume of lyrical poems.

"O strengthen me, enlighten me!
I faint in this obscurity,
Thou dewy dawn of memory."

—From "Ode to Memory."

In 1833 was printed "The Lover's Tale," and many years afterward (1879) appeared its sequel, "The Golden Supper."

In the golden dawn of the new century a bright morning star appeared—Tennyson, and such stars as Wordsworth, Scott and Coleridge were now set-

ting in the west; for the last three poets had already gained immortality.

1833 found the people reading "The Lady of Shalott" and other poems, which contained "A Dream of Fair Women," "Lady Clara Vere de Vere," and "The Palace of Art." In the latter poem we have the poet's theory of art. The Lady of Shalott almost reaches the high water mark of symbolic poetry.

"Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,
And round her prow they read her name,
The Lady of Shalott."

Arthur Hallam (the poet's dearest friend), who was engaged to the poet's sister, died in Vienna in 1833.

Another close friend of Tennyson's was Edward Fitzgerald, translator of "Rubaiyat" of Omar Khayyam.

Alfred's brother Charles married Louisa Sellwood in 1836, her sister Emily acting as one of the bridesmaids. Soon after this Alfred Tennyson became engaged to Emily Sellwood.

In 1842 "English Idylls" and other poems were published, which included "The May Queen," "The Two Voices," "Morte'd Arthur," "Dora," "Locksley Hall" and "Lady Clare."

"If you are not the heiress born
And I, said he, the lawful heir,
We two will wed tomorrow morn,
And you shall still be Lady Clare."
—From "Lady Clare."

And here are a few lines from "Dora":

"And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,
Thinking of William.

So those four abode
Within one house together, and as years
Went forward, Mary took another mate;
But Dora lived unmarried till her death."

Wordsworth said, "I have been endeavoring all my life to write a pastoral like your 'Dora' and have

not succeeded." While Fitzgerald said, that "as an eclogue it came near the book of Ruth."

His popularity as a great poet was now rapidly gaining foothold in the reading world.

Carlyle wrote him in 1842: "I have just been reading your 'Poems' (edition 1842) and mean to read them over and over until they become *my* poems."

Tennyson's fame was firmly cemented when the "Princess," a medley, came out in 1847. This poem shows woman's place in relation to man and contains such short poems as "Sweet and Low," "The Splendor Falls on Castle Walls" and "Tears, Idle Tears," which are now favorite school songs.

Tennyson now received an annual grant of two hundred pounds through Sir Robert Peel.

In 1845 Edmund Lushington married Cecilia, the poet's younger sister.

After seventeen years of thoughtful composition "In Memoriam" was published in 1850. This lengthy elegy was written in memory of his departed friend, Mr. Hallam. This elaborate poem is widely read and shows the author's philosophy upon the subject of life and death. It is here we find,

—"that comes of self-control,
The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we love
And all we flow from soul to soul."

We learn from the memoir that Tennyson believed he was the originator of the metre in this poem, until after its publication, when he was told that the same metre was found in some of the poetry of the Elizabethan age.

In June, 1850, at Shiplake on the Thames, Alfred Tennyson and Emily Sellwood were married. They traveled for a while in Western Europe.

Having a very small capital to start with, they took an old house at Warminglid in Sussex but the first storm blew a hole in the wall and they finally found a fixed habitation at Chapel House, Twickenham.

On the death of Wordsworth in November, 1850, Tennyson received the laureateship. Hunt, Knowles and Taylor were the other names which had been given to Queen Victoria by Lord John Russell. Her Majesty was in favor of the author of "In Memoriam."

Tennyson's first child died in April, 1851. They now traveled in Italy and on their return trip met the Brownings in Paris.

In 1852 an "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" appeared. This was the first poem published while performing the duties of laureate.

In the lines,

"Not once or twice in our rough island-story
The path of duty was the way to glory,"

we find the keynote of this heroic character, Wellington.

A son (the present Lord Tennyson) was born in August, 1852. The poet's income was now five hundred pounds. He bought in 1853 Farringford on the Isle of Wight which is within sight of the sea.

Received honorary degree of D. C. L. in 1855 from Oxford University.

This same year "Maud" was published; this monodrama is a sentimental metrical romance in verse and shows the author's views on the social reform. It is here we read,

"My dream? do I dream of bliss?
I have walked with—Truth."

Howett said, "I don't know of any verse out of Shakespeare in which the ecstasy of love soars to such a height." While Gladstone said, "Mr. Tennyson's power of execution is probably nowhere greater."

The poet's ideas of democracy are found in "The Idylls of the King" (consisting of twelve parts or books) published in 1858.

In 1864 appeared "Enoch Arden." This epic is the pathetic story of a seafaring man. What a world of meaning in,

"But if my children care to see me dead,
Who hardly knew me living, let them come,
I am their father; but she must not come,
For my dead face would vex her after life,"

after Enoch gets a glimpse of his wife and children in their cheerful home. This poem has been dramatized in New York and London; was translated into Latin and also into seven different European languages. An excellent work and a credit to the author.

Made honorary fellow of Trinity College in 1869.

This is the year in which "The Holy Grail" was published. Fitzgerald wrote Tennyson: "I feel how pure, noble and holy your work is, and whole phrases, lines and sentences of it will abide with me."

And who is there, but can get inspiration from the thoughts which cluster around,

"Doubt not, go forward"?

1870 first saw "The Window, or the Songs of the Wrens" and two years later "Gareth and Lynette." This contained the "Last Tournament" and completed the series of poems, "Idylls of the King," which are considered by many his masterpieces. These epics of chivalry are worth a careful study.

When Tennyson read "Guinevere" to George Eliot, she wept. Lionel, the poet's younger son, married Miss Locker in 1878. In 1879 Charles Tennyson (Alfred's brother) died. 1880 "Ballads and Other Poems" was issued, containing "The Defense of Lucknow," "De Profundis" and a sonnet to Victor Hugo (author of that world's masterpiece, "Les Misérables"), etc.

Tennyson's dramas were published, 1875-84. The most noted are "Queen Mary," "Harold" and

"Becket." He lacked the dramatic faculty of a Shakespeare and his talent for creation was small, yet we must all acknowledge his broad intelligence and his keen interest in the problems of his age.

His Christianity was to him of the real sort, and his love of nature was a devotion.

Made a peer in 1884. This tribute shows the extent of his life work.

This same year "The Cup and the Falcon" was issued.

In 1885 his son Lionel died of a fever on the homeward voyage from India. "Tiresia and Other Poems" was published this year. "Locksley Hall; Sixty Years After," together with the "Promise of May," came out in 1886.

And "Demeter and Other Poems" was published in 1889.

Robert Browning, a brother poet, died this year, which distressed Tennyson acutely. He said of Browning: "A great thinker in verse. He has plenty of music in him, but cannot get it out; he has intellect enough for a dozen of us, but he has not the glory of words."

Tennyson took a deep interest in the young authors of his later years. He was pleased with the patriotic verses of Rudyard Kipling and wrote a kind letter to him.

Tennyson's work ranks high in the Victorian age of literature and commands a place in the world's literature of the nineteenth century.

He was to England what Longfellow was to America.

Generally speaking he lived a secluded life, thus bringing him close to the heart of nature. He had a reverence for law and freedom.

The sweet singer died October 6, 1892, having lived to a good old age.

The funeral services were held in the poets' corner, Westminster Abbey: two anthems, "Crossing the Bar" and "The Silent Voices" (both written by the departed poet), were used at the services.

He was survived by the following world-renowned English personages: Ruskin, Queen Victoria, and Gladstone, and outlived Macaulay, Carlyle, Dickens, Matthew Arnold, David Livingstone and Lord Beaconsfield.

There have been twenty-six poems by Tennyson set to music, he holding second place, our American Longfellow leading with thirty-nine.

I can highly recommend to every reader who wants to know more about this English poet to read "The Memoir" and "Tennyson's Complete Poems, Unabridged." The latter is published by Grosset and Dunlap, New York City, contains nearly 900 pages and can be obtained at almost any bookstore for fifty cents.

"Crossing the Bar" was written during the last years of the poet's calm life, and we close with its tranquil thoughts, hoping that it may be a reality to each reader:

"Sunset and evening star,
And one clear call for me!
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
When I put out to sea.

"But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
Turns again home.

"Twilight and evening bell,
And after that the dark!
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
When I embark;

"For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
When I have crossed the bar."

Pentz, Pa.

IN THE MEADOW.

We walked in the meadow, one morning in summer,
And gathered some blossoms that grew by the way,
And heard in the woodlands the brown partridge drummer
Beat up his brown soldiers to drill for the day.

The robins were singing their songs, sweet and merry,
And bluebirds were caroling, plaintive and clear,
And far away up in the limbs of a cherry,
The sound of a mother bird's talk we could hear.

The air was astir with a jubilant chorus,
The fields and the woodlands were bright with a smile,
And the blue sky bent tenderly, lovingly o'er us,
No cloud in its brightness to stain or defile.

We stopped by the stile where the fragrant sweet clover
Held up to the morning its clusters of red,
For the kiss of the sun, as a girl to her lover
Lifts up her pink cheek with her wishes unsaid.

We paused in our walk and looked out on the meadows
That glistened afar in the smile of the morn,
And noticed the shifting and tremulous shadows
The blithe breezes made in the rows of the corn.

How happy the winds were that whispered around us,
And laughed in our faces with frolicsome glee,
And the many sweet flowers in vain strove to drown us
In waves of sweet odors, a deep fragrant sea.

"Did you hear what the wind said?" I asked of the maiden,
That walked by my side with her hand in my own;
She answered: "Ah, no! for the breezes are laden
With too many whispers to hear one alone."

"I heard," low I answered: "They said, 'See those lovers,
They walk through the meadow, each heart full of bliss;
The secret the wind-nymph most quickly discovers,
'T is told in a look, a word or a kiss.'"

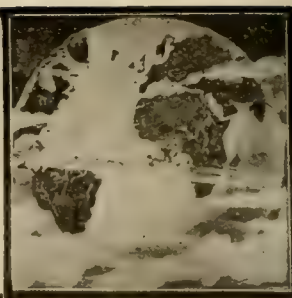
She blushed, and I saw all the roses grow paler
With envy and longing. She lifted her eyes,
With a shy, feigned expression that could not avail her—
I knew that she felt neither fear nor surprise.

So I kissed her, and then all the winds fell to singing
Some merry glad song that was almost a psalm,
And down deep in my heart was a melody ringing,
That chimed with all nature in infinite calm.

—Eben E. Rexford.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXVIII. Addresses the Boys on the Battleship.

ONCE upon the *San Francisco*, which I found rather more democratic than the *Brooklyn*, I was asked to address the boys. They gathered at the prow, under the canvas, about one hundred and fifty of them, bright, cheery, robust American youths, and heard me in a lecture and then in some readings, numerous of them being so kind as to present me with cash presents of from twenty-five cents to five dollars each, for they knew how much harder it was for me to get along by my way than it was for them, and they looked at me as if I had been a wonderful hero. I told them of my narrow escapes in Turkey and of the ever-present difficulties besetting my path, and from what they themselves could glean from the nature of the Turks

about them they appreciated to the full what I told them and wondered how I ever endured the terrible strain all alone, in my adventures. We were glad to see one another, I tell you, and some of them said they were homesick and wished they were back home, or along with me.

On going up the *San Francisco* I had dismissed my boatman and when ready to leave for the Russian vessel I had the honor to be conveyed back in the little steam launch. From the deck of the *Lazareff* the passengers saw me in the little white launch, gliding over the bay, with the beautiful stars and stripes flying at her stern, and as I drew near they went wild with delight.

When the launch drew up under the Russian ship so that I could climb up the rope ladder, the passengers aboard leaned over the taffrail to get a closer glimpse of the little launch and of the stars and stripes flying so proudly from her stern. And when I came up on deck, they took me by the hand with such an enthusiastic fervor as to make me feel that to be AN AMERICAN CITIZEN was a FORTUNE IN ITSELF.



Some of My Audience on Battleship San Francisco. Do You Know Any of Them?

Shortly after the Russian vessel was under way the Russian Jews again began their prayers. They each bound the square little box called "frontlet" on the forehead, the leather thongs passing around the head and being tied. On the left arm they wrapped a leather strap, giving it seven twists, and then began the oscillatory motion, twisting their heads and

trunks and reciting in a mournful melody portions of the Holy Scriptures.

In the afternoon we landed at Joppa, where four or five lusty natives rowed me and my wheel ashore for about a fourth of what it was really worth, for the rocks here are dangerous in the swell and only strong and experienced men may pull at the giant oars.

I was at last in God's land. Joppa! How queer its streets! How strange its customs! The first five minutes here was worth a thousand dollars. Talk about museums and Barnum's circuses. This is a hundred times better. As I walked up the narrow, crooked, rough-paved streets I bought ripe figs and melons and oranges. Our Lord chose a good country

in which to be born and to live. People are satisfied here.

My tires were in bad shape and I was so eager for my mail that I could not wait, but took the little train for Jerusalem, sharing en route a watermelon with a Moslem, and pulling a ripe fig from a tree growing close to the track as I stood on the platform in the mountains near Jerusalem. It was about sixty miles and just before sunset we reached the city of the Great King.

The natives at the station who had come to greet their incoming friends, leaped and jumped at them like madmen, kissing them first on one cheek, then on the other. The Arab hackmen and baggage carriers made savage attempts to get my little bundle and me, but I preferred to take my own time and walk into the city of Jerusalem, about a quarter of a mile away, the walls of which we could plainly see.

My mail would be at Cook's Tourist Agency where I had it sent from any friends writing me. But I could not get it till the office opened on the following day. I was nervous about it, for I didn't know whether my mother was dead or alive. She had been carried to the hospital at Freeport, Ill., for operation for gallstones and no one who saw her believed that she would live, not even the doctors. The last letter from her found her just about to go under the knife. The letter or letters lying in the office a few doors from my hotel contained the information—the news from a far country,—which would make me sad beyond words, or glad in the extreme.

From the top of the grand new hotel where I was welcomed by the genial proprietor and by Dr. Sulah Merrill, our delightful and cultured U. S. consul, I was shown, first of all, the bare hill of Golgotha where the Savior had been crucified for me. Then my guide turned my gaze to the right where rose the graceful Mount of Olives. The temple area, between, and David's tower near by, could be seen.

With a big bundle of mail in my arms I ran to my hotel and began to open it. First I opened the letters

from home, in order of their postmarks. Mother had been operated upon. She had rallied. She was living. I read fast and thanked God for the glad news. Then I tore open another. She was improving rapidly and was to leave the hospital! So, I was all right. The Holy Land, which before was offering to me, as a tourist, a doubtful pleasure, now unrolled in fairest colors beneath my buoyant spirits. I was to have a grand time there, and I knew it. But I couldn't help praising God and re-confirming my faith in him who does everything perfectly. Dr. Merrill and wife rejoiced with me. They were happier for my sake. I walked about over the city of a thousand woes like one enchanted. I bathed my temples in the cool, clear waters of Bethesda. I bathed my eyes and my lips,

hoping that its healing balm would cause my eyes to see more of the goodness of our world and that my lips, anointed by this seraphic water, might speak more acceptably the praise of the Maker above.

No one but the believing Christian who has been here can know of the wonderful delight and strange emotions that filled my soul when I looked for the first time upon these most

sacred spots of all the earth. It was wonderful even to bow the head and say grace at the table; to kneel at the bed and say my evening prayer; to lie down upon the clean, white sheets, and just dream and dream and dream and, whether waking or sleeping, laugh to myself to know that I had at last reached the Holy Land and that although I had started penniless I was in the most wonderful city of all the famous historic places on the globe, with all the land open to me for my eager feet. Over everything and in everything, I saw the Christ, not as a fanatic, or as a narrow bigot; but as a student of the Bible and of history; I saw him here, with customs and dress exactly like those in the days of Abraham and Paul. As I sauntered down the Jewish street near the hotel, some men were buying grain from one of the dealers. The wheat was heaped up on the measure, then pressed down, and finally heaped again, and running over, and then poured into the bosom,—



Launch from Battleship Leaving Russian Vessel After Bringing H. M. Spickler. Beirut, Mediterranean Sea.

the big sack-like folds of the outer garment of these men, hanging against the chest and stomach.

A strange light pervades the Judean hills. I am in a strange country, but I am at home to everybody and to everything. I want to be so full of life and good and so running over and pressed down and shaken together as to get and give the most out of life.

Tomorrow I intend to try to walk down to Jericho, twenty miles away.

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JUTE.

T. H. FERNALD.

JUTE is a vegetable fiber which, although having been generally known but comparatively few years, has come to occupy a position with rice and flax. The term *jute* was first used by Dr. Roxburgh in 1795, in which year he sent a bale of the fiber to the directors of the East India Company, calling it "the jute of the natives." At an earlier date the substance was imported into England under the name of "pât" by which name it was called in India. The modern name is from *jhot* or *jhout*, by which it is known in the Cuttack district today, where there were extensive factories owned by the East Indian Company. At the time Dr. Roxburgh used the term *jute*.

This fiber is made from two species of the *corchorus*, a low shrub, native of India. The leaves are simple, the flowers are single, but occasionally in clusters, placed opposite the leaves; sepals five, deciduous; five petals, many stamens, one style, with the fruit pod-like. There are fifty different species.

There are but two species of the plant used in making the fiber, and there is but very little difference in them; a person not accustomed to them could not tell it. These with other species are native of Bengal, where they have been cultivated from a very early date, although it is believed they did not originate in Northern India. Of the two species used in making jute one attains a larger size than the other, while in one the seed-pods are globular, rough and wrinkled; in the other they are slender, quill-like cylinders.

They are cultivated in India not only for the fiber, but for the leaves which are used for a pot-herb. In 1872 there were 921,000 acres of land in Bengal under the jute cultivation.

Jute has not until recently been cultivated to any great extent except in Bengal, although it has been raised in the Hankow district, in China, from an early date. It has been raised in the United States to some extent, but not largely, and also in Egypt.

It requires a hot, moist climate, with abundant rain, and a very rich soil. The land should be well tilled and abundantly fertilized. The ground being well prepared the seed is sown from about the middle of March to the end of May. The seed is sown broad-

cast, the young plants are thinned out to six inches apart, and are ready to be cut down from about the middle of August to the middle of October. The plants are cut well down to the roots, and the best fiber is made from the part which is cut while in blossom.

The quality of the jute is judged by the color, luster, softness, length, strength, uniformity and cleanliness of the fiber. The best jute is made from a clear, yellowish white, soft, silky, smooth, fine, long and uniform fiber. The length of the fiber varies from six to seven feet, but is often fourteen feet.

The spinning and weaving is not very much different from that of hemp, the machinery being similar. The coarser has machinery differently adjusted from the finer fiber.

Jute has of recent years been manufactured into paper, as well as cloth, and is now grown quite extensively in the southern section of the United States, and the trade is rapidly increasing in this country.



THE WEB OF LIFE.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

LIFE is sometimes compared to a great river rising at the throne of God and flowing steadily on until it reaches the ocean of eternity. It has been compared to a journey through a dreary desert, over burning sands and rocks and mountains; yet containing at uncertain intervals verdant oases which rest the weary eye and cheer the drooping soul. It has been compared to a race in which many are striving; yet the path being so steep, so narrow and so difficult, few attain the goal.

We use still another figure,—that of weaving. Our mind is the loom; our past life the finished product; and our strong traits of character, whether good or bad, constitute the warp of this fabric; while our thoughts and acts serve as the filling or woof. The will is the shuttle which goes steadily on, moving back and forth, weaving in the tiny threads which modify the harsher lines made by the warp, and which make the finished material so delicate and so beautiful.

This process goes silently on, never ceasing. The good weaver works silently and patiently, cheering others by the beauty and splendor of his delicate threads. These threads not only glow themselves but they cast a radiant gleam on the work of less fortunate ones. Many workers sit in the shade of the juniper tree and weave in their threads with fear and trembling, never lifting their eyes to the bright sunshine, or the weary workers about them, but they continue to mourn and weep over their own petty discouragements and imperfections. Their work may be fairly good and evenly woven, yet it lacks that luster which

radiates from the fabric woven under the glorious light of heaven.

The weaver is doubly blessed who smiles, while his heart is bruised and bleeding. The soul cannot always scale the heights of idealism and cause the individual to forget the vexations, the pains, and heartaches which are the inheritance of the body; but it can surely do as much as the tiny flower when it lifts its face towards heaven, and radiates a soothing perfume to the passer-by. At such times, when the days seem long and the nights dreary, a voice like distant music sings to the drooping spirit:

"There is no task which may not be finished; no burden which shall not be lifted; no cloud which shall not be dispersed; and no night which hath not its glorious dawn."

Do we realize how awful are the records of this shuttle if we are selfish, envious, unkind or unfaithful? Do we realize how a fabric containing such threads will appear under the searchlight of truth which reveals every imperfection? Do we realize what little effort a kind word requires? What little time a kind act takes? How much good a bright smile does? If we did, would we not have more golden threads in our fabric? These threads would cover by their gleam the many knots and unsightly blemishes which even the best weaver allows to occur in an unguarded moment.

The smallest threads make the most beautiful patterns, and the one who is content to weave in such fillings as humility, meekness, patience, longsuffering and obedience, will not have a fabric that will look brilliant from the world's point of view; but on the side towards heaven will be gleaming threads of silver and gold which even the ages of eternity cannot dim, and one that will be in harmony with the perfection found in the bowers of the heavenly Eden.

By the faithful performance of every duty we may cause the soul of a more talented person to unfold and blossom forth in acts of piety and goodness which we ourselves could not attain; or we can hold an unsightly, irregular, blemished texture before their eyes, and by this imperfect example cause them to cease trying and be satisfied with the mere tinsel of this life.

A myth is told of the Greek goddess Athene, who among other things was goddess of weaving. At one time she taught a mortal maiden this useful art. The maiden became so proficient that she challenged Athene to a contest. The contest was held and Arachne, the maiden, entirely vanquished Athene. This so enraged the goddess that she struck Arachne with her shuttle, and the maiden, humiliated at the insult, hanged herself. Athene, angered at her for this, changed her into a spider. So, by the myth, the world has since had the little spider to teach lessons of skill and diligence by its untiring patience in weav-

ing its dainty and beautiful webs. And just as the spider contains within its little body the possibilities for weaving beautiful webs, so there is something implanted in the human breast which yearns for the ideal and ever strives after it.

Yet do we weave our web of life with as much diligence as do these tiny creatures? If we would, there would be no regrets like myriads of little insects swarming about us continually. When the shuttle flies back and forth and the idle word becomes a part of our web, we cannot with tears of regret remove it; an unlearned lesson leaves a vacancy which cannot be filled; an act of disobedience or rudeness leaves a place which cannot be smoothed by the deepest remorse. "When Eve stood without the green bowers of Eden, tears of remorse could not reinstate her; when Esau sold his birthright, groans of anguish could not bring it back; when the five virgins failed to provide oil for their lamps, the opportune time had gone forever, and justice was meted by a righteous judge."

If one should fail in this only task given him, would not the angels in heaven weep that such costly raiment was marred and disfigured by unsightly blemishes? As the lily is pure and spotless, so may these fabrics be, if care and diligence are exercised in choosing the material.

May we all weave such threads into these immortal fabrics that when the years have gathered on our heads and left their silver threads above our brows; and when the eager hopes of youth, the courage of our older years, and all that makes us long for better things, shall merge into a restful peace, we may hear our Savior softly call, "Dear tired weaver, look up and see the dawn, 'tis God's reward for you."

Elizabethtown, Pa.



OUR EASTERN TRIP. No. 2.

D. M. CLICK.

OUR former letter closed at Annual Meeting and now we will give the readers of the INGLENOOK a few reflections while at the park at the Conference. For those who carefully observe the passing scenes at such great gatherings it is quite interesting to notice how indifferently many of our own people spend the time, especially on the Lord's Day. We are sometimes told that our young people are quite careless and even impious at places of that kind, but we wish to state here that our young people showed as much or even more true piety than some older members whom we would think ought to set noble examples for the young. We should all endeavor at all times and at all places to show ourselves living epistles of Christ, read and known of all men.

While the large tabernacle was crowded to overflowing and many could not get near enough to hear,

yet there were many good sermons delivered at different places on the grounds so that our people could have the privilege to hear the speaking if they desired to. Some being asked to go and hear certain ones who were preaching in the park, replied that they heard preaching at home and that they had come there to have a good time, and these were not young members either. Would it not be wise in us all to carefully consider our influence at such places and also what effect our words may have on others? "Let your light so shine before men that they may see your good works."

Then at the noon hour there was a rush and a jam to get into the large dining hall for dinner. Many men acted very unkindly to the women and children seeming not to care for any but themselves, crowding the weaker ones aside so that they might gain admittance first. Many of our dear brethren and sisters are favoring the idea of dispensing with this Sunday dinner and in view of these conditions would it not be more in keeping with the Bible injunction to remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy? It seems but natural that it would be much better for the spiritual growth of the church if we could dispense with these Sunday objectionable features. A deeper spirituality is what we need in both old and young and may we all pray and labor to that end.

The yearly meetings are a great stimulating power to those who attend for the purpose of being spiritually built up, and may we ever endeavor to still make them a source of greater good to the church and for the saving of perishing souls.

A few days after the Conference closed we left Harrisonburg and went to Mount Sidney in Augusta County and here at Middle River church we had the pleasure of enjoying a love feast June 5. We also had the pleasure of worshiping with the members of this church on Sunday and Sunday night following.



WITH AN AMERICAN GIRL IN MALTA.

WE approached the island of Malta about 6 o'clock in the morning. The Mediterranean was calm; the skies were clear. In my mind this island figured as a vague but wondrous place of importance in mythology and biblical history. For was it not here that Ulysses was held enslaved by the charms of the nymph Calypso? Was it not here that the Apostle Paul was shipwrecked on his way to Rome—a captive?

As our ship passed St. Paul's Bay we gazed long and earnestly at "the place where two seas met." We saw the chapel erected to the memory of the great apostle. We noted "the certain bay with a beach" and began to feel the spell of the rock-ribbed Isle of Malta.

Then, as we steamed into that wonderful harbor and

saw the formidable fortifications, the English guns frowning down on us, and the English and Maltese flags waving welcome to us, we realized that at last the land of dreams was at hand.

Rowed ashore in small boats by stalwart Maltese men, we at once began to feel the strange sensations of Valetta—Malta's capital. The photograph shows something of the harbor and the fortifications; but little idea of the whole great harbor and of the picturesque city itself can be given by any picture.

First we drove in queer little carriages up the main thoroughfares to the Church of St. John. Once within the portals of this great building its spell seizes upon each visitor. Little idea of its grandeur can be conveyed. Ornate and to an artist's eye overdecorated, it is still to the ordinary observer "a thing of beauty and a joy forever." And as the priest with hushed voice conducts the visitor from one chapel to another the mind is filled with a variety of impressions—not only with wonder at the beauty, but with marvel at the vast amount of workmanship displayed. Then, as with bated breath you gaze on that beautiful silver altar, which was saved from the cupidity of Napoleon by a quick-witted priest, who painted it black—you realize how historic is the ground which you are treading. And as you look upon the tombs of the grand masters and the four hundred marble memorials of the Knights of St. John, you picture again the stirring deeds of the Maltese knights, their greatness and glory.

As we left the cathedral we met a flock of goats, which were being driven from door to door. We watched the driver stop to milk the goats whenever he found a purchaser. By this method of delivery each buyer is sure of pure, unwatered milk. It was a sight strange and interesting to us Americans.

But most interesting to us of all things we observed was the headdress of the Maltese women. The large and strange looking head covering is called the valdetta. It is made of Florentine silk and the piece over the head is stiffened; a small loop near the bottom, in which she places her finger, is the only method the Maltese woman uses to secure her peculiar head covering.

The stories of the origin and meaning of the valdetta are various, but that accepted by most people is a sad one. When Napoleon took Malta in 1802, his soldiers forgot all law and decency and many of the Maltese women were outraged. So the valdetta was made to cover the heads of all Maltese women and to express to the world their shame and their mourning. The season of mourning—100 years—has now passed, so many are discarding the characteristic head-dress.

As we proceeded up some of the narrow side streets, built, as shown, with rows of stone steps, we gazed in-

to the little shops, and now and then stopped to examine the noted products of Malta—the Maltese lace. The streets in themselves were exceedingly interesting—the shops were queer and inviting; but the motley throng upon the streets is enough to turn one's attention from the shops, for it is the most cosmopolitan in the world. Even the Maltese themselves, who speak a dialect, a mixture of Arabian and Italian, are the most mixed of races. Not only are the Maltese a mixture of Arab and Italian, but as we look at them we feel sure that in their veins runs the blood of various conquerors—Phœnician, Roman, Vandal, French and English.

On this day, when we visited Valetta, the people were celebrating the greatest fete day of the year. So we found ourselves in the midst of a huge carnival. All the streets were filled with merry-makers. Clowns and floats and gayly masked maidens thronged every street. Few were laboring, for almost all celebrate this great festal day. The procession was a long one, and at its head were two mummers, who waltzed for miles through the city, graceful and tireless. Indeed, in their gay attire they all appeared a care-free, happy, child-like people.

But we, impatient of the revelry, turned aside from flowers and confetti and throngs of people to the quiet side street, where we found the lacemaker at work. It was a peaceful little place, and though we were invited within the humble home, the nimble fingers never ceased to move rapidly making the dainty lace, which, like all of the true Maltese, was beautifully made. The care and patience of the woman working at her ill-paid task served as a lesson to us impatient sight-seers.

Not content with impressions of Valetta alone, we proceeded to the railway station and bought for three pence half penny a third-class ticket to Citta Vecchia, the ancient capital of Malta. Seated in the queer little carriages with Maltese soldiers, native priests and English gentlemen, we Americans gazed with surprise at the country outside of Valetta. We noted that there were few trees, but our guidebook said that numerous hurricanes had destroyed them. However, the grass was green and the vegetation luxuriant.

Long, loosely-built stone walls separate one tiny farm from another; these walls are built so that the water may, during the rainy season, filter through from one terrace to the one beneath. Few farms have more than three acres, and often one serves as support for a number of families. The people live on fish, olive oil and bread or macaroni. House servants' wages are about 16 shillings a month. This interesting information was given our party by an English school-teacher who happened to be in our coach.

As we gazed at these tiny rock-enclosed spots and then at the houses, we became more and more inter-

ested. Each house was made of stone and was square or oblong in shape. Each contained but one door and usually only one window. These were made of wood (we learned that glass was too expensive).

So, through this strange and picturesque country we journeyed the eight miles to the ancient city of Bible times. From the picture the reader may gather a faint idea of the walls and the native houses, with the Citta Vecchia in the background. But no words can describe that ancient, crumbling city.

As we climbed the hill and walked the narrow streets, first passing through the poverty and squalor of the wretched district, and then on up to the Church of St. Paul, erected upon the site of the house of the Roman governor Publius; as we left the upper air and journeyed underground into the old catacombs (second in size only to those at Rome); as we penetrated further and further underground we felt most truly the spell of antiquity. But when our guide took us into the cave where Paul was concealed during his three months on the island, we all felt the power and greatness of that wonderful biblical character as never before.

When we reluctantly turned from the decaying city and again sought our train at the foot of the hill, we shook from us the spell of far-off times and looked with double interest on the Malta of today.

Then we learned that Malta is improving under English rule; that many are availing themselves of the education offered by the English government; that wages are higher than they were a few years ago; that new methods and new customs are giving this quaint people more and more of modern civilization.

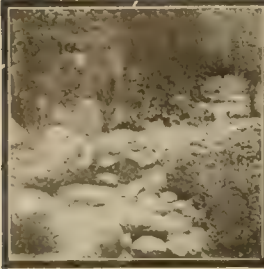
Still, when we had again reached Valetta and saw the carnival at its height, the gayety, the mirth, the wildness, we wondered if the Maltese were not content to be left to their own ways.

Before we returned to our ship we stopped at the renowned Chapel of Bones. A pious priest escorted us through the wondrous cavern and explained that here were over 2,000 skulls of Maltese soldiers killed over 300 years ago in gallant defense of their native land; and that these bones were collected and placed in these remarkable designs—patterned after the Maltese cross—by one Maltese monk, who devoted his life to the labor of constructing this grewsome work of art.

With a shudder we left the strange place and sought our ship and soon were sailing out of Malta's most magnificent harbor, watching with regret the towers and battlements of Valetta pass from our view.—*Woman's National Daily*.



LIFE fellowship with Jesus is the only school for the science of heavenly things.—*Andrew Murray*.



NATURE STUDIES



BIRDS IN THE SOUTH.

J. I. MILLER.

THE native birds or those that stay with us all the time are different from those in the North. One of our sweetest song birds is the native mocking bird. It is an early riser, often perching on the house top or in some close-by tree and sending forth its melodies at the first peep of day. It is about as large as the brown mocking in Pennsylvania and Missouri with larger wings. In color it is a mixture of white and pale blue, making it a sort of gray.

It rears about three or four broods of young birds each summer; lays from three to four eggs at a time. It is very destructive to our grapes, figs, peaches, etc., when they ripen. And while it is a violation of the law to kill them many are shot to save the fruit.

The wild canary is another nuisance. It is a little larger than the tame canary, is much the same in color and is also very destructive to fruit. It is not much of a song bird.

The oriole is much the same as that of the North but a little darker in color.

The prettiest bird we have here is the cardinal or native redbird. It is a real bright red, with a nice top-knot or crest on top of head and is a most beautiful singer. We have one in our house and have had for more than a year that found its way through a broken pane of glass into the schoolhouse where our daughter was teaching and she captured it. It can and does sing in so many different ways or tones, but from the fact that they are rather shy they take to the woods and do not come to fruit trees unless the trees are close to the woods.

The above are about all the song birds except the common meadow lark. They are nice warblers, same in size and color as in the North, but more plentiful; they are here by the thousand.

Then we have lots of game birds, but I will leave them for another article. The robins of the North spend a portion of the winter with us, but are not so numerous as they were in Florida; they do not sing while here. They eat the berries of the China trees and become intoxicated so they lie like dead for ten or fifteen minutes, then sober up and fly away. They never nest in our part of the South as we know of.

A very few bluebirds come here in winter, but do not

stay long. We did see a few spend the summer in Florida.

The butcher bird is a native bird of the South and is the most cruel bird we have ever seen. It is not quite as large as the robin, but is a great fighter and cruel in the extreme. It will catch all manner of bugs or insects of small size and impale them on any sharp object it can find. In Florida it put them on the thorns of the orange trees; here its principal place of torment is the barb on the wire fence. We have seen snakes from six to twenty inches long that these birds "hung up." They will take young birds from the nests of other birds and hang them up, and we think they do it for wanton cruelty, as we have never known them to eat their prey later on. This may seem like a bird story to those that have never seen the butcher bird and know nothing of its habits, but it is true all the same.



BIRDS WE SELDOM MEET.

THINK of a bird cutting down a tree, and a good-sized tree at that! It seems almost an impossibility, particularly as the bird which accomplishes this feat, the South American woodhewer, is no larger than a pigeon. Its bill, however, is extremely powerful, and is as sharp as can be. The woodhewer ranges through tropical South America, and is not at all popular. Sometimes it attacks a coffee plantation, and it is also fond of the milk of the India rubber tree.

In size, as told, it does not exceed a small pigeon. It is usually brownish in color, occasionally mottled, while its neck is streaked with gray. Its beady eyes have a malicious look, as if it really enjoyed doing damage. In fact, its appearance is in no sense pleasant, almost terrifying, when we stop to think what it can do with its bill. But the woodhewer never tries its powers on man, its savage instinct being directed wholly at trees and the insects it devours.

Occasionally the woodhewer strays into the extreme southern section of North America, but not often. Here it is usually confounded with the woodpecker, which is really a slander, for the latter bird is a benefit, save when it becomes too friendly with ripened fruit. Central America, particularly that section thereof adjacent to Mexico, is frequented by the woodhewer, and great mahogany trees have been found in Guiana lying prone, looking as if they had been felled

with a lumberman's saw, when really the sharp bill of the woodhewer is the only agent that brought about the fall of the tree.

There has been much speculation on the part of naturalists as to just why the woodhewer insists on cutting down trees, pruning off huge limbs in other instances, and committing a thousand and one similar deeds. If rotten trees or those that were withered were selected, the matter of food-hunting would be the given cause. But there are no insects in the heart of a sound tree, nor when the woodhewer has finished is there sign that it sought to devour any of the freshly cut wood. It may be that there is a food element of which naturalists know nothing.

Inasmuch as there is no woodhewer in captivity opportunity of closely studying its habits has been lacking. A number of the birds have been captured, but they pined and died without exception. The curious theory has been advanced that the woodhewer is solely actuated by instinct that leads it to destroy trees and limbs thereof with a view to causing the tree to decay, and thus become the lodging-place of the bugs and worms which it eats. That it does live on such food is known.

The woodhewer is perhaps one of the greatest of object lessons in patience nature gives us. Just imagine how many times that bill must be moved back and forth to cut off even the branch of a tree. The bird never seems to tire, however, and once it assumes a task, never abandons it.—*Charles C. Johnson in Young People's Weekly.*



THE MARTINS' COMING-OUT PARTY.

WE have the finest martin box in town. In the summer when the little birds are first taught to fly, it is the liveliest place I know. I saw a brood of young martins introduced into society there last year. It was quite as important a social event as any human debutante's tea could ever be.

All the martins from far and near were invited. I watched them come, new ones arriving on every gust of wind. The bird house is near the barn, so the top of the barn became naturally the great ballroom.

On the roof is a cupola, and on the cupola is a gilded weather vane, which served the martins for a reviewing stand. There were many interesting special "features" introduced into the evening's entertainment; tournaments, winged contests for prizes of admiration, all sorts of races, short dashes around the chimneys of neighboring houses, long flights to the hills and back, soaring ascensions to a far-off cloud.

The old birds seemed to be exerting themselves to impress the youngsters, and the new little martins exhibited a proper degree of respect and appreciation. They loved the show.

One fine old Beau Brummel of the bird colony,

wearing an elegant suit of deep indigo feathers, was evidently a universal favorite, and I fancied I saw signs of incipient jealousy among the young martins not so sumptuously attired. The Beau had the air of addressing the assemblage with "Now, watch me!" Then he darted off, swept suddenly straight down, caught a moth, turned sharply, caught another winged insect, and then with the speed of a humming bird, he disappeared. I thought the wind had blown him away, but as the young birds seemed quite as interested as ever, I suppose he was simply out of my sight. In a minute there was a flutter of wings over my head like a fanfare of trumpets, and down came the old bird, turning back somersaults, his mouth full of bugs which he gallantly presented to the young ladies.

There were many such displays of skill, so many I could not follow them all. There was really too much going on at once. One unfortunate accident occurred, which I will relate though the birds did not seem to take any notice of the affair one way or the other. It happened very suddenly. There was a foolhardy over-smart young martin, who had been trying all the afternoon to attract attention. Eventually he sailed from a great height straight for the barn at a tremendous speed. He seemed to be dropping down. All the birds fluttered and whispered among themselves as if they were saying, "That foolish young thing is going to show us what a sudden stop he can make!" He may have miscalculated the distance, or he may have been crossed in love. Who knows? But—he struck the lightning rod and impaled himself on it! He must have died instantly. He never even quivered; and there his body remained until it fell the prey of some prowling cat later on. There was no panic, apparently not even any great excitement among the birds, just a fluttering for a moment, and then the games went on. Martins are so stoic. They are real philosophers. It seemed a terrible fate to me, but they did not even miss their little comrade, whose bravado—or whose broken heart, perhaps—had ended his brief career.

The sun went down on the festivities. Large clouds were gathering in the west that threatened rain. The oldest birds, more cautious than the rest, gathered their little ones about them ready to take home. One by one the guests departed, and our little martins retired to their box by the side of the barn. A few of the younger birds, enamored youths we will suppose, waited around the gilded horn on the top of the weather vane yet a little longer. The twilight fell. The martin family grew quiet within the little bird house, and by and by I saw a young blade making his way, a trifle crookedly, as if his thoughts were not all on his flight toward the town. Presently he was out of sight behind the pine trees in the west. Night had fallen and the Martins' Coming-Out Party was over.—*Our Dumb Animals.*

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PUTTING one's self in the other fellow's place is done quite as often these days for the purpose of seizing the benefits of his advantages and privileges as for the original purpose of letting him profit by one's own.

SOMETIMES one's zeal for a certain cause overreaches itself and really adds strength to the other side. An instance of this is that of the war alarmist whose exaggerations set level-headed people to thinking as never before of the ties which bind nations together and of the follies of war. One Hobson has doubtless made numbers of strong and fearless advocates of peace.

As a result of the untiring efforts of the late George T. Angell, of Boston, 75,000 Bands of Mercy have been organized since the beginning of the movement in 1882, with a total membership of 2,250,000 children. The value of this number to the cause of mercy is incalculable. Already the world at large is beginning to enjoy the blessings from such organizations in laws looking to the welfare of helpless animal life and the greater protection of human life.

SOME people consume a good deal of time and energy in trying to bring their desires and tastes into line with the plain and sometimes unattractive path of duty. Others adopt the easier if less honorable method of making their duty coincide with what they wish to do. It is strange what strong argument they can put up as to why they should do thus and so. Stranger still these very people generally consider that what certain other people wish to do, whose interests are vitally connected with their own, must have no relation with what they ought to do. Have any of our readers ever had the misfortune of coming into

close contact with this species of selfishly selfish selfishness?

DOUBTLESS a number of our readers are just now in a position to give us some valuable advice and suggestions on the subject of vacations,—how and how not to spend them. We are of the opinion that by far the larger number can discourse knowingly on the "how-not" side. Few people have succeeded in striking the combination which brings an ideal vacation. While the information would come too late to be of practical use this season, we would be glad to have some word from our readers on the subject. We would have time to work it over to suit our own peculiar circumstances until another season, and perhaps receive much benefit from it. Who will be the first?

THE SIMPLE LIFE.

WE have heard much talk lately about the simple life, but when one comes to inquire as to the real meaning of the term he finds it has no generally accepted meaning, except of the most indefinite sort. Specifically the term has almost as many meanings as there are people with an opinion on the subject. Even the author of the book with the title, "The Simple Life," while it is largely due to his discussion of the subject that so much has been said about it recently and not a little good has been done, lays down no inflexible or plain rules for one's guidance in this ideal way. Moreover, he unconsciously shows by his style of writing that he himself has come far short of the acme of simplicity in the matter of expression.

And it must ever be so, that as long as our habits of life differ, giving us a different outlook on life, so long will our opinions differ on what constitutes the simple life. It is not our purpose, therefore, to endeavor to improve on what the author, Wagner, has said, by way of making a definite application of the principles he has dwelt upon, but we wish to emphasize the value of a general thought which is so simple that its application can be made by every one to suit his or her particular case.

The thought is embodied in the teaching of the Savior who, ethically and experimentally, knew more about the simple life than any of us will ever be able perfectly to put into practice. He sums it up in three words,—“Be not anxious,”—and makes the application to four things: Be not anxious about what ye shall eat; be not anxious about what ye shall drink; be not anxious concerning raiment; be not anxious about the future.

Any one can see at once that these strike directly at the very foundation of our complex life. Take away anxiety on these points and the train of toil this anxiety exacts, and we might cease altogether talking about the burdens of life. The Savior says

plainly that the life is more than food—more than eating—and the body is more than the clothing that is put upon it, and when we place these secondary things in a secondary position in our lives, we will be on a fair road to enjoy those incomparable blessings of the simple life.

In the same discourse, speaking of Christian growth and attainment, the Savior says: "If thy right eye cause thee to offend, pluck it out, if thy right hand cause thee to offend, cut it off." The application may well be made to these things of overmuch civilization which bind us down and make us slaves instead of the masters we were intended to be.

To the housemother let it be said: "If the cooking and serving of the food for your family, becomes a great burden, robbing you of the strength you should have for training your children and for other important work, cut down the number of dishes for each meal,—have less variety,—prepare the food with wholesomeness rather than attractiveness as the end to be secured. Go through every department of the house in the same manner. Let clothing and furnishings make their natural contributions to comfort and convenience, but when they go beyond this, cut them off. To the husband and father,—the business man: If the business you are in makes you hard-hearted and suspicious and grasping, puts you out of touch with your wife and children by consuming all your time—even time that rightfully should be spent in sleep,—stop it; get into something else. Better for all time be the man of whom the world contemptuously says, "Oh, he's doing business in a small way," than to be the one whose business "does" him, physically and morally. To the young people: If being "up with the times" means being surrounded with an artificiality that robs you of your vigor, your sweetness and your wholesome, optimistic view of life, cast it from you. The real times ask no such sacrifice. Real success, real usefulness only strengthen these priceless qualities and make life a glad, workful, restful existence.

* * *

NO REDRESS.

"I HAVE a serious complaint to make to this institution," said a plain-looking man to the president of a great State university a few days ago.

"State your complaint," said the president, annoyed to have a busy day interrupted by some inconsiderate caller.

"This is my complaint," said the visitor, taking time for it. "Two years ago I sent my son to this university to get an education. I trusted him to the State, believing it would do him no harm. He went to your teacher of philosophy and ethics. This teacher has taken from my boy the faith he had in the Bible, in the divine and the miraculous and the future; has robbed him of his

faith in prayer and his implicit confidence in the Christian religion and set him adrift on a sea of doubt and skepticism."

"It will do him good to think it out," said the president, calmly.

"Wait," said the plain citizen. "My complaint is right here. Your teacher in philosophy has not given my boy anything in the place of what he has lost. He has taken from him his old faith and has not substituted for it a single foundation for his heart or mind. What redress have I for all this loss? What redress has my boy?"

The president of that State institution has not yet answered that question.—*Home Herald*.



THERE IS NO DEATH.

SELECTED BY LELA MAUD BYERLY.

There is no death! The stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in heaven's jeweled crown
They shine for evermore.

There is no death! The dust we tread
Shall change, beneath the summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganize
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest leaves drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! The leaves may fall,
The flowers may pale and fade away—
They only wait through wintry hours
The coming of the May.

There is no death! An angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread,
He bears our best loved things away,
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate—
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tone
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,
Sings now, in everlasting song,
Amid the trees of life.

And where he sees a smile too bright,
Or hearts too pure for taint and vice,
He bears it to the world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

Born into that undying life,
They leave us but to come again;
With joy we welcome them—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread:
For all the boundless universe
Is life, there is no death!



THE HOME WORLD



WHEN THE SHADOWS ARE LONG

J. F. STUDEBAKER, M. D.

NATURE's shadows begin lengthen in the small hours of the day; her longest shadows steal upon us when the sun "drops down behind the sky." Then is the time for repose, the actual oblivion of cares and the cessation of bodily activity and nerve wrecking of business competition. This rest is dependent upon a limited amount of fatigue without taxation upon reserve energy.

Some one has told us that our body changes every seven years. This means that the old must be replaced by the new, especially when rest is insufficient. So a man who lives seventy years would have ten new bodies. What a splendid opportunity to improve the old one—ten trials! Then again some scientist tries to enumerate the microscopic units of the brain, the cells, telling us that we have 50,000,000 and that they hasten to retreat to give a place for new similar minutiae, which develop from the old cells, every three months,—thus four new brains a year.

Think of the brains a boy would have at the age of seventeen or eighteen if new cells kept multiplying without the loss of old ones. Perhaps nature does retain many of the old cells and so accounts for the adolescent's massive and stupendous wealth of knowledge, making him his father's superior in judgment, reason and wisdom, or reckons for his delusion about his scholarly acquisitions and his profoundness of thought at the end of the first year in high school or college, having heard a few Greek and Latin words meaningless to him. Haven't you all felt such at some time?

This is the boy's age of ideals and an ideal is but the lengthened shadow of a boy. He is constantly full of new life—ever active and not normal if content with being a hothouse plant behind the stove. He plans to do great things. If a farmer's life is his ideal he is going to be a first-class agriculturist, raising the best wheat and corn in soil free from contamination by weeds; if a professional career, the most proficient,

progressive and noble; if a business vocation, the most alert, aggressive and successful, or possibly the active figure of a large corporation of commercial interests. He is to be somebody. This is why he is bigger than his pa. His father's tape measure is too short to circumduct his prospects. If he is doing simple clerical work in a banking institution he has a better grasp (so he feels) of the best banking system than its president and board of directors. What is the cause of such an awakening? Over activity in cell production. He outgrows and overestimates himself. He thinks of and tries to do wonders until he is tired and then, lulled by the slumberous music of the voices of night, rolls to one side like a kitten and sleeps peacefully until the dawn's blush brightens the orient.

Now this boy, who has practically insurmountable plans, possesses a rare jewel, ability to relax into quiet repose, to allow nature to regain her equilibrium. For the body does not certainly exist without destruction of her integral parts when in activity. She rebuilds most after moderate exercise and during rest. The process is life by constant death. Longevity depends upon the balance of these two forces. Anabolism, or building up of tissues, is in excess of katabolism, or breaking down, in the boy, whereas the reverse is true in advanced adult life.

It was intended that nature should have long shadows at short, regular intervals instead of perpetual day, that katabolism would not exceed the expectant development of cell life during the various periods of existence. When daylight begins to soften into twilight the vegetable as well as the animal kingdom (except mankind and the creatures of night) sink into repose. Men being highly organized and in many cases disorganized do not hold good to this harmony in the world about us. They initiate new ideas, schemes and projects to develop the interests of their occupation.

The spirit of progress today is commercialism. To

be a good farmer one must be a business man. He studies the methods of greatest production with the best preservation of soil and the issues which control the markets. A banker must be a financier. A wage-earner must observe the lessons of economics. The ambition is to enlarge one's horizon. This restless activity gets a monarch hold upon its individuals. Instead of quietude of mind and body after ten hours of earnest endeavor, they strenuously overlap the time of the crickets, strenuously sleep a few hours of subconscious sleep (dreams of business) and awake in the robin's best hours, when he almost rents himself vying with others in his happy notes of good cheer. Two or three hours' melody in the morning's orchestra of birds loses him all his reserve energy and then he quits.

But some one says we are not birds. Neither are we all like Edison who can work hard with only four hours' sleep daily. Napoleon had not more than five hours' rest in twenty-four and was one of the world's distinguished generals, but remember he had a disease of the nervous system, epilepsy, that cost him the battle of Waterloo and later his life. He needed more hours of relaxation to increase his number of decades.

After a certain hour each day all things connected with a person's vocation should be forgotten and seven to nine hours of undisturbed and continuous sleep

secured. Shorter hours are required in early adult life and longer periods after middle age. This is a wise protection of your future years.



CROONINGS.

Come to me, little one, drowsy and dear;
Mother will spare me her darling awhile;
I am so lonely when twilight is near—
Lie in my arms, love, and nestle and smile.
I have no little one, dearie, like you—
No little hand to hold close in the night;
No one to dream of, the lonely hours through--
No one to wake for, when God sends the light.

You are so sorry? O, bless you, my sweet!
Dear little fingers that wipe off the tears,
Soft little body and little white feet,
How will they treat you—the terrible years?
Life is so fair to a baby like you—
All things are wonderful under the sun;
Rainbows are real and all stories true—
Would they might be so when childhood is done.

Wide little eyes that are questioning so,
Life is no stranger to you than to me;
The secrets worth knowing I never shall know;
The end of the rainbow I never shall see.
So, little drowsy one, nestle and sleep—
Angels are near, as the days come and go—
Sweet be thy dreams in their close-watching care—
Lullaby, little one, lullaby low.

—Elsa Barker in *Woman's Home Companion*.

SHALL THE CHILD HAVE AN ALLOWANCE?

CLARA NORTH RULEY

IN answering this question so frequently asked, one might well use the Yankee prerogative and answer it by asking another: "Why shouldn't they?"

Perhaps three-fourths of the failures, not financial alone, but moral failures, are caused by a lack of knowledge of money matters on the part of either man or woman. There are some things one can never learn by theories alone, and spending money is one of them. It is absurd to expect the man to manage financial affairs with judgment when he has had no training, whatever, in that direction, and it is just as absurd to expect a woman to manage the financial end of her housekeeping with success when she has had no actual experience. And moreover it does not pay. In our youth we handle small sums of money, if indeed we are fortunate enough to handle any, while as adults the amount we handle is large, making our responsibility much greater.

If behooves us, then, as we train our children and prepare them to meet the other responsibilities in life

to teach them the value and use of money and in no other way can this be done so well as by giving them an allowance.

Some time ago in the correspondence column of a well-known magazine the question was asked, "What should be the amount of a very small child's allowance?" and the answer came thus: "Three cents is enough, one for Sunday school, one to put in his bank and the other to buy candy with, always being sure to advise him on the kind of candy."

In this advice the intention might have been good, but if it were, that was the only good thing about it.

In the first place, if the object in giving a child an allowance is to teach him how to use money one is sure to defeat his own ends if one tells the child just what use to make of it. They must be taught to use their own judgment, even at the cost of a few pennies. One should at all times impress upon the child the right of the church and charities in general to some of his allowance, but is it not infinitely better to let him

decide just what amount he is willing to give, helping only with precept and advice but not with dictation? Then again, is it always desirable to have a child so imbued with the idea that no matter what happens one must hoard away a certain amount? Does not that practice encourage parsimony and niggardliness, not economy? And then would it not be wise to give the child the third penny to spend for what he wishes, not dictating to him in any way, so that he does not injure himself?

As a child grows older his allowance should be increased and he should be required to purchase some of his apparel, his stockings perhaps, and his ties, or pay his laundry bill possibly. Always provide him with a sufficient allowance each week so that he may buy what you have required him and have a small sum remaining. He will soon learn that by caring for his clothes and person he will be able to augment the sum he has remaining and will tend to be more careful of his person. It helps a boy to economize on tablets and pencils if he buys them out of his own pocket money. Advise him as to his pleasures. Teach him to look forward to the week when the great flutist gives the recital and make him realize that by saving his money until then he can go, but do not expect him to have the forethought to know this of himself.

As for the girl she should have her weekly stipend, which should increase as she grows older, and as it is increased the number of things to be purchased by her should also be increased in like proportion. She should be taught to learn the relative value of materials, what material wears the longer and why, and what material will give her the most value for her money. Indeed, it is wise to have the girl go shopping with her mother, if the mother can show the wisdom not to dictate but merely to advise. The price of a dress that does not wear well or is unsatisfactory in other respects perhaps, is not wasted if the girl learns a lesson thereby. It will teach her to listen to the advice of older and wiser heads better than all the lectures in the world. But always let her suffer the consequences of a mistaken purchase. It is sure to hurt a mother to see the daughter spend Saturday afternoon mending her hose when she has planned to go to the picnic and all because she spent all her weekly allowance for chocolates and had nothing at the end of the week to invest in the new hose. It makes mothers want to purchase the needed articles themselves or mend the old ones, but that is the sort of selfishness that is bad for the girl and should not be indulged in. By the time a girl is sixteen she should be able to buy all her own clothes, indeed everything she needs, and if her parents are able should have her drawing account at the bank. This teaches her to look forward farther than to the week's end and tends to develop her business judgment. Then, too, a bank account teaches a girl to handle the

technical points of business and this she cannot learn in any other way.

A boy at sixteen should be able to manage his own money affairs and should be earning his allowance through the summer vacation, at least, either in working for his father or in some other way.

But whatever one does if one gives an allowance at all it should be sufficient to cover the child's requirements. Do not do as one father I know. He gave his daughter one dollar a week, which at first glance seems a fairly generous amount, but when one learns that out of it she was required to pay for her music lesson, which required fifty cents, bank a quarter, and buy her music and hair ribbons out of the remaining quarter, one could not wonder at the poor child's hunted expression. She was always in debt, either standing off her music teacher or the proprietor of the music store. Instead of getting good results from her allowance, she is reaping bad ones,—ones that will in all probability cause her to be a failure in her after life.

Milford, Ind.



THE SACREDNESS OF FATHERHOOD.

GOD alone has absolute power to create. He might have retained this power forever. He chose rather to confer infinite honor and infinite responsibility on man by delegating to him the power to recreate. This power to perpetuate the race, as a sub-creator, and to be a direct factor in determining its character and destiny, is divine. Its exercise in fatherhood is among the most sacred functions of existence. In this life alone its results for good or evil are beyond computation. Considered by the standard of an endless life, they are overwhelming. Were there not unknown possibilities for good results, in each experience of parenthood, no man understanding what it means could venture to assume fatherhood.

Much the larger share of human suffering comes though impaired physical health. Weakness and disease make men a burden on society, lead to poverty, drunkenness, social impurity, larceny, and kindred evils. No man is free from guilt who transmits a single element of physical weakness or disease which he can avoid.

The habitual use of stimulants and narcotics destroys nerve force and mental balance. Their effects are often more prominent in the second and the third generations than in those who first indulge. Purity in thought and act is an imperative demand which the sacredness of actual or possible fatherhood places on all men.

In assuming fatherhood you are acting for God; exercising the holiest function ever given you. If a man goes out as the agent of a business firm, or the representative of a great nation, he must be loyal to the power which commissions him, and in whose name he acts. How much more when a man as-

sumes fatherhood, in behalf of the Infinite and Eternal Father! He who does not love God cannot transmit the tendency to love him. Such a man must rather transmit the tendency to hate and disobey God, for which he, not his child, is responsible. This stupendous fact lies at the core of all true religion.

The husband has to bear little of the passive service and continuous burdens which attend parenthood. The wife has an absolute right to all the help which pure love, exhaustless patience and tenderest sympathy can afford. This is due to the child also, who must suffer loss in proportion as these are withheld from the mother. If any husband denies these, or worse still, gives, in place of them, indifference, neglect, harshness or abuse, he becomes a shame to the name of fatherhood, a disgrace to his sex, an enemy to his own child, and a sinner before God.—*A. H. Lewis, D. D.*



THE GIRL TO BE AVOIDED.

SHE is the girl who takes you off in one corner and tells you things that you would not repeat to your mother.

She is the girl who is anxious to have you join a party which is to be "a dead secret," and which, because people are very free and easy, makes you uncomfortable, and wish you were at home.

She is the girl who tries to induce you, "just for fun," to smoke a cigarette, or to take a glass of wine; and you don't know, and possibly she doesn't, that many of the sinners of today committed their first sins "just for fun."

She is the girl who persuades you that to stay at home and care for and love your own, to help mother, and to have your pleasures at home and where the home people can see them, is stupid and tiresome, and that spending the afternoon walking up and down the street looking at the windows and people is "just delightful."

She is the girl that persuades you that slang is witty, that a loud dress that attracts the attention is "stylish," and that your own simple gowns are dowdy and undesirable. She does not know, nor do you, how many women have gone to destruction because of their love for fine clothes.

She is the girl that persuades you that to be on very familiar terms with three or four young men is an evidence of your charms and fascination, instead of being, as it is, an outward, visible sign of your perfect folly.

She is the girl who persuades you that it is a very smart thing to be referred to as a "gay girl." She is very, very much mistaken.

And, of all others, she is the girl who, no matter how hard she may try to make you believe in her, is to be avoided.—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

The Children's Corner

THE CAT THAT ANSWERED AN ADVERTISEMENT.

You know that there are some people who say that cats cannot read good, plain English. If that is so, will you please tell me how it happened that this one came to the front door of the Belden family in answer to Ted's advertisement?

"The mice are eating us out of house and home!" said Mary, as she brought in the cream for breakfast. "I don't see what we will do if we don't get a cat."

"We really do need one," said mother, thoughtfully; but I don't know of a good mouser anywhere."

"Why don't you advertise?" joked father, as he drank his coffee. "An 'ad' in the *Gazette* or *Post* ought to bring you one."

"Costs too much!" laughed mother.

"Well, then, stick up a sign!" said father.

Ted thought it over as he finished his breakfast. He could "stick up a sign" just as well as anybody. Where should he put it? He decided that a good, big, handsome one, done in red paint and pinned up on the front door, would be as good as anything; and so, half an hour later, that was what callers might have seen if they had come so early. It stayed there all the forenoon, and this is what it said:

"Wanted—A Cat."

A few people saw it, and laughed, for it was such a big piece of brown wrapping paper, and the letters were so big, and red, and scraggly, that you couldn't help seeing them, unless you were very, very near-sighted.

Just before luncheon time mother had to go to the front door for something, and there stood a lean, lank, gray cat, with one paw up, trying to catch the fluttering corner of that brown paper sign. It seemed as if it were trying to say, "I've come! Why do you want that sign any more?"

"Ted, did you put that thing up there?" asked mother, taking the pins out in a hurry and carrying the dreadful looking sign inside to use for kindling. "What will the neighbors think! Such a front door for people to look at!"

"It brought the cat!" said Ted in triumph.

And, sure enough, there was the long, lean, gray cat following close at their heels everywhere they went, and meowing for milk. He turned out a splendid mouser, too, and to this day Ted firmly believes in advertising.—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR



A PETITION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Jesus, Eternal God, Creator,
Who didst make from naught
This earth, and by thy power
Dost support all things
Therein, and from their birth
Until their death preserve,
To thee I pray:

O thou who art the first and last,
Beyond the future and the past,
Who in thy loving mercy hast
Washed all my sins away,
Accept my ev'ning prayer:

"Now I lay me down to sleep,
I pray the Lord my soul to keep."

For thou who keepest heavenly spheres,
Encircling round the globe,
From contact with each other free,
Thou surely canst keep me!

"If I should die before I wake
I pray the Lord my soul to take."

O thou who gavest unto those
Who loved and served thee
This promise, "Where I am
There also thou shalt be,"
To thee I pray!

"If I should die before I wake"
Do thou, O Lord, my spirit take.



THE SIMPLE CHRIST-LIFE.

D. E. BRUBAKER.

THERE is a constant tendency in the heart to be drawn "away from the simplicity which is in Christ." This is not a new modern trend, springing up suddenly. It began back in the first century of the Christian church. In his correspondence with a church which he had founded, Paul expressed fear (2 Cor. 11: 3) that "as the serpent beguiled Eve through his subtilty," so also their minds "should be corrupted from the simplicity which is in Christ."

Paul having been instrumental in the conversion of these Christians, yearns for their safety—and expresses sincere godly jealousy, reminding them figuratively that he had espoused them to one husband, even Christ, and with joy looked into the future when he "should present them as a chaste virgin to Christ." Can we wonder then that he should express fear, and throw out a timely warning?

The religion of Jesus Christ is the simplest and yet most effectual system the world has ever known—and herein is its glory—and power.

Simplicity is the opposite of complexity. The law given by Moses was the very best code of morals which the world ever had up to that time. But when we compare the complexity of that law with the simplicity of the Gospel of Christ, we can but express our wonder and admiration at the wonderful change for the better. The law of Christ is simplicity itself in comparison to the law of Moses; especially with its added complications as interpreted by the scribes of the law, so that in Christ's time none but he himself could clearly and with due authority untangle the knotty questions.

And how sharply he rebuked this constant tendency of the conservators of the law for their corrupt additions. But if the law of Moses was corrupted into dense complexity, the greater simplicity of the Gospel of Christ was doomed to share the same fate.

It was a hard struggle at the very day dawn of the clear simple truth for the first pioneer ministers and teachers to guard it against the attacks of "men of corrupt minds" who were zealous to add the superseded points of the law of Moses to the Gospel. And again the devotees and advocates of the pagan religions were just as zealous to attack the simplicity of gospel truth and corrupt it with the complications of paganism. So there came a time before the close of the first century when men who nominally had embraced gospel truth set about to corrupt the truth, or in other words "corrupt the minds of Christ's disciples from the simplicity which is in Christ."

It was done through Satanic agency—as the minds and simple life of the first pair of the race had been beguiled in Eden. It was a dark day for the early church when men within her walls would "arise, speaking perverse things to draw away disciples after them" (Acts 20: 29, 30). This would be done by men departing from the faith (gospel simplicity), giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils, speaking lies in hypocrisy, having their conscience seared with a hot iron (1 Tim. 4: 1, 2). Paul here warns of what happened and how it happened back at the dawn of creation through the subtle doctrine of the devil. He showed malicious skill in presenting his doctrine—poisoning the mind of good Mother Eve to

distrust the simple, plain command (truth) of her Creator. Thus little by little she was indoctrinated by her evil teacher. Step by step she left the *true*, the *sublime*, the *simple* and embraced the untrue, the corrupt, the complicated.

The path into which Satan led our foreparents was a thorny and dark one indeed, with such fatal results as their minds never foresaw.

This later and more general apostasy which Satan headed as leader to corrupt from the simplicity of the Gospel, set in probably before the close of the first century. In a remarkably short time was set up image worship, angel worship, worship of saints, the enshrining of the relics of martyrs, making prayers and supplications to the dead—the doctrine of purgatory with all of its absurd complications, the burning of incense, changing the ordinance of marriage (forbidding the clergy to enter that state), corrupting or changing the sacred ordinance of the communion, usurping the authority of God over the conscience and souls of men. This corrupting force in its onward course finally culminated in the fiercest, bloodiest persecutions which the world ever saw, and even paganism itself in its persecutions had cause to blush.

Mt. Morris, Ill. ❧ ❧ ❧

THE HOUSE AND THE FAMILY.

THERE is a great difference between getting into a house and getting into a family. A burglar may get into your house, but he does not get into your family. A person may come to your home uninvited, and stay until his visit becomes a visitation, but he never gets into the family. In fact, there is very little family there so long as he remains, for a stranger in the family interrupts intercourse, hushes conversation, disturbs the current of affairs, and makes the family for the time being a mere boarding house instead of a quiet home.

The church of God is a family, a sweet and sacred refuge from the woes and ills of earth. Here the fatherless find mercy and compassion, and the tempted and troubled are strengthened and consoled. Here the sick find helpers, the perplexed obtain guidance, the naked find clothing and the hungry bread. To many the church of God becomes a home, and the family of God is really the only family with which they are connected. They sojourn among strangers, they endure trials, they dwell in the tents of affliction, but their hearts turn toward that sacred place where two or three assemble in the name of Christ, as to their real earthly home and abiding place.

But it is sometimes the case that here strangers intrude themselves, and the family of God is disturbed by the presence of outsiders. These are spots in the feasts of charity, men who turn the grace of God into lasciviousness, men who through their wealth, or influence, or position, crowd themselves in among the

disciples of the Lord, and make themselves as much at home as a wolf in a sheepfold, or as a Judas carrying the bag and stealing the funds.

It is one of the griefs of true Christians that the peace of the church is disturbed by the intrusion of ungodly men, and their devotion interrupted by the discordant voices of those who have neither part nor lot in the prayers and praises and thanksgivings of the Lord's disciples.

One of the great privileges of the family is to be alone, and away from intermeddlers, where love can flow freely, and where no disturbing element enters in to disquiet or interrupt the blessings of the sacred hour. And the people of God often find it their joy to be alone with him and with his people. Happy are they who have this privilege, and who know by blest experience the comforts of that fellowship which is with the Father, and with his Son Jesus Christ, and one with another.—*Christian*.



WORDS OF WARNING TO YOUNG MEN.

YOUNG man, it is not the ugly devil stalking about with horns on his head, showing his cloven foot, his long, forked tail, and blowing fire and brimstone from his mouth and nose, that you need to fear; but it is the devil in the form of a nicely-dressed, oily-tongued, young gentleman, who offers you a cigar, invites you to take a walk with him after night that he may "show you the city," politely proposes to treat you to a glass of beer, offers to accompany you into a gambling den or worse place, that you may "see the sights," etc.—that is the devil you need to fear as you fear the mouth of hell. He has overcome and lured to their ruin hundreds and thousands of young men who were once just as innocent and just as intent on living honest, upright lives as you are. If he had come to them as a "roaring lion," they would have taken alarm, and shunned him. Today it is the devil in the garb of a gentleman, a friend, an angel of light, that you need fear, and ever to keep a sharp lookout for.—*Religious Telescope*.



YOUR OWN CHURCH.

BE true to your own church. Give it a hearty and loyal support by word and deed. Remember that it belongs to you; that it is a part of your religious life; that in it and by it you are being trained for usefulness here and immortality hereafter; that its honor is much in your keeping; that its growth and purity are affected to the extent of your influence by what you say and do; that the people who have faith in your word will look upon it largely according to representation, and that with its good name and prosperity are bound up the glory of the blessed Jesus. Then do nothing to injure its reputation, or to weaken its power for good or to mar its fellowship.—*Dr. Thomas Parry*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Marion and Vigo Counties, Indiana, with one-tenth the population of the State, have one-fifth of the saloons, one-third of the criminals and one-fourth of the paupers of the State.

John Leonard Roeder, born at Gerstenbach, Germany, January 21, 1800, and a resident of Quincy, Ill., for 60 years, is dead. He served as a staff officer of General Blucher at the battle of Waterloo.

Rosa Nouchette Carey, the novelist, died in London, July 20. She began her career as a novelist in 1868. Her works included "Robert Ord's Atonement," "Not Like Other Girls," "Other People's Lives" and the "Highway of Fate."

The new pennies with the head of Lincoln instead of the Indian, are now ready for distribution. The Philadelphia mint has coined a total of 20,000,000 of the new coppers ((\$200,000). There are 1,650,000,000 of the old pennies in circulation.

Coöperating with the geological survey the bureau of corporations, under direction of Secretary Nagel, will push investigations of the water power trust. It is claimed the General Electric and Westinghouse Electric Company are in a combine to control the country's water power.

Warning against the use of phenacetin, acetanilid and antipyrin has been issued by the Department of Agriculture. These drugs have been found to be poisonous and habit-forming, scarcely less objectionable than opium. Investigation shows physicians are using much less of these drugs than formerly, because of their depressing effect upon the heart.

Rapid progress is being made in the building of the Grand Trunk-Pacific railway's new line. The first train has reached Alberta, 700 miles west of Winnipeg. The line is to be extended to Prince Rupert on the Pacific coast, about 300 miles north of Vancouver. It is expected all gaps will be completed in September, in time to move the 1909 crops.

Measures to make the prohibition law more effective promise to overtop everything else in the special session of the Alabama legislature, which convened July 27. Under the constitution the Governor must specify all subjects to be considered by an extra session, and in his call he named sixty-five subjects. Nine of these relate to prohibition, ranging from a constitutional amendment for prohibition to a measure declaring places where liquor is kept to be illegal. A long and hard fight is expected on the effort to submit a prohibition constitutional amendment. A "safe and sane league" has been organized with the avowed purpose of working to defeat the submission and to defeat the amendment if it is submitted.

After four days of stormy debate the House passed the urgent deficiency bill, carrying \$454,809. Over the opposition of the Democrats \$25,000 was voted to pay the traveling expenses of President Taft. The House refused to vote a month's extra pay to capitol employes. They also refused to comply with a mandate of the United State Supreme Court to pay J. M. Ceballos & Co. of New York \$205,614.

A world-wide fight on intemperance will be made by the International Anti-Alcohol congress, in session in London. The American delegates to the congress declare the report they are drafting, and which they intend to submit to the United States government, will show that the United States, Canada and Australia have beaten the world in progress toward prohibition, but Germany leads the rest of the world in scientific investigations of the evils of intemperance.

By order of the Wisconsin State board of prison inspectors, the price of convict labor has been raised from 60 to 75 cents per day per man. The order takes effect December 31. As the State furnishes everything except the machinery, the price is considered cheap. There are from 1,500 to 1,800 convicts worked on contract. The penitentiary is run at a loss of \$30,000 a year and it is expected the 15 cents a day increase will make the institution self-sustaining.

July 25, Louis Bleriot, one of the oldest French aviators, successfully crossed the English Channel in his monoplane, thereby winning the \$5,000 prize offered for the accomplishment of that feat besides incalculable glory as a successful aviator of the twentieth century. Bleriot made the passage in a little less than half an hour, traveling at a rate twice as swift as that of the fastest mail boat.—July 20 Orville Wright made a remarkable flight at Fort Meyer, lasting 1 hour, 20 minutes and 45 seconds. In all the machine traveled as far as from Washington to Baltimore, equivalent to flying across the English Channel and back again without stopping.

Premier Aristide Briand, the socialist deputy appointed by President Fallieres to succeed Clemenceau, has succeeded in completing his ministry. General Brun has agreed to accept the portfolio of war, while Admiral de la Peyrere will become minister of marine, in charge of the navy. M. Briand will present the names of his entire cabinet to President Fallieres for confirmation. General Brun will succeed General Picquart, whose advocacy of the cause of Captain Dreyfus won him a portfolio in the Clemenceau ministry. It was the scandalous condition of the French navy that led to the overthrow of the Clemenceau ministry, and Admiral de la Peyrere will be charged with a thorough reorganization of the navy. That the Briand ministry will be a stormy one and will require great statesmanship is proven by the fierce attacks that are already being made upon the new premier.

Five thousand persons whose object is to send to prison reckless millionaire owners of automobiles whose custom has been to shift to their drivers responsibility for death-dealing "joy riding," have organized in New York City. Justice Bischoff issued them a certificate of organization. During less than two years 132 persons have been crushed to death by automobiles in Greater New York and vicinity, but only twice have owners been held responsible. Chauffeurs contend that in 95 per cent of the cases the accidents occur under orders from their employers.

The American engineers have arrived at Vladivostok to superintend the boring of the tunnels which will join Asia with America. The tunnels will be run under the Behring Straits from Siberia to Alaska, a distance of 60 miles. When this great mechanical task is accomplished it will be possible to go from Paris, Berlin or Moscow to New York by rail, by taking the overland train across Russia to Vladivostok, crossing under the straits in the tunnel, passing through Alaska by rail and thence into the United States.

John Wanamaker of Philadelphia has purchased the largest pipe organ in the world and will erect it in his department store. The organ was built by a Los Angeles (Cal.) firm at a cost of \$110,000 and was on exhibition during the World's Fair at St. Louis. Since then it has been stored in a warehouse and was sold to defray storage charges for which it had been sold by default. It is so large a pony may be driven through its largest pipes and it will require ten freight cars to move it to Philadelphia. Mr. Wanamaker will enlarge the music hall of his store and the organ will be used for giving free concerts.

Pennsylvania is seeing to it that the foreigners who come into her territory are not armed, or if they are armed when they come, they must soon give up their weapons. The game wardens throughout the State have been warned to enforce the law, which prohibits unnaturalized foreigners from having any kind of firearms in their possession, not even a gun in the house. If one is found there it is subject to confiscation and the owner liable to arrest. This law began to be enforced on the first of July, and should do much toward preserving order, as foreigners are not well acquainted with the laws of this country and its customs, and resort to weapons might be taken on slighter provocation than would be warrantable.

The seven years' work of the imperial cancer research fund was reviewed in London a few days ago, at the annual meeting of the scientists concerned in the tests made. So complicated and difficult is the problem that the whole seven years have been devoted to a negative or preliminary effort, chiefly to testing manifold theories and remedies. This work is now complete, with the discouraging result that everything has been disproved and rejected. Trypsin is the last to go, the most elaborate experiments yielding absolutely negative results. Despite the unbroken record of failure, the investigators are pursuing a line of inquiry which leads them to speak hopefully of final success. Now that the work of elimination has been completed, they are devoting their efforts almost exclusively to experiments. More has been learned during the last seven years than during the previous seven centuries, and the interchange of data and results with other laboratories throughout the world leads the investigators to expect confidently that the solution of the problem will be reached within the next few years.

Although the trade treaty with Japan does not expire for two years, this government has been asked to begin at once to negotiate a new treaty. Under the most favored nation clause Japan extends to the United States all the conventional rates which it has granted to Great Britain, France and Germany. On the other hand none of the reduced rates authorized in Section 3 of the Dingley act, which are granted by the United States to certain foreign countries, are extended to Japan.

Last year \$56,000,000 was spent by the railroads of the United States for cross-ties. The average price of the ties was 50 cents each. Only six per cent of the ties were used by electric railroads. Forty-three per cent of the ties were oak, and nineteen per cent of yellow pine. Owing to the growing scarcity of suitable timber, other woods are being used after treatment with various preservatives, and it has been found that these treated woods outlast the more expensive untreated oak ties.

France is not so wildly excited over the aerial triumph of one of her sons, Louis Bleriot, in sailing over the English Channel in an aeroplane, as to forget the accomplishments of other "conquerors of the air," and July 26 Wilbur and Orville Wright and Henri Farman were made chevaliers in the Legion of Honor. The decoration of the Wright brothers with this signal honor in recognition of their record-breaking flights at Lemans and Pau, has been long under contemplation and the bestowal of the rank was the occasion of much felicitation. Hart O. Berg, the business manager of the Wright brothers, and Santos Dumont, one of the pioneers in French aviation, were promoted to officers in the Legion.

On the Hot Springs farm in the Tanana Valley, Alaska, watermelons are being successfully grown. This farm is located in 64 degrees north latitude. It is one of the government experiment station farms, combines 150 acres and the ground is heated from the same source as the hot springs. The government maintains five experiment stations in the territory. C. C. Georgeson, special agent in charge of all stations, says Alaska is an agricultural country; that good hay can be produced in any quantity for winter feeding, while the native grasses can maintain live stock in excellent condition in summer. He also says potatoes, cabbage and all hardy vegetables can be grown to perfection up to and even within the Arctic circle.

According to a decision rendered by Judge Nortoni in the case of Ernest Jaeger of Neosho, Missouri, appealed from Newton County, neither home-made wine nor hard cider can be sold in local option territory. Jaeger was fined \$300 for selling home-made grape wine. His attorneys claimed home-made wine is exempt under the dramshop law. Judge Nortoni holds that local option laws supplant dramshop laws in dry counties. According to Ben Deering, who has made a compilation of Missouri liquor laws, Judge Nortoni's decision is of great importance. It is the first time a high court has passed on the Wood local option law passed in 1887. It establishes the principle that only wine for sacramental purposes and pure alcohol for medicinal, art, scientific and mechanical purposes can be sold in local option districts. The sale of whisky, wine or beer on a physician's prescription is prohibitive. All a physician can prescribe is pure alcohol. Eighty counties and about 20 towns of considerable size are affected.



Among the Magazines



A PRAYER FOR MOTHERHOOD.

Is it a far cry to the realm of souls,
Oh, thou, thou God of mothers, who must hear?
For love stands always at the gate of prayer
With brooding heart, perchance to thank or grieve.
Lord, is it sin that I should make complaint
And fret the way of faith with this unrest?
For thou hast sent bright friendships, strung with flowers,
And happy thoughts, and sunshine through the years.

Youth blossomed, and thou gavest beauty's kiss,
That still abides, despite long discontent.
Rank and esteem are mine; and that acclaim,
Silent but sure, which woman proudly holds;
And crowning all, a holy wedded tryst,
Sealed with the golden signet, heaven-betrothed.

I have not been anhungered, oh, dear Lord,
For bread or drink; my limbs have not been cold.
I have not felt temptation's driving force
To lie or steal, to murder or to die.
In lowly mood I thank thee, Lord, for these.
But, oh, dear God, thou God of mothers still,
I asked, believing, and have been denied!

On yesterday, when morn was at its glow,
And all of earth gave back its welcome smile,
A woman paused beside my open door.
Her hands were filled with fruit she begged me buy,
Then pointed to the burden on her back.
She had no shelter for that tender head
Save two strong arms, so hard and bare and brown.

She had no name to leave, if she should die,
That sometime in his life her boy might bless;
No cot or thatch that she might call a home;
Nor resting-place save that which chance might send.
But laughing down upon the dimpling face
That seemed so pure, and guileless of its want,
She sat at ease beside my shaded step,
And nursed her ruddy baby on her breast.

I gave her food and drink, still in thy name;
Oh, God, I could not bless, and turned away—
I—I, a woman steeped in rugged faith,
To wail again the old Hebraic curse
Upon unfruitfulness and empty arms!

Last of a noble sheaf of lineage,
Rich in the heritage that man calls dear,
What boots it to the hapless heir of these—
A barren limb, hung on an estopped tree!
The blood of heroes on armorial shields
Shall fade to nothingness within the dust;
While sword and cassock, 'scutcheoned high and pure,
Taunt like a hiss a lonely woman's heart.
For e'en the gaping beggar in the street
May clasp her babe, and with a pitying smile,
Hoarse whisper to her mate, "She hath no child!"
Yea, happier far, dear God, the fate of her,

A Rachel who would not be comforted,
Or some pale Niobe, bowed through the years,
For thou hadst blest them ere they wept their loss.

If there be found within the faith to trust
The old Hebraic God—to hear his voice
From pillared cloud, or holy burning bush—
So would I come, as wailing Hebrews came,
Remembering faithful Sarah, laughed to scorn.
Or failing this, dear God, let thy young Christ,
Born of a woman, too, send me sweet dreams,
The while I kneel and watch his holy star
Rise in thy heaven: so I shall wake and find
This bosom healed, this heart robbed of its thorn.

—The Century (June).



APPROPRIATE EDUCATION WITH REFERENCE TO SEX DURING THE ADOLESCENT PERIOD.

Education should have regard for laws of physical nature as well as for social and economic demands. Marked rhythm is a distinct law of the female life, just as persistence is a law of male life. With schools constituted as they are today there is no appropriate opportunity for girls to rest at times when the development of the reproductive organs demand repose. Disregard for this law has led to countless wrecks of nervous systems, and frequently to the undoing of the victim's nature. Physicians tell of many cases of high school girls and college women failing to menstruate during the school year, while others are very irregular and unnatural in this respect. Girls and women can accomplish as much as boys and men, but they should follow the laws of their own natures in their work. There are periods when woman is much more brilliant than man, and these may well serve to counterbalance a period of rest.

That energy cannot predominate at two points of the system at the same time needs little proof. When the life energy is needed to develop the girls' sex nature, too frequently preparation of studies, recitations and examinations divert it from this vitally important function to aid in the brain activity. The result is frequently permanent impairment of health. How and when the girl studies is of paramount importance—particularly between the ages of 14 and 20.

Study should have large regard for vocation. On this account the curriculum should be so adjusted as to allow the girls to study more largely those phases of certain subjects in which their future needs cause them to be interested: For example, chemistry, physics, mathematics, and domestic studies. I should not debar woman from any study which man may pursue, but should give her greater range of choice.

While I concede the social value of boys and girls mingling properly together, the observation of many is that the schoolroom during the recitation is not the

best place to cultivate the social qualities. While recognizing that the sexes cannot be segregated even in a small degree in most sparsely settled sections, still for the thickly settled communities it is possible to make the segregation limited or complete according to circumstances.

A mixed school is not best fitted for either boys or girls. If boys were to go their ways as boys, and girls as girls, in mixed schools, utter demoralization would result. Visits to high-class public boys' schools and girls' schools reveal how differently the sexes use their freedom,—how different their bearing and conduct.

In schools in which boys and girls are separated, men should have special charge of boys; and women of girls. With such oversight there is better opportunity for the teacher to be in confidential parental relation with the pupil.

I do not recommend solely men teachers for boys, nor solely women teachers for girls; but the pupils should be instructed by teachers of their own sex at least in those subjects in which ideals are particularly cultivated—notably literature and history; also in those subjects in which sex has a marked influence on their capacities and natural interests.

Boys frequently deceive themselves into a justification of indifferent work on the ground that, "oh, girls can do this." Pitted against each other, and not against girls, the tendency is for them to enter more enthusiastically into their work. On the other hand, in co-educational schools, girls are prone to show that they can do at least as well as boys, and many prove this at great cost to all their future life and comfort.

We talk of considering the needs of individuals in our school arrangements; but we give little heed to the fundamental, essential and vital difference of the needs of male and female.—Speech at Ohio Teachers' Association.—Ohio Educational Monthly.



THE TEACHING OF PATRIOTISM.

The country has again passed through its annual noisy demonstration. The usual Fourth of July casualties have been recorded, and once more a "safe and sane" celebration of the nation's birthday finds numerous advocates. It is likely that many noisy demonstrations, were not, by very many of the participants therein, connected in thought or sentiment with July 4, 1776. This is not to be wondered at. The relation between patriotism and noise is not at all an intimate one. This is true to the extent that one may reasonably doubt the genuineness of the patriotism that permeates the individual who is given to apostrophizing the flag upon the slightest provocation.

Yet every man and every woman of mature years ought to be a patriot;—ought to be animated by an honest, deep, abiding love of home, of city, of State, and of nation—ought to try to be an ideal citizen who will be glad to serve his country, without saying much about such service—or about "the grand old flag."

To train the young men and young women of today into such useful, patriotic citizens for the future is to a large extent a training that is entrusted to the public schools; and so it is pertinent to point out some traits of the ideal citizen, and profitable to hold these traits prominently in view in our attempts toward inculcating true patriotism.

1. The ideal citizen will weigh all questions in the scale of his own reason, and draw his own conclusions from facts presented. He will stand upon his own feet, and use his own mind to direct his own life.

2. He will be a gentleman. He will be possessed of sturdy independence, vigorous thought, mental and moral uprightness. He will not be hasty in judgment, extravagant in ambition, or grasping in his desires. He will have a backbone as strong as steel, but tempered with gentleness of disposition and courtesy of manner.

3. He will be in the best sense a politician—not that public nuisance, a political partisan. He will try to live by that motto of every good citizen, "The best means to promote the greatest good to the greatest number."

The ends to be sought are the most healthy development, and the highest and largest happiness to the whole people. Only in this manner can the full duty of a patriotic citizen be accomplished. Such a good and patriotic citizen each of us should desire to be. Toward such a conception of real patriotism every teacher should lead the boys and girls who are placed in his charge.—Interstate Schoolman.



THE PROSTITUTION OF EDUCATION.

If one wants to witness a few startling educational somersaults he needs only to keep an eye on some of the educational institutions of the country which are willing to give up all their traditions, yield their charters, and bow the knee to the image of the golden calf in order to satisfy the more or less arbitrary demands of the Carnegie Foundation for the Advancement of Learning, all for the sake of a few prospective pensions for retiring professors. Mr. Carnegie did a generous thing in setting aside \$18,000,000 for this purpose and later offering to add \$5,000,000 to this sum in order to provide sufficient income to enable the Foundation to admit the State universities to the list of beneficiaries. Many most commendable things have already been done by the Foundation, but it is extremely pitiable and humiliating to notice that already several institutions of higher education have discarded their steadfastness of purpose to adhere to high moral and religious aims in the conduct of their administration and curricula. Sectarian institutions or church schools were excluded from the possibility of becoming beneficiaries of this fund, but the alacrity with which some of the church-endowed schools have given up their religion and prostituted the very ideals that have made possible their existence in the past and have thus put themselves in the position of suppliant beggars upon bended knee, is disgraceful, to say the least.

It must not be forgotten that these pensions were provided for retiring and worn-out professors. An educational institution is not maintained as a charitable institution for its professors, but is maintained primarily to prepare young men and young women for the duties of a strenuous and effective public or private career. For an educational institution to yield up all of the ideals for which its founders stood, for the sake of a few paltry dollars, is a disgrace to the good name of higher education.

This Carnegie Foundation Board has declined to admit such institutions as the University of Illinois (admitted by practically all educators of standing to be one of the best institutions in this country), for the reason that the university maintains some courses in agriculture, engineering, etc., that are less than four years in length. We wonder who is better able to judge of the wisdom of maintaining such courses, this Foundation Board or President James and those who are on the ground dealing with the actual problems of life in Illinois.

But President Pritchett, of this board, has written a letter to Governor Harmon informing him and in this

way the people of the State that the three State institutions of Ohio have also been excluded from the list of pensioners. What a calamity! In some future issue we expect to analyze the charges made in that letter, but for the present we voice the sentiment as expressed in an editorial appearing in the Columbus Dispatch of June 22. We quote from that editorial as follows:

The dictation by the managers of the Carnegie Foundation to colleges and universities that it deigns to aid with pensions for aged professors has reached Ohio and has been directed at the universities supported by State funds. We are all now better able to measure the folly and arrogance of the thing. When the pension fund was created, it was announced as a supplementary recompense for worthy professors who had been worn out in work at meager pay. But the manner of its use is altogether different, the chief aim now being to regulate the methods and direct the policy of the educational institutions with which the eligible professors are connected. The universities that are run to suit the managers of the Foundation will share in the pension benevolence, but others will not.

Could there be a grosser perversion of the plan as originally announced and widely approved? The needs of the worn-out professors are utterly lost to sight in the determination to direct the educational forces of the country, to make them conform to some arbitrary standard and to punish them if they do not. The open hand of philanthropy has become the mailed fist. Will the transformation be allowed to stand? Will this great money power that Mr. Carnegie has created be permitted to dictate conditions of admission, courses of study and even the dismissal or retention of professors? It is a most dangerous influence, the first appearance of which should everywhere be resented. No institution can afford to sacrifice its independence of action or its freedom of judgment for a portion of this pension money, and the State universities particularly must reject the proffered entangling alliance with swollen wealth. The education at Ohio State University has been provided by the people in connection with the federal government; its management will not be surrendered to the representatives of great wealth.—The Ohio Teacher.

COUGHS, SNEEZES AND SIGHS.

ONE of the most interesting facts about the human body is its power of self-protection and self-preservation—its power of evading or overcoming the thousand and one conditions which, unless corrected, would be injurious or destructive. Among the most common of these acts of self-preservation are the cough, the sneeze, and the sigh.

One of the simplest of the body's devices for self-protection is the cough. The cough is merely a blast of air propelled from the lungs in such a manner as to dislodge forcibly some foreign substance which has been drawn into the throat, the windpipe, or the tubes leading to the lungs. The membranes lining these parts of the body are sensitive, and when a foreign matter comes in contact with them, an alarm message is at once sent to the nervous "headquarters," and the result is the sudden, spasmodic expulsion of breath which is called a cough. Often the cough is produced by the irritation of the accumulation of

mucus on the surface mentioned. In this case, as in the case of a foreign body, the cough is merely a means of expelling the matter.

A sneeze is exactly like a cough, save that the obstruction occurs in the nostrils, owing to the deposit of some irritant or foreign matter, and that the blast of air is thrown out through the nose instead of through the throat and mouth.

Why do we sigh? When grieved or depressed the tendency is to hold the breath. This means that the body suffers for oxygen; and the long, deep breath which we call a sigh is merely a means by which the body obtains for itself the necessary amount of oxygen.—*Chicago Tribune*.

Between Whiles

That's the Question.

Clifford can ask questions quicker than we can answer them, and a few days ago his uncle told him he would turn into an interrogation point. I agreed with him and said, "Yes, I had once seen a picture of a little boy turning into one. He had become more and more curved, and finally had become just a large interrogation point."

Cliff listened intently and when I had finished he instantly asked, "Well, how did they keep the dot under him?"—The Delineator for July.

Office Boy—"The editor is much obliged to you for allowing him to see your drawings, but much regrets he is unable to use them."

Fair Artist (eagerly)—"Did he say that?"

Office Boy (truthfully)—"Well, not exactly. He just said, 'Take 'em away, Joe; they make me sick.'"

Enough to Scare Anyone.

While out walking with her papa and mama one day, Florence, aged four, ran some little distance ahead. As she got near a mule hitched to a farmer's wagon the animal began to bray. She wheeled instantly, and running to her mother as fast as she could go, said in round-eyed astonishment, "Oh, mama, sumfin said sumfin."—The Delineator for July.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.

FRUIT FARM—Fourteen acres at Depot in town. All in Fruit, Berries, Trees. A bargain. Write for particulars. 500 Baptist Brethren in vicinity.—Alva Y. Cathcart, Bristol, Ind.

WANTED

175 families to settle

On the Sweet Grass

Sweet Grass County, Montana

FINEST

Fruit, and diversified farming land in the Irrigated West.

REMEMBER

The world is land hungry, and you must choose quickly, if you want the best.

PRICE

of land and perpetual water-right only \$50.00 per acre on long time and easy payments.

ROUND TRIP RATES

from Chicago to Big Timber, only \$32.90, on sale every first and third Tuesdays of each month.

THE CREAM

of the American Continent is the Irrigated West. Write for our free descriptive folder.

CUT

this out and save it. Watch for this space next week.

GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY

Big Timber, Montana

PROMOTION CERTIFICATES

An entirely new and complete line of beautifully illustrated diplomas. Lithographed in black on the very best grade of white ledger stock. Illustrated with



appropriate pictures selected from the old masters. Size, 12x9½ inches. This series consists of eight numbers as follows:

- No. 221—Cradle Roll Certificate.
- No. 222—Cradle Roll Promotion to Beginners' Department.
- No. 223—Cradle Roll Promotion to Primary Department.
- No. 224—Beginners' to Primary Department.
- No. 225—Primary to Junior Department.
- No. 226—Primary to Intermediate Department.
- No. 227—Junior to Intermediate Department.
- No. 228—Intermediate to Senior Department.

Order by Number. Price, 25 cents per dozen; \$2.00 per 100. Samples, 3 cents each, postpaid.

Send for our general catalog containing description and price of other up-to-date supplies.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six,15 cents
Two packs,25 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Children's Meetings, and How to Conduct Them. By Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman. With lessons, outlines, diagrams, music, and helpful suggestions. Introduction by Bishop J. H. Vincent. 9th thousand. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers

by

Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D.

How would you like to have fifty-two of the greatest preachers of the world for the past 1,700 years come before you one at a time for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—every Sunday for a full year—and each one preach to you the eloquent sermon which made him famous for all time? The possessor of "Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers" will have conferred upon him, in the nearest possible manner, this inestimable privilege and benefit. Dr. Hurlbut has selected the fifty-



two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 681 large pages, bound in elegant cloth.

Publishers' Price,\$2.00
Our Price,95

(Postage extra, 24 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

History of the Brethren

By M. G. Brumbaugh.

This book is written from the most valuable early records, and gives a list of many early members in Europe and America with biographies of the leaders, analyzes the influences that led to Alexander Mack's action at Schwarzenau in forming the Brethren church, and contains a



description of the Ephrata Society movement. Profusely illustrated with fine engravings. The work is authentic, thoroughly reliable and intensely interesting, is well printed in clear type, and substantially bound. 559 pages.

Our Price, Cloth,\$1.50
Our Price, Half Morocco, ... 2.00
Our Price, Full Morocco, ... 2.50
(Postage extra, 25 cents.)

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**
Elgin, Illinois

The International Sunday-School Lessons

FOR 1909

Are on the Acts of the Apostles

Every Sunday-school Teacher will need the helpful assistance of some first-class teachers' help. The lessons deal with the persecutions of the early church and the spreading of the Gospel which attended the dispersion of the saints. Lesson writers of splendid ability have been engaged for this year and we confidently hope to make the **Brethren Teachers' Monthly** the best teachers' assistant on the market. If you have never used the Monthly, ask for a sample copy. We will gladly send a copy to each of your fellow teachers if you will send us their names and addresses. Subscription price, 50 cents per year.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

Buckeye Pure Home Made APPLE BUTTER

Is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all. Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

Battle of Gettysburg

made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

Late and Early Card

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. On one side may be read the words "I am Late"; on the other "I am Early." Printed in three colors on heavy card board. Size, 5½x8½. Price, postpaid, 10 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Teacher's Class Book.

A neat folder with blanks for one year. Can be carried in Bible. Very complete yet simple and compact. Price, per dozen, 35 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

Lehman's Poultry Doctor

A book bound in good cloth, giving the Causes, Symptoms, and Treatment of Diseases of Poultry; written in plain language by a graduate veterinary surgeon who makes the diseases of poultry a special study.

LEHMAN'S POULTRY DOCTOR is devoted exclusively to the diseases of poultry, with the exception of a short appendix which contains valuable suggestions on various subjects pertaining to feeding for eggs, feeding and caring for young chicks, turkeys, etc. It is profusely illustrated with more than fifty varieties of thoroughbred poultry.

Price 75 cents (Do not send stamps). Special inducements to agents.

Address:

DR. H. H. LEHMAN,
Ashland, Ohio.

WHITE BOOK By C. D. Meigs. Deals with Teachers' Meeting; (a) Its Vital Importance; (b) Two Plans for Starting it; (c) Five Gilt-Edged Rules for Governing it; (d) A Program for Conducting it. Price, 5 cents.

BRETHREN PUB. HOUSE, Elgin, Ill.

NEFF'S CORNER

Contracts are now all let for the 176 miles of new railroad that will complete the connection between Galveston, Texas, and Clovis, which will put us on a short, through line from the Gulf to the Pacific. Through traffic from Chicago and from the Gulf will meet here on its way to the Pacific and Clovis will be a division point for both lines. That means that the capacity of the car shops, round house and railroad yards here will be doubled, and that Clovis will soon be a city of 10,000 people. Property values have doubled during the last few months and we expect them to double again in the next few months. Beauty about investments here, if a man buys he can sell again. Evidence that people are satisfied with their investments here is to be found in the fact that after they have put in some money and tried it awhile, they invest again and again. If you would like to correspond with some of these people, drop me a line and ask for their addresses. If interested, don't hesitate to ask for any information you desire. We are having fine rains, prospect of good crops, and our farmers as well as our business men are happy and prosperous.

JAMES M. NEFF,

Clovis, New Mexico.

NO. 14. MAP OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE. Illustrating the Journeys of the Apostle Paul based on recent explorations of Ramsay, Sterrett and others. Size, 36 x 58 inches. Lithographed in Four Colors on Muslin of Superior Quality. Price, postpaid, \$1.00.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Twentieth Century Secretary's Book. For a school of 20 classes. Especially adapted for use in connection with "The Twentieth Century Sunday-school Record System." May be used to advantage with any system of records. Records the Attendance, Punctuality, Bible Bringing, and Offering by classes and departments. Two pages for each of 52 Sundays, 8 pages for quarterly reports and 2 pages for yearly summary. Printed on ledger paper. Size, 5½x7½. Substantially bound. Limp cloth cover. Price, postpaid, 40 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois.

Six Popular Periodicals

The lesson helps and weekly papers play an important part in the development of a strong, soul-saving Sunday school. You cannot afford to place an inferior Sunday-school Quarterly in the hands of your pupils. That's why we call your attention to our **SPLENDID SUNDAY-SCHOOL HELPS.**

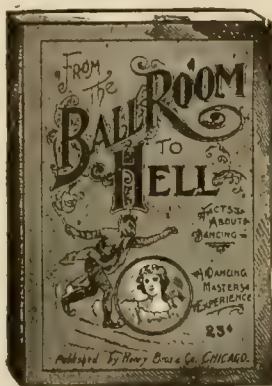
Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois



From the Ball Room to Hell

Is there any harm in dancing? There can be but one answer to this question, facts are facts.



This little book, written by an ex-dancing master, will give you more facts about dancing than can be obtained elsewhere. It places a dark picture before the dancer, and one that is very convincing. It explains the natural and necessary effects of modern waltzing and why

thousands of girls are ruined every year through its influence.

Our price, cloth,35 cents

Our price, paper,18 cents

(Postage extra, 5 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

Revised Minutes of Annual Meeting

Contains the revised minutes of all the Annual Meetings up to and including 1896. Two hundred pages. Indexed under 1,200 subjects.

The Appendix.

This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth.

One Copy Free.

Our price is very low, considering the size of the book, contents, and binding, but if you will dispose of five copies among your friends, and have same sent to one address, we will mail you one extra copy for your own use.

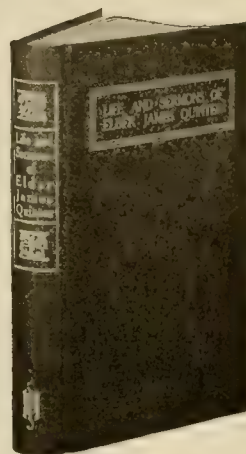
Single copy prepaid,\$1.00

Six copies to one address, prepaid, .. 5.00

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

Life and Sermons of Elder James Quinter



We have just completed the second book and are filling orders every day. We feel certain that several of our customers neglected to place an order in advance, and have printed a few hundred copies besides those needed to fill the advance orders.

The work should prove helpful to thousands of our readers who know little of Bro. Quinter. In his day he was one of the most scholarly and devout men among us, and it will do the younger generation of members good to learn more of his life and experiences. His sermons will prove especially interesting.

The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

The binding is an artistic cloth, on which back and side titles are stamped in white foil.

If you are interested, order today.

Price, postpaid,\$1.00

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**

Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands; for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company North Manchester, Indiana

or

W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

August 10, 1909

One Dollar Per Year

Americans for
Whom



O. H. Kimmel
Makes a Plea



Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

(Compilation of data from the Seventh Annual Report of the Reclamation Service, 1907-8.
F. H. Newell, Director.)

RECLAMATION PROJECTS

Location	Name	Total Allotments	Acreage	Ownership
Arizona,	Salt River,	\$ 7,050,000	240,000	Mainly private
Arizona-California, ...	Yuma,	3,455,000	79,000	25% public
California,	Orland,	585,000	14,000	Private
California-Oregon, ...	Klamath,	2,109,000	181,000	25% public
Idaho,	Minidoka,	2,491,000	134,000	90% public
Idaho,	Payette-Boise,	2,500,000	372,000	75% public
Nebraska-Wyoming, ..	North Platte,	4,230,000	97,000	75% public
Nevada,	*Truckee-Carson, .	4,108,000	200,000	70% public
New Mexico,	Rio Grande,	75,000	155,000	Private
Oregon,	Central Oregon, ..	75,000		Preliminary examination
Oregon,	Umatilla,	1,186,000	20,440	20% public
Utah,	Strawberry,	810,000	60,000	Private
		\$28,647,000	1,552,540	

To December 31, 1908, the Federal Government has already expended over 28 millions in preparing homes for probably 20,000 families, possibly more, and must spend millions more before these projects are finished. With the Government the railroads that serve this territory are vitally interested in seeing that these acres are successfully settled by prosperous farmers. Whether these farmers are on government lands or on private lands irrigated by the government, is of minor importance; the main proposition is to supply as many homes for as many people as possible on these government projects.

Parties wishing information about any of these projects with the view of securing Government land or private lands for future homes should write to the undersigned for printed matter descriptive of the section of the country they wish to locate in.

GEO. L. McDONAUGH,
Colonization Agent, U. P. R. R.,
Omaha, Nebr.

Fallon, Nev., June 18, 1909.

*TRUCKEE-CARSON PROJECT

Mr. J. C. Waite,
777 Federal Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

Dear sir:—

I have, of course, been extremely busy since coming here. Nobody can appreciate what has to be done, until they get into it.

All of my crops are looking fine. They say my alfalfa can not be beat. It is cut and cocked up now. It will stand me in \$20.00 an acre this one cutting and I will get two more cuttings this season besides pasturage this early spring and late fall.

I figure it will net me \$50.00 an acre this year at least, after paying expenses of labor, etc.

This alfalfa stand is only 1 year old.

Well, I must ring off. Trusting that I may hear from you soon,

I am yours truly,

(Signed) A. O. Foskett, Sec.

Tell the folks in Chicago they can never locate cheaper here than at the present time.

Real Art Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Gareth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only

25 cts.

Set of eight designs, postpaid,

\$1.50

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Profit by the Experience of Others at Miami Ranch

Why hesitate! You can no longer doubt the advantages of living at Miami Ranch. There's no longer the least risk attached to an investment there. Scores of other good families have **proved** that it's all we claim it to be. They are all prospering and enjoying the kind of health that can be found only in the mountains of New Mexico.

Read what one of our settlers says regarding Miami Ranch—and he is no more enthusiastic than his neighbors are:

Farmers Development Company,
Miami, New Mexico.

Gentlemen:

A year ago my wife and I made a western trip through Texas, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico with a view to finding a desirable place to locate for my health and for investment, having been in the hardware business in Bellefontaine, Ohio, for 13 years in the firm of Osborn & Churchill.

I had heard of the Miami Valley located in Colfax County, New Mexico, which was opened up less than a year prior to my visit, by the Farmers Development Company. I was very much impressed with the present and future prospects of this beautiful valley. I made another visit last August and purchased 40 acres, several others purchasing like amounts at that time.

This community is composed of an intelligent and industrious class of people from the Middle States, largely from Ohio. I disposed of my business interests in Ohio and arrived here the 19th day of February, 1909, to make this my home. I find as I become better acquainted with this community, that it is the most perfect country I have had the pleasure of visiting. The health giving properties in the pure air and sunshine is acknowledged by the most prominent physicians to be the best in the United States.

I find for investment that one cannot make an error, as climatic conditions and location for fruit are ideal, and for general crops most excellent. Land is advancing because people are looking for improved farms as well as unimproved, which creates a demand for both.

I find my health already improving, having only been here two months.

There is an abundance of water to irrigate, having the best and most substantial reservoir in New Mexico, this company has spared no time or money to make it perfect. People are happy and contented. I can recommend this Valley to my friends feeling that I have done a good deed,

Respectfully,
(Signed) W. W. Osborn.

—Big Excursion August 17th—

With such convincing evidence as we have given you regarding the extraordinary advantages of a home at Miami Ranch, can you any longer resist the temptation of at least investigating our offer! Can you be contented where you are, knowing that you would be better off, in every way, somewhere else?

But we don't ask you to be rash. We don't want you to leave your present home until you have seen us and our land. We don't ask you to take our word. We want you to come out here and **see for yourself** the opportunities you are missing.

Get ready and catch the big excursion on the

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe for Miami Ranch, August 17th. The **round trip** is only \$30 from Chicago and \$25 from Kansas City.

Take a little vacation and run down here. You don't need to buy unless you want to—the trip itself will more than repay your fare. You couldn't take a more enjoyable trip if you spent four times the fare to our place.

Trout fishing, elk, deer and bear hunting, wild goose and duck shooting, mountain climbing, boating, swimming, beautiful scenery, clear skies, pure air, ideal weather and all that combines to make life one round of pleasure and health, you will find at Miami Ranch.

If you can't get away for this excursion write for our **FREE** booklet "Westward Ho!" But try to get down here while there are still some choice selections in our second and last opening. Don't let money matters stand in your way. We can arrange payments to suit your convenience.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT CO., Springer, New Mexico

SUNDAY SCHOOL RALLY DAY



Few days celebrated by the Sunday school are more important than that known as "Rally Day." By a united effort on the part of every worker at this time you should be able to reclaim every former pupil and many new ones besides. Personal visits and invitations should be supplemented by one of our illustrated post cards.

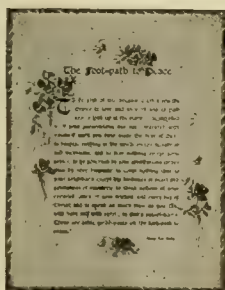
No. 47.—Boy's Rally Day card.
No. 48.—Girl's Rally Day card.
No. 49.—Cradle Roll Rally Day card.

Our Rally Day post cards bring them back.

Price, per dozen, postpaid, 10 cents
Price, per hundred, postpaid, 60 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Words of Help and Cheer



Only a faint idea of the beauty of these cards is conveyed by the accompanying illustration. The text matter is attractively arranged and printed on a hand-made three-ply ripple board and artistically decorated in water colors by hand in violets or clover as designated in list. A plain white envelope of antique paper to match, is furnished with each card. Size of each card, 7x9 inches. Order by number.

Price, postpaid, each, 25 cents

1. The Foot-Path to Peace (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke.
- 1c. The Foot-Path to Peace (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke.
2. Opportunity (Violets).—John J. Ingalls.
3. Our Burden Bearer (Violets).—Phillips Brooks.
4. Crossing the Bar (Violets).—Alfred Tennyson.
5. My Symphony (Violets).—Wm. Henry Channing.
- 5c. My Symphony (Clover).—Wm. Henry Channing.
6. A Slumber Song (Violets).—Anonymous.
7. A Task (Violets).—Stevenson.
- 7c. A Task (Clover).—Stevenson.
8. Fence of Trust (Violets).—M. F. Butts.
9. Contentment (Violets).—Swing.
10. Life's Endeavor (Violets).—Anonymous.
11. Don't Worry (Violets).—E. P. Gould.
12. A Friend in Need (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke.
13. Just Be Glad (Violets).—Riley.
14. Mizpah (Violets).—Julia A. Baker.
- 14c. Mizpah (Clover).—Julia A. Baker.
15. Be Strong (Violets).—M. D. Babcock.
16. Pass It On (Clover).—Burton.
17. A Mile With Me (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke.
- 17c. A Mile With Me (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke.
18. Life's Mirror (Clover).—Bridges.
19. When the Song's Gone Out (Violets).—Florence Eva Vickery.
20. Pleasant Thoughts (Clover).—Ruskin.
21. Lead, Kindly Light (Clover).—Newman.
22. Shepherd Psalm (Violets).
23. Reflection (Clover).—Wiggin.
24. L'Envoi (Clover).—Kipling.
25. My Wish (Clover).—Anonymous.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

A Wonderful Success

Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

Read What Prof. Holden of Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, Has to Say:

"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

"The diversity of crops appealed to me as strongly as anything I saw. The irrigation farmer for instance, is not dependent upon any one crop. He doesn't have to wait until the end of the season to get his money because there is something seasonable and saleable at all times during the year. He raises fruit, wheat, alfalfa, oats, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, in fact everything grown in the temperate zone.

"One man told me that he raised 18 bushels of clover seed on one acre of ground during the past year, and I found that the clover seed crop runs 8 to 15 bushels per acre.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

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AN AMERICAN PROBLEM

O. H. KIMMEL

THIS is the season of the year when the poorest child in the great American cities looms up to view. This is the season when the schools have temporarily relinquished their hold upon the youth, and it is the season when the physical equilibrium of all, children and grown people, is hardest to maintain. Those who have time and means depart for the summer resorts, the lakes, the seashore or the mountains; but the great mass remains at home,—those who cannot get away, those who are not able to leave, and those who by nature and constructive ability are not permitted to leave their work, which brings in their pittance, called a living, even for a very short period. Among these latter named we will find the ones who need the attention of the people who have the talent, time and opportunity to look into the conditions which enshroud these people. Some of these people are doing very well, and they are living in reasonably good communities—these will take care of themselves—but some reside where conditions are really bad, they receive the poorest pittance as wages, and they stagger out an existence from day to day in a most hopeless and pitiful condition. They are soured to their lot, and are helplessly lost in it; theirs is a life of the worst type, the life often of crime and the miseries of the underworld.

These are members of the lowest type of humanity that America affords today. They are unfortunately surrounded by conditions that have degenerated them into a low class of human beings. True, this class of people does not compare in number with the respectable class of people, but the number is surprisingly large, so large as to warrant the notice and the attention of the thinking population of our country. The great trouble lies in the fact that these people have families. They have children, and these children grow into maturity, some of them, at least, under the most blighting of influences. If they were not raising

families the question would end, for with the passing of this generation the condition would cease, but they are rearing children and this is what must give the greatest concern.

It is impossible to pass this matter by lightly if we are deeply concerned about the future welfare of our country. The great city did not exist when the foundation of our government was laid, and the question had never been up before our forefathers, and therefore this question, new to the experiences of the American race, will have to be worked out by this and the coming generations of the race. The republic can not go on unheedingly for all time, and permit these conditions to continue to undermine the vital functions of the government and of society, for such a cancerous growth will surely increase—it does increase—and its baneful influences will spread. So the question is up before the people of America, especially the people in the American city. The city will need to be purged, it will have to raise its standard of morals, it will need to dress anew in many of its functions, and its people will have to take onto themselves the responsibility for conditions, and the spread of corruption in city government must give way to cleaner ways. The city must recognize the little settlement worker and lend him aid, and some of our cities are now doing this in a small way. The Social Settlement, the Aids, the Playgrounds, and all these auxiliary movements must be countenanced and given support and aid by the government of the city. The citizens must become aroused to the importance of this work, too, and must feel a personal interest in it.

Sometimes the people in the better circumstances resent the fact that the children of the poorer classes must receive municipal attention. They wonder why the children of the workers must receive attention when theirs do not. One society lady in one of the large cities of America approached one of the leading

settlement workers of her city with this very question. She asked him why so much attention was given to the poorer classes, and the working classes, and then said to him: "Will not our children, the children of the well to do, be the men and women of the future who will control the government; will they not be the lawyers, the doctors, the leaders in national life and will not our daughters be the wives of these people?"

He replied by giving a real illustration that was more convincing than a volume of argument. He said: "When I came over here today I made inquiry by personal canvass and in other ways to find out how many children live here in this block, this block in which you reside in your magnificent home. I have learned that in all this block of beautiful grounds and magnificent dwellings, only thirty-five children live. Over in my block in the tenement district there are over four hundred and seventy children. That is why I am for the children of the workers, because there are so many of them. Your children may be the lawyers and the doctors and the magnates but those over where I live, and their kind, will man the mills and the factories and the railroads, and will produce your wealth for your children just as their fathers and mothers are doing today."

And they will do more than this. They will, the poorer classes will, take up space in the jails and almshouses and asylums. They cannot all live in these surroundings and escape these places.

The children of the workers, especially the workers who are unable to earn good salaries, live some of them in communities where the surroundings are too horrible to describe. Parents here are raising children who are exposed to all kinds of evil temptations and vice known to man. They are old in the experiences of life and crime before they are old enough to be admitted to the public school. Some of them have vicious parents and are natural criminals the day they are born. They stagger through life, from childhood to the grave, always hopeless, always crafty and mean, always knowing that there is a better way—away somewhere where they may not enter in, but always careless for law and authority, soured to the world and the miserable life that they must live. People often say that it is useless to try to do anything with these people, for they cannot be reached. This is, in a sense, true. The present generation, perhaps, would never make a good citizen, and the next might not. But if the evil influence was permanently removed there would be, from these very people evolutionized out at last, a better citizen, an upright and thrifty people.

It is a distressing thought to think that grown men and women are living out miserable lives in the poorer districts of the great city, but it is far more distressing

to think of the young babe born into these surroundings. Where vice is law, and the underworld is recreation, where the vermin-strewn alley keeps apace with the refuse-littered street, where the association is made complete by rickety and illy-kept buildings or tenement houses, where sunlight in its glory and purity never comes, where the grass sprig and the flower are never seen, where the brook is the foul-odored sewage in the gutter, where pure earth is buried under pavements of stone and brick, where all in nature that appeals to the growing child is shut out, and where a thousand things that cannot be described, because they are too horrible for words, are the daily haunts of these little children; it is, I say, distressing to think of children born into these surroundings. What, but a life of crime can be expected, and what else is realized?

The Settlement Worker has his influence with the parents and the older children, the school reaches them after they are six, the Aids may help them when they are old enough to talk, but so far nothing seems to have been evolutionized that will help the prattling babe. The popular idea that the mother is the saving influence has all along held sway, but in this situation the error of this idea is incalculably wrong for the poor unfortunate mother is too often raised herself under these influences, and her ignorance and misery disqualify her for the responsibility of raising the child to anything else than the life of a degenerate or a criminal. She cannot protect the child from the vermin of its filthy surroundings, nor from the horrible influences, and before it is old enough to give expression to its thoughts, its thoughts are influenced by the surroundings so that when the expression comes it is the expression of its own experience in these blighting surroundings, and by the time the child is forced into school by the civil officer it is, in the experiences of vice and the life of the underworld, so well advanced that it could tell the teacher and superintendent so many things.

It is useless to portray these conditions, it is more useless to try to portray them, for they must be seen to be understood, but the great heart of our people know that they exist even to an appalling extent. This dark, subtle enemy to humanity and to civil institutions is apparent, is spreading, and is appalling in what it accomplishes. How is it to be overcome? Who will listen to the warning, and of those who listen, who are talented with a power to help overcome it? When the public realizes that this condition exists, and that it is responsible for its existence, and when men and women who are able take the field and actually overcome these conditions in all the cities all over the land, then the bottom will have been reached. When America can produce a thousand workers such as Jane Addams of Hull House, when a thousand philanthropic men and women such as Raymond Robins and his estimable

wife, when such men as Zueblin can be induced by the score to lead the way, the masses will follow and this condition will soon give way to the better life.

That our civilization is not yet fully worked out is evident. That it is still in its experimental stage cannot be altogether doubted when we think of all the great questions like these that are yet to be worked out. That our experience has not met this question before, and that the experiences in meeting it and in solving the problem that it brings forth will be new cannot be contradicted, but the fact that the question will be met and solved lies before us, for the race has always braved the storms to reform and better its condition of government. A few people are now show-

ing the way. Within a few years others will be in the ranks and this question will be worked out. To the pessimist we say, be still. This work will be done. This condition now exists because we in our experience with civilization, do not know what to do to better it. A few are experimenting. They will find the way out and then the masses will follow. They are already telling us that these people must be restored to nature where they can see God's workings. They say that the alleyway must be cleansed, that the street must be renovated and set to shade; that grass shall grow by the wayside and in the yards; that flowers and shrubs must take the place of the debris on the open spaces,

(Continued on Page 777.)

THE RUSTLING OF THE CORN

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN



In my study chair reclining,
In repose my fancy's twining
All the joys which girt the present
With the days now lost and gone,
And the pulses of my vision
Beat in rhythmical precision
As once more I hear the night breeze
Sighing in the corn.

In those days of peace and plenty,
I a robust lad of twenty
Rose, refreshed from out my slumbers,
In the early flush of dawn,
Saw the sun rise o'er the meadows,
Chase away the lingering shadows,
And the morning breeze was sighing
In the fields of growing corn.

Like an army formed for battle
In the pasture grouped the cattle,
And the dewdrops shone and glimmered,
Pale and glinted on the lawn.
From the tangled hazel thicket
Came the chirping of the cricket,
Beating time—at least in seeming—
To the rustling of the corn.

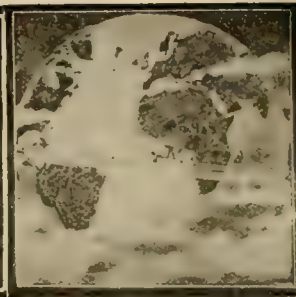
Then the footpath by the river,
Where the maple branches quiver
And I met her,
She who vanished like the breath of morn.
I can hear the songs of thrushes,
I can see her smiles and blushes
As I kissed her,
To the music of the rustling of the corn.

Thus I sit here idly dreaming
Of the olden days, and deeming
That the height of memory's pleasure
Is the days now lost and gone.
While from out the shadowy places,
Peer the old familiar faces,
And I hear the summer breeze
Softly sighing in the corn.





AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXIX. Midnight Walk to Jericho.

THE most dangerous journey on my tour around the world has been my midnight walk, alone, unarmed, to Jericho.

When I left the Grand New Hotel in Jerusalem at five in the afternoon I expected to reach the Samaritan Inn, ten miles away, before dark. It was not at all my intention to make a night journey of it when the perils from Syrian robbers is greatest. But in Jerusalem's maze of crowded streets I lost my way, and when I found St. Stephen's gate the sun was low.

The Brook Kedron, gorging the rough valley flanking the eastern wall, lay below me. Beyond it, half way up Mount Olivet, on the left, Gethsemane. Passing Absalom's tomb on the right, the road swings in a grand half-circle around the southern slope of the mount. Some Bedouins, wearing dark camel-hair blankets, with light-colored headdress wrapped with thick, black cord, were passed. Some walked. Others straddled little, bow-legged donkeys that leered from side to side as though about to fall from under their excessive burdens. Still others careened from tall camels that sniffed the cool October air and licked their dry chops in anticipation of an early supper. In the side of the hill stood the city slaughter house near the traditional spot where Judas took his life. Beyond, near the road, the site of the fig tree cursed by the Master. Several miles farther around, Bethany, where Lazarus lived with his sisters.

Almost identical in color with the tan gray of the hillside, the wretched village of forty hovels was already fading away in the twilight. Below, on the right, in a clump of olive and fig trees a camel caravan had been unpacked and was resting near a fussy little fire surrounded by wild-looking drivers. I was tempted to stop here and sleep on the ground near the camp, but the chances for molestation by them during the night were too many, while the mountain road, swinging away in dreamy, half-darkened curve, lured me on.

"A certain man went down to Jericho." Well, if he went at all, he went *down*. The Dead Sea, twenty miles away, on nearly the same level as Jericho, is almost four thousand feet below Jerusalem. One

thousand feet fall in twenty miles is great. This is four thousand feet. As I picked my steps down the rock-cut "stairway" that fell beneath my feet, it was like the surprise of one descending a stairway in the dark who finds one more step at the bottom than he expected. Here were a thousand such steps, with other features strangely weird and startling to a solitary traveler.

Although the stars were now out and the forms of the mountains could be seen lying beneath their bright beams, the light failed to penetrate the canyons. As if in mocking contempt for my startled state of mind, the mountains about me assumed prodigious proportions. Several times I stopped and listened, peering through the darkness, holding to a jagged rock to keep from falling down the road that *sloped like a roof!*

It was easy to imagine every black object a ghoul, and moving. Was that one coming? That slender black spectre? If so, what was it? Should I run? If so, which way? Should I speak? If so, what? There was another! Was it a bush, or an animal? How I stumbled over the sharp, flinty stones, only to stumble over others, picking my way down through these scarecrows, veering sharply to the left, then abruptly to the right, around a giant boulder. The very rocks seemed alive. Not that I was afraid, exactly, but curious to know what they were. Not until I crept up and seized hold of the deceiving rock was I satisfied. As I *climbed on down*, it was prudent to look behind me. Those black objects might start up and follow me. It wouldn't feel good to be struck by an ugly club, in the dark, alone, so far from home! Never was I so wide-awake and alert, all over, in my life. When I paused to listen I heard the roar of a cataract! It was the blood, drumming warm courage into my eardrums.

All my sins flocked before me. How easy it was to repent of all of *them!* To him who had often made this same journey alone, I then committed my body and soul. I asked him for guidance over the road he knew so well. For a few moments it seemed as though he walked by my side. A mellow radiance shown about me. But as I pierced the darkness, the stars grew chill again, the mountains blacker, the air

murkier, the stones sharper. And all the hills could do was to startle me with their gloomy maws. My ears kept beating their drums and my muscles were tense with instant readiness for recoil.

Coming upon a cave in a limestone hill I explored it, thinking to make it my castle until daylight. A warm sense of security suffused me as I contemplated sleeping within its protection, when I stumbled upon something that made my hair rise! It was a bundle of clothing. Then it occurred to me that all of these caves over the Holy Land have been for ages the indisputable dwellings of the lepers, and that no one sleeps or lies down in a cave here, except *lepers*. Then my own flesh began to creep and twinge, and I hurried out of my fortress, into the darkness and danger.

Shortly after, a belated carriage for Jerusalem, followed by its mounted guard, passed me. In the next canyon, some desert men, belonging to a caravan camping near by, cleared their throats by way of salutation. I replied by doubling my pace.

No one goes alone over this road at nightfall. The Bedouins themselves are afraid to do it. No other tourist, so far as I am able to learn, has ever made the midnight journey alone. Numbers count everything with these robbers. Two weeks before, two fellahin, at the point of guns, were commanded to give up their vegetables and clothing and then, in the artistic fashion of Adam, were compelled to ride off in the desert. The Savior's certain man was first stripped and then beaten.

The road now led upward through a deep cut that flung itself around a jutting cliff. Here, on the left, a feeble light flickered through the open door of a low building.

It was the *Samaritan Inn*. The landlord, who spoke English, urged me to stay till morning. He told me of hyenas that prowled about at night, of the wolves, wild-cats and panthers, and of the greater danger from robbers. "You will meet hundreds of robbers," he said, a fact that I discredited, for in the first ten miles after dark I had actually *met* none. He was right, however, for the caravans through the Jordan Valley, in order to escape the great heat of that valley, travel at night, and these, on their way up to Jerusalem for the morrow's market had not yet reached the inn.

I went to the door and looked out toward the Jordan. How eager I was to see that stream. But it was nine o'clock at night, and ten miles of dangerous road between us. Again I looked into the night. What sights I saw! The Jordan River! Jericho and its levelled walls. But I also saw wild beasts, robbers, torture, possibly death! So I paid for my lodging and was shown into another room occupied by some rough-looking men lying upon the floor and upon cots.

"That's your bed," he said, pointing to a cot be-

tween two others by the wall. With the candle he then passed out.

I removed only my shoes, knelt and prayed as was my custom, threw myself upon the hard cot, mechanically crossed my hands and became a formal candidate for sleep. I soon found that a mind churned into such extraordinary excitement refused to be quieted. Then it was that an enemy, more numerous and painful than all the brigands of Turkey and the Holy Land combined, made an unexpected sally from their hiding-place. They came by companies and regiments, afoot and horseback, on double-quick, thousands of them, with banners flying. The sting of the fleas, added to the sting of cowardice, insulted my Yankee grit. For three long hours I bravely waged, single-handed and double-handed, this uneven battle with the wild beasts of Judea. I wondered if the wounded man, carried here two thousand years ago, had to endure these awful pests. Sleep did not come. I was mad because I had paid for lodging that I could not use. At midnight I sounded a retreat, ran up the white flag of capitulation, and came out to see the landlord for the second time, preferring the torture of *brigands* to the torture of *fleas*!

When I passed into the day-room, there stood before me three of the most typical wild Bedouins I ever saw. The first look of their black, shiny eyes, set in dark faces two-thirds hidden by blankets reaching to their feet, was significant of cupidity. But I was mad about the fleas, and danger seemed attractive in comparison.

"They are going to Jericho, on camels," said the landlord, as their piercing eyes ran over me in selfish anticipation of booty—"they will show you the way."

I was between two fires, the fleas and the robbers. Their looks,—the wildest picture of humanity I ever saw, and at midnight, on the road to Jericho, cooled my pedestrian ardor. One of them, noticing me shrink from them, told the landlord he was a Christian, intimating that there would be *less* liability of my being victimized at their hands.

But where did these Bedouins, or brigands, prowling about on the Jericho road, at midnight, come from?

Jericho is near the Jordan. The Jordan is the boundary line between the land of Moab and the Holy Land. The Bedouins of Moab are to the Bedouins of Palestine as outlaw desperadoes are to civilized robbers. Regular tourists never wander into the land beyond the Jordan, and the daring adventurer who risks his life in penetrating that wild and lawless land must be accompanied by a heavy guard of Turkish soldiers. The Sultan positively refuses to guarantee the protection of any one who goes there. Wonder not, therefore, at my fright when the landlord told me that these men were Bedouins from the *east* of the Jordan. I'll never forget the full force of that phrase,—*east of the Jordan*! I hesitated. They were leaving the inn. As

the last one passed out he waved at me to follow, saying something in Arabic that would have made a baby cry. I was perplexed. To go to Jericho with a party of born thieves was paradoxical. I was unwilling to return to the fleas, and I knew these men could not be trusted. The fleas balanced on one side, the robbers on the other:—the scale tilted in favor of—the robbers!

Drawn by a strange fascination I followed into the moonless night. Once outside, the men began to mount their camels by having them kneel on the stony road. The one who said he was a Christian, begged me to get on in front of him. "No," I said by gesture

and voice, "I will walk." At least I would not ride with a Bedouin *behind* me.

When the three camels moved off tandem, with myself following the heels of the last one, I was chagrined to find fifty or more Bedouins join us in the darkness. I hadn't planned for these, so I hung back. The men on the camels saw me trying to slip away from them and they stopped their camels, calling to me, and only starting again when I came up. I had to go. So I started again on the longest ten miles I ever walked, and the most dangerous.

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AT QUARANTINE

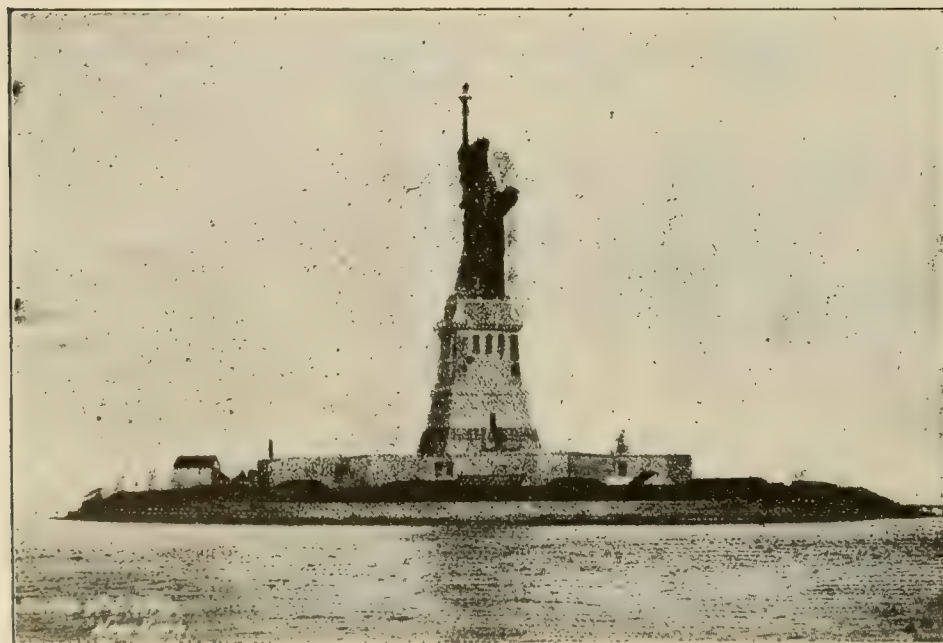
GRANT MAHAN

WE have gone into port a number of times, and only once did we come near being detained at quarantine. It was a timely turning back that saved us. So what we have to say is from the experiences of others at quarantine. Nowadays a great many persons are constantly passing from one country to another; and the tendency seems to be to watch more

recognized by the government of the United States, and one can go from here there without being detained, as was formerly the case. But of course this is only because of the absence of dangerous disease. If anything of that kind were to break out over here, quarantine would be established at once. The same would be done here if some dreaded disease were to

break out over there. And it is right that this should be done, for it is the duty of every government to care for the health of its people. There are, too, more diseases than the physical against which rigid quarantine should be established.

But to be detained and then turned back must be a very unpleasant experience. Some one has looked forward to the establishing of a home in a new country where there are greater opportunities for himself and family. The family worked and waited, and when the time came they sold what they did not want to take along. They



carefully so as to keep out any disease that is greatly feared. There has been fear of the yellow fever being carried from the islands of Central or South American ports to the United States. The fear was not, and is not, without reason; for in some places, or countries, conditions are such as to cause the disease.

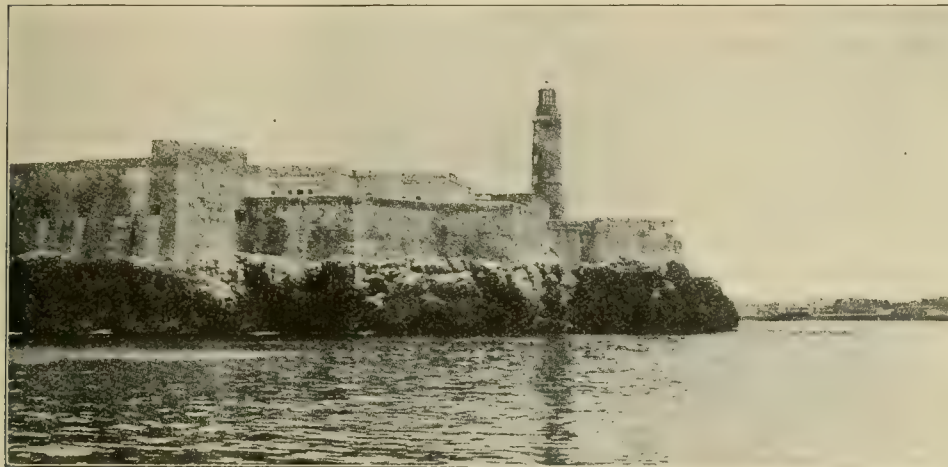
This is not true of Cuba, however, for one has a better chance of keeping well here than in some parts of our own South. This summer the fact has been

set sail, and in a few days were in sight of the shores of America. Their ship stopped, the doctors came on board, an examination was made, and some of the family were found to have a disease which would keep them out. And so they had to go back to take up the old life in the old place after having lost much. It is easier to imagine than to describe the feelings of people in this condition.

Such experiences are had by persons coming to

Cuba, too. The greatest hindrance to entrance is eye disease. That is very carefully watched. The steamship companies are not supposed to bring persons without being pretty sure that they can enter. Yet they do come. Not long ago a family was detained twelve days at quarantine, and then sent back because of eye trouble. They had traded their home in the States for a home here; and when entrance was finally denied them the father wrote me that if they could

is better for the few to suffer than for the many to be exposed to some disease that would unfit them for life's work. But the turning back does not prevent this exposure, for in many instances they go back where people are more numerous and they come in contact with a greater number than they would have in the country to which they wanted to go. Yet they have a right to be in their home country, which cannot be said of any other country.



Morro Castle, Havana, Cuba.

not trade back they would be homeless. Their pictures were taken and posted as persons not to be allowed to enter. And so they went back. We do not know how they will adjust their trade.

Such things are happening all the time; and they seem hard. They are hard on the small number who must give up their hope of a new home. And yet it

until certain you will not need them again. Even then it might be well to let them stand, unless they are in the way, for no one knows what may happen. But, after all, only a very small per cent of the people traveling are turned back at quarantine. The well person has little to fear there.

EDUCATION AS THE BASIS OF PROHIBITION

JOHN WOODARD

At the present time, the "prohibition question" is occupying a great deal of attention in the United States. Several States have already forbidden the manufacture and sale of liquor for beverage purposes and we believe others will soon follow. This is a fine thing and we want the good work to go on. But there is danger that we will think the work accomplished as soon as we get the prohibitory amendment in the constitution or the law on the statute book. That is a particular failing of the American people. They think they have accomplished everything as soon as the law is passed, so they quit working. As a result those who oppose the law get men elected who will

not enforce the law. That is why we have so many laws that are not enforced. That is why "prohibition didn't prohibit" in some parts of Kansas and Maine. "Prohibition didn't prohibit" in Portland, Maine, until they elected a sheriff who believed in enforcing the law. He showed that "prohibition did prohibit" under the proper administration.

Good laws are all right. We need them. But we must also have officers who will enforce the laws, and we cannot get them unless we have a healthy public opinion back of them. To develop a healthy public opinion we must educate the people. We must not

only show them that the liquor traffic is a moral and social evil but also an economic and political evil.

Only a little over one hundred years ago, nearly everybody drank. Even the preachers drank and many got drunk and very few people had anything to say against it. But those few were very bold in denouncing the evil practice and some others began to see that they were right. At first it was considered merely a moral question. The campaign was one of moral suasion. Many people were led to see how dangerous the use of alcoholic liquor was to themselves and their families. But while the reformers were pulling men out of the gutter and persuading them to live a better life, the saloons were seizing many other young men and young women and dragging them down to destruction. It was no respecter of persons; the man from the mansion on the hill or the one from the hovel on the back alley were the same as long as they could be tempted into the saloon and had the price of a drink. License, high or low, did not check its onslaughts. Instead, the saloons hung out fancy signs, provided music, and the saloonkeeper smiled blandly and said, "Come right in, boys, this is a respectable place, Uncle Sam approves it. If you don't believe it, look at the license on the walls." He even made a side entrance and hung out this sign: "Ladies' Entrance."

By this time the reformers were tired of pulling men out of the mud only to see them slide back again and others, bright young fellows, dragged in. They saw they were playing a losing game. The saloon could drag them down faster than they could lift them up. "There is only one way left," they said, "and that is to put the saloon out of business." This raised a great howl. The saloonkeeper said that was encroaching on his "personal liberty," and many of the people believed him. They failed to see that "personal liberty" allowed no man to encroach on the rights of others. That was not all. The saloonkeeper said that if they quit business it would kill the town. And many people believed them. It would seem like Christian men would not let any money consideration keep them from abolishing what they knew was a moral evil. But many nominal Christians refused to vote against what they thought was their business interests.

The position of the saloons was a strong one. By corruption they could control elections. Their large advertising made the press their humble servant. Many of the people were afraid to try anything new. These had to be shown that the liquor traffic was an economic evil as well as a moral evil.

On one thing the reformers were agreed. That was that the people had to be shown that prohibition would benefit them. On methods, however, they differed. Some thought that a new political party was necessary to carry on the campaign, so they organized

the Prohibition party. Others thought that an organization to work through parties already in existence would be better, so the Anti-saloon League was organized. The W. C. T. U. women realized how hard it is "to teach an old dog new tricks," so they decided to train the children by temperance education in the schools. Soon college students said, "We must teach the people the facts about all methods and let them decide which method they will take. We will get the college students to study the question and they will teach the people." These students organized the Intercollegiate Prohibition Association, held study classes, and gave oratorical contests in the different colleges where they had study classes and between the representatives of different colleges. Others thought best to work independent of any of these organizations, but they have all labored to educate the people. They have told of the social and political corruption caused by the saloon. They have shown the fallacy of the "personal liberty" argument. They have told how the liquor men consume wealth but do not produce it, and how they injure the capacity of others to produce wealth.

Some of the liquor journals say that the present wave of prohibition is only a temporary affair and it will soon subside. But they have failed to see that the present movement is on an economic basis. When you touch a man's pocketbook, you get pretty close to him. As soon as you convince a man that prohibition will improve his business, he is a Prohibitionist. That is why a great deal of the South has gone dry. It is a business affair. The South has found that prohibition pays financially and, as fast as other sections find it out, they will also go dry.

But the work is not over even in the States that have gone dry. "Blind tigers" will creep in if the law is not enforced and, if the education ceases, men will get in office who will not enforce the law. It is the duty of every American citizen to become thoroughly posted on this question so he can make an intelligent effort to remove the great evil, the liquor traffic.



A SUDDEN SHOWER.

Barefooted boys scud up the street,
Or scurry under sheltering sheds;
And schoolgirl faces pale and sweet,
Gleam from the shawls about their heads.
Doors bang; and mother voices call
From alien homes; and rusty gates
Are slammed; and high above it all
The thunder grim reverberates.
And then abrupt, the rain! the rain!
The earth lies gasping; and the eyes
Behind the streaming window panes
Smile at the trouble of the skies.
The highway smokes, sharp echoes ring;
The cattle bawl and cow-bells clank;
And into town comes galloping
The farmer's horse with steaming flank.

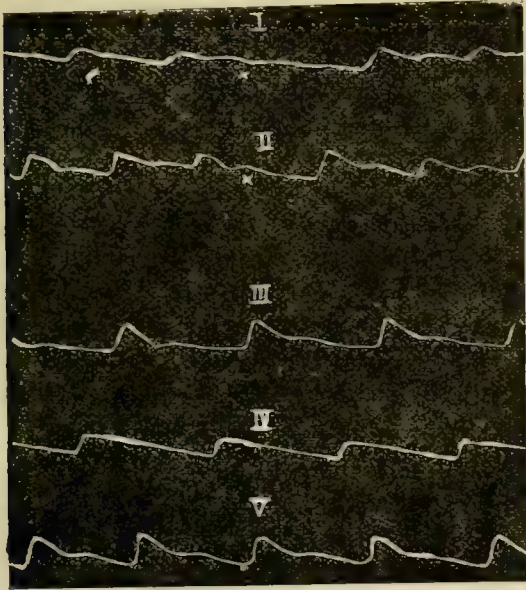
The swallow dips beneath the eaves,
 And flirts his plumes and folds his wings;
 And under the catawba leaves
 The caterpillar curls and clings.
 The bumblebee is pelted down
 The wet stem of the hollyhock;
 And sullenly in spattered brown
 The cricket leaps the garden walk,
 Within, the baby claps his hands
 And crows with rapture strange and vague;
 Without, beneath the rosebush stands
 A dripping rooster on one leg.

—James Whitcomb Riley.



SEEING THE HEART BEAT.

STATE after State in this republic is passing laws against the use of cigarets. Probably one of the next great crusades, after the liquor business is disposed of, will be the tobacco business. The cigaret is responsible for a tremendous amount of destruction,



and teachers, philanthropists, reformers and religious instructors are beginning to understand the greatness of its evil.

A little instrument called the sphygmograph is being used to demonstrate the effect of cigaret smoking on the heart. It takes automatically the pulse beat from the radial artery. This beat is transferred to a slip of paper which records with exact measurement what the heart is doing. Measurements are taken of this pulse wave before the use of tobacco, during its use and afterwards, with plain and unmistakable and scientific demonstration. The accompanying illustration shows with startling clearness the result of these tests. Tracing No. I is the record of the heart beat of a youth of eighteen who has been smoking only two years. It will be seen that not only is the pulsation of the heart very feeble, but it is very irregular. There is an instant indicated by the letter "X" when the

pulsation was so feeble that it could not be recorded. Tracing Number II is the record of the same youth taken immediately after smoking and while still under its influence. It will be seen that the heart is excited to a faster and more decided pace, but there is still irregularity and still a partial arrest of action, as indicated by "X." It is not difficult to prophesy that by his persisting in the use of cigarets for a few years, the pulsations of the heart will become so feeble that we will see the record of his death in the morning paper and the cause assumed will be "heart failure."

In contrast to these two tracings are Numbers III and IV, immediately following. They are the record of the strong, healthy heart beat of a young man of strictly temperate habits. Number V is the heart tracing of a healthy young women. If the diagram which we present here could be shown to the hundreds of thousands of young men who are addicted to the cigaret, they would abandon the pernicious practice if for no other reason than fear of a certain and early termination of life.

The lad who begins this suicidal habit can expect nothing less than a weakened and erratic heart movement, which in the end will destroy the vital force. Fathers and mothers, schoolteachers, and ministers have a great work to do in educating public opinion and removing this source of fearful loss to the republic.—*Home Herald*.



AN AMERICAN PROBLEM.

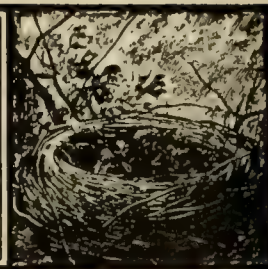
(Continued from Page 771.)

that the tenement house district must give way to the cottage in the suburbs; that the sweat shop must be closed; that the workday must be only eight hours long in order that the mother and father shall have eight hours for recreation and to spend with their children; that there must be playgrounds for the children in order that the motor activities can be trained; that there must be churches and Sunday schools, and wholesome places of amusement; that the saloon must be controlled or destroyed, and that there must radiate down from high places a greater respect for law.

The child born in the city, who must reside there through the long days, waiting for maturity, who never has the opportunity to go out on the grassy hillside in the spring and pick the violets and spring beauties, is unfortunate to say the least; but the child who is born here under the blighting influences of the worst places in the city is hopelessly unfortunate. So, the Settlement Worker has a great work before him before he causes the reaction that will put these people close to nature and away from the pollution and temptations of the present-day surroundings. We can say God-speed to him in the campaign now on and crave the victory that he is going to win in the end. We can see that he is in the right and that he will conquer for the right.



NATURE STUDIES



IF I WERE IN THY PLACE.

[Original Prize Declamation at Boston Latin School, June, 1909, by Harvard Norton.]

Aha! the trap is sprung, and now I'll find
The thief that's stealing chickens from the roost!
What sneaking prowler of the night is caught?
Perhaps a skunk or weasel it will be.
There is a sudden movement in the grass.
The chain draws taut. A glimpse of yellow fur!
Perhaps I've caught—I have—it is a fox!
Thou art the thief, I've caught thee fair and fast.
A sly old rogue art thou, and seldom seen,
Though often has thy bark been heard at dusk.
Why did'st thy hunger lead thee to this spot?
Could not the teeming forest yield thee food?
The partridge or the rabbit is thy prey.
Such glossy fur as thine I never saw,
'Twould make a splendid trophy for my den.
It is not red—though often such 'tis called,
But golden yellow like the sun at dawn.
No sound betrays the pain that thou must feel.
What other creature could such torture bear?
Don't pull so at the chain and tear thy wound,
Those deep sunk iron teeth are merciless.
Ah! here comes mother; what a great surprise
When she sees this! "Well, here's your chicken thief,
A fine big fox.—You think he is in pain?
And bleeding too?—Why, yes, I fear he is.
What, bathe it? What's the use of doing that?
I'm going to shoot him now, and end his pain.
What, bathe it first? I think I read your mind;
I'll do it, just to please you, if you say.
He might reward me with a vicious snap.
I'll hold him with this mat, you bathe his wound.
There, now I have him firm. Be gentle there."
Thy little body trembles at each touch.
Thine eyes accuse me of a sorry deed.
Poor little creature, art thou, after all.
A cruel fate it is that thou hast met.
I cannot bear to think how it would be
If I were in thy place, my little fox.
That cruel trap has held thy paw too long,
And now I'll ease the spring and free thy foot.
One moment thou shalt have without such pain,
And then the gun; but no! 'tis useless now.
I've done so much for thee, I must do more.
'Twas not my plan to save thy little life,
'Twas she who planned and gives thee thy release.
Hereafter elsewhere seek thy prey. Now, go!
One backward glance. That is enough to show
That thou are grateful to us after all.
How fast thy limping gait doth measure space.
The garden is between us; and once more
The woods, thy home, my little fox, are thine!

—Our Dumb Animals.

BEAVERS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THAT the beaver is possessed with almost human knowledge which can hardly be called instinct, is manifested in the manner these ingenious little builders construct their houses. So much forethought and reasoning is displayed as to almost place them on a footing with more enlightened builders.

After their dam is constructed, which displays no little engineering skill, they devote their whole attention to the erection of homes. They separate into companies for the purpose. Evidently they have learned the disadvantage of working in common as our Pilgrim fathers did long ago. They at first put into position piles along the border of the pond on which their homes are to be constructed. The houses are oval in shape and are from five to ten feet in diameter, according to the size of the families they are to accommodate. These dwellings are two and generally three stories high and often contain four rooms. The walls are two or three feet thick, rough on outside but smooth inside and so well built that the rain cannot penetrate them.

The rooms are about two feet high, the ceiling is of sticks and mud and the upper one has an arched ceiling, or what we would call in human architecture, plastered on the rafters, a sort of garret. This upper story is above the water. There is a door or stairway leading to each upper apartment. Every dwelling has two doors. One opens into the pond below freezing point, that they may have easy access to the pond, the other opens on the land side to facilitate their taking land excursions in search of food.

Towanda, Pa.



OUR BIRDS.

THE key-note for nature study is sympathy. Our success in life, as individuals, depends to a large extent on our knowledge of and power over physical environment. A teacher with perfect sympathy between herself and her children has almost unlimited power over them. With the little people in thorough sympathy with the bird, or cat, or plant they are studying, their power to see and think and tell is wonderfully increased. This sympathy is particularly necessary in nature study.

Perhaps the most fascinating of all nature study is

the study of the birds. If all the boys' lessons were as full of pleasure and interest as learning to know the birds about them there would be no—

* * * whining Schoole-boy with his Satchell
And shining morning face creeping like Snaile
Unwillingly to Schoole."

When Nature herself is really the teacher a boy will be roused from his bed by the chattering sparrow, the scolding wren, the robin's early call, or perhaps an outburst of song like a mighty chorus from the trees beneath the window. If children are interested in birds, the ear is unconsciously trained and they hear every sound, and interpret the meaning in an amazingly clever manner. Ex-President Roosevelt when a boy showed a keen interest in birds. He "knew the haunts of every species within a wide radius of his home." It is said that few men not specialists know so much about bird life.

How many birds should the children in the primary grades know? That is, with how many birds should they have a speaking acquaintance—call by name when they meet them?

In a room recently visited the children in the primary (first, second and third grades) knew about twenty-two birds, and upon inquiry it was found that the children in the fourth and fifth grades were able to name, at sight, about thirty-five. This number, perhaps, is a little larger than is usually found, but not too large a number for such grades to know. Reports from several different rooms show that the average number of birds known by first grade children is from seven to ten, second grade from ten to fifteen, and third from fifteen to twenty-two or three.

A short period each day given to such study, by a wide-awake teacher, thoroughly interested in the work herself, is all that is necessary to stimulate a love for the birds and awaken a desire for further study. Make as complete a list as possible of all the birds found in the neighborhood. Encourage the children to help. Aside from this—and of far more importance than the recording of the different birds seen—help them to make a special study of one or more birds, even though they be common ones. (Use pictures, drawings and mounted specimens, when possible. Flanagan Co., Chicago, have colored pictures of all the birds. John C. Mountjoy, 378 Wabash Ave., Chicago, publishes a chart showing good colored pictures of the birds. The Davis Press, Worcester, Mass., will furnish for 75 cents a packet of outlines for twelve different birds to be used for color work. These are very helpful in leading the children to note the color markings.)

The keeping of a nature study calendar by individuals, or on the blackboard furnishes an interesting line of work. Record from day to day. Name of birds seen, date (as soon as a new bird has been

discovered, the mounted picture should be hung up with the date attached), and this will answer as a signal for all to be on the watch for facts to be noted in the calendar. (Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago, publish a small ten cent book, called "The Bird Calendar," designed by Clarence Moores Weed, that the third and fourth grade children would find very useful.)

In order to get the best results one must understand the laws of child life. Give children a task in the form of a question—something they can find out for themselves—something they can do, and give them time to do it, then do not fail to ask for the results at the exact time specified. This calendar in a measure helps suggest questions. Are there any bright colors or patches on the bird? Where? Length compared with the birds they know. Are its actions or movements quick or slow? Was it alone or with other birds? Was it near the ground or up high? Upon what did it seem to be feeding, and where did it get its food? (Air, ground, bushes, plants.) Nests. Where does it build its nest? Note birds nesting in orchard trees—robins, orioles, kingbird, waxwing, etc., etc.,—in dead limbs or bird-boxes—bluebird, wren, swallow, woodpecker, etc., etc. (See Olive Thorne Miller's "In Nesting Time.") Nothing is more wonderful or can be made more interesting to children than the ways in which nests are made. Note the tools used (bill and claws). Also the material.

Part of the poems, "Bird Trades" and "Birds' Nests," may be read and memorized.

Birds' Nests.

"The wren builds in an ivied thorn
On old and ruined wall;
The mossy nest so covered in
You scarce can see at all.

"The sparrow has a nest of hay
With feathers warmly lined;
The ringdove's careless nest of sticks
On lofty trees we find."
etc., etc.

Bird Trades.

"The swallow is a mason
And underneath the eaves
He builds a nest and plasters it
With mud and hay and leaves.

"The woodpecker is hard at work;
A carpenter is he;
And you may find him hammering
His house high up a tree.

* * * * *

"Of all the weavers that I know,
The oriole is the best;
High on the maple tree he weaves
A cozy little nest."

—*Interstate Schoolman.*

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WE call attention to the article on the first page of this issue which is of more than ordinary interest. All of us should give careful study to problems of this kind, not only for the sake of being well informed, but for the purpose of lending our aid where aid is so much needed.



Now that Congress has completed the tedious business of revising the tariff, the people may take their turn in trying to figure out where we are "at." A method that will take less time and cost less mental energy is to let the manufacturers, and the three or four others who handle the goods before they come to us, do this for us. They are bound to do it anyhow in the end, so we may as well save ourselves where we can.



IN the INGLENOOK of July 13, and the last paragraph of article headed, "The Sunny Side of Louisiana," there is a misstatement which the writer of the article says is a mistake that is as big as forty mules. The statement made is that a man used twenty-four mule teams in the cultivation of a certain crop of rice. It should have been two four-mule teams. The mistake was unavoidable owing to the way the figures were given in the manuscript, but we gladly make the correction as it will enable those interested to make a truer estimation of the profits of the crop.



"HIGH-SCHOOL FRATERNITIES."

At different times in these pages we have called attention to the evils that have been developed by the high-school fraternities and to the earnest efforts that have been directed against their existence by leading educators and others who have at heart the welfare of the rising generation. We do not know to what extent our readers are familiar with these organiza-

tions, or whether any of them have suffered through them, either as honored members or as "outcasts," but we feel that with other evils threatening the well-being of society they should be known in their true light so that all may lend their influence against them. For this reason we are herewith giving a number of extracts from a somewhat lengthy article on the subject in the current number of *Everybody's*:

"Some years ago a swarm of Greek Letters issued from the colleges of America and began migrating in the direction of the high schools. They immediately overspread the whole social sky of their new home, and finally alighted on the shirtwaists and waistcoats of the socially elect.

"Since that time at least five State legislatures and at least five hundred rescue parties of high-school teachers have been busy . . . in an agitated effort to lure the Greek alphabet back into captivity in the works of Xenophon and Homer, where it is much less likely to get a chance to bite the modern youth.

"Some people have scoffed. 'The whole high-school fraternity business,' said a State legislator last year to a body of teachers, 'is nothing but a drop in the bucket of the body politic.' Metaphors aside, such is not the opinion of the members. Far from it. And such is equally far from being the opinion of the teachers.

"'I cannot conceive,' said Mr. Edwin G. Cooley, when superintendent of the Chicago school system, 'of the permanent existence of what is known as the American Public School if the fraternity spirit continues and grows as it has during the ten years past.'

"What is this 'fraternity spirit' which has come to dominate the social life of American high schools from the Atlantic to the Pacific? What is this quirk of childish fancy, this Kids' Crusade, which has become a heavily capitalized Educational Problem?

"A couple of western boys go East for vacation. They meet some other boys and learn that there is such a thing, really, for practical purposes, as the Greek alphabet. They also learn that their new friends, organized into a company, own three of the letters which are certainly good to look at—much resembling chewing-gum trademarks. The new friends offer to lend them the letters, teach them how to shake hands in a complicated way; write the translations of the letters down on a slip of paper so that they won't mislay them in their minds, and send them back West to found a chapter of Pi Phi Psi.

"Returning home, the boys pick out a few agreeable associates of their own social species, hold an initiation, teach the new members the principles of Pi-Phi-Psi-ism, devise a few new complications in the art of hand-shaking, have their coats cut five inches lower in the

front than at the back, have buttons sewed on the flaps of their pockets, turn up ten inches of their trouser legs, take a pair of scissors and clip off the whole breadth of their soft felt hats all the way round, slit holes in the remaining fragments of the hats and twine their fraternity ribbons through the holes, invest some of father's money in an enamel, gold, and diamond Pi Phi Psi label, hook the label to their waistcoats, and paralyze the high-school corridors between classes with a burlesque of a stage imitation of a college boy's imitation of a human walk.

"Why not? It is all as innocent as a flock of lambs. But now the problem begins to appear. Now the school, whether in Maine or in California, begins to get divided into socially successful 'Greek letter' lambs and socially unsuccessful 'Barbarian' lambs. And there now begins among these lambs a struggle for social distinctions, quite inappropriate to their charming time of life and, in fact, so banal and so mutton-headed as to be worthy only of completed sheephood.

Of the high-school fraternity houses, clubhouses for men of from thirteen to eighteen, without any adult supervision whatsoever, the writer says, "They marked a winning round in the long fight made by the American child to skip its childhood and also, by separating the socially elect still farther from the socially ineligible in high-school life, they drove the wedge of caste still deeper into that 'citadel of American democracy,' the public-school system.

"This was the deep-down reason why that rather old-fashioned educator, Mr. Cooley, spoke in such heat and why most school authorities agreed with him, all the way from those of Seattle, in the West, who fought the high-school fraternity question as far as the supreme court of the State, to those of Melrose, Massachusetts, in the East, who pugnaciously said: 'We are firmly convinced that rather than lower our great system of public schools into schools of clique and caste, of contempt for humanity, scholarship and duty, it would be better for the youth and better for the commonwealth if our schoolhouses close their doors and the children labor for an honest livelihood.'"

Speaking of the forcing tendency of these fraternities mentioned earlier in the article, the writer further says: "The high-school fraternity has brought to an acute stage that disease of Prematurity noted in American children (along with other more admirable characteristics) by all foreign visitors. It is the disease of which Mr. Kipling has made a most complete diagnosis in the person of the young hero of 'Captains Courageous.' And the high-school fraternity has stimulated Prematurity in that part of adult life especially which, beyond all others, ought to be unknown to children; namely, the social struggle.

"Social struggle, with all its blindness and all its

bitterness, is likely enough to come some day. Why begin it at an age where our outward actions are crudest and most cruel while, at the same time, by the contradiction that produces many of the tragedies of childhood, our inner feelings are shyest and most attuned to suffering?"

The writer gives illustrations of the social snobbishness practiced in the rules which will not admit to membership those living on streets where there is a car line or shops or those living in flats, etc., and the deceit and extravagance practiced by some in order to gain admission. Speaking further of the fraternity houses and of the societies' tendency to force the pace, the writer says: "It forced the pace of the young boys who spent their spare time at the Chicago high-school fraternity houses till, when President Schneider, of the Chicago Board of Education, investigated those houses in 1908, he found that in at least six instances they had been used to entertain night parties of women from the Red Light district.

"Now, these boys did not go wrong purely because they were fraternity boys. The world has not had to wait for the invention of high-school fraternities in order to see boys sowing their wild oats prematurely. Nevertheless, there was no getting away from the fact that the fraternity system, by giving boys the environment and equipment of an artificial and unhealthy adult life, enormously increased the possibility of such happenings."

Added to the disease of Prematurity there are two other evils of which the high-school fraternities are guilty: They destroy scholarship and disrupt the student body. "The disintegrating influence of high-school fraternities on the student body is felt in almost every school in which they exist. There are a few exceptions to the rule, but the nature of a fraternity is to foster not so much the 'school spirit' as what a fraternity boy once called the 'bunch spirit.'"

If the parents of all the children who belong to these fraternities would join the school authorities and educators in fighting against their evil influence the victory would soon be won, but many parents give their children every encouragement, even quoting the Fourteenth Amendment to the Constitution in defending them and joining others in the "personal liberty" cry. Apparently many fathers and mothers consider the chief duty of parents to be that of giving their children the moon or anything else they may take a fancy for, instead of training them to desire the things that will contribute to their welfare as well as to the welfare of others. The real difficulty in this high-school fraternity problem as well other vital matters lies in getting the right kind of parents for our children. The right kind of parents will give us the right kind of children as sure as the words of the wise man are true.



THE HOME WORLD



“TIRED TO DEATH”

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

THAT is what we say, when the warmer days of midsummer draw on, and the heat seems to sap our forces, physical and mental alike. To the worker in store, factory, or office, life becomes all but a burden; and as to the home-keeper, the extra labor of washing, ironing, canning and preserving, not to mention that attending the inevitable summer visitors, taxes to the very limit of one's endurance. On this last point there is but one thing to be said: unless your friends are employed, and therefore cannot be spared from their places except in vacation-time, invite them to your home in the cooler and more comfortable seasons of the year.

A little tact will smooth over any attendant awkwardness of the situation, even if they have already announced their intention of coming. The added enjoyment of both parties will more than compensate for the disagreeableness, if any occurs. A real friend wishes to make her visit a pleasure to her hostess as well as herself, which cannot be the case if the latter is sitting on the cool porch with a fan, while the former swelters over the hot stove, hurrying to and fro to make the social and domestic ends of her duty meet. During September and October the country is still pleasant, and in the city, parks and drives are yet things of beauty. Also, there is the early fall attractiveness of the great stores.

However, without counting upon those of us who make the good resolve to visit our sisters only in the cool of early summer and autumn, there are many ways in which the home-keeper and all the rest of womankind may conserve their strength during the warm season. First, is the providing and demanding of simple fare: few meats, if any; milk, if it agrees with the palate and digestion; vegetables, especially those that require no cooking; and fruit desserts.

The everyday wearing of white or very light-colored garments, especially skirts, imposes a heavy burden on the home laundress. By the exercise of taste one can manage to look exactly as well in some thin but darker

material, and as a rule much neater, since a soiled light dress is an eyesore to every beholder. Simple romper suits for the small children, and equally simple but natty ones for the larger, are infinitely preferable to any others, since they mean comfort to the child and mother alike.

Another important point is simplicity in entertaining. If you are holding a private picnic in some favorite park or woodland, plan your refreshments with a view to their easy transportation, not burdening the party with unnecessary dishes, baskets and pails. Lemon juice and sugar may be prepared ready for the addition of water at the grounds, picnic plates substituted for pretty but cumbersome china. Even salads may be packed in a condemned fruit jar that need not be taken home again, and served on lettuce leaves at the side of one's plate, in an attractive and appetizing manner. If one carries to the woods an outfit that would do credit to a fashionable luncheon served in the home dining-room, the gypsy effect which is the chief charm of an outing is entirely destroyed. The “roughing-it” flavor of a real picnic meal is as much better, as the delicious fluffiness of a roasted potato supersedes the soggianness of a poorly-boiled one. More than that, the unnecessary equipments entirely spoil the day for the burden-bearers of the party, be they male or female. Let all the arrangements for your outing be good, but simple and sensible.

To withstand the heat, it is of great consequence that the workings of your own body be in perfect order. Did you ever think what a beautiful, splendid machine it is, so wonderfully planned and operated that the most successful man-made piece of mechanism is a mere feeble copy of some part of its construction? Even at that, no man has ever been able to reproduce the marvelous arrangement by which it rebuilds its own parts, faster than with ordinary use they can wear out. Get a good textbook on physiology and hygiene, such as the children use in the graded schools, and study it, next after your Bible. What would you

think of a man trying to run a locomotive engine, without a thorough knowledge of its construction and workings? When we thus study our bodies, we shall learn that weakness and weariness are not caused by legitimate labor, but by *waste matter retained in the body*.

Nature, which is in reality God working, has provided the plan of the circulatory system to heat every part, just as a hot-water plant heats a dwelling; but he has also provided a scheme for regulating its temperature by means of the perspiration, which not only carries off excessive heat, but also much of the body's waste. In order for its perfect working, however, the blood must not be charged with matter which it is the business of the kidneys, lungs, and digestive apparatus to expel. This clogged and impeded state of the blood causes fever, not only the acute, but the slow sort, the miserable "baked" feeling with which one often wakes on a sultry morning. The consuming of much oxygen, which we get from fresh air and pure water, helps dislodge the waste particles so that the circulating blood can carry them away. If all the organs of elimination worked properly, there would be no such thing as heat prostration, mild or severe; and it is very possible by simple methods to accomplish this, for the three great tyrants that would rule otherwise may be vanquished if we will: Misuse, Fear, and Worry,—which is in reality only a slow form of Fear. Against them, rest is the main weapon.

With the three items we have mentioned—simple fare, simple dress, simple entertainment—one's work will be lessened at least a third. Of that which is absolutely necessary, half the load is removed when one ceases to worry. Think of only pleasant things when you are about your tasks. Look at the green grass and waving trees outside your window, not at the scorching sun on the cement walk. Did you never hear of the man who thought of icebergs on a hot summer day till he was taken with a chill? One need not have his absurd experience, but thoughts do greatly influence our bodily feelings.

Then, be sure to take a rest every day, as long as possible, and in the most comfortable place you can find; a *real* rest, mind you, no sitting down in a cramped position with your hands full of sewing, or even a book. *Rest all over*, body and soul, relaxing every muscle and closing your eyes. Know that "as thy day, so shall thy strength be," is no empty promise, if we fulfill the common-sense conditions. Then breathe! breathe! breathe!—the life-giving oxygen into your body, the peace of God into your soul!



LULLABY.

I was loung'n' amongst m' pillows,
Coaxin' sleep with many a sigh,
'N' some one 'n th' room above me
Was a-singin' a lullyby;

'N' I cud hear th' cradle a-rock'n'—
Creakety, creakety, to 'n' fro,
'N' th' woman a-singin' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e-go."

Ther' wasn't a mite of a carpit
Awn th' floor o' thet room, yuh bet,
'N' th' reg'lar swing o' th' cradle,
W'y, I kin almos' hear 't yet;
'N' th' sleepy coo o' th' baby
Thet was bein' swung to 'n' fro,
T' th' wonderful music o' "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e-go."

Yuh wouldn't 'a thought thet a feller
Thet's got down 's low 's I
Would 'a felt kinder queer 'cause a woman
Was a-sing'n a lullyby!
'N' 't first I felt jest like swear'n',
Thet a hotel shud treat me so,
Fur I cudn't hear noth'n' but "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e-go."

But 't seemed ter git soft'r 'n low'r,
'N' kinder familyer, too,
Wi' th' cradle a-goin' slow'r,
Jest like my cradle ust ter do,
Till I cud almos' feel th' motion,
Rock-a-by—rock-a-by—to 'n' fro,
'N' my mother a-sing'n, "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e-go."

Fur she sung 't t' "I love Jesus,"
Jest 's my mother ust ter do,
'N' 't set my heart all ter ach'n',
'N' th' tears ter com'n', too;
'N' I jest wisht I cud slouch back thar,
'N' my mother cud set thar 'n' sew,
'N' I cud hear her, jest oncet, sing'n, "Hush—thee—
Go—t'—sleep—t'—sleep-e-e-go."

—Ella Higginson, in Harper's Weekly.



FATHERS AND MOTHERS.

WHY is it, says a writer in the *Live Stock Journal*, that so many boys and girls, when they have reached the age of fourteen or fifteen years, seem to grow away from their parents?

When the children are babies, they are loved and enjoyed, but as they grow older they are neglected, scolded, treated as though they are in the way, given no pleasures at home, their opinions never asked with regard to anything and if they venture airing their thoughts they are ridiculed and "squelched."

As soon as they are old enough, and generally before, they are put to work and *worked* about like dumb beasts; just with a view to dollars and cents.

Is it any wonder they long to get away where people talk to them as if they were not fools, and where they can take part in the conversation with no fear of being bluffed?

Many a son has disgraced the name of his parents and brought sadness and misery to his home because of just such usage, and many a daughter has brought shame to her loved ones, because her mother gradually

closed the door of sympathy and companionship against her.

It would pay, in every way, if parents would give more serious thought to the managing of their children.

They should be partners with the boys and girls in work, school, reading, play, and in fact everything they do.

Be thoroughly *interested* in what interests them.

As soon as they begin asking questions, answer them *truthfully* and kindly.

When they do a thing well, tell them so, in few words, but let them know you mean it.

If they fail in an undertaking, kindly direct them in the right way and let them know you have confidence in their success when they make another effort.

Parents should thoroughly enjoy their families and nothing will so surely bring this about as to be *chums* with your boys and girls.

Tell them your secrets and listen to theirs. Let them know you were once—and not long ago—their ages and have had just such experiences as they now have.

Is there anything in the world you would rather have than the knowledge that your children, who are just entering manhood and womanhood, think you are really the wisest and best father and mother who ever lived?

It will pay you now and in time to come, if you give this subject your *very best thoughts*.—*Selected*.



HOW THE ENGLISH CULTIVATE MULLEINS.

WE miss a lot of "fun" as well as beauty by having only one point of view toward "weeds." The farmer has nothing but contempt for mulleins. Yet I saw at least twenty different species of them cultivated in English gardens last summer, and they have been many times pictured in the leading horticultural papers.

I do not advocate planting mulleins along the roadside or propagating them in any community where they are a nuisance, but I wish I could make people who have to see them every day open their eyes to the beauty of them.

Of course, the common mullein is shabby when out of bloom, and I must admit it is the least attractive of the species in cultivation because its blooming is scattered over too long a period, and the flowers are inconspicuous. But the woolly rosette of leaves is beautiful, especially after rain. Indeed, most of the species cultivated in English wild gardens are valued quite as much for the leaves as for the flowers. Verbascums, or mulleins, are a race of biennial plants which form a rosette of leaves the first year and throw up a flower-stalk the second.

The showiest of the mulleins is the Olympian (*V.*

Olympicum), which has the great advantage of condensing its bloom into three weeks. It attains the great height of from six to ten feet and is the noblest of the candelabrum type. Unfortunately, this species is likely to damp off in winter unless well drained. Also, it does not bloom until the third year.

The mullein that undoubtedly has the widest range of color is the purple mullein (*V. phaniceum*), now available in purple, violet, rose, pink, lilac, and white. I wish that some one would try verbascums for wild gardening in America. It would not cost much, because the seeds can be imported without duty from English dealers, and when the plants are once established, they ought to self-sow.

But to return to the roadside. Please notice what a great variation there is in the common mullein—the inflorescence dense or lax, simple or branched, the flowers large or small, and the wool dense or loose. There are ten different varieties of this plant in cultivation in English gardens.

Also, I hope you will look especially this summer and fall for the moth mullein, which has larger flowers and looser inflorescence, and is said to attract many interesting and beautiful moths.—*The Garden Magazine*, August.



FORGOTTEN TROUBLE.

Do you know what it was that caused you to fret,
Only a year ago?

Can you tell me the source of your utmost regret,
Only a year ago?

It looked big to you then and you moped and you pined,
The long nights were sleepless and troubled your mind,
Yet you can't tell what happened, in looking behind,
Only a year ago?

Do you know why you frowned as you journeyed your way,
Only a month ago?

Can you tell now what made all your blue skies look gray?
Only a month ago?

What trouble was it that your happiness marred,
That caused you to say that your heart had grown hard,
And from all future joys in this world you were barred,
Only a month ago?

You've forgotten them all, both the great and the small,
The pain and the woe;

For few are the troubles we ever recall
As onward we go.

Ah, few are the troubles, my brother, that last.
They seem big at first, but the moment they're past,
They slip from the mind, for they never stick fast.
It is well that it's so.

—Detroit Free Press.



SELECTED RECIPES.

Sweet Potatoes à la Dixie—Boil two medium-sized sweet potatoes until barely tender, remove the skins and slice about a quarter of an inch thick. Lay in a baking-dish, alternating the layers of potato with layers of butter and sugar, having butter and sugar on

top. Consult taste as regards the amount of sugar, but do not be too sparing with the butter. Add a half-cup of water and bake slowly until the potatoes have absorbed the sirup. Allow them to brown at the last and serve very hot.

Cooking Breakfast Bacon—Slice quite thin and evenly and lay in a hot pan; let slightly brown, turn and brown the other side. While it is still cooking, roll with the help of a knife and fork and lay in a mound of rice or mashed potatoes. The bacon should be crisp, but not brittle.

Baked Apple Sauce—Peel, quarter and core as many apples as you wish; put into an earthen crock or enameled bake pan, with a little water and cover closely; put in the oven and bake slowly two hours. See that the water does not dry out, but let it cook down to a very little. Dust a little cinnamon or nutmeg over the top when served, and eat with sweetened cream.

TAKE young, tender beets, wash, cook rapidly in salted water until done, then drop into cold water and slip the skin off of them quickly. Slice in rather thick slices and pour over them a buttersauce made as follows: Place a cupful of hot water on the stove, add a tablespoonful of lemon juice, a teaspoonful of salt, and a teaspoonful of very finely minced parsley. Let come to a boil and add the beaten yolks of two eggs; stir until it thickens, then beat in two tablespoonfuls of butter. Lay the beets in slices in the sauce, and heat all over hot water, but do not boil; then serve at once.



FRIED APPLES.

PROPERLY cooked, fried apples make one of the most appetizing breakfast relishes, and it is quickly prepared. Wipe the apples well and core. Melt a piece of butter—a level tablespoonful—in a skillet, and slice the apples a quarter of an inch thick and sprinkle with sugar. Use tart apples. They cook much quicker than sweet ones and have a far better flavor. Set the skillet on the back part of the stove and cover closely. This steams them and the sugar draws out the juice, which united with the butter makes a delicious syrup.—*Selected.*



AN EMERGENCY RHYME.

If poisoned, take mustard or salt, tablespoon
In a cup of warm water, and swallow right soon;
For burns, put dry soda and wet bandages, too;
If blistered, then oil and dry flannel will do;
In children's convulsions warm baths are the rule,
(With castor oil dose, too), but keep the head cool.
Give syrup of ipecac when croup is in store;
For fainting, stretch patient right out on the floor;
To soak in hot water is best for a sprain—
Remember these rules, and 'twill save you much pain.

—The Household.

The Children's Corner

THE WORDS "I" AND "IF."

THERE are a boy and a girl that live near me that seem like nice children. Their names are Mabel and John, and they live in adjoining houses. They are always neat and well dressed, and their manners appear to be good. For a long time, therefore, I wondered why the other boys and girls did not care for Mabel and John. There was no quarrel; they seemed on good terms enough with the other children; but they were not popular.

It was Mrs. Harding who told me what was the matter. She shook her head when I asked her about Mabel. "Mabel would be very nice," she said, "if it wasn't for one word that she uses all the time. She can't form a sentence without it, and it spoils everything she says."

"What word is it?" I asked, puzzled, for to put the same word in every sentence seems impossible at first thought.

"The shortest in the language," replied Mrs. Harding with a twinkle. "Just plain 'I.' Mabel never omits it. 'I think,' 'I want,' 'I did,' 'I said'—it is so tiresome!"

"Is that John's trouble too?" I asked, resolving to attack both mysteries at once.

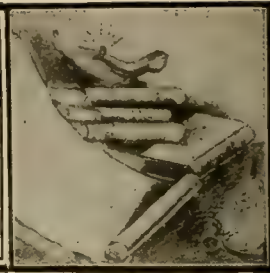
Mrs. Harding laughed. "No. John's word has two letters. It isn't quite so bad. John is always saying 'If.' He cannot do anything without seeing all the difficulties ahead and then he is always talking about what would have happened if he had done this or that instead of what he did do. John is dreamy and full of excuses and reasons for not doing things. I don't think his word is as bad as Mabel's, but it cuts John off from enjoying life."

Since then I understand why Mabel and John are not popular. I know some grown-up Mabels and Johns, and nobody likes them, either. What a pity to choose an unprofitable word and let it spoil their lives! There are hundreds of thousands of words in the English language to choose from instead. If Mabel made up her mind, for instance, to say "you" twice to every "I" how different life would become for her! If John dropped "if" for a month and took up "certainly" what a profitable change for him it would be!—*Boys and Girls.*





THE QUIET HOUR



THE SHEPHERD'S APPEAL.

Have you seen my lamb that has gone astray,
Afar from the Shepherd's fold,
Away in the deserts "wild and bare,"
Or on the mountains cold?
Have ye sought to bring it back,
By a word, or a look, or a prayer,
Or followed it on where it wandered alone,
And tried to reclaim it there?

Ye gather each week in the place of prayer,
And speak of your love for me,
And pray that your daily life might bear
Some fruit that the world may see.
Ye mean it well; but, once away,
Do you live that life of prayer?
Is the soul of that lamb that's gone astray,
Your chief and your greatest care?
Ye speak of the good that ye mean to do,
Among your fellowmen,
Yet tarry oft 'mid the joys of earth—
They are watching your footsteps then,
And while you have stopped for pleasure and ease,
The lamb that has gone astray,
Has wandered 'mid darkness and sin
Along the forbidden way.

Ye meet in your countinghouse rooms for gain,
And count the cost each day;
Do you ever count what the cost may be
Of the lamb that has gone astray?
The cost of that soul will far outweigh
Your stocks and piles of gold.
Can you leave your gains and your wealth untold
To gather it into the fold?

It is perishing now in the bleak of cold,
While ye might have saved its life.
Are ye thinking too much of your ease and your gains,
To enter the Christian's strife?
When the reckoning is called and the balance made,
Will the wealth of a single day
Atone for the loss of a dying soul,
For the lamb that has gone astray?



—Unidentified.

THE LESSON OF THE LOAVES AND FISHES.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

IN the parables of our Savior we read up from the temporal illustration to a higher spiritual meaning. The multitude failed to see the spiritual import of a parable and the disciples failed to fully grasp its meaning, and the Master gave a full explanation to his little band. This occurred many times, and in each instance we find a lesson for ourselves, as plain and direct as that imparted to the chosen twelve.

But do we see as we ought, in the everyday life

and acts of Jesus the spiritual lessons which they might teach us? Such spiritual lessons are to be found especially in the miracles. Let us look, for instance, at the two occasions where, with a small supply of food, a great multitude was fed. In Matthew 14: 15-21 and 15: 32-39 we have records of two such miracles occurring within a few days' time, but in different places. The general features of the two are similar, hence they teach the same spiritual lesson.

We see in each instance a great multitude of people, all hungry for the physical food to satisfy the cravings of the bodily appetite. The Master and his disciples had compassion on them and sought the means to relieve their hunger. The disciples could see but a scant supply, barely enough to furnish a meal for their own little company. But Jesus knew that there was food enough for all, even in that small supply of loaves and fishes. He blessed the food, and gave it to his disciples and they distributed it among the people. After all were filled and their natural hunger appeased there was taken up more than the original supply.

These miracles show us, besides the temporal feeding of the people, a spiritual parallel, in the dealings of God with us in furnishing the Bread of Life. The multitudes are hungering for spiritual food. Our Savior and his followers can supply that want. We, like the disciples, may not be able to see whence the supply is to come, but if we use what we have, Christ will bless it as he did the loaves and fishes, the multitude will be fed and we shall have more spiritual food than in the beginning. Working for the Master and faithfully following his directions will bring his blessing upon our labors, the multitude will be fed with the Bread of Life and our own supply will be increased.



REGENERATION.

It has rightfully been said that the work of the Christian and the Christian church is regeneration rather than reformation. Some time ago we noticed in one of our exchanges a striking illustration representing the various kinds of reformers trimming off branches on a tree, but no one was laying the ax to the root. This was to represent reformers of various descriptions doing their best to bring about needed and desired reforms, but leaving untouched the evil heart from which spring so many sins and follies. Result: while some impressions are being made along certain

lines, the heart remains the same, and other evils along other lines crop out. What we want is to point the world to Christ; to bring the unsaved to recognize their lost, undone condition, and to see that only in the blood of Christ there is redemption; that there is no redemption from sin so long as the heart is filled with desire for sinful things, and that to be right before God there must be a thorough cleansing from the inside out. When inward cleansing is accompanied by wholesome gospel teaching, it means inward regeneration and outward reformation.—*Gospel Herald*.



THE CHRIST OF THE BIBLE.

"IN apostolic days men advocated a Gospel without the Cross. But St. Paul would have none of it. In the fourth century Arius taught a Christianity without a perfectly divine Savior, and the Church would not have it. In the fifteenth century the Renaissance, intoxicated by the discovery of Greek and Roman literature, despised the 'jargon of St. Paul', and would have paganized Christianity, but the Reformation brought northern Europe back to the Scriptures and to the Christ. Today men are proclaiming a Gospel without the supernatural. They are asking us to be content with a perfect human Christ; with a Bethlehem where no miracle was wrought; with a Calvary which saw sublime self-sacrifice, but no atonement for sin; with a sepulcher from which no angel's hand rolled away the stone. But we must have none of it. We will hold fast, we will transmit the faith once for all delivered to the saints. We will hand down to our children, we will proclaim to all the tribes of the earth, Christ Incarnate, Atoning, Risen, Ascending, our Intercessor at God's right hand, waiting to come again to judge the quick and the dead."—*Bishop of Liverpool at the Student Conference in 1908*.—*Bible Record*.



WHAT WE SAVE.

A GENTLEMAN of wealth in the city of New York once gave \$25,000 for the erection of a church, where the congregation was too poor to build themselves. It became a church noted for the piety and evangelical character of its pastor and people. In a few years its liberal patron lost all his earthly fortune, and was approached by a friend, who has eyes only for this world, who said to him, "Now if you had the money you gave to church, it would set you up in business." "Sir," said he, "that is the only money I have saved; if it had not been there it would have gone with the other; as it is, I have it yielding me an interest which will only cease to accumulate when the knell of time is sounded, and during the ages of eternity will be poured into my bosom, in the blessed consolation that hundreds have bowed at the altar erected with that money and acknowledged their Savior."—*Selected*.

JOHN WESLEY ON THE INSPIRATION OF THE BIBLE.

I BEG leave to propose a short, clear and strong argument to prove the divine inspiration of the Holy Scriptures:

1. The Bible must be the invention of good men or angels, bad men or devils, or of God.

2. It could not be the invention of good men or angels; for they neither would nor could make a book and tell lies all the time they were writing it, saying, 'Thus saith the Lord,' when it was their own invention.

3. It could not be the invention of bad men or devils, for they would not make a book which commands all duty, forbids all sin, and condemns their souls to hell for eternity.

4. Therefore I draw this conclusion—that the Bible must be given by divine inspiration.



LAMPS FOR DARK PLACES.

God's promises are all lamps to light up dark places, and I know of no brighter one than this, "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." If we never had nights, we could not see the stars. And so if you and I never had any trouble, we could never enjoy such a promise as this of which we have written. We do not love nights, but we do love the stars. We do not love sorrow and trouble, but we do bless God for sustaining grace. We do not love weakness, but we rejoice in such promises of God as will uphold us when weakness comes.—*Selected*.



THE SECRET OF A HAPPY LIFE.

Just to let thy Father do
What he will;
Just to know that he is true,
And be still.
Just to follow hour by hour
As he leadeth;
Just to draw the moment's power
As it needeth.
Just to trust him, this is all;
Then the day will surely be
Peaceful, whatsoever befall,
Bright and blessed, calm and free.

Just to leave in his dear hand
Little things,
All we cannot understand,
All that stings.
Just to let him take the care
Sorely pressing,
Finding all we let him bear
Changed to blessing.
This is all; and yet the way
Marked by him who loves thee best,
Secret of a happy day,
Secret of his promised rest.

—Frances Ridley Havergal.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The supreme court of Ohio has decided that voting machines cannot be used in that State because they do not meet the requirements of the constitution, which says that all elections shall be by ballot.

West Virginia's State capital became wholly dry at midnight, June 30, by a refusal of the city council to grant a renewal of saloon licenses. Altogether 142 saloons throughout the State went out of business at the same hour, owing to similar action in various towns.

By the arrest of Maracaibo of Theodore Hauer, a German subject, and his lawyer, Raymond Porpacen, a plot to start a revolution in Venezuela to overthrow President Gomez was discovered. Correspondence and secret codes seized with the prisoners show they were acting for former President Castro.

Deploping the fact that the liquor laws are being violated Gov. Comer, of Alabama, in his message to the legislature, advises making prohibition constitutional. He thinks prohibition should be disposed of so it will not be a disturbing factor in every election. He says it is a sad state of affairs when law officers commercialize themselves and law and order leagues are necessary.

The teaching of cooking is a science in Germany, as is everything else in that Teutonic empire. Traveling cooking schools are now sent about, for the purpose of instructing peasants how to cook cheaply and well. Since country people cannot go to school, the government will send schools to them. These traveling kitchens are now established in Hesse, Nassau, Franconia, and the Palatinate, as well as in Bavaria.

Intensive methods of farming must be used if the resources of this country are to be fully developed. Our wheat yield averages $13\frac{1}{2}$ bushels to the acre, while Great Britain's is 32. Experiments are now being made in various places to show how a person can make a living on only one acre. One woman reports that she got \$1,400 from her money crops on one acre last year. This kind of farming requires, however, that brains be mixed liberally with the soil.

The International Harvester Company, with headquarters at Chicago, has announced a plan for sharing profits of the business with employes. It is similar in method to that adopted by the steel trust several years ago. Employes are invited to buy shares in the company, to be paid for in instalments taken from wages. For this purpose 12,500 shares have been set aside of the preferred stock and 15,000 shares of the common stock. The former is offered at \$115 and the latter at \$75, both being under the market price. The object is to effect permanency in the force of 30,000 employes and to encourage them to take an interest in the affairs of the company.

Brushing aside governmental "red tape" in the interest of suffering humanity, Commissioner of Indian Affairs Valentine has taken quick and decisive steps to relieve more than 1,200 Indians in Wisconsin who were left without shelter and food as the result of the recent series of cloudbursts in that State. Without specific appropriation Mr. Valentine telegraphed Superintendent Campbell of the La Pointe Indian agency in Wisconsin to take every possible means to relieve the destitute Indians.

Columbiana County, Ohio, voted dry last fall. August 18, 1908, the Citizens' Savings Bank & Trust Company, of Salem, in that county, had in deposits \$263,487.98. February 5, 1909, its deposits aggregated \$306,590.20. April 26, 1909, they had jumped to \$338,293.06; and June 23, 1909, they reached \$379,808.02, an increase of nearly 45 per cent since last August. These figures are sworn to by the officers of the institution. The principal officer of the bank, who voted wet last fall, is now an enthusiastic dry advocate.

Orders for 10,000 freight cars and a large amount of passenger equipment will be placed by the Baltimore & Ohio. The Pennsylvania is in the market for 8,000 freight cars and the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company for 2,000 of both open and closed cars. The New York Central has ordered 2,400 box cars especially for carrying automobiles. The Buffalo, Rochester & Pittsburg has ordered 1,000 steel hopper cars. The Boston & Maine has bought 10 locomotives. Other railroads have also placed large orders for cars and other equipment.

Some idea of the general use of false teeth may be gathered from the statement that 20,000,000 of them are exported from America to England every year. When we consider that probably not more than half the inhabitants of Great Britain indulge in the luxury of false teeth, no matter how many grinders they may have lost, these figures would seem to indicate that nearly everyone in England suffers from defective or missing teeth. As far as observation goes, the United States is no better off than England in this respect.

For the first time in the history of a large American city a woman was elected superintendent of schools in Chicago when the board of education met and ratified its nomination of Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, principal of the Chicago Normal school. The selection of Mrs. Young is a hard blow to the Teachers' Federation with which Mrs. Young is not in sympathy. Mrs. Young's salary will be \$10,000 a year, one of the two highest salaries paid public officials in the country. The board also created the position of assistant superintendent, appointing John D. Shoop to the place. Mrs. Young has been a "school ma'am" in Chicago for more than a quarter of a century. She is said to know personally more teachers than any person in the West.

The University of Leipsic, which celebrated the fifth centenary of its foundation July 30, conferred the degree of doctor of laws on Theodore Roosevelt. He was the only foreigner thus honored. Among others to receive degrees were King Frederick of Saxony, Count Ferdinald Zeppelin, aeronaut; Gerard Hauptmann, author, and Professor Fritz von Uhde, German painter. The university took the first opportunity to add former President Roosevelt to its honor list, as it has been understood that the Berlin University will give him the doctor of laws degree when he lectures there in the spring.

The Lincoln pennies are not making as great a hit as the treasury officials had hoped for. Artists have always declared that a penny superior in design to the Indian penny could not be turned out, and it is claimed that the Lincoln penny is a practical demonstration of that statement. The new pennies are being subjected to criticism by others than artists. It was first discovered at the treasury that they did not stack up as well as the Indian coins. The most serious objection to them, however, is that they are thicker than the old coins. Institutions which use coin machines have already begun complaining that the new pennies do not fit the machines.

The feasibility of England, Germany and France going to the aid of Spain in suppressing the Moroccan rebellion is being considered by the British cabinet. On the best of authority it is learned that King Edward, alarmed for the safety of Queen Victoria of Spain, who is his niece, and King Alfonzo, has requested the cabinet to communicate with the French and German ministers regarding the sending of a "mixed force" of reinforcements to the Spanish troops who are in such desperate straits in Morocco. The king cited the joint action of the powers during the Chinese boxer uprising as a precedent for similar action now. Owing to her peculiar interests in Morocco it is believed France would be favorable to such a strong movement and if France and England urge the course there is a strong probability that Germany would join with them. The Spanish troops at Melilla, Morocco, have suffered heavy losses and the outlook of Spain in that country is not encouraging at present. The revolutionists at Barcelona have been suppressed with great loss of life, but they are likely to make more trouble.

It may be that a new department in the executive wing of the government, similar to the colonial office of Great Britain, will be the outgrowth of President Taft's order issued a few days ago by which jurisdiction over Porto Rico is transferred from the department of the interior to the war department. The President's policy is to place all the insular possessions of the United States under the insular bureau of the war department, and eventually elevate the bureau to a department in itself. Senator Root, who created the bureau of insular affairs when he was a member of the cabinet, is an earnest advocate of this policy, and has under consideration a project for transferring Tutuila, Manua, and Guam to the insular bureau. The President holds that the experience which has been gained in governing the Philippines and handling the situation in Cuba can best be utilized by getting all the insular possessions together in one bureau. It is yet questionable whether it would be advisable to place Hawaii and Alaska under the same bureau with the other possessions. The President himself favors such a step, but some of the congressmen are opposed to it.

Central Mexico from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from Querato, on the north, to Oaxaca, on the south, a distance covering more than 1,000 square miles, was shaken at an early hour July 30 by a series of the most severe earthquake shocks felt in the region for the past quarter of a century. The more widely spread havoc was wrought in the States of Neuvo Leon and Guerrero. The towns of Chilpancingo, Chilapa, Concepcion, Fetillia and Coatepec were nearly obliterated. Fire followed in the wake of the earthquake in Chilapa. It is known that scores were crushed to death under the falling walls and were later consumed in the burning ruins. At this date no estimate has been made of the total loss of life and property throughout the quake district.

According to reports from Osaka, Japan, Aug. 1, confusion still prevails as a result of the disastrous fire of July 30-31. Thousands of persons are homeless and hunger is staring many of them in the face. A system of relief has been organized by the municipal authorities, but it is inadequate to supply all needs. Outside cities and towns are generously sending in contributions to be used in alleviating the sufferings of the homeless and destitute. The number of casualties has not yet been determined, but hundreds of injured persons are crowding the hospitals. The latest estimates are that 11,368 buildings were destroyed, these including banks, the stock exchange, the museum, government edifices and factories. Among the buildings destroyed was the Buddist Temple, the largest in the world. While at present it is impossible accurately to state the losses, these are given roughly at several million yen.

The world's aeroplane record for two men, as to both time and distance, was broken July 27 in a beautiful flight of 1 hour, 12 minutes and 40 seconds—upwards of fifty miles and at a speed averaging about forty miles an hour—by Orville Wright at Fort Myer, with Lieutenant Frank P. Lahm of the Army Signal Corps as passenger. The former record was made last year by his brother, Wilbur, joint inventor with him of the machine in which both achievements were performed, at Le Mans, France, with Professor Painleve of the French Institute as passenger. That flight was 1 hour, 9 minutes and 31 seconds. In making the flight, the aeroplane went around the drill ground, which is 4,000 feet in circumference, seventy-four times at a height of about sixty feet. The distance covered would have carried Orville Wright and his passenger almost twice across the English channel. July 30 Orville Wright attained the zenith of hard-earned success. In the ten-mile cross-country flight in the famous aeroplane built by himself and his elder brother, Wilbur, and accompanied by Lieutenant Benjamin D. Foulois, an intrepid officer of the army signal corps, he not only surpassed the speed requirements of his contract with the United States government, but accomplished the most difficult and daring flight ever planned for a heavier-than-air flying machine. Incidentally he broke all speed records over a measured course and established beyond dispute the practicability of the aeroplane in time of peace and in time of war. Wright's speed was more than forty-two miles an hour. He made the ten-mile flight in 14 minutes and 42 seconds, including the more than twenty seconds required for the turn beyond the line at Shuter Hill, the southern end of the course. He attained a height in crossing the Valley of Four-Mile-Run of nearly 500 feet, and the average altitude of his practically level course was about 200 feet.



Among the Magazines



THE TAX ON INCOMES.

Forty years, in which the population of the United States has more than doubled, have passed since an amendment to the constitution has been proposed. Scores of amendments on various subjects have been suggested from time to time, but so little support have they commanded that it began to be accepted that the constitution—like the so-called constitution of England—was not amendable. Now, out of a clear sky comes a thunderclap in the form of a proposal for an amendment giving Congress the express power to lay an income tax.

An emergency income tax was laid and collected during the Civil War. Such a tax was also included in the tariff law of 1894, but it was declared unconstitutional by the Supreme Court by a very narrow margin (since the constitution contemplates that all direct taxes shall be apportioned according to population, and not to individual wealth). When in the last campaign the Democrats called for an income tax amendment, Mr. Taft expressed the view that Congress already had the power to decree such a tax, and that an amendment was not necessary. Now, however, as a part of the gymnastic evolutions which have been resorted to to get the tariff bill through Congress, this plan of putting the income tax up to the people has been devised.

It will serve to divert attention at least, and that is a prime consideration in politics. When you behold such men as Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon letting a proposition go through Congress like greased lightning, you may know that it is innocuous. In other words, the expectation is that the amendment will be defeated, and thus receive its quietus for all time, or at least that if it is adopted, Congress will only resort to the tax in time of war or some such emergency. The powers that be, the vested interests, are not going to accept an income tax without a protest, and we may expect to see the fur fly in the next campaign.

Senator Bailey's proposal to have the amendment submitted to special conventions in the States was voted down; the matter was left to the legislatures, and as a rule the legislatures can be manipulated. If the amendment is sanctioned by the legislatures of three-fourths of the States, that is to say, 35 out of the 46, it will be adopted; any 12 States can defeat it, and it's a pity if a dozen sovereign States can't be delivered any time, anywhere, on any proposition, by those who have them in their pockets.

The income tax would fall most heavily on the East; the West and South will see in it a pleasing scheme to make the East pay for the running of the government. The richer sections will be against the tax, of course, and thus the brunt of the conflict will come in the East. If the people want to get the income tax amendment they will have to rise early and work late; it will not adopt itself. Most of the other leading nations are taxing incomes, inheritances, etc., and if we are to go ahead spend-

ing for great national enterprises, we, too, must find more sources of revenue. From this on the income tax amendment will take precedence of everything else as a political topic—and no doubt we shall all hear enough about it before it's over.—The Pathfinder.



OUR ALLEGED CONTRIBUTION TO CIVILIZATION.

The other day an interesting commencement address was delivered at the University of Wisconsin by the Brazilian Ambassador to the United States, Joaquim Nabuco. The theme was, "The Share of America in Civilization," and we dare say that most readers who saw it mentioned in the newspapers felt a certain half-idle curiosity, perhaps for the first time in their lives, concerning the ideas that an intelligent observer from the southern American continent might hold on this subject. We profess to have ceased to care what Englishmen, Frenchmen and Germans think about it. They can't mentally grasp us, it seems, and, of course, they are too set in their a priori notions to see us as we really look. But a South American is different. His own civilization, it stands to reason, is not yet "effete." He has been brought up under a republican form of government, and, anyhow, he lives west of the Atlantic Ocean. He might just happen to see us from an angle that offered a fairly advantageous and recognizable view.

The possibility is strengthened by the bias revealed in the Ambassador's opening remark. It appears that once in going from Europe to Brazil, Mr. Nabuco was taken by surprise to hear a fellow-passenger, the late distinguished traveler, William Gifford Palgrave, ask the captain of the ship what good had come from the discovery of America. For his part, Mr. Palgrave could not think of any original American contribution to human well-being except tobacco. We need not raise the question whether civilization can be said to have existed before the invention of cigars. It is enough to drop the reflection that Mr. Palgrave revealed his intellectual limitations.

Perhaps, however, it is no worse to be supercilious and circumscribed than it is to be unduly serious, expansive and naive, as, it must be acknowledged, President Eliot seems to have been when he propounded the thesis that, over and above tobacco, America had made the following five contributions to civilization, namely: "First, and principal, the substitution of discussion and arbitration for wars as the means of settling disputes between nations; second, the widest religious toleration; third, manhood suffrage; fourth, the demonstration of the fitness of a great variety of races for political freedom; fifth, the diffusion of material well-being among the population." When we remember that the diffusion of well-being among the population has only just been attended to by the Senate, and may have to linger in conference;

that the demonstration of the fitness of a great variety of races for political freedom remains incomplete; that manhood suffrage was invented by Frenchmen, instead of by Americans; that religious toleration began in the Macedonian empire and became European under the imperial rule of Rome; and that the first prize for the substitution of arbitration for war has not yet been awarded, we can but admire the gracious courtesy and the diplomatic language of the Brazilian Ambassador when he puts his only comment upon President Eliot's dissertation into the remark:

"I do not think all the points claimed as American contributions by President Eliot will bear in history the mark—'Made in America.'"

What, then, if anything, have we contributed to civilization—always bearing in mind, of course, tobacco? Mr. Nabuco's answer, if not entirely convincing, is at least not absurd. It reveals a bit of real thinking on the subject, and is worth thinking about.

In his view, our supreme contribution to civilization has been our creation of a unique population and national type by mixing and assimilating all nationalities so far that they speak a common language, with all that this implies of unity of thought and feeling. This, he reminds us, has never been done before. For while the Roman Empire combined many nationalities in a common political system, it did not create a common language. This unique population has been created by immigration, and that means that it has been "formed by self-selection." It is the Ambassador's opinion, moreover, that it is our "ever-changing ethnical composition" that keeps up our individuality.

Next to the assimilation of varied ethnic elements in a new national type, Ambassador Nabuco believes that our great contribution to civilization is a distinctly American kind of democracy. No one would claim that America invented democracy, but doubtless it is true that American life and conditions have imparted new vitality to the democratic idea, and perhaps have contributed something of an experimental sort toward demonstrating its practicability. Taking the trouble to expose Professor Münsterburg's curious contention that American democracy was derived from eighteenth century European philosophy, Mr. Nabuco lays emphasis upon the well-known circumstance that not only were French revolutionary principles taken from America, but that also the mind of Jean Jacques Rousseau was deeply stamped with New World impressions.

Without formally including the Monroe Doctrine among America's contributions to civilization, Mr. Nabuco incidentally speaks of it as such. He believes that it has been a powerful influence in keeping the peace of the world.

Upon these interesting views of a keen-minded and gracious observer we can make no further comment than to express the hope that they may turn out to be true. We think that Mr. Nabuco has come a little nearer to a true understanding of us than most of our visitors have done. And yet, in view of all the things that haven't yet happened, we are disposed to state our own predictions in the cautious language of a certain sagacious Roman citizen: "It doth not yet appear what we shall be."—The Independent.



IMAGINATION IN LITERATURE AND ENGINEERING.

The function of imagination in science has often been noted. It has been left, however, for an editorial writer

in *Engineering* (London, May 21) to point out that in a great work of literature the imagination and the resulting reputation are one man's, whereas a work of applied science can rarely be credited to a single brain. The benefit to the finished product is undoubted, but the original creator is not as great a man as his literary brother, whose work is allowed to retain its primal form. We read:

"The engineer, the business man, and the man of science have rested under a . . . stigma, fixed on them . . . by the parliament of letters, literary men having long affected a certain intellectual superiority over the rest of their fellow mortals. . . . There is still a contention that first-class literary work demands for its production a higher order of intellect than suffices for eminent success in other walks of life.

"The claim, for instance, is definitely made that the creation of a character in fiction involves higher mental powers than were necessary to the devising of the 'separate condenser,' or to the successful development of the reaction steam-turbine. It is contended, for example, that the steam-engine was, in a way, inevitable, and bound to come in the actual nature of events, so that it mattered little to the world whether it was perfected by James Watt, in 1765, or by Smith, Brown, or Robinson a few years later. On the other hand, 'Hamlet' is, it is claimed, a definite creation, possible to one man alone, and, failing him, lost forever. . . . Indeed, it has been seriously maintained that the progress of physics at the present day would be assured were its pursuits left entirely to the 'hodmen of science' and the activities of intellects of the first order directed elsewhere. This view does not, perhaps, differ essentially from that of Bacon promulgated three centuries ago, but it is certainly discredited by experience. It neglects the all-importance of imagination and character. . . .

"Creative power is as essential to the great engineer or business man as it was to Shakespeare. Indeed, it is by no means certain that a work such as 'Hamlet' need necessarily have been the work of one man only. In olden days poems were handed down from bard to bard, each of whom added his quota to the form in which the text has finally been received by posterity, and it is held, by some at any rate, that this was the case with the 'Iliad' and with the 'Odyssey.' It is by a relatively modern innovation that literary works are now left as they come from the hands of their originator, while the works of the man of science and of the engineer are modified, for the better or worse, by their successors. To the average literary man mathematics probably appears the most 'Gradgrind' of pursuits, but original work in mathematics requires imaginative power of a very high order, and the German mathematician quoted by Tyndall was fully justified in asserting that 'we are poets,' and the ancients were amply warranted in classing together mathematics and music."

In fact, the writer thinks, the mathematician is often popularly confused with the mere computer. This confusion apparently existed in the mind of Oliver Wendell Holmes, who, after seeing a calculating-machine, professed a certain contempt for the mathematician, being 'almost able to hear the click of the wheels' within his brain. An able computer, we are told, is often but a very poor engineer. The able engineer suffers in the estimation of his successors, because his work can and will be improved upon by smaller men, serving as a point of departure for generations of other engineers. Literary

work, on the other hand, remains with all its faults, as its original author left it. The writer goes on:

"Both in 'raw science' and in that of the engineer there is undoubtedly a very large amount of useful work possible to men of limited imaginative powers. Each year sees an enormous output of so-called research work of the third order, involving little more intelligence on the part of its author than is required by the attendant of a bank of automatic machines. In each case, however, the output is really based upon the possession by some third party of intellectual powers of a very high class. . . . From the spectacular standpoint the great engineer stands thus at a disadvantage as compared with the great author. . . . The work of a first-class engineer is continuously being modified by his successors; often for the worse. . . . At times, however, the alteration made was also an improvement, and it then became adopted into standard practice. It may fairly be claimed that were the works of great authors subjected to a similar process of constant and continuous modification, changes for the worse being weeded out, and those for the better definitely adopted, the ultimate form of the text might be a substantial improvement upon the original, but it would no longer be possible to assign to such works the unique position now claimed.

"Some may perhaps be more ready to recognize the need of imaginative powers in the engineer than in the business man, but probably there is no great difference in the standard needed for eminent success in any walk of life. Certainly it would be hard to deny imagination to the men that financed the first railways, or the first transatlantic cable, or, to come to more recent times, to those to whom we owe the foundation of the states of Uganda and Rhodesia."



DIALOGUE AND DEMONSTRATION.

"You smoke thirty cigarettes a day?"

"Yes, on the average."

"You don't blame them for your rundown condition?"

"Not in the least. I blame my hard work."

The physician shook his head. He smiled in a vexed way. Then he took a leech out of a glass jar.

"Let me show you something," he said. "Bare your arm."

The cigarette fiend bared his pale arm, and the other laid the lean, black leech upon it. The leech fell to work busily. Its body began to swell. Then all of a sudden, a kind of shudder convulsed it, and it fell to the floor, dead.

"That is what your blood did to that leech," said the physician. He took up the little corpse between his finger and thumb. "Look at it," he said. "Quite dead, you see. You poisoned it."

"I guess it wasn't a healthy leech, in the first place," said the cigarette smoker, sullenly.

"Wasn't healthy, eh? Well, we'll try again."

And the physician clapped two leeches on the young man's thin arm.

"If they both die," said the patient, "I'll swear off—or, at least, I'll cut down my daily allowance from thirty cigarettes to ten."

Even as he spoke the smaller leech shivered and dropped on his knee, dead, and a moment later the larger one fell beside it.

"This is ghastly," said the young man; "I am worse than the pestilence to these leeches."

"It is the empyreumatic oil in your blood," said the medical man. "All cigarette fiends have it."

"Doc," said the young man, regarding the three dead leeches thoughtfully, "I half believe you're right."—*West Virginia School Journal*.

Between Whiles

Berkowitz and Sternberg, traveling salesmen, met on the train.

"I have just come from St. Louis, where I did a tremendous business," said Berkowitz. "How much do you think I sold?"

"How should I know?" replied Sternberg.

"Of course you don't know, but vat do you guess?"

"Oh, about half."

"Half of vat?"

"Why, half vat you say."—*Everybody's Magazine*.



Addition.

"Now, Johnny," said the teacher, "if I gave you three oranges, your mother gave you four, and your aunt gave you five, how many would you have?" "I guess I'd have enough," answered Johnny.



His Money in It, Too.

The saloonkeeper and John were discussing the issue, until finally John, an Irishman, said:

"Yes, Bennie, I'm going to vote dry next fall."

"Now, John, you are joking. You are too good a friend of mine to want to put me out of business. Just think—I have been here twenty years and all the money I have made I have put into this business; how am I going to get my money out?"

John: "Well, Ben, I have been here twenty years, and all the money I have made I have put into this business; how am I going to get MY money out?"

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

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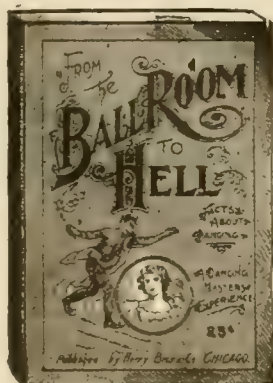
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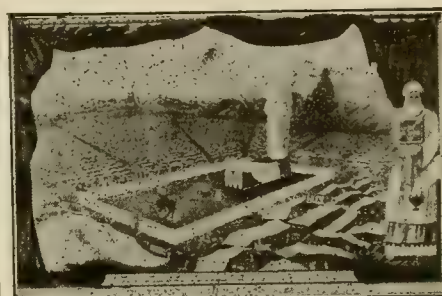
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ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to stir interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is—"CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION," steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

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3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where school and church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For full information, lines of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company
North Manchester, Indiana

or

W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

August 17, 1900

Volume 1, Number 1



The First Issue

Brethren Publishing House

Elgin, Illinois

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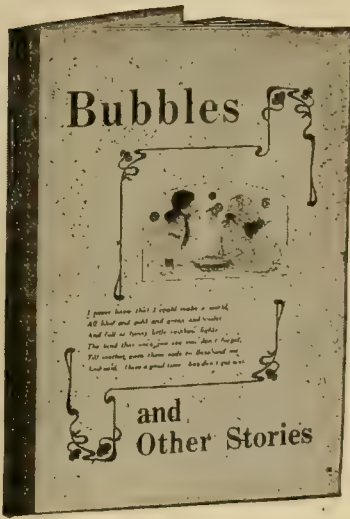
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Farmers Development Company,
Miami, New Mexico.

Gentlemen:

A year ago my wife and I made a western trip through Texas, Colorado, Utah and New Mexico with a view to finding a desirable place to locate for my health and for investment, having been in the hardware business in Bellefontaine, Ohio, for 13 years in the firm of Osborn & Churchill.

I had heard of the Miami Valley located in Colfax County, New Mexico, which was opened up less than a year prior to my visit, by the Farmers Development Company. I was very much impressed with the present and future prospects of this beautiful valley. I made another visit last August and purchased 40 acres, several others purchasing like amounts at that time.

This community is composed of an intelligent and industrious class of people from the Middle States, largely from Ohio. I disposed of my business interests in Ohio and arrived here the 19th day of February, 1909, to make this my home. I find as I become better acquainted with this community, that it is the most perfect country I have had the pleasure of visiting. The health giving properties in the pure air and sunshine is acknowledged by the most prominent physicians to be the best in the United States.

I find for investment that one cannot make an error, as climatic conditions and location for fruit are ideal, and for general crops most excellent. Land is a dvancing because people are looking for improved farms as well as unimproved, which creates a demand for both.

I find my health already improving, having only been here two months.

There is an abundance of water to irrigate, having the best and most substantial reservoir in New Mexico, this company has spared no time or money to make it perfect. People are happy and contented. I can recommend this Valley to my friends feeling that I have done a good deed,

Respectfully,
(Signed) W. W. Osborn.

—Big Excursion August 17th—

With such convincing evidence as we have given you regarding the extraordinary advantages of a home at Miami Ranch, can you any longer resist the temptation of at least investigating our offer! Can you be contented where you are, knowing that you would be better off, in every way, somewhere else?

But we don't ask you to be rash. We don't want you to leave your present home until you have seen us and our land. We don't ask you to take our word. We want you to come out here and **see for yourself** the opportunities you are missing.

Get ready and catch the big excursion on the

Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe for Miami Ranch, August 17th. The **round trip** is only \$30 from Chicago and \$25 from Kansas City.

Take a little vacation and run down here. You don't need to buy unless you want to—the trip itself will more than repay your fare. You couldn't take a more enjoyable trip if you spent four times the fare to our place.

Trout fishing, elk, deer and bear hunting, wild goose and duck shooting, mountain climbing, boating, swimming, beautiful scenery, clear skies, pure air, ideal weather and all that combines to make life one round of pleasure and health, you will find at Miami Ranch.

If you can't get away for this excursion write for our **FREE** booklet "Westward Ho!" But try to get down here while there are still some choice selections in our second and last opening. Don't let money matters stand in your way. We can arrange payments to suit your convenience.

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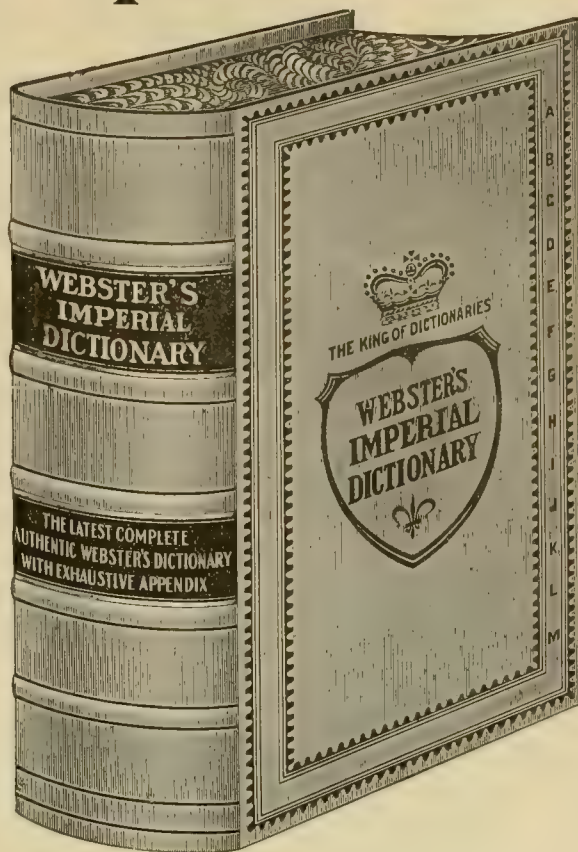
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Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

Read What Prof. Holden of Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, Has to Say:

"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

"The diversity of crops appealed to me as strongly as anything I saw. The irrigation farmer for instance, is not dependent upon any one crop. He doesn't have to wait until the end of the season to get his money because there is something seasonable and saleable at all times during the year. He raises fruit, wheat, alfalfa, oats, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, in fact everything grown in the temperate zone.

"One man told me that he raised 18 bushels of clover seed on one acre of ground during the past year, and I found that the clover seed crop runs 8 to 15 bushels per acre.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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S. Bock

Colonization Agent

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

August 17, 1909.

No. 33.

FISHING WITH HOOKS, NETS, AND SEINES

H. D. MICHAEL

In Three Parts.—Part One.

COME, now, all that have about two weeks to spare from your different occupations and let's have a good time fishing. Though it will be on paper only at present, still I believe if you were here we could make it real.

There being so many kinds of fish and in so many different localities with such a large number of ways of fishing for them out here along the Pacific coast, it will require about two weeks or even longer to try our "luck" at fishing for each kind.

First we must charter a gasoline launch to take our party down one of the rivers or bays near its mouth to fish for the fish found there, as then all, whether experienced anglers or inexperienced, can have an enjoyable time, for usually these fish are easily caught, it requiring no skill and only common outfits with plenty of bait.

Then to prepare for the party we will need plenty of hooks and lines, common bamboo poles and a plentiful supply of bait which will not be hard to get, as beef is good, but we must also have some clams, for clam bait seems to suit the taste of these fish to a T. These we can dig en route by getting out onto one of the clam flats that are almost alive with them, as they are easily dug and we are out for all the experiences to be had.

Then the ladies of the party must be sure of having enough wraps along, even though it is a summer day, for when the ocean breeze arises down along the water's edge it will be uncomfortably cool perched on some old wharf, rock, or whatever we may fish from. The ladies must look well to the way the lunch baskets are filled, also, as we will be expected to look after the other arrangements. For fishing, though it may not appear to some to be an appetizer, has always seemed to me to act in that way, for after

strolling along the beach or river shore, looking for the best place to fish, a party is usually ready for a good lunch.

When all is in readiness and we start, say down Coos Bay, with the timbered mountain sides sloping to the water's edge on either side, with the sight of sandhills farther on, and the monotony broken by an occasional farm cleared up and covered with fine grasses or orchards, or by a town, and as we go on, a large ocean steamer or perhaps a lumber schooner will pass us, and as we go gliding over the smooth waters enjoying our ride we are almost unwilling to go ashore and fish, but think a boat ride would do pretty well instead.

Here we are, though, now, down near the bar, so let's carry our rigging ashore and commence our fishing.

We can each choose for ourselves the best and most likely looking place, also the softest rock or board to sit on, and we will then be ready to arrange our hooks and lines, for we will want two to four hooks on each line fastened in such a manner that the upper ones will stand off at right angles from the line, and then as we fasten on a liberal supply of bait and drop them into the water we will imagine ourselves viewing a hundred or more fish, scrambling, splashing and nibbling around them until presently one takes hold.

There he is. Yes, there are two on different hooks of the same line, but before you can take them off and rebait your hooks others have begun catching them, for no one can get a corner on these fish, the way they bite. They are perch and are usually very easy to catch.

But just look at the way that fish runs that yonder fisherman has caught, first darting one way, then back again, and all so quick that one can hardly see how it can do it. He must be careful with that one and let

it tire itself running or it will snap the hook off, as it is a large flounder. On account of their peculiar shape they can cut curves so quickly that if the fisherman has a tight line on them they will nearly always snap the hook for him.

There, he has it out now and you can see how peculiar it looks. It is white and flat on the under side, while the back is slightly convex and covered with a rough, black skin, and to dress it we will first need to scald and then skin it.

You will notice too that its head is twisted, or put on sidewise, it looks like, for its eyes are both on the same side of its head, and it always seemed to me to be one of the queerest looking fish I had ever seen.

Just wait a few moments until more flounders are caught and you will see another peculiarity.

There comes another out now, so see the difference in the two. One's eyes are set so as to look one way while the other looks the other way, or in other words one is a right-side or right-handed fish while the other is left-handed. The story is told that they swim in pairs and are built that way for that reason, but not being able to prove that I can not give it as an established fact.

After we have fished until noon and disposed of our lunch in a satisfactory manner, let's resume fishing to get some to salt down as well as to give to our neighbors on our return home.

There, just see how they bite and how fast we are pulling them out,—one to three at a time. At that rate we will soon have enough to salt a kit or two down, as is often done.

Then, too, if it were the season for the other fish we would be able to have quite a variety, but not all the good things of life come to us as we often wish, but come later, and that will be the way with the other kinds. We will have to fish for them in their season.

There are several kinds we might mention, as the candlefish, herring and coalfish, as well as the squawfish and ocean trout. Then, too, there are the mudcats, or bullheads, as they are called, they being a species of the catfish but a very small and poor looking representative of that family and much despised, as they are not very good to eat and very bad to bother.

After all are tired of this kind of fishing we can next prepare for a more exciting kind,—the deep-sea fishing. We will have to charter a gasoline launch to take us, and for this only those that wish to brave the dangers of a day on the rolling deep must come.

When our party is preparing for this day's fishing we must bear in mind that we are going to have to deal with a different class of fish from the ones caught inside the bay. So we must change tactics, as

we will not need poles but larger, longer, and stronger lines and hooks.

Of course some will be seasick, which may detract somewhat from the sport, but it will be a day long to be remembered and never to be regretted, if all goes well.

To get bait for this expedition will not be so easy, as it requires more, but we will take beef and herring along, if we can get some herring in the upper bay, and then, too, we will want some of the ready-baited hooks which are no more nor less than large hooks with a large chunk of lead melted around the shank of the hook which for some reason seems to hold an attraction for some of the deep-sea fish.

After heaving over the baited hooks we must wait some time and then pull them up and see whether or not we have caught any. They are not as quick to take hold as some of the other fish, but as the day seems to be an ideal one we are likely to get some.

Yes, there is a man pulling up his line and you can see that he can feel the fish on it by the expression of his face. Yes, see, he is bringing one up, for it runs with his line. It is a sole, a flat fish almost transparent and one much prized. It is not a large kind, but it makes up in quality.

Then here come some others; they are ling and tommycod. Here are some big headed black ones, too, so we are getting a good selection. There are black-snappers. We might get some red-snappers too if we could only induce them to take hold and hold on.

But there comes one up near the surface that seems to be larger than the others. It must be a halibut. Be careful in tiring it or it will break the line and we must not lose it as it is the prize fish. It is a fine large one and to my notion one of the best fish found in either salt or fresh water.

You are getting it pretty tired now, so let me get near there with my gaff hook and we will soon have him. Here he is landed,—about an eighty-five pound halibut,—one that when dressed and sliced into round steaks will be fit for a king. Then, too, the liver is considered a great delicacy by some, but none for me, for at one time I tried one and though it tasted fine the after effect was not a desirable one. I was seasick, more than I had ever been out on the ocean, and to one that has been seasick that needs no explanation. I have been told since by others that it must have been a diseased liver.

With a selection like that now and its coming time to start home we will have to hoist anchor and go, but it is with the feeling that the day has been an enjoyable one and remunerative too. On some unfavorable days we might have fished all day and not have caught a fish worth taking home.

TOBACCO.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

TOBACCO was first known to white men when Columbus came here and found the Indians using it. Tobacco contains one of the deadliest poisons known, which is nicotine. It debases the physical, mental, and moral nature and has a tendency to make people dull and listless.

Hundreds of millions of dollars are wasted on tobacco every year, and many diseases and much suffering are caused by it. Think how much good the money spent for it could do, if used for some better purpose.

Cigarette smoking is the most injurious to the health. They are very filthy. In making them old cigar stubs and other things are used; the paper around them is very poisonous, because white lead is often put into it.

Cigarettes sometimes cause sore mouths, catarrh, and often affect the mind.

The use of narcotics produces nervousness, cancers, paralysis, insanity and loss of will power. It leaves a dryness in the throat which creates a taste for drink, and thus many are led to drink who would not do so if tobacco had not created the thirst for it.

It is very hard for persons to permanently stop drinking unless they give up tobacco too.

Men who break the pledge often use tobacco first and then surrender to drink.

They say Turkish cigarettes have considerable opium in them. They are made to sap a man's brain and will power so he will not be able to stop using them. Was

there ever a more fiendish exhibition of greed's heartless selfishness?

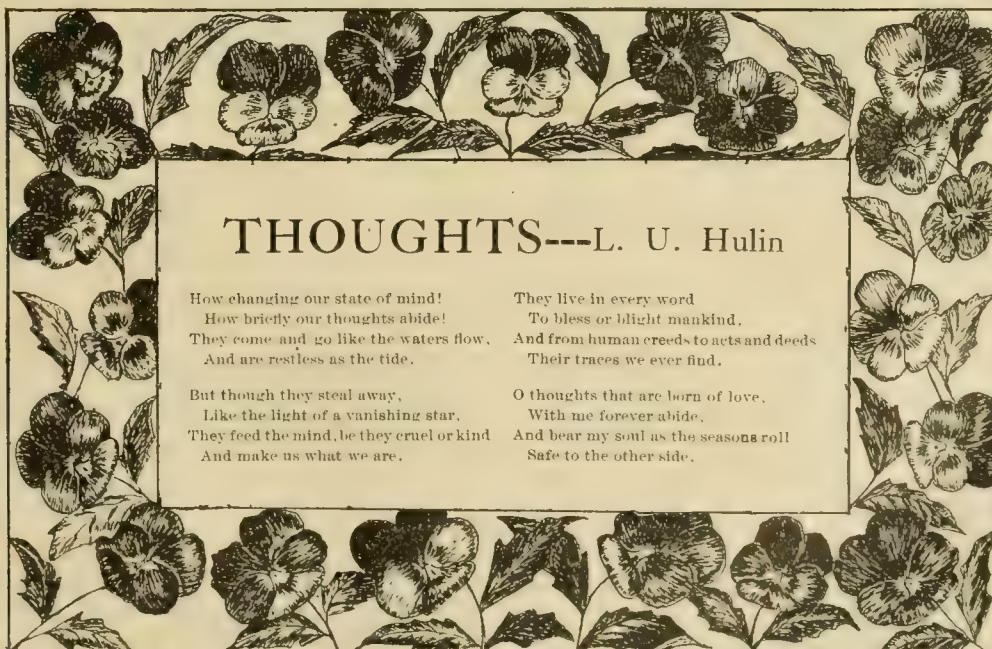
In 1862 Emperor Napoleon finding that paralysis and insomnia had increased as the revenue of tobacco had increased ordered an examination of all the schools and colleges, which showed that the scholarship and character of those who used the weed was much worse than that of those who did not. He at once issued an edict forbidding its use in all the national institutions.

The son of an eminent politician wished to enter the Annapolis Naval Academy. Having passed the examination, he was refused because of physical disability. It was found that the glands of his throat were destroyed, and his tonsils were eaten away by excessive cigarette smoking.

Tobacco contains a poisonous property known as the oil of tobacco which contains nicotine, a poison; a substance which evaporates easily and smells and tastes like burnt vegetables; and an extract which is somewhat like dark resin and has a bitter taste. The more common effects are due to the carbolic acid which is contained in tobacco, while the rarer and more severe complaints are due to the three things above mentioned.

Many prominent men have died from the evil effects of tobacco, among them General Grant, who is said to have died from a cancerous throat caused by excessive smoking.

If boys could be made to realize what suffering and how repulsive tobacco might make them, and how hard it would be to get rid of the habit, few of them would want to start using tobacco.



Maud Hawkins.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXX.—In Peril of Robbers.

NOT far from the inn the men began to talk to me. The only word I understood was "America." Their persistency, as they leaned down from their high camels to make me understand, was unpleasant. I knew they were sounding me. Knowing the value of good humor in such a place, I appeared delighted.

Hoping to *compel* me to ride with them, the camels were urged into a brisk trot. But the idea of running was attractive to me, for it would sooner bring an end to my suspense. When the camels trotted, I trotted. When they went fast, I went fast.—around the world without a cent!

We met and passed three caravans, mostly of donkeys, whose drivers, seeing me tagging on behind the camels, inquired of the men who I was and how they captured me!

The air was now growing much warmer, a queer sensation to an all-night-traveler who always before has experienced a lowering of the temperature towards morning.

After a time the third Bedouin dropped back, apparently to join the crowd we were fast leaving in the rear. Was he to bribe them into silence if any harm should befall me? Of the two remaining, I chose the one whose camel and voice I less feared. My first duty was to get so well acquainted with his voice and camel that in losing him I could easily find him again. So I shook hands with him by pressing his bare feet affectionately and slapping him brotherly on the bare leg. The grunt he gave me was satisfactory. He meant to assure me that he would take care of me and that I should not be afraid. "Allah!" I cried, pointing upward. "Allah" he answered, "I

too, I too." "And I," said I. "Umph! Umph!" said he.

When well on our way the men chanted wild shepherd airs in concert. The weird music broke the stillness of the hour and echoed frightfully through the haunted glens. It was the wail of the great desert, the still, the lone, the awful desert,—longing, fatalistic, despairing. As my ears caught the sad cadences, broken by passionate cries that mingled with the sonorous monotony of tune, my eyes were fastened, now upon the tall, angular camels, now upon the men, swinging in tune to the midnight melody. I was following representatives of a life that forty centuries of world-wide progress had not changed!

Suddenly, while passing through a narrow gorge, the singing ceased. A

few determined words, in low guttural, passed between the two robbers. The camels were then brought to a halt, turned at right angles to the road, and commanded to kneel, uttering loud bawls of unwillingness in which I silently joined.

They had selected a spot most desolate. The grottoed crags of the gorge rising around me yawned as if they would swallow camels and all. The light of a star glancing from a rock deep in the dry bed of the gully added a ghostly glimmering to the hour and place. Far behind us, up in the mountains could be heard the shout of those we left behind. For a moment my head swam in the light ether above me. I came near losing self-control. But poise reasserted itself, and with it courage. They seemed to change their intentions. I was merely asked to get on and ride with them. Again I refused.



Three Big Camel Caravans, Camping in Desolate Valley.

"Get on behind," he said.

Still I refused.

"Get on alone, then, I'll walk."

A third time I refused. "You ride, and I'll walk," I said, with gestures and words. "I'm so strong, my feet get tired doing nothing."

No one wanted to ride a big camel more than I. But there were several objections against it. Walking, I could pick my way, and could know when they were leading me from it, which I suspected they would try to do before morning. In a lonelier spot they might take their own time in making me their victim. Accepting the ride, they could demand a fee, take my camera as pay, or possibly make me a prisoner, take me across the Jordan, and hold me for ransom.

When they started at last, I helped my "friend" into his hunchback saddle, the camel usually getting to his feet before he had mounted. As I pushed him into place, my hands recoiled as they came in contact with a sword, dagger and pistol, concealed under his blanket in a belt near his big money wallet. I was glad I had refused to ride against such an arsenal.

The dusty road twisted and doubled on itself, falling away with such a constancy of steepness as to suggest its leading to some fatal end. It seemed as if we would never get out of the hills into the plain. I was too tired or scared to find the big dipper, and I was not sure about the pole star, so that I could no longer tell whether we were going in the right direction, or not.

During the night we passed a score of caravans. Most of the drivers were polite, and gave me no annoyance. Others, brandishing their clubs, threatened with menacing attitude the peace of the community. In passing these, our camels were pushed up on the hillside, or they nosed their way among the other camels, donkeys and men. Into these tangled masses it was dangerous for me to follow them, but still safer than to get lost from them, now that they were piloting me as guides. In one of these mixups I was surrounded by towering camels, some coming, some going, so that I was in danger of being crushed under

their feet. The loaded ones going up squeezed me against the empty ones going down, and I was rolled thus, around and around, like a batch of clothing in a washing-machine. Once on looking around I counted six long, curving necks all stretched out toward me. Their nose would rest upon my cap, their clammy lips would slobber my neck, their feet would be feeling for mine.

Twice I was greatly frightened. The two Bedouins, with their long-limbed camels, had out-travelled the herd of donkeys, which require rest every mile or so. We were again alone. Suddenly they stopped short and listened; leaning far over their camels. They knew how far behind we had left the others. It was for any who might be approaching, they

listened. They had planned something in which I was to figure. But what was it? There are incidents in such experiences when Time itself seems paralyzed with mysterious awe, and when a second is an hour. If they robbed me without killing me, they knew that the landlord would hear about it: he had put me in their care.

We had descended on the road so far as to feel the oppression of the atmosphere below sea-



Grand Hotel, Jerusalem, Where D. L. Miller, Lew Wallace, Talmage, and MYSELF Stopped.

level. There was absolutely no breeze. A sultry calm hung with gloomy pallor over the herbless hills. Silence as of death only aggravated my distress. The Bedouins now left the road where a level plot lay between two deep wadies. I hung behind until I came to a halt, when I approached slowly. They had dismounted and driven their camels off to graze upon near-by thorn bushes, evidently intending to take plenty of time for their work. Their blankets or outer garments were now spread upon the ground. Upon these they laid their weapons, one by one,—all except the fellow on my left who retained in his belt a slender dagger,—which thanks to a good eyesight I saw. Each then squatted upon the blankets, bidding me to sit between them. I sat, but not for rest, although I was very tired, and far enough from each robber so as to make an equilateral triangle between them. There, in the glistening starlight, lay their weapons. Here, we three sat, at two o'clock in the morning, with no law

to govern us but the law of the desert. I knew they meant to overpower me. I had only one weapon,—a western mind,—and the Christ who walked this same road,—and I watched each man as a hawk the gunner. An impulse urged at me to rush off into the darkness. But I was thirsty and hungry, and these men who knew every nook and corner, might keep me hiding for days.

While the fellow on my right engaged my attention with the weapons the one on my left slowly slid behind me. When he passed out of my ken, I shifted my position so as to keep one eye on him, unwilling, out of politeness to the stranger, to allow my back to come before him. With an eye on the Damascus blade the man on my right was showing me (I feel the indent of its needle-like point now in my thumb), I watched the hands of the other on my left, ready to spring, like a trigger, to my feet. That ruse was given up when I handed over my lunch which each weighed, pressed and smelled. When they attempted to break the string, I interfered, and it was handed back. The next thing they wanted was my camera, which when they tried to open I made believe was dangerous,—to my films, of course, and they dropped it, like a hot potato.

Then they argued together. By their accent and gesture I could tell about what they said.

"Shall we do it?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"He may explode that thing on us."

"Who is he any way?"

"More than we think; detective, may be, better let him alone."

And that's what I thought. I felt kindly toward the one who was unwittingly taking my part.

For a minute they were silent,—the longest minute of my life. Then they arose, took up their weapons and blankets, called the camels and were off. Again I refused to ride with them, suggesting that as Jericho was near, I preferred to walk, that my feet really needed a great deal of exercise! (My wheel had been left at Jerusalem, the roads being too rough for wheeling.)

Soon we came to the edge of the hills. Before us, in the coming dawn, lay the sandy, brown plain, the road curving carelessly over the gray dunes and across the rough bed of a dry stream. Yonder, dimly blue, twelve miles away, rose the mountains of Moab, where Ruth grew into womanhood.

The last tryst with the thieves was about a mile from Jericho, where as before we sat upon the blankets. This time, however, they retained their weapons in their belts, and I knew by their actions that they meant to get something from me. By offer-

ing my lunch, I disarmed them from taking anything else.

"Dog" I said,—the Arabic word for "eat," and they began to "dog" my lunch. I took some with them, for it is a law of the desert that he who eats with these men shall be saved from harm.

Dawn was faintly streaking the east. Courage as of a Titan now possessed me. I was master. Pointing to the morning star, I made signs that we be off at once. Half an hour after, my "friend" flung his bony arm in the direction of a light, and cried:

"Er Riha! Saba-jal-sof-keloama!" "Jericho! There is your hotel," and rode rapidly through the town, hastening as if in fear of being stopped, and making straight for the fords of the Jordan.

I had made the midnight journey to Jericho, alone, afoot, unarmed, and I had evidently fallen among thieves.

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THE SAILORS' "UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE."



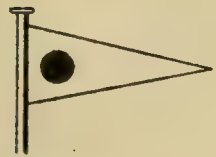





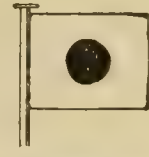






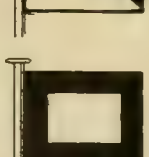



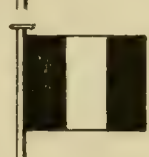
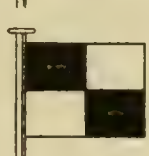







JOHN S. FERNALD.

WHILE grammarians and others are puzzling their brains to evolve and to induce people to adopt a Volapuk, an Esperanto, or other artificial language, the sailors of the world have one in general use, which, for the uses for which it was intended, has proved itself to be both practical and convenient. The international code of flag signals, in use on vessels of all the maritime nations of the globe, is, in a sense, a universal language, fulfilling all the requirements of such in communication between vessels at sea and between vessels and the shore. But, like all things mundane, it is destined to pass away, and will, without doubt, in the near future, be superseded by the wireless telegraph and telephone.

When a vessel is arrayed in holiday attire, as for her launching or other notable occasion, she is sometimes reported as decked with the "flags of all nations." While the expression is far from correct in the sense in which the term is generally employed, meaning the national emblems of the various republics, empires and kingdoms of the world, it is, in another sense, true, for these little flags are, in a way, the flags of all nations. By them the officers of ships of different nations may communicate with each other, although neither is able to understand the language of the other, and vessels of any nation may hold intercourse with shore stations of foreign lands. Every combination of flags expresses an idea, and the "code book" of each nation furnishes the key to men using that nation's language.

Signaling at sea dates back to the time of the Cæsars, when the commanders of Roman war galleys communicated with each other by holding their shields in different positions, according to an understood code.

FLAGS AND PENNANTS TO BE USED IN THE INTERNATIONAL CODE.

<p>A </p> <p>B </p> <p>C </p> <p>D </p> <p>E </p> <p>F </p> <p>G </p> <p>H </p>	<p>I </p> <p>J </p> <p>K </p> <p>L </p> <p>M </p> <p>N </p> <p>O </p> <p>P </p>	<p>Q </p> <p>R </p> <p>S </p> <p>T </p> <p>U </p> <p>V </p> <p>W </p> <p>X </p>	<p>Y </p> <p>Z </p> <p>"CODE FLAG" AND "ANSWERING PENNANT."</p> <p> (Red and white.)</p> <p>When used as the "Code Flag" it is to be hoisted under the ensign.</p> <p>When used as the "Answering Pennant" it is to be hoisted at the masthead or where best seen.</p> <p> (Red and white.)</p>
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A, white and blue. B, red. C, white with red dot. D, blue with white dot. E, red, white and blue. F, red with white cross. G, orange and blue. H, white and red. I, orange with black dot. J, blue, white and blue. K, orange and blue. L, orange and black. M, blue with white cross. N, blue and white squares. O, orange and red. P, blue with white center. Q, orange. R, red with white cross. S, white with blue center. T, red, white and blue. U, red and white. V, white with red cross. W, blue, white and red. X, white with blue cross. Y, white and red bars. Z, black, orange, red and blue.

The merchant ships also had a similar code. But little progress was made, however, in the systems of sea communication until near the close of the eighteenth century, when flags, representing the numerals from one to nine inclusive, were brought into use by the British admiralty. Other nations followed, some using the numerals and some the letters of the alphabet, but no two alike. The code designed by Captain Marryat of the British navy made the most progress towards a general adoption, but still so many nations used other systems that great confusion ensued. In 1855 the British board of trade took the initiative and called a conference of the various maritime nations for the purpose of adopting a uniform system. With the Marryat code as a foundation the present international code was evolved, through a long series of years and many amendments and additions. Fourteen nations united with England in revising the code and making it available for all. They were the United States, France, Germany, Russia, Brazil, Italy, Austria, Holland, Spain, Portugal, Sweden, Norway, Denmark and Belgium. Other nations gradually joined in the movement until every nation having a merchant marine or a navy was included.

The original international code consisted of eighteen flags, all except four being the same as in the Marryat code. They represent the consonants of the English alphabet with the exception of x, y and z. In 1901 eight more flags were added to complete the alphabet.

When it is desired to use the code a long pointed flag, with alternate red and white perpendicular stripes is hoisted under the national ensign, in the position where it can be best seen by the other party. The flag is then called the "code pennant." The reply is made by showing the pennant alone at the masthead, when it is called the "answering pennant." The flags representing A and B are known as "burgees," nearly square, but slightly notched at the outer end. From C to G inclusive are "pennants," long, narrow and pointed. From H to Z inclusive the flags are nearly square. All are in various colors and of different designs.

The signals are divided into four classes, of one, two, three and four flags. There are but two one-flag signals, C and D, meaning respectively "yes" and "no." The two-flag signals represent distress or danger and those of three-flags cover all other matters liable to come up in the intercourse between vessels at sea, or between passing vessels and the shore stations. Each combination represents a complete sentence, and conveys the same idea in whatever language it is used or read. The four-flag signals are for identification. Every sea-going vessel is assigned four signal letters, and when "speaking" another vessel at sea or when passing a lighthouse or a reporting station she shows

her flags. Each government publishes annually a book giving a list of all vessels, both of government and private ownership, with particulars of rig, dimensions, home port, when and where built, signal letters, etc., and in the case of steamers the horsepower of the engines.

Every vessel carries a code book, printed in the language of her own country, and as the flag combinations represent ideas rather than words, every captain can read the messages even though he might not be able to understand the language of the sender. For instance, NC means I am in distress and want immediate assistance; EY, do not attempt to land in your own boats; BI, my rudder is damaged; BJ, my engines are disabled; JD, you are standing into danger; FZ, heavy weather coming; NM, I am on fire. A steamer showing the letters HDVW would be identified from the list as the Joy line steamer City of Key West, of New York, and a bark showing HJDQ, as the Grey Hound of New Bedford, Mass.

According to the latest official list of vessels of the United States we find that of upwards of 21,000 vessels, sail and steam, 3,080 merchant vessels and 560 yachts had signal letters, while the U. S. navy had 285 vessels with signal letters, and other government departments, including the revenue cutter service, light-house tenders, coast survey, etc., 139.



SOUTHERN ITEMS.

M. M. WINESBURG.

THE city of Birmingham, Alabama, is situated in a mountainous region and is surrounded on all sides by a mountain chain, so whichever way one looks he can see hills. I was told that thirty-seven years ago the town was only a little village of a few houses, but the magic wand of coal and iron has transformed the village into a thriving city.

The center of the town is right level, but away from the center many of the streets have steep grades. While the town proper is not so large, yet it has taken in all the outlying villages to swell its population. There are many heights in the suburbs and just now out on these heights one cannot see the houses for the trees. Highland Avenue is the fashionable section and has some right fine-looking residences on it.

Away across the town looms up Red Mountain where the red iron ore is mined. Even at a distance the red clay shines out from amid the green of the trees. Coal and iron are the mainsprings of the city's prosperity and there are many furnaces and mills scattered in different parts of the town, and many also in the outlying towns which are connected with the town proper by motor lines.

There are several parks within the city's limits—city parks. I have been in two of them. The larger of the two is called the Capital Park. It contains several

monuments; one to Mary A. Cahalan, teacher; another one represents some eminent surgeon; "Davis," by name, and the third is a tall granite shaft dedicated to the Confederate soldiers and Jefferson Davis.

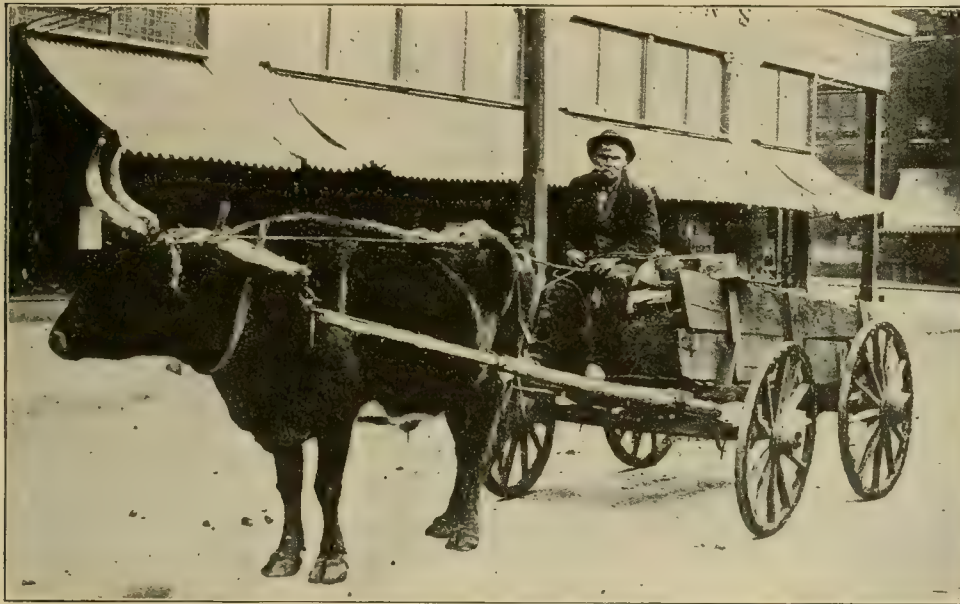
The town has several sky-scraper buildings in it now, more are talked of and there is a fair street-car service and good drinking water. The latter also costs a pretty penny, for there are no large streams of water near.

All food stuff is high priced here, things that one would think would be cheap here are higher priced than they are further north; but then all the market produce is retailed by the green merchants, and the greater number of them are Italians and they control

year. But they do not use the kind of greens that are grown by the market gardeners further north. The standard greens here are the common mustard, rutabaga and the white turnip and collards. The rutabagas and turnips are used top and root, when there is any root to them, that is, it is all cooked together. I can't say that I enjoy a mess of that kind, but the natives and negroes must by the amount of greens one sees on the wagons.

I have been told that there is some fruit grown in this section, but in my rambles I must not have gotten far enough away from town to see any large orchards although I have run across several small ones. It is no new thing to see peach trees in back yards of the city houses or their front yards either. There are also a great many magnolia trees along the streets and some of them are now in bloom.

The timber here is about the same as in any other mountain section South. While the oaks are not as large as those in my home place there are plenty of them, and also of a pine, they call the old-field pine because it grows up in fields that have been at one time under cultivation. There are also lots of sweet gum trees which grow on both the high and low land. I have



An Old-timer,—Charcoal Peddler,—a Familiar Sight on Birmingham's Principal Streets.

the prices. The city makes the farmer pay license to feed it, and therefore but a very few if any of the farmers retail their garden truck in the city. They can sell by the wholesale but dare not sell as low as a peck of anything without a permit and that makes it rather hard for the laboring people, for one almost has to have a stepladder to climb up to the prices those Italians ask for their garden stuff.

The land around the town is rough and rocky and there is not much farming land close around town. In fact I have not yet seen anything I would call a farm on any of my trips outside of the city. While there are garden patches, yet they are not plentiful like they are around other cities I have seen.

Some people in the city have gardens, and they have been having garden stuff for a month back. Early bush beans were in blossom the first of May and sweet corn was about a foot high.

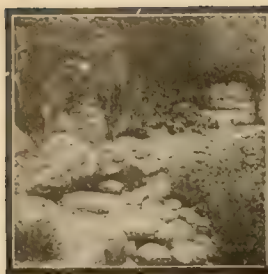
All through the winter and spring months the people here use quantities of greens on their tables and I think that many families use them the greater portion of the

seen the darkies pick the gum from the trunks of the trees and chew it.

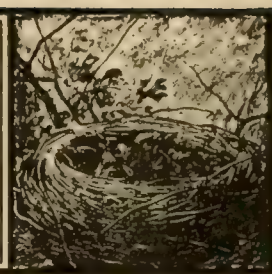
There are very many colored people here. In fact, from the number of blacks one sees it looks as if there were more black people than there are whites, and they live all over the town, not just in one part of it. The usual headdress of the women around home is a white towel tied around the head—and often away from home too, for they are passing by every day with huge baskets of clothes balanced nicely on their white turbaned heads.

While I have not seen any snow for over a year, yet there was many a time during the past winter when I thought that Dixie's sunny land was pretty cold in spots, for here we had several heavy freezes and had ice frozen that did not melt away for a week. There were plenty of heavy frosts and one of them as late as the last of April, but it did not hurt the garden stuff much; even in May I found several evenings when a fire felt good, for it got so cool after a rain.

Birmingham, Ala., May 16.



NATURE STUDIES



AUGUST'S FLOWERS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

AFTER the first of August there is a pause in the blooming of the trees till the pale gold of the witch hazel appears in water-side thickets, where the last glory of the autumn foliage is fading. But during this gap in the program of woodland blossoming, a riot of flowers bloom in the fields, and so the summer calendar of the honey-seeking insect knows no fasts, but an unbroken succession of feast days.

Few, if any, of our native plants add more to the beauty of the midsummer landscape than the milk-weeds, and of this family no member is more satisfactory to the color-craving eye than the gorgeous butterfly-weed, whose vivid flower clusters flame from the dry, sandy meadows with such luxuriance of growth as to seem almost tropical. Its gay coloring, and the fact that butterflies are its frequent visitors have given it the name of butterfly-weed, while that of pleurisy-root arose from its use as a remedy for pleurisy. The Indians used its deep, thick roots as food, and prepared a crude sugar from the flowers; the young seed-pods they boiled and ate with buffalo meat.

The plant is worthy of cultivation and is easily transplanted, as the fleshy roots, when broken in pieces, will grow and form new plants.

By the middle of August the dry meadows and dusty roadsides are gay with black-eyed-Susans, keeping up a showy midsummer carnival with our other roadside dwellers. They seem to revel in the long days of blazing sunlight, and are veritable salamanders among flowers. This is said to be an introduced plant in this part of the country, but it springs up so spontaneously and fits in so naturally with its usual surroundings and is so thoroughly at home wherever it obtains a foothold that it is hard to realize that it has not always been found here.

The summer is well advanced when the tall, conspicuous Joe-Pye-weed begins to tinge "with crushed strawberry" the lowlands through which we pass. In parts of the country it is as common as the goldenrod and asters. With the deep purple of the iron-weed it gives variety to the intense hues that herald the coming of autumn. "Joe-Pye" is said to have been the name of an Indian who cured typhus fever and many

other forms of illness in New England by means of this plant. Certain it is that the Joe-Pye-weed or *Eupatorium purpureum* of the botanics, possesses strong medical properties.

Midsummer finds the blue flag, or wild iris, still lingering on the edge of sunny waters, or in low, moist fields. This is first cousin to the lily of France, which was blazoned on the banners carried to Cressy and Agincourt. In Ireland the iris is yellow and blooms in fields of emerald. Some yellow varieties are found in this country, but our common sorts are in various shades of purple and lilac. There are three erect petals, and three backward turning sepals. The latter are adorned with a tracery of dark purples and gold, elaborate enough to have occupied an artist all day. And all this beauty may be seen only by some wandering bee or marsh fly.

A most complex and wonderful structure fits the iris to attract bees or larger insects, and repel crawlers, and prevents it from setting seed by its own pollen.

Perhaps growing near the iris may be found the jewel-weed or wild balsam, which is usually very plentiful along the margins of brooks and rills. The flowers of the common variety are orange-colored thickly dotted with dull red. The flowers nod and sway gracefully on slender stalks. They are in shape something like a cornucopia with the small end doubled up into a spur or little tail. The plants are from two to four feet high, and bear a profusion of smooth, dark-green leaves, which, like the flowers, droop as soon as they are picked.

The jewel-weed is a sort of second cousin to the nasturtium, and a first cousin to the garden balsam. Its botanical name is *impatiens* (impatient), because the ripe seed-pods recoil from one's touch with a quick, petulant motion. The little pod suddenly bursts, and the elastic movement shoots off the liberated seeds in every direction. This trick earns for the plant its common names of "touch-me-not" and "snap-weed." The jewel-weed, like the violet, bears two sorts of flowers. Besides the showy ones we know, gotten up to lure the insects whose visits they need, there are small ones which are fertilized in the bud with their own pollen.

Along the highway from July till October one encounters a slender weed on whose erect stem it

would seem as though a number of canary-yellow or purplish white moths had alighted for a moment's rest. These are the fragile, pretty flowers of the moth mullein, and they are worthy of a closer examination. The reddish or purplish center of the corolla suggests the probability of hidden nectar, while the pretty tufts of violet wool borne by the stamens are well fitted to protect it from the rain.

A little experience of the canny ways of these innocent-looking flowers leads one to ask the wherefore of every new feature.

The burr-marigold does its best to retrieve the family reputation for ugliness, and surrounds its dingy flowers with a circle of showy, golden rays which are strictly decorative, having neither pistils nor stamens, and leaving all the work of the household to the less attractive but more useful flowers. Their effect is pleasing, and late in the season the moist ditches along the waysides look as if sown with gold through the agency of this plant.



SOME STRANGE SEEDS.

THERE are a good many queer seeds in the world. Among them are to be found giants and pigmies, kinds hostile and beneficent to man, and a large variety of miscellaneous freaks.

The largest seed in the world is the so-called "double cocoanut"—the fruit of a species of palm which grows in the Seychelles Islands. It is as big as half-a-dozen ordinary cocoanuts put together, weighing seven or eight pounds and having a length of a foot. The common cocoanut is the next biggest seed that grows, while the seeds of some orchids are so tiny to be almost microscopic.

Another strange seed is that of a tree that is native to Cochin China and the Coromandel coast, though the tree is cultivated elsewhere for the sake of this very seed from which is obtained strychnine—that dreadful poison so valuable in medicine. The tree bears fruit that somewhat resembles an orange in appearance, the seeds being enveloped by the pulp. When dried they look like nothing so much as buttons, each one about the size of a penny. They contain such large quantities of strychnine, together with another deadly poison called "brucine," that one of them swallowed will kill a man. Quite as dangerous is the "poison nut" of India, likewise the seed of a tree, which the natives use for poisoning arrows. There is a little seed of a plant native to India that serves as a standard of weight. It is called the "carat." For thousands of years it has been used in this way, and to this day its equivalent is employed all over the world in reckoning the value of gems, and the fineness of gold. Whereas seeds of other kinds differ greatly in size and weight, one carat is so ex-

actly like another that the standard is practically invariable. Oddly enough, the castor-oil bean, or seed, is utilized in the same country for manufacture of gas, by which the railway trains are lighted. The gas is made from the "cake" left over from the pressing of the beans for oil.

Speaking of beans, the queerest perhaps are the so-called "sea-beans," which are thrown up in great quantities on the coast of Florida. There are many varieties of them, and one bears a curious ornament in the shape of a capital letter C neatly engraved on one side. It is just as if it were marked that way very carefully by the plant to which it belonged. Most people suppose that sea-beans grow at the bottom of the sea, but the fact is that they are the seeds of vines which flourish luxuriantly in the region bordering on the Caribbean Sea. They are developed in great pods, some of which are more than a yard in length, each holding a dozen or more of beans. When the ripened pods open, the beans drop into the streams, are carried to the sea, and are borne by the current of the Gulf Stream, which is very powerful, around the southern end of the Florida Peninsula, to be thrown up on the beach by the waves.

The devices adopted by nature for securing the planting and distribution of seeds are very interesting. Some seeds have wings, so that they may be carried away as far as possible in falling from the parent plant. Others like those of the milkweed and dandelion, may be said to be provided with balloons, inasmuch as they are made so light by feathery appendages that they are readily drawn up to great heights by warm currents of air. Astronomers used to mistake the floating seeds of the milkweed for meteors, until a knowing stargazer set his telescope at a near focus and was thus enabled to examine the floating vegetable germs that passed across the field of view. Certain burrs are seed-vessels, and are provided with tiny hooks in order that they may catch in the fur of animals and be carried afar.—*Friend for Boys and Girls.*



"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through

The dim leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew

Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

And when you think of this, remember, too,
'Tis always morning somewhere, and above
The awakening continent from shore to shore,
Somewhere the birds are singing evermore

"You call them thieves and pillagers, but know

They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe,
And from your harvest keep a hundred harms;
Even the blackest of them all, the crow,

Renders good service as your man at arms,
Crushing the beetle in his coat of mail
And crying havoc on the slug and snail."

—From Longfellow's "Birds of Killingsworth."

THE INGLENOOK

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THE test of a "good time" demands that it leave one with a pleasant memory,—with nothing to regret and nothing of which he needs to be ashamed.

IN many respects this is a very suitable time for the fishing trip to which H. D. Michael is treating us. Since this is the only trip of the kind the majority of us will be able to take this season, we should not allow anything to interfere with our receiving all the knowledge and pleasure that are to be gotten from such experiences.

WITH all the advice that is given to those who would accumulate wealth, there is one essential thing to keep in mind: You must spend less money than you make; and to be sure that the balancing up will show this it is wise to make this the rule of every week, of every day. A systematic method of saving that calls for systematic habits of economy is a sure foundation for that competence that adds joy and contentment to the prospect of old age.

A FEW more fleeting vacation days and the care-free life of our boys and girls will be over. Grown people generally look upon the days of youth as all care-free, but this is not the case. The responsibilities and problems of life, especially school life, are as serious and vexing to them at the time as are the graver things of life a few years later. The fact that they themselves will recognize their insignificance after awhile does not lighten their burdens now. Let us remember this.

AT this writing we are working under the inspiration of some very good words that have come to our desk as to the value of the INGLENOOK. It is no little thing in our life as we plod on day after day, often

wondering about the outcome of our work, to be enlightened as to the magazine's influence in some one's life or home. We suggest to those who feel like speaking these good words that you pass them on to your neighbors and friends as well as to us. Their power for good will then be many times multiplied. If, on the other hand, you have a criticism to make, or an improvement to suggest, send that to us alone,—at least send it to us first.

THE reason some parents fail to understand their children or have any influence over them is because they have gotten out of touch with youth somewhere along the way; they have forgotten their own childhood. Remembering one's own early interests and longings is profitable not only because it will help one to make allowance for some of the actions of the children, but will put one in a position to give them the aid they need in choosing their pleasures as well as their occupations.

ANOTHER reason some children just growing up and in need of advice turn away from that given by their parents, is because they have no confidence in their parents' wisdom. They belong to the large number of what we call "spoiled children." From the time the children were two or three years old, under a mistaken notion of being "good" to them, the parents have surrendered to their wishes against their own better judgment. With such a bringing up, is it to be wondered at that little John and Mary, now exalted with the importance of youth, scorn the advice of their parents? If father's and mother's judgment or opinion was worth less consideration than theirs when they were yet little children is it worth considering at all now when they are almost grown? No one can question the reasonableness of the argument, and if parents have furnished the wrong premise it is in the nature of reaping what is sown that they should suffer the consequences, though the children generally suffer also.

"OTHERS."

SOME years ago at Christmas time General Booth of the Salvation Army desired to send a message clear around the globe to all the workers in that organization. There was no doubt in the good old man's mind that the idea would be productive of much good and yet it was necessary to consider the actual cost of such a message. In the first place it would have to be short. At the same time it should be something that would not only recall to the worker's mind the chief aim of the organization, but would act as a bugle call to deeper consecration and greater endeavor. And this is the message General Booth sent: "Others."

In general use the word seems very common—really

insignificant, but when we think of it in its connected sense, we will agree that it is as strong a word—as all-comprehending—as any that could have been used. While there are many organizations that lay claim to an active, practical exemplification of the principle contained in this simple message, the one to which it was addressed has perhaps, as a whole, as great a claim to it as any other. For this reason it would come to the workers addressed with particular force and meaning. By repeating the word to oneself with the thought of service in mind one can get a wonderful vision of the blessings of a life spent in lifting up fallen humanity.

In a study of the life and work and teaching of the Lord Jesus, the great Captain of our salvation, it is easy to see where the Salvation Army get their watchword. It is the central theme of the Gospel. Growth in the Christian life is nothing more nor less than growth away from self, growth in love and service and sacrifice for "others." True, the chief duty of man, in this world and in eternity, consists in love for God, in magnifying his name, but we can do this best, as Jesus himself teaches, by serving our fellow-men. "The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many." "Whosoever will be great among you, let him be your minister; and whosoever will be chief among you, let him be your servant." "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." There are many other scriptures, in the Gospels and in the epistles, which show clearly how essential to Christian life is service to others.

It is a characteristic of the world since the beginning of time that, one generation after another, it has sought for happiness. Solomon tells us to what lengths he went to find it, but his efforts were all in vain. Just as many people have argued in vain that the food they like should therefore be the most wholesome and best suited to their system, so Solomon and many before and after him have tried to secure true and lasting happiness by gratifying the senses. But happiness does not come in this way. The wise Solomon says it does not after a trial as thorough as it could well be, and many of us can bear testimony to the same fact. Happiness comes through service. "If ye know these things, happy are ye, if ye do them." The bodily senses must be held captive until the higher and spiritual faculties have given direction to our efforts, and then they may be able to give aid to our high endeavors and find their chief joy in such labors.

The spirit of service may not lead all of us to take up the work of the Salvation Army, but it will lead us to put "others" before self, wherever we are and whatever we do. It will lead us to have the mind of Christ, "who, existing in the form of God, counted

not the being on an equality with God a thing to be grasped, but emptied himself, taking the form of a servant, being made in the likeness of men; and being found in fashion as a man he humbled himself, becoming obedient even unto death, yea, the death of the cross." Service for others was the business of every day with Christ and it must be with us if we are his children.



TEN DEMANDMENTS OF A CHICAGO MANUFACTURER.

A CHICAGO man who has a large number of employees under him has posted up in the various departments of his establishment cards which bear the above caption and the following terse rules. These make it very plain what he does not expect of those who draw salaries from him:

Rule I. Don't lie—it wastes my time and yours. I'm sure to catch you in the end, and that the wrong end.

Rule II. Watch your work, not the clock. A long day's work makes a long day short, and a short day's work makes my face long.

Rule III. Give me more than I expect and I'll pay you more than you expect. I can afford to increase your pay if you increase my profits.

Rule IV. You owe so much to yourself that you can't afford to owe anybody else. Keep out of debt or keep out of my shop.

Rule V. Dishonesty is never an accident. Good men, like good women, can't see temptation when they meet it.

Rule VI. Mind your own business and in time you'll have a business of your own to mind.

Rule VII. Don't do anything here which hurts your self-respect. The employee who is willing to steal for me is capable of stealing from me.

Rule VIII. It's none of my business what you do at night. But if dissipation affects what you do the next day, and you do half as much as I demand, you'll last half as long as you hoped.

Rule IX. Don't tell me what I'd like to hear but what I ought to hear. I don't want a valet to my vanity, but I need one for my dollars.

Rule X. Don't kick if I kick—if you're worth while correcting, you're worth while keeping. I don't waste time cutting specks out of rotten apples.—*Exchange*.



All those who journey, soon or late
Must pass within the garden's gate;
Must kneel alone in darkness there,
And battle with some fierce despair.
God pity those who cannot say
"Not mine, but thine"; who only pray
"Let this cup pass," and cannot see
The purpose in Gethsemane.

—Ella Wheeler Wilcox.



THE HOME WORLD



ENGAGED TO BE MARRIED

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

JOYCE was only sixteen years old when she told her mother that she loved Harry Wolcott.

Her mother was an eminently practical woman, but she did not know how to guide her daughter's fancies; it was only the daughter's great need of a confidant that made her tell mother.

"Well, you can't get married before you are twenty," responded her mother. "An engagement is a solemn thing, just about the same as being married." And that was all she said.

Left to herself, Joyce did just the best she could as many other girls do. That fall Harry was going away to school. It is hard to say just why they thought an engagement must be entered into at this juncture, but the sacred promises were made. At school Harry met another girl whom he liked far better, but he never said anything of this in his letters to Joyce. When she was nineteen, she became acquainted with a man whom she soon learned to love, and bitterly regretted her engagement. Yet she continued writing to Harry as if nothing had occurred. When she was twenty-one, they were married. They were unhappy, disillusionment followed; then they told each other of their experiences. But it availed nothing now. Why were they not honest enough to confess before their marriage? Why was there no one to tell them that a broken engagement is not nearly so sad as a marriage which results in broken hearts?

A daughter needs her mother at this time; advise her, help her in every possible way, let her know that you understand and sympathize. Let her read such stories as "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," "A Story of Yesterdays," or "Esther Reid," all life stories of girls who like Ruth of olden days, loved and were married. If you give them only dull, preachy books, they will not care to read. On the other hand, there are many books which leave only evil impressions on a girl's mind; light, flippant and cynical, they give her wrong views of life. But the old romances of Scott and

Dickens make love and marriage the great central fact of life.

There is little good in locking the stable door after the horse is stolen. The thing which many girls need guarding against is an early engagement. The man a girl loves at sixteen is not always the type which appeals to her at twenty-one, when she has more taste and judgment to decide. To make home the center of happiness for her daughter is every good mother's endeavor. That means to leave the latch-string out for boys and girls and give them a real welcome when they come in to see her. There was no parental aloofness, no cold reserve calculated to drive the young people to some more congenial quarters in one home, and young people naturally gathered there to enjoy themselves. These young people felt that the parents were in full sympathy with their harmless pleasures and they strove to be worthy of their trust.

One home-loving mother found a serious problem before her. Alice was eighteen, she had taken a course in stenography, and had completed the high school course. Ralph, a neighbor's son, had often called on Alice, and the parents had sometimes spoken of a boy and girl attachment as not likely to prove lasting. Ralph was twenty-three and a good boy. He had no bad habits and was well spoken of, but he lacked ambition, while Alice was very anxious to get on in the world. He was of good family, so it was easy to get a place in a dry goods store at eight dollars a week, and with this he was content; apparently he made no effort to rise.

What should this mother do? She did not like to interfere, she did not like to appear in a mercenary light to her daughter. And besides, outspoken opposition might result in a secret marriage. The parents knew that their daughter had no idea of the actual value of money. With considerable tact they persuaded Alice to take a stenographer's position, at five dollars a week. She was to have all she earned, but that must suffice for her clothes and spending

money. At first the money seemed a large sum to her. Then she soon felt that she must do better work and secure a more remunerative position. And then she commenced to doubt the possibility of keeping up a home for two on eight dollars a week. The young man accused her of developing expensive tastes and ideas. Why not be contented, he asked her. As the weeks passed by Ralph found a sweet-faced, economical girl, who was far better suited to live in a cottage than Alice was. And Alice was quite content to see him go because she was in love with a young man who appreciated her ambitions and sympathized with her. The future looks bright for all. Alice's mother feels that her daughter is more likely to be happy with this young man than with Ralph. And Ralph wonders how he could ever have fancied Alice.

Where so much of weal or woe is at stake, it is our duty to be very careful. An early engagement may sometimes be the prelude of a happy marriage, but more often it is a mistake. We make sentiment and emotion the foundation of marriage, and far be it from us to belittle their importance. But we plead for more reason, more thinking, a clearer sense of honor, and with all these a greater love before entering upon an engagement.



CHILDREN'S LIES.

WHEN all treasures are tried truth is the best. But truth is not a child virtue. It is the supreme attainment of maturity.

Saying that truth is not a child virtue is not saying that we should ignore its cultivation in childhood, but rather that we should give more thought to teaching truth by reasonable methods and with an intelligent comprehension of the fact that it is not the child but a virtue so high that it demands struggle for its attainment.

The young child needs long practice and much exercise in telling the truth as well as unvarying truthfulness from those who deal with him.

It seems a great mistake to expect truth to come naturally and easily to young children. They must make a great many experiments in the use of language before they can employ it with accuracy.

A young child who cannot yet understand the obligations of truthfulness cannot be held morally accountable for his departure from the truth. All lies are not bad nor are all liars immoral.

G. Stanley Hall says: "The beginning of wisdom in treatment is to discriminate between good and bad lies."

There are a great many kinds of "lies" but most "lies" in classification fall readily under one of three heads.

First, the Imaginative lie. It is rather hard to call the imaginative lie a lie at all. It is often a well-

marked epoch when the young child first learns that he can imagine and state things which have no objective counterpart in his own life.

It is so closely related to the creative instinct which makes the poet and novelist and which, common among the peasantry of a nation, is responsible for folklore and mythology, that it is rather an intellectual activity misdirected than a moral obliquity.

A child who has strong imaginative power should not be branded as untruthful, but should be given something with which to feed his imagination outside of trivial everyday matters. We have stated times for our babies to imagine. We call it dreaming. Other times when we have a difficult story to read or task to perform we have each child imagine he is one of the other teachers in the building and address him by that teacher's name and often through the aid of his imagination he *will* make a better recitation. Children love to imagine. Out of imagination come some of the bad but far more of the good qualities of life and mind. These are the noble lies of poetry, art and idealism, but there pedagogic regulation must be wise.

In simple justice, the imaginative child should receive careful training in distinguishing between fancy and fact-training accuracy of all kinds. He is entitled to a training as sympathetic in accuracy of speech as would be due to a child who had some physical difficulty in correct enunciation. Again children live so much in the realm of imagination and are talked to so much in a fanciful, sportive vein, that some confusion must result. Sometimes what might happen is so vividly pictured in the mind of an imaginative child that it seems as real to him as what actually does happen.

In all good faith, though in mental confusion,—out of a bewildered mind rather than from an untrue heart,—comes the untruthful statement.

While we ought to make allowances for the imaginative child, whose difficulties are better understood now than in former days, a word of caution is also necessary with regard to the matter-of-fact child, the child who sees things exactly as they are—unrefracted through any mist of their possibilities and who consequently reports them with accuracy.

This child's truth telling is as unconscious as the other child's untruth. Do not mistake it for an attained virtue,—a deliberately chosen course of conduct. Unless he, too, is taught and trained to choose the truth, to value and reverence it, his clear head and exact tongue may, in later life, become the servants of a false heart.

Very imaginative children often do not know the difference between what they imagine and what they actually see. Their mental eye sees as vividly as their physical eye, and therefore they even believe

their own misstatements. Every attempt at contradiction only brings about a fresh assertion of the impossible, which to the child becomes more and more real as he hears himself affirming its existence.

It was so with the little boy who came rushing into the house, saying, "O mama, there is a lion on the front porch." The mother said, "No, Robert, you do not mean a lion." "Yes, it is a lion," and the more the mother contradicted her son the more he insisted it was a lion. She sent him up stairs to commune with God about telling such a falsehood. On his return down stairs, the fond mother said, "Robert, did you tell God about it?" "Yes, ma'am." "And what did God say?" "He said he thought it was a lion himself when he first looked at it."

Punishment is of no use at all in the attempt to regulate this fault. The child's large statements should be smiled at and passed over. In the meantime he should be encouraged in every possible way to get firm grasp of the actual world about him.

One great advantage, especially for a very young child, is the performance every day of some little act, which demands accuracy and close attention. For the rest, wait; this is one of the faults that disappears with age.

To control imagination and not eliminate it is what should be sought in the interests of the highest truthfulness.

Imagination is the divinest quality of man, for sympathy, above all moral qualities, is dependent upon this faculty. If we cannot imagine how we would feel under our neighbors' conditions, we cannot deeply sympathize with them.

The person of unimaginative mind sympathizes only with those whose experiences and habits are similar to his own. He never escapes from the narrow circle of his own personality.

But the man whose imagination has been kept flexible and ready from earliest childhood has within him the power of sympathizing with whatever is human, and even with creatures and things below the human level.

The second kind of lie is the "Lie of Evasion." The lie of evasion is a form of lying which seldom appears when the relations between teacher and pupil are absolutely friendly and open.

A teacher who is a close observer can almost always tell when a child is telling an untruth and what kind by the way he bows his head. When shame alone from telling a lie is disturbing a sensitive child, the head droops; but if with shame are commingled love and a desire for reconciliation, the head leans a little to one side as well as bending downward; and if the head is bowed but averted, the conquest is but half made; the lie is admitted but the heart is not won.

The degree to which the soul can express itself through the body varies of course with different chil-

dren. The child who is very desirous of approval may find it difficult to confess a fault, even when he is certain that the consequence of his offense will not be at all terrible. This is more difficult. It is clear that the child who lies merely to avoid punishment can be cured of that fault by removing from him the fear of punishment.

To this end, I sometimes say, "Don't you want to tell me all about it, so you can go back to your seat with the other boys and girls?" And he generally confesses at once and is dismissed. There is no need of any further punishment, for the chief object of punishment being to make him face his own fault and to see it as something ugly and disagreeable, that object is accomplished by a free and open confession and no further punishment is required.

But when the child in spite of such reassurance still continues to lie, both because he cannot bear to have you think him capable of wrongdoing, and because he is not willing to acknowledge to himself that he is capable of wrongdoing, the situation becomes more complex. All we can do is to urge upon him the superior beauty of frankness; to praise him and love him, especially when he does acknowledge a fault, thus leading him to see that the way to win our approval—that approval which he desires so intensely—is to face his own shortcomings with a steady eye and confess them unshrinkingly.

The third kind of lie is the "Politic Lie." The politic lie is, of course, the worst form of lying, because it is so unchildlike, and yet we occasionally find it in the first primary department.

This is the kind of fault that will grow with age; and grow with such rapidity that the teacher must set herself against it with all the force at her command.

The child who lies for policy's sake, in order to achieve some end by lying, is a child led into wrongdoing by his ardent desire to get something. Discover what that something is and help him to get it by more ethical means. If we point out the straight path and show the goal plainly in view at the end of it, he may be persuaded not to take the crooked path.

But occasionally there are natures that delight in crookedness even in early childhood. They would rather go about getting their heart's desire in some crooked, intricate, underhanded way than by the direct route. Such a fault is almost certain to be an inherited one; and here, a close study of the child's relatives will often help the teacher to make a good diagnosis and even suggest to her the course of treatment.

In an extreme case the teacher may disbelieve the child who lies, not merely disbelieving him when he is lying, but disbelieving him all the time no matter what he says. I never tried this treatment myself, but knew a mother who did. During the treatment, when her six-year-old boy would say, "I want a cookie," she would answer by saying, "How do I

know you want a cookie?—I cannot tell by what you say, for yesterday you told me you were going to Cramer's when you went to Black's."

She continued with that process until she made him see, without room for any further doubt, that the crooked paths that he loved did not lead to the goal his heart desired, but away from it. His words not being true to facts, had lost their value and no one around him listened to them. He is, as it were, rendered speechless, and his favorite means of getting his own way is thus made utterly valueless. Such a remedy is in truth a terrible one. While it is being administered the child suffers to the limit of his endurance; and it is only justifiable in an extreme case, and after the failure of all gentler means.

During the first few years of a child's life he says neither what is true nor what is false,—he merely talks. His talking is thinking aloud. The younger the child the fewer questions we should ask. It is better to seem all-knowing or remain ignorant. We apply a fiery trial to children when by our ill-concealed anger and the prospect of punishment after confession, we place them in the dangerous position of choosing whether they shall obey intuition or an idea. The simple savage is full of deceit both in words and actions. The peasant, under the influence of some trifling danger, will tell a lie; and yet we can require in a child, whom we have to educate, the last and noblest fruits of truth.

Richter says: "Truth as a conscious virtue and sacrifice; truth, which would offer even a bloody sacrifice to its word, as its word, is a God-like blossom on an earthly plant; therefore it is not the first but the last virtue, in order of time."

One of the German legends relates that the Christ-child presented to a dreaming child various noble characters as ideals. Great warriors, kingly rulers, noble statesmen, were thus brought before the little one, but only to his discouragement.

"I can be none of these," sadly thought the child. "They are all so mighty and wise." At last the Christ-child assumed the form of a gentle, loving, obedient child. To this the dreamer eagerly responded, "I can be that! I *must* be that!"

Shall we not take to heart the lesson which is so obvious in this little story? The ideal offered the child, if it is to win his allegiance, must be a child-like ideal that is within his realm of possibilities. When he has attained to a child's measure of attainment in the earlier virtues, we may hope that his unfolding ideal, growing ever grander and more beautiful, will enshrine itself in the example of him who said: "I am the way, the truth, and the life." And catching the inspiration born of divinity, lead at last, *even unto the Father*.—*Anna Kiester, in Ohio Educational Monthly.*

The Children's Corner

THE DANDELION FAMILY.

It is five o'clock in the morning—the dandelions are waking up. First the father wakens and calls: "Good-morning, grandma! Good-morning, grandpa!" Grandma Dandelion is very beautiful. Her hair is as white as snow, and so soft that if you touch it, it is quite spoiled. Grandpa's head is entirely bald, but he does not care; he is very happy indeed.

Mama wakens next, and begins to call the children; some of them do not wish to get up, but every dandelion is up by six o'clock. If you are up early you can watch them all waking—only the little fat babies do not waken—they are wrapped in green blankets, and sleep all the time; but just as soon as they are old enough to wear yellow dresses they rise promptly in the morning.

Children all love to pick dandelions, and no one ever says you must not. If you pick flowers in the garden, the gardener is very cross; so you are not allowed to. He knows how. He cuts them with a knife or scissors, and if you pick them he is afraid you will give them a jerk and spoil the plants.

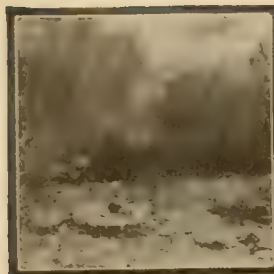
In the early spring, before the flowers come, the dandelion leaves are good to eat when boiled. Have you not noticed people cutting them with sharp knives? After the flowers come the leaves are very large, and have grown too bitter to eat.

Do you know why there are so many dandelions? Just look at Grandma Dandelion's hair—it is full of brown hairpins. The wind blows so hard that she loses most of them; they are scattered all over the grass, and then the heavy rain comes and presses them into the ground, for they are really seeds. Next spring they will come up as new plants.

At evening the lonely shepherd in the mountain is taking the sheep to new pasture. After the sun goes down he is very tired, and as he sees the little dandelions going to sleep he knows it is eight o'clock; that is when all the dandelion children must go to bed.

The shepherd calls to the dog not to drive the sheep any further, and they lie down, glad to rest at last. When the shepherd has had his supper and fed the dog he sees Papa Dandelion going to sleep. He knows it is nine o'clock; no dandelion ever goes to bed later than that. The shepherd lies down on the ground, covers himself with his blanket, and goes to sleep too.

The dandelion grows in many countries and in city parks, as well as in lonely places. You see what a useful plant it is. The leaves are good for food before the flowers come. The flowers are little clocks for people who are far away from home and have no watches; and when the leaves and flowers have gone the root can be used as a medicine.—*The Circle.*



THE QUIET HOUR



THE PROGRESS OF HUMANITY.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

Text: Romans 8: 21.—The creature also shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God.

THE creature mentioned in this strange text is humanity, in its state of subjection to ignorance, sin, and superstition, and the deliverance spoken of is the regeneration of the race through the redemption which is in our Lord. The story of humanity in its struggles for emancipation from the darkness of sin and slavery of superstition is a long and sad one, beginning back in the twilight of time. Before the first pages of its history had been written prehistoric traditions tell us of the earliest efforts by the fathers of the race to solve the great problem of being.

The great systems of Oriental religions were born of man's consciousness of his helplessness and subjected condition as an ignorant, suffering, and sinful creature, and his need of light to discover his way out of the darkness which shut him in on every side. "Darkness covered the earth, and gross darkness the people," is the description given by the prophet Isaiah of the condition of humanity. *Darkness* is the significant symbol of his moral and spiritual ignorance and bondage. Did you ever stop to think how darkness binds a man more effectively than chains? He dares not move; he fears to stir as he knows not what danger may lurk by his side. So humanity, through this moral and spiritual darkness which overshadowed the world, was "sitting in darkness and the shadow of death," ignorant of both its origin and destiny, without God in the world.

In this prison-house of darkness we hear him cry, "Oh, that I knew where I might find him!" the Mighty One who made the sun, moon, and stars, and gave me my being, and, as the psalmist expressed the same thought in one of his beautiful poems, "As the hart panteth after the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God!"

The first step out of this awful darkness of sin and utter misery and ignorance, was the effort of humanity to know and worship the great spirit through the great luminaries of heaven, as they shone upon the world by day and by night. This gave origin to the worship of the heavenly bodies, and especially to sun or fire worship, which unquestionably was the earliest form of worship among sinful men.

The second advanced step was the call of Abraham, when a more clear knowledge of the one true God was obtained, and the foundation of the Hebrew religion was laid in the midst of the gross idolatry of the nations round about them.

The third step was the deliverance of Israel from Egypt, and the giving of the law, through Moses, at the foot of Mount Sinai. This law, which is called The Ten Commandments, was the first *magna charta* of human rights and liberty that was ever given humanity. God, the infinite Sovereign of the universe, proclaims his authority as the great Ruler of the world, and all that therein is, and issues his command, which was to regulate the conduct of his creatures toward him as their Creator, and toward each other as fellow creatures. This *magna charta* is the cornerstone of every civilized government in the world.

It is impossible to overestimate the uplifting influence which the Hebrew people, through this great moral and civil charter, exerted upon the surrounding nations through their constant contact with them, as well as through their several captivities. The fourth step in the marvelous liberation of the creature from its bondage was the evolution of Christianity from Judaism, through the manifestation of Christ.

The greatest Teacher in the history of the race appears on the scene. His matchless maxims give new meaning to every letter of the law. His light of love drives back the darkness and widens the scope of human vision. His advent proved to be the bright and morning star, "yea, the very sun of righteousness." People who had been sitting in darkness saw this great light. He revealed truths that had never been discovered. God's love for men as his children was emphasized. The redemption of humanity, as the purpose of the Infinite Father, was brought forth. The lilies of the field and the sparrows on the housetop were made to preach the doctrine of God's love and care for sinful men. His beautiful beatitudes banished the curses of sin from the earth. He gave glorious glimpses of the coming of God's kingdom on earth, and the reign of universal righteousness when the creature shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God. And through his glorious Gospel of peace on earth and good will toward men he has been beating back the blackness of the night of ignorance, super-

stition, oppression and tyranny ever since. The apostles of love and liberty have been going forth, in obedience to his divine command, from age to age until now, and he has more of them in the field of the world today than at any period in the history of the race. Some of these mighty sons of light have shined like stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of the church; others have wrought as mighty rulers of nations for the advancement of the rights and liberties of men in the civil realm.

Dormansville, N. Y.



GOD'S LOVE IS WITH YOU.

THEY who have long served God with care and diligence and yet find their life a hard struggle, with few bright passages, many disappointments, and never joy such as the penitent at once enters into, naturally feel some soreness that one step should bring a life-long sinner abreast of them. You may have been striving all your days to be useful, and making great sacrifices to further what you believe to be the cause of God, and yet you cannot point to any success; but suddenly a man converted yesterday takes your place, and all things seem to shape themselves to his hand, and the field that was a heartbreak to you is fertile to him. You have denied yourself every pleasure that you might know the happiness of communion with God, and you have not known it, but you see a banquet spread in God's presence for him who has till this hour been delighting in sin. You have had neither the riotous living nor the fatted calf. You have gone among the abandoned and neglected, and striven to enlighten and lift them; you have done violence to your own feelings that you might be helpful to others; and, so far as you can see, nothing has come of it. But another man, who has lived irregularly, who has not prepared himself for the work, who is untaught, imprudent, unsatisfactory, has the immediate joy of winning souls to God. Have you not been tempted to say, "Verily I have cleansed my heart in vain, and washed my hands in innocence"? All this may be needful to convince you that it is not service that wins God's love; that his love is with you now, and that your acceptance of it will make all that has seemed to you grievous to be light and happy. Take refuge from all failure and disappointment in the words, "Son, I am ever with thee, and all that I have is thine." Learn to find your joy in him, and you will be unable to think of any reward.—*From "The Parables of Our Lord," by Marcus Dodds, D. D.*



GOD'S OUT OF DOORS.

If flowers were merely beautiful in our eyes, they would still enchant us; but at times we are carried away by their fragrance. Colors have also their own eloquence; all things are possibly a symbol. But

scents are more penetrating, possibly because they are more mysterious, and although in the normal relations of life we must have palpable truths, the great motions of the soul have truth of another order for their principle, the essentially true, inaccessible notwithstanding in these our wavering ways.

There are two flowers which, in a sense, seem to bloom in silence and almost devoid of fragrance, but by which I am more attracted than I can say on account of their persistence. The recollections which they awake recall the past vividly, as if such bonds of time heralded happy days. These simple flowers are the field-barbel and the early Easter daisy, the meadow marguerite. The barbel is the flower of rural life. It must be seen in the liberty of natural leisure, amid wheatfields, farmyard sounds and crowing of cocks, by the footpaths of the old husbandmen. The sight of it might well lead to tears.

The violet and the meadow daisy are rivals. They bloom in the same season, with the same simplicity. At the first dawn of springtide we are captivated by the violet; the daisy wins our love year in and year out.

If I should reach old age, if, on a day, still thought-haunted, but ceasing from speech with men, there should be a friend at my side to receive my farewell to earth let my chair be set down on the short grass, may there be peaceful daisies in front of me, beneath the sun, under the vast sky, that in relinquishing this fleeting life I may recall something of the infinite illusion.—*De Senancour, "Obermann."*



WASTING THE MASTER'S GOODS.

ONE of the most reliable missionary authorities of the present day makes the following statement: "There is buried in jewelry, gold and silver plate in Christian homes, enough to build a fleet of 50,000 vessels, ballast them with Bibles and crowd them with missionaries, build a church in every destitute hamlet, and supply every living soul with the Gospel within a score of years. Only let God's fire come down and take possession of hearts and tongues, and the Gospel will wing its way like the beams of the morning!"

What a conglomerate mass the 32,000,000 church members or professing Christians of the United States must be in the eyes of him who searches the hearts! What an empty, meaningless, hypocritical sham their testimony must be when the offering for the evangelization of the world is counted and it is ascertained that it took ten of those professors to give one cent every working day for the salvation of the heathen! Taking into account that these offerings were made by a comparative few it is evident that millions never give a cent. Would it be a wonder if the Lord of the vineyard would let out the vineyard to others?—*Gospel Banner.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



As a result of the new tariff bill zinc ore has advanced \$2 per ton and higher prices are looked for. With the increased demand many mines will be reopened.

Every farmer in Arkansas is urged by the Arkansas State Farmers' Union to sow enough wheat to supply his family during the year. This is for the purpose of protecting members from the effects of any possible future corner in wheat.

Because of the prevalence of scabies among sheep in Kentucky, Gov. Willson has been notified by Secretary of Agriculture Wilson the State will soon be quarantined. Dr. F. I. Eisenmen, State veterinarian, thinks this will compel county fiscal courts to act, the State having no control over the movement of sheep.

Realizing they were beaten the Japanese Higher Wage Association has declared the strike of their 6,000 sugar plantation laborers in Hawaii at an end. The planters yielded nothing. F. Makino, one of the leaders, now on trial for conspiracy, says the Japanese will try other methods to obtain a wage of \$1 a day, for which they struck.

Some details have lately been made public of the instrumental work on the Gunnison tunnel, recently completed by the government, which will bring some 200,000 acres of land under cultivation. The tunnel from entrance to entrance is six miles in length. The survey lines at the point of meeting differed 0.32 foot in level, 0.40 foot in alignment, and 0.86 foot in distance.

Hereafter bootleggers and operators of blind tigers in Kansas are to be treated by the federal revenue department in the same manner as "moonshiners" in the mountains are treated. Ten detectives from the United States secret service have been detailed to make arrests of all persons who have been convicted in the local courts of violating the Kansas prohibitory law.

President Taft and Emperor William, of Germany, have simultaneously promulgated a reciprocal patent treaty which will be of far-reaching importance to the commercial world. The effect of the treaty will be that American manufacturers will be relieved of the existing requirement that, in order to sell their products in Germany, they must manufacture them (upon the basis of patents) in Germany, which called for investments of large sums of money in maintaining duplicate plants. Inventors will greatly benefit from the fact that the treaty relieves them from the German restriction under which their patents have hitherto been forfeited if not actually worked in Germany, within three years. Under the new provision it will be sufficient to protect patents in both countries if they are used for manufacture in either.

The Etruria and the Umbria, steamships of the Cunard line, which first reduced the ocean record below six days and which, in their day, were the finest liners afloat, have gone in the discard as being out of date and are for sale at Birkenhead, England. The liners cost \$1,400,000 each and are of 8,120 tons gross displacement. But they eat up too much coal, using 450 tons a day, and the more economical turbiners and triple screw steamers have displaced them.

On August 15 the new anti-cigarette law of Missouri went into effect. Youths under 18 who smoke cigarettes are liable to a fine of \$10. Dealers or manufacturers who sell either the made cigarette or the makings of them are liable to a fine of from \$100 to \$500, half of the fine going to the informant. Through Mrs. F. H. Ingalls, president of the W. C. T. U., and Mrs. Edith Gibbs Chandler, State superintendent of the Anti-Narcotic League, efforts are being made to enforce the law to the letter.

Our government has sent out a request to all the governments which participated in the meeting of the International Opium Commission at Shanghai, last February, to send delegates to a second Opium Conference to be held at The Hague in the near future. The purpose of the conference is to secure international agreement for the control of the production and traffic in opium with a view to its complete suppression except for medicinal purposes. Our State Department is preparing a program for the discussion of the conference.

The city of Worcester, Mass., seems to be well pleased with the operation of prohibition laws within her precincts and has voted to try the plan again. Last year under the prohibition rule the arrests for drunkenness decreased from 3,924 to 1,843; the police courts showed a decided falling off in arrests for larceny, non-support, and for disturbing the peace; in the alcoholic ward of the city hospital there were but 144 patients, as against 274 in the previous year when the town was "wet"; there were only six deaths from alcohol last year, while during the one previous there were 30. In view of these facts the city feels justified in retaining the prohibition laws.

The French parliament has passed a law which provides that in transactions relative to diamonds, pearls, and precious stones, the term "metric carat" may be employed to designate a weight of 200 milligrammes (3.086 grains Troy), and prohibits the use of the word carat to designate any other weight. As many other governments are ready to enter into the reform and unification of the carat and have only been awaiting the initiative of France, it is reasonably certain that the metric carat of 200 milligrammes will, within a few months, be the only carat recognized by law in the majority of countries interested in the trade in gems.

An ordinance just passed in Java falls heavily upon Chinese secret societies. A fine of 100 guilders or three months' rigorous imprisonment is the penalty for every Chinaman found in possession of secret society documents or emblems or caught wearing the distinguishing marks of these organizations. Those who preside over the meetings of such societies, allow meetings to be held in their houses, or fail to inform the authorities incur similar penalties. The latter also fall upon Chinamen who recruit for these societies, supply them with money, or give help in any way.

The English blue book, just issued, shows that royal families are expensive luxuries. Besides the personal incomes of the king and queen, annuities are paid to the royal family which amount to \$515,000; the Duke of Connaught receiving the largest amount for any single individual, his annuity being \$125,000. The Prince of Wales gets \$100,000. Their majesties' privy purse was \$550,000. Salaries paid to the king's household and retired allowances amounted to \$630,000, and the expenses of the king's household were \$665,000. The royal bounty, alms, and special services amounted to \$60,000.

Although some of the express companies have furnished the Illinois State Railroad and Warehouse Commission with tariffs as called for several have refused to do so. Those supplying the information say they do not recognize the commission's authority to demand tariff rates charged for the transportation of property and money within the limits of the State. The Hepburn law makes express companies common carriers and Attorney General Stead has ruled that the companies must comply with the commission's orders. Despite this opinion several say they will not submit to the jurisdiction of the commission.

John Arbuckle, founder of Arbuckle Wrecking Company, is enthusiastic over his success in raising the collier *Nero* by the use of compressed air and believes the future salvage of ships depends on the continued use of air. He declares he can raise and bring into port sunken ships that cannot be raised in any other way. His process is to brace the decks of the stranded ships so that they will not blow off, seal up the hatches and then pump the vessel full of compressed air, which displaces the water and allows the vessel to float. Arbuckle declares the time will come very shortly when every liner will carry her own compressed air machinery.

Moving picture shows have been greatly damaged in Rome, and, indeed throughout Italy, by the action of the pope in forbidding the clergy of Rome to attend them. This inhibition has extended to the laity, not by papal or clerical order, but by lay inference that anything displeasing to the head of the church must be unfit for its followers. Italy has been regarded as one of the best paying fields for such shows. The business has flourished in all the cities, the small cost of admission (from 3 to 6 cents, according to seats) enabling the showmen to fill their halls at intervals of 20 minutes from noon to midnight. When the fad began the subjects were harmless and often amusing. With its growth the character changed, until tragic love scenes and violent murder became leading subjects. Police records of late have shown that much of the violence committed by criminals was to be traced to the influence of the realistic picture show horrors. This discovery prompted the pope's order, which bids fair to drive the business out of Italy.

It is understood that the Persian government has now offered Mohammed Ali, the former shah, an annual pension of \$75,000 on condition that he will surrender the jewels enumerated in the nationalist inventory or inform the government how he disposed of them. It is believed Mohammed Ali will accept this new offer, and his departure from Persia, probably for Russia, is expected soon.

The balloon *Sirius* has succeeded in flying over the Alps. The airship left Chamonix, France, Aug. 8, under the pilotage of M. Spelterine with three passengers and landed safely near Locarno at an altitude of 5,400 feet. The *Sirius* traversed Mount Blanc and soared over the Aiguille du Dru and the Aiguille Verte. The highest altitude attained was 18,373 feet. A successful balloon trip over the Alps was made in November, 1906, by two Italians in the balloon *Milano*, the greatest altitude being 20,500 feet.

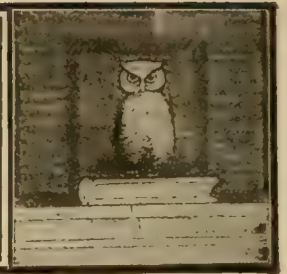
Following the suggestion of George E. Barstow, president of the body, in his opening address, the National Irrigation Congress, now (Aug. 9) in session at Spokane, will probably pass resolutions asking the government to create a fund from which loans can be made to people who desire to settle on government irrigated lands but are too poor to make their first payments and support themselves while developing their farms. President Taft was unable to attend the congress, but he sent a telegram of regret and in it pledged his "earnest endeavor to further the cause of reclamation by irrigation in every part of the country within the jurisdiction of the federal government."

Owing to the general outcry against the law's delays in England, in which the judges themselves are joining, the prime minister has promised to appoint a commission to investigate the whole matter. The blame is not placed upon the judges, but the complaint is made that the number of judges has not kept pace with the growth of population and the increase of litigation incident to the complex conditions of modern life. There are now but sixteen judges on the king's bench, and they have to do practically all the work for England and Wales. This is about the same number that sat there a century ago, although the amount of litigation has more than doubled. The calendar in the king's bench is now about 1,000 cases behind, and the arrears are growing steadily.

Goods in bonded warehouses, without regard to the date when stored, will, when withdrawn for consumption, be subject to the rates of duty imposed under the new tariff law. A ruling to this effect was made Aug. 9 upon inquiries from the East concerning hides, and from the Pacific coast concerning Philippine cigars and tobacco. The Treasury Department holds that the hides may be admitted free of duty, and that the Filipino products may also be brought in without charge, taking the position that goods are not imported until withdrawn by and delivered to the consignee. The same ruling will, of course, apply to wines, silks, cotton goods and other articles upon which the duties have been increased. As the average rate of duty upon hides is \$1.50, and as there are thousands in bonded warehouses in the East, the saving in duty to the leather manufacturers and the loss on revenue to the government will be material. Treasury officials are greatly encouraged by the early signs of prosperity and business revival noted under the new law. Although Saturday (Aug. 7) was a half holiday the customs receipts that day exceeded \$1,000,000. They are predicting that before long the receipts will swell to such a degree that the deficit will disappear.



Among the Magazines



FRANCE FORCED TO ADOPT MODERN FORESTRY.

"France will be destroyed for lack of forests," cried one of her greatest statesmen, and the prophecy was very nearly fulfilled. Just fifty years have passed since unprecedented floods in the valley of the Loire called the attention of the government to the fact that the Central Plateau had been almost entirely denuded, that the fertile soil was being destroyed, the reservoiring effect of the forest lost, and a beginning made toward the creation of a desert in the heart of the nation.

Not only the Loire was affected; on the Pyrenees the protection of the Garonne was gone, and in Savoy that of the Rhone. The stripping away of the trees on the mountain sides of Savoy had released the mountain brooks and turned them into torrents. The binding roots rotted away, and tiny streams became gashes, continually widening to chasms. Literally the whole slope of the mountain began to slide down into the valley, impelled by an unrestrained deluge of water. The Rhone, always a swift stream, filled its bed with moving gravel and sand, and with unprecedented rapidity extended its delta out four miles into the deep water of the Mediterranean. Navigation was impeded or rendered impossible; villages which had grown wealthy on an orderly waterpower, awoke after a storm in the mountains to find their brook beyond control and their streets piled many feet deep in gravel and boulders.

The prospect of the continuation of such calamities aroused the whole people. The engineers, after experimentation, discovered that in many places masonry dams must be erected at short intervals, not in order to hold up the water, but to check the descent of the stream's bed itself. The reclamation is still going on; and in many parts of France public and private energy is being concentrated today on this work.

Three million acres of public forest and fifteen millions of private woods are now standing, but there still remain sixteen million acres absolutely barren, much of which must be conquered by bunchgrass before it can be planted in trees. France has learned her lesson. Her object now is twofold: to preserve her rivers and mountains by forestry, and to provide a domestic supply of timber. She is achieving both ends rapidly, and is finding that her utmost efforts are repaid promptly in actual cash returns.

I wish that those who have ruined the seaboard flats of Florida, Georgia, and the Carolinas could be transported to Gascony and made to understand what wonders can be wrought by the proper conducting of a turpentine forest. On the sea face of the sand ridges, which extend in unbroken whiteness for seventy-five to one hundred miles, bunchgrass is planted in regular rows, to hold the sand from drifting. On the top of the first ridge is a low wattle fence and a fire-break, and back of this a narrow belt of dwarfed and stunted trees, cut off four or five feet from the ground to make their branches

spread over wide areas. After one hundred yards of this, one comes to a more open forest of crooked and stunted maritime pine, and beyond this again to the great, free forest full of big trees ripe for cutting, and of smaller stuff ready either for bleeding or reproducing the big timber.

All of this forest is worked carefully on a scientific system; and during the very years when our reckless and ignorant methods have been destroying our southeast coast, these foresters of France have been developing a profitable and useful forest of this same maritime pine out of nothing.—John L. Mathews in August Everybody's.



WHO JOHN WOOLMAN WAS.

The surprise of Dr. Eliot's five-foot shelf of books is undoubtedly the "Journal of John Woolman." People are asking, "Who is John Woolman and what message has he for a twentieth-century mind seeking a cross-cut to culture?" It was perhaps vaguely known that Woolman was a Quaker and wrote a book much admired by Whittier and Charles Lamb. Now that his name has come in for a greater trial of fame the words of still others in his behalf are brought forward, among whom is William Ellery Channing, who is quoted to the effect that Woolman's book is "beyond comparison the sweetest and purest autobiography in the language." That literary free lance, Henry Crabb Robinson, contemporary with Charles Lamb, once wrote of him: "If one could venture to impute to his creed, and not to his personal character, the delightful frame of mind he exhibited, one would not hesitate to be a convert." Some facts in the life of the Quaker mystic may not come amiss, and these are given us by Mr. W. S. Archibald in the Boston Transcript, from which we quote:

"John Woolman was in trade a tailor, in religion a Quaker, and by his calling a preacher in the Society of Friends. He was born in Northampton, N. J., or 'West Jersey,' as he calls it in his journal, in 1720, just fourteen years after Ben Franklin was born, when George I was king, when Pope was the great poet, and when the colonies were fighting French and Indians. His boyhood was quite the same as that of other Quaker boys in the colony of West Jersey; hard work on the farm or 'plantation.' He was taught by his parents to read, he says, as soon as he was capable, and he had occasional schooling. His home was a family where he grew up in the simple piety and beautiful simplicity of the Friends.

"It is evident from the 'Journal' that his boyhood gave promise of that religious genius which makes his book so noticeably a record of a pure spirit. Between his sixteenth and eighteenth years, he confesses quite a change in his life, recording that his life was wantonness and his ways were ways of wickedness. This experience was probably no more than reaction, from which he recovered himself, and entered those habits of living and thinking which eventually led him to his spiritual distinction.

"When he was twenty-one he obtained permission from

his father to embark on his own business ventures. He began as clerk to the storekeeper in Mount Holly, five miles from Northampton. Here he lived all his life, earning his livelihood as a tailor, preaching in the meeting and visiting the society in other colonies. Two episodes may be noticed now as significant of his attitude toward two great questions—slavery and simplicity. His employer, who owned a negro woman, asked Woolman to write out a bill of sale. He did so reluctantly and under protest. This was the beginning of an opposition which occupied his whole life. The second episode was the increase in his business. He had started a store in connection with his tailoring trade, and 'the way to a large business appeared' open, but I felt a stop in my mind. Through the mercies of the Almighty I had in a good degree learned to be content with a plain way of living.' And he sold out his store and confined himself to his trade. It is perhaps not out of place to observe that his example is profitable to many now, if they only 'felt a stop in their mind.'

"When he was twenty-six he made his first religious visit to the Quakers in Virginia, Maryland and Carolina. This is significant, because for the first time he saw slavery on a large scale. 'Two things were remarkable to me in this journey: first in regard to my entertainment. When I ate, drank, and lodged free of cost with people who lived in ease on the hard labor of their slaves I felt uneasy; and as my mind was inward to the Lord, I found this uneasiness return upon me, at times, through the whole visit. Where the masters bore a good share of the burden, and lived frugally, so that their servants were well provided for, and their labor moderate, I felt more easy; but where they lived in a more costly way, and laid heavy burdens on their slaves, my exercise was often great, and I frequently had conversation in private concerning it. Secondly, this trade of importing slaves from their native country being much encouraged among them, and the white people and their children so generally living without much labor, was frequently the subject of my serious thoughts. I saw in these Southern provinces so many vices and corruptions, increased by this trade and this way of life, that it appeared to me as a dark gloominess hanging over the land; and though now many willingly run into it, yet in future the consequence will be grievous to posterity. I express it as it hath appeared to me not once or twice, but as a matter fixed on my mind.' On his return home from this journey he wrote down his observations on slavery; and published them in a pamphlet, which bears the imprint of Benjamin Franklin, 1754.

"In 1749 he married. What time he could spare from home and trade was now given to preaching, to active personal opposition to slavery, to journeys visiting Friends' meetings in New England, the South, and West Indies. His love for humanity led him on perilous journeys in the back settlements, and among the Indians. On May 1, 1772, 'having had drawings on his mind' as he would say, he set sail for England to visit the Friends there. It was characteristic that he sailed, not in the cabin, as invited, but in the steerage, in order to be with and help the 'poor sailors.' On June 8 he reached London. Everywhere in England he saw poverty and injustice, filth and crime, great contrasts with wealth and luxury, and he was oppressed with the wrong and woe. His last public labor was a testimony in the York meeting. He died October 7, 1772, from smallpox, and was buried in the Friends' burial ground in York."—Literary Digest.

GERMANY'S FINANCIAL STRAITS.

A consolidated imperial debt of 4,233,500,000 marks (more than one billion of dollars) involving an annual interest charge of 147,700,000 marks; a deficit of 184,800,000 marks in a twelve-month of profound peace, with the certain prospect of a shortage yet larger in the year to come; the floating of a loan of 320,000,000 marks, in part at the remarkable rate of 4 per cent; a summary call from the government for increased taxation to produce an additional revenue of 500,000,000 marks per year,—these are some of the big facts in the present-day financial situation of the most militant and the most progressive nation of Europe. They are not accidents. They are not the fruits of wastefulness or corruption. They are merely the inevitable concomitants of an attempt to launch, in an era of unparalleled international prodigality, a new and preponderating world-power.

The external aspects of the thirty-eight years of daring enterprise that has brought the German Empire to the dubious pass in which it today finds itself are familiar enough to everybody. In 1871 the Empire possessed no navy worthy of the name; today the Kaiser's fleet ranks second among the admiralities of Europe, and every move at aggrandizement is watched apprehensively by the premier naval power of the world. In 1871 Germany boasted not one square mile of outlying territory; today she is the mistress of a colonial empire comprising an estimated extent of 1,027,820 square miles (two-thirds the area of China) and a population of above twelve millions. The Empire maintains an army which is universally recognized as the world's most splendid fighting machine. It has built up an elaborate and costly system whereby it insures its citizens against sickness, accidents, unemployment, old age, and invalidity. It carries a formidable civil and military pension roll. And it has developed one of the most highly specialized corps of civil-service officials in the world.

The departure from the comparative frugality of the early days came about 1885, when Germany for the first time went over definitely to a policy of colonial and naval aggrandizement. By 1888 the yearly expenditure had risen to 740,000,000 marks; by 1898, to 1,380,000,000. In the decade 1899-1908 it rose to 2,432,000,000. And the budget for the current year contemplated originally an outlay of 2,865,400,000 marks. During the twenty years from 1888 to 1908, while the population of the Empire was increasing by 30 per cent, the imperial budget was augmented by 230 per cent. Part of this vast increase has been occasioned, of course, by the extension of the civil service and other inevitable demands of the sort, but a very large share of it has been in behalf of the army, the navy, and the colonies.

The navy, which in 1888 cost 53,000,000 marks, in 1890 cost 130,000,000; in 1900, somewhat under 200,000,000; in 1908, 330,000,000; the budget for 1909 stipulates 411,400,000; and from now until 1917, under current estimates, the establishment will involve an annual outlay of more than 400,000,000 marks. The colonies, which twenty-five years ago did not appear in the budget at all, cost, in 1898, 12,000,000 marks; in 1902-1907, an average of 50,000,000; and in 1908, 65,000,000. And yet for every mark expended on the navy almost four are expended upon the army, and seventeen or eighteen for every one expended on the colonies. In 1886-1890 the annual outlay for the military establishment was 376,000,000 marks; between 1904 and 1908 it rose from 647,400,000 to 854,300,000.

There has been likewise a heavy increase in accessory

expenditures; as, for example, the outlay for military and naval pensions, which in 1888 was 25,600,000 marks, but in 1908 had risen to 115,100,000. Since 1898 Germany has increased her expenditure on her army and navy together 25 per cent more than has Great Britain. The total annual cost of her land and sea defense is now 977,400,000 marks, without taking account of the 600,000 to 700,000 able-bodied men who are kept from profitable employment, representing in productive capacity as much as 1,500,000,000 marks per year. Such has come to be the scale on which the Empire carries out its constitutional obligation to the German people to assure them a fair measure of security nach aussen.—From "The Serious Condition of Germany's Finances," by Frederic Austin Ogg, in the American Review of Reviews for August.



TIE A KNOT THAT WILL HOLD FAST.

THE way you tuck the end of the string tells whether the knot will hold or not.

A great deal depends on how we do things. The hay rope needs a knot which will never give way. One man tries it. The team starts up with a load, bound for the top of the mow. Half way up the knot begins to slip,—down comes the whole thing. The end of the rope was not tucked under the right way.

Here comes another man. He smiles as he takes hold of the rope. Everybody gathers round him to see how he does it, for nobody doubts that his knot will hold. Why? Because when he does a thing it stays done. It was all in the way the ends of the rope were tucked.

Our life is made up of tying the ends of things together. Bits of time, free ends of opportunity, shreds of hope and fear, and dreams of great things,—we link them together somehow, and upon that "somehow" depends our success.

Now, here are the boys and girls of the farm. Stop a minute and think what you are doing for and with them. Will it be a knot that shall hold through all time? Or will the knot slip just at the wrong time and only disaster follow?

Away at the back end of the farm is a strip of fence that is apt to blow over when the wind comes hard. You know it. Last night for hours the trees racked under the gale, and you thought of that piece of fence back on the hill; if the cattle found it, they would be out before noon.

"Sam, my boy, you know the bit of fence up there that is so apt to go over in a high wind? I wish you would go up to see how it is this morning. I am pretty busy myself or we would go together."

And Sam's face is bright and cheery as he answers, "All right, father. I'll see to it!" You know that piece of fence will be done just as well as it possibly could be if you had gone yourself. Because Sam has learned from you just how you wish it done, how it ought to be done and how he should do it to keep father's confidence. In short, the knot which holds Sam and you together and which binds Sam to his

work is made right; the end is tucked under the right way. Love holds that knot fast,—love between you and Sam, and love for the work.

Listen to a man and catch the tone of his voice as he speaks to his boys and girls, and you can tell very nearly what will be the life of those young people tomorrow. Have you never been startled at the sound of your own voice as reflected in the tones of your own boys and girls?

This is a hurrying time of the year, we all get tired before night. There is hay to pitch and grain to be cut and put into the shock. It is late at night when the last chore is done and we come in. Now is the time to be watchful for the ends of the string! Be careful how you speak. Hold the ends of the knot firmly in hand, then there will be no slip of voice or word or deed. Then when the morning comes, the world will shine on a heart clean and pure from all thought of harsh or unkind words.

None of us who builds a road can tell who will travel that road. But we know that some one will travel that way, and we know, too, what will be in the hearts of the men and women who, by and by, will journey along the path we have cleared. "What a splendid road he made for us to walk in, did he not? How thankful we are that such a good man lived and thought of the folks who might some day journey this way!"

Have you thought that we are building roads all the time for some one who will be here when you and I have reached the end of our journey and gone to do other and better things? Some one will surely walk this way soon. How are we building our roads? So that the world will be glad we ever lived here? That is the only thing that really counts.

How are you tying the knots that hold you to your little world?—*Farm Journal*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.

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THE CREAM

of the American Continent is the Irrigated West. Write for our free descriptive folder.

CUT

this out and save it. Watch for this space next week.

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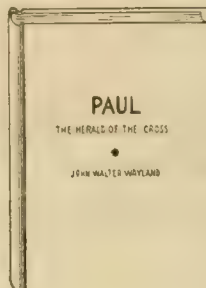
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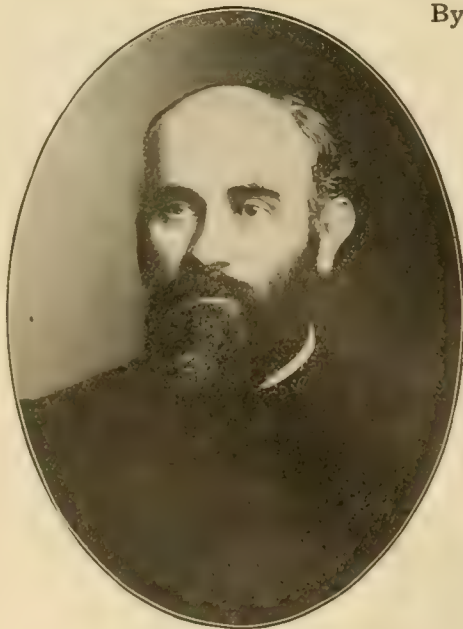
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But you ought to see us building houses in Clovis. I have a row of jobs two miles long. Here and there I go, delivering material, hiring men, figuring contracts, collecting rent, etc., etc., and not only I, but scores of others going on the same kind of a jump. The way Clovis grows is a wonder. P. H. Beery of Covington, Ohio, G. S. Myers, of Lena, Ill., E. M. Cobb, of Elgin, Ill., and others have been here recently and they all agree that it is a wonder. If you contemplate an investment, write

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A postal will bring the booklet—write for it to-day
BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

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Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
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I find for investment that one cannot make an error, as climatic conditions and location for fruit are ideal, and for general crops most excellent. Land is advancing because people are looking for improved farms as well as unimproved, which creates a demand for both.

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There is an abundance of water to irrigate, having the best and most substantial reservoir in New Mexico, this company has spared no time or money to make it perfect. People are happy and contented. I can recommend this Valley to my friends feeling that I have done a good deed,

Respectfully,
(Signed) W. W. Osborn.

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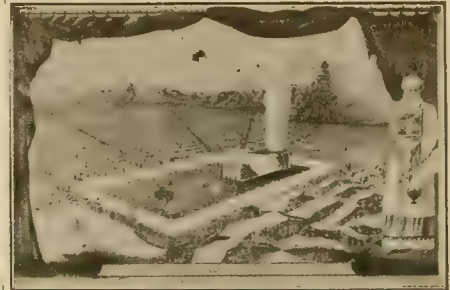
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FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing run-off for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

"It is confidently predicted that land under this ditch will meet with ready sale and rapid settlement and that a prosperous community will result."

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THE INGLENOOK

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CONCERNING NEW THOUGHT

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

ONE of the recent terms with which readers and thinkers have to juggle is what is called "New Thought." Is there such a thing, and if so, in what way is it new? Of what does it consist? Finally, what is its effect on the average Christian?

I. Is there any such thing as "new thought"?

Many of the germs of modern science and philosophy were latent in the teachings of the biblical writers, and in the systems of Heraclitus, Pythagoras, Plato, Aristotle and others of the ancients. Those principles especially, which are so much exploited to-day, had their early exposition in the works of Spinoza, Kant, Hegel, Locke, Bacon, Descartes, Leibnitz and Darwin. Some of our present useful arts were surpassed by the Egyptians millenniums before Christ. The social problems of intemperance, impurity, "graft," judicial corruption and commercial monopoly, were fought against by Amos and Isaiah. The decline of religion was bewailed on Assyrian cylinders several thousand years ago, just as it was in the days of Francis Wayland, and is today. Theologically the doctrine of the immanence of God, which has been made much of in the last century or two, was well hinted at by Paul in his Athenian sermon. Higher criticism did not begin with Strauss and Kuenen, Briggs and Cheyne, but with such as Celsus and Porphyry, in the early centuries. The modern doctrine of evolution, seems to have been forecast by Paul in his words, "The whole creation groaneth and travaileth in pain until now, waiting for the revealing of the sons of God." The most recent psychology teaches that the human spirit is capable of closer scrutiny than has yet been given it, and that it is subject to something like manipulation according to laws; but did not the apostle above quoted, also say, "The law of the spirit of life in Jesus Christ, hath made me free from the law of sin and death"? Is not this latter up to date? Ask any Christian psychologist, if surrender to Christ does not surpass hyp-

notism as a means of cure for drunkenness. Another very modern theory is that of the organic constitution of society; but our pioneer Paul wrote again: "We are members one of another." The modernness of Paul is quite interesting.

Thus, we see, that in general, much that is thought to be new is *not new*. Koheleth, the encyclopedic, studied and wrought, and ranged the world, and he had to say: "There is no new thing under the sun."

II. But what is there about modern thought that has called forth this epithet—"new"?

First, it is new in that it is "new" to those who previously were unfamiliar with it. When, decades ago, Da Guerre began to make sun-pictures, and later the modern camera was devised, these were "new things under the sun," and popular education received a tremendous impulse because of wide-spread illustration; yet, centuries before Leonardo da Vinci had invented the camera obscura. When we first submerged a submarine boat, this was a new thing under the water; but it is said that the Chinese laughed at our glee, because they had done the same thing two hundred years before. Many matters are *news*, and are therefore thought to be *new*, when in reality their newness is simply their popularization. When Dr. Drummond's book, "The Natural Law in the Spiritual World," came out, it was received with disfavor and he was criticised by his contemporaries. But now almost anything that Drummond wrote is acceptable in orthodox circles. D. L. Moody had a vision of wisdom not born of the schools, but worthy of them, when he locked arms with Henry Drummond. But the wisdom of Drummond, while much from above, was *not a little from men*.

Secondly, there is this that is new about modern thought: it is appreciative of certain larger underlying principles of investigation and methods of arranging thought, which were not until a few years ago in use. For example, the idea of universal progress, of the

biological nature of human progress; of social dynamics; of the approach to each other of the material and spiritual world, with interests identical.

Thirdly, there are many fresh detailed discoveries that are in a real sense new, like the use of ether waves in the X-rays, the wireless telegraph, etc.; the scope and power of the occult forces of the mind; the skill and accomplishments of ancient civilized peoples, long thought to have been barbarous.

III. In what does modern thought, as far as it can be said to be new, consist?

There can hardly be said to be any particular body of thought which you can set apart and of which you can say, "That is the 'new thought.'" All modern thinking is new. There is a new spirit which pervades the mental processes of every alert thinker. Primary in this is the conviction that we shall never fully know all here below, that we are to follow on to know, until that time when we shall "know as we are known."

A lady some time ago said she was very much interested in the "new thought." Desiring to learn what she had in mind, the person to whom she was speaking asked her what she meant. She did not seem to know; but it was soon learned, by a round-about way, that she had been a Swedenborgian, and was then a theosophist; two weeks later she joined the Christian Scientists. These ethical and philosophical expressions of belief she seemed to take as her objectives. She did not realize that the cardinal principles of them all had been held for ages, and by considerable numbers of people.

In the new spirit of thought the sciences which have contributed most, have been biology, psychology, sociology, philology and archæology. Applied especially to religious thought and work, the result has been something like this: The biological principle applied to the study of the Scriptures discloses the fact that they were not produced by a mechanical process, but were a record of living experience. Far from destroying the value of the Scriptures this discovery enhances it, for it vitalizes the Bible because we can trace for it a living pedigree. Or apply the principles of psychological sociology, to the church. "The sociologized church" then ministers to the providential needs of men today, not to those of the men of Padan-aram, Shiloh, Jerusalem, Antioch, Rome, Alexandria.

IV. What result will these modern phases of thought have upon evangelical faith and the Christian Church? This, I suppose, is the paramount question to our constituents.

Let us distinguish between the effect it may have and the effect it must needs have. It may have the effect of diverting attention from the older forms of thought and methods of work. Some persons will

be diverted to other sects and cults than those to which they originally adhered. In some cases doubts will arise and the usual process of evangelical regeneration be impeded; for it is said that "a little learning is a dangerous thing," and dabblers may not be able to digest their reading, nor have time to hew their way in a clear path through the woods. But these things occurred under the old system; and such a result need not be the inevitable one, especially if certain tests are applied. The writer believes that if they are so applied these tests will hold any honest, earnest thinker and believer in Christianity and the "Ancient of Days" true to his previous faith. The first test is one of the validity of seemingly new teachings. In using this test we are pragmatists. We ask, how does this knowledge, this theory, affect the redemptive experience of the thinker? Does it help him in the long run? If so, it is probable that this new thought is true. Does it make him love God more, do his duty better, and resist temptation more easily and successfully? Then, it is probably a thought from God. We must remember, however, that the result can be ascertained properly only after the lapse of a sufficient length of time. The other test is concerning the stability of the thinker during his period of inquiry and the restatement of his views, or appreciation of the new knowledge. What is there which will hold him firm to his God and his Christ while he is pondering and wondering and waiting? It will be his personal, devotional life. Let him *pray without ceasing*. Let him do the will of God as he sees it, and as the Bible states it. He will thence come to know in the end whether the new doctrines be of God or of men.



INHALATION TREATMENT FOR CONSUMPTION.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

INHALATION of medicated vapors in diseases of the lungs has always been a successful method of treatment. Many physicians have recognized the value of it. It has been the idea of many physicians for a long time that the only rational method of treatment for that disease was the inhalation method. It has been thought that if a germicide could be inhaled of such strength as to kill the germs without injuring the patient it would be a remedy par excellence for the curing of many cases of the great White Plague.

In view of this idea many forms of "inhalers," "atomizers" and "nebulizers" have been invented, many of which are a quack and used by some physicians who wish only to separate the suffering patient from his money.

But the method which we wish to describe in this article is the "inhalatorium" treatment of which we have a practical knowledge.

The inhalatorium cabinet is a scientific device

specially adapted for treating pulmonary tuberculosis and other diseases of the air passages. It is heartily indorsed by many leading physicians, medical boards and medical professors.

The inhalatorium is a metal-lined cabinet containing forty thousand cubic inches of air. The cabinet is connected to a steam boiler by pipes through which the steam passes from the boiler to the cabinet. There are several reservoirs on the cabinet in which the medicine is placed where it is vaporized by the steam passing through these reservoirs. The patient is seated in the cabinet and breathes this atmosphere, which is one part medication to fifty parts of air, for a short period of time under the eye of the physicians.

By this method vegetable and mineral oils are volatilized without condensation in ten to twenty seconds. This air is safely inhaled into the lungs and as it is a moist, warm air does not produce cough or distress the patient.

One of the drugs used in this treatment is creosote. Creosote has always been a favorite drug in the treatment of consumption. It is one of the best antiseptics known for the tubercle bacilli. It is germicidal but it cannot be given with much success internally because it soon ruins the digestion which is the most important function for the recovery of the diseased patient. But by the volatilization of the creosote the benefits of the drug can be secured without the derangement of the digestion. Another advantage is that it goes directly to the lungs where it is absorbed rapidly, while if it had to pass through the system only a small per cent would reach the lungs. So we see it is not a new medicine but only a new way to administer an old remedy.

It would seem that this method is especially adapted for the treatment of consumption, yet there are some physicians who are very conservative in the adoption of inhalation treatments. But ethical physicians have always been conservative in regard to new discoveries. They were so when Jenner discovered vaccination, also when Harvey discovered the circulation of the blood.

This treatment is being practiced by many leading physicians and sanatoriums over the land, and is gaining prestige among the medical fraternity.

The president of the American Congress of Tuberculosis has this to say of this treatment: "It is a perfect device for applying efficiently a well known and popular principle to the treatment of certain diseases. * * * It will supersede all methods of vaporizing and inhalatory devices."



GUNNY.

T. H. FERNALD.

GUNNY is a coarse, heavy goods which is used for wrapping bales of cotton, for bags, and for other purposes. It is made from the fiber of the *Carchorus* (jute) a plant which is raised extensively in Madras,

and other countries. Bags are made of it for carrying grain, rice, pepper, coffee and other articles for exportation. These bags are called gunny bags or gunny sacks.

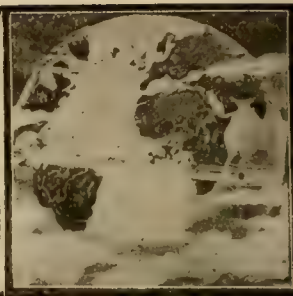
The seeds of the jute plant are sown in April or May, and cut down very near to the ground while in blossom or just before. The tops are clipped off, and the stems made into bundles which are placed in tanks or ditches filled with water. These are covered with dirt or some heavy substance to keep the bundles under the water. While in these tanks the process is watched very carefully day by day until the fiber separates easily from the center which is woody. The soaking usually takes from eight to ten days. If allowed to remain too long the fiber decays. In drying the fiber generally becomes of a deeper color than it is naturally. When the fiber is ready to work the operator descends into the tank or ditch and taking ten or fifteen bundles strips off the bark (fiber), which he thoroughly washes, and by a quick, hard movement of the wrist separates and spreads the fibers over the water surface. This makes the fiber clean, after which it is hung over a bamboo framework to dry, where it becomes fine, long and silky. The short pieces and parts near the roots are held in the operator's hands during the washing and frequently have bark attached, and are the parts used for gunny sacks, or cloth, etc.

The cloth known as gunny, tat, choti, etc., is woven in different lengths and widths and is used by the natives for bedding, and also for bags, etc., and formerly, more than at present, every man, woman and child, during their spare moments could be seen weaving gunny cloth. On the eastern frontier, women are seen clothed in it, and the poorer classes use it for bed coverings. It is not an uncommon sight in the Malay Archipelago to see the poor Chinese coolies dressed in gunny cloth. The greatest and most important use to which it is put is the making of bags for packing rice, linseed, sugar, coffee, and cotton, and other products for shipment.

When this strong, serviceable material had become known the manufacture became very large, and large quantities of jute were imported into Dundee solely for making gunny bags, and cloth. The Indian hand-woven gunny cloth was the only competition the Dundee mills had for a long time, but the introduction of modern machinery into Bengal, the chief seat of the industry in India, has given that country great advantage and it now supplies vast quantities to Europe, Egypt, United States, China, and other countries. It has been stated that in the United States alone the average annual output of cotton is over 3,500,000 bales, each bale of which requires six yards of wrapping cloth, one-third of which is gunny cloth. This gives some idea of the immense quantities required each year, when we consider the amount used for other purposes.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXI. In the Dead Sea Furnace.

THE hotel was not yet open and the only place for me to rest was in the caravansary or stable, where I threw myself, tired and sleepy, upon some straw bedding in a stall shared by a donkey. Here I merely rested until after sunup, the numberless fleas biting too much to give me a wink of sleep. While lying thus, almost covered by the straw, the fellow in charge came up to me, shook me and talked gibberish at me, meaning to say that I should go to the hotel if I wanted to sleep, and so pay for my lodgings.

At the Belle Vue Hotel I found entertainment, was kindly cared for and asked to stay as long as I liked. They heard my story of the night's perils and looked at me as if I had dropped down upon them from an aeroplane. Then I set out for the Jordan. I could hardly wait until I saw it. They told me it was four or five miles away. It looked but two. The nearer I approached it the more enthusiastically I hurried on. The forenoon sun was already scorching the sands shimmering in temulous heat-waves over the flat waste.

Of all the rivers on the earth, I most wanted to see this one. It was costing me a great exertion but the charms of my methods of travel paid me in full, with interest, and so the exertion I was putting forth served but to increase my delight when I fought my way through the thick brush and rushes growing near the bank, and came up right to the very edge of the stream whose history is the most sacred of all streams. There it was,—the Jordan River. As in most of my accomplishments on this

tour I stuck an imaginative "pin" of success in my tour, and hastily surveyed the past months and years of my life.

A company of French monks had gathered upon the bank of the river and were bathing their feet in the water, refusing to strip off and go in right, as I was doing. A little later they celebrated the Catholic mass under a tent and drove away to look from a safe distance at the Dead Sea.

Slowly I waded out into the water. It was the Jordan. Here was where Christ had been baptized and also where John had baptized, by means of his

disciples, thousands of believers. So I walked in slowly. The bottom was muddy in places, sandy in others, and in still others there was no bottom at all, for it was too deep! After trying the water thus, carefully, and finding it just like any other water, and the bathing properties just like those of the old swimmin' hole, I plunged in and swam about, but fearing to go far from the bank, not



Wilderness Between Fords of Jordan and Dead Sea.

because of the swiftness of the stream,—and it was very swift,—but simply in respect for what people had told me. They cautioned me about the danger from drowning in the Jordan, and so I heeded their counsel, staid close to land,—and being alone, took but little risk in being washed down the treacherous current.

I was surprised to find the channel so narrow in most places, being from two to ten rods across. I found the greatest variety of scenes here, all of them beautiful, and I caught six really fine views of the

river. In a small boat which I found tied to a tree I rowed myself across the river and touched the other side,—the land of Moab. But I hurried back again, almost afraid that something might happen to me or the boat so that I would have to stay in that dangerous mountain land.

In almost unbroken succession small trees of soft wood grow along the bank, sometimes reaching back a quarter of a mile, but usually hugging the bank, and dripping into the water their leafy branches. The water from the Jordan is fit to drink and so I took several big drinks from it as I bathed, and also filled my bottle so that when I reached the desert on my return I might have a drink or two in case of need.

For some miles I penetrated the dense woodland of underbrush and face-scratching branches. A big gray wolf crossed just ahead of me with a savage snap, passing into the thicket before I got my camera focused upon him. A half-naked, three-fourths mad and five-fifths wild Bedouin planted himself squarely in the way before me. He was armed for battle. Where his companions were I did not know, for one seldom is found here alone. A big revolver swung in a coarse woven belt, the only revolver I have seen in the Holy Land. Into a side path I quickly glanced, soon losing myself from him in the dense thicket, fearing, of course, that others of his kind might pop up at every turn.

It soon grew apparent to me that the danger here was too great for the quiet meditations of a lone tourist, and the most the scenery could offer me was its contour and color, without its spiritual atmosphere, the latter being frightened away by the grave dangers on every hand.

I picked my way along for five or six miles, exhilarated by the wild thrill of my environment with an ecstasy that made my old-time hunting trips in the woods at home tame down into foolish barnyard chases. There was no farmhouse in all the country, no windmill, no fences, no green meadows, no corn, no oats, no wheat, within sight. It was pure wilderness, abject wilderness, where John must have lived and preached long ago. The country, the people, the

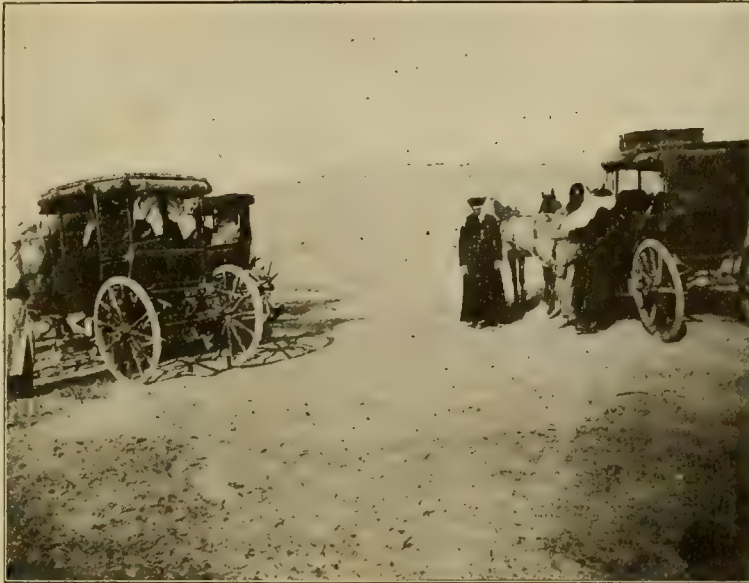
animals were all wild and dangerous. Though I was sleepy it was not possible to lie down and sleep, and on the contrary I was forced to keep myself the most wide-awake possible.

On the second day at sunup I started for the Dead Sea. The dwarfed brown bushes jaggging the desert road were covered with yellow dust that went whirling in the slightest breeze in this rainless valley. My feet sank deeply into the hot sand, making the walk most tiresome and disagreeable, while the dust squirted out from under every step I took like smoke from burning embers. In the distance I saw the sea. It looked greenish blue and was very pretty, a bigger body of water than it looks like on the map.

Some logs lay upon the beach that was bare and bleak without a single clump of trees to break the monotony of flatness, or near-by hills or mountains to add splendor to the water. The wind was up and the little waves rolled in upon the beach that was shining with fine sand and small pebbles of a peculiar nature. I had bathed in the Jordan, now I must bathe in the Dead Sea. There was no human being in sight, none unless some one was living in a rude old shack some distance back from the beach and to the northwest of my chosen spot for bathing. Yes, some one lived in it, an old man and woman,

Bedouin, I suppose, who occupied this place for the benefit of tourists who might need their care.

There was great delight in floating on top of the water without any special effort to keep from sinking, but the pain the water gave me made me shriek aloud. Bitter and acrid and filled with poison, my eyes almost bled and I found it necessary to keep any water from entering them. Caught out on the sea in a storm a swimmer would have but little chance of getting to land. He might swim all night, but the waves beating over him would throw him into paroxysms of pain. Even in walking out into the water from the beach, the little waves would strike the ankles and legs like a board. I floated easily, lying on my back, or side, or face, and tried resting on the water, laying my head upon my crossed arms for a pillow, and found that in a calm I might have easily taken a refreshing nap in this way!



French Monks on Tour from France.

I tasted the water. It was not only salt, it was a whole stinking laboratory of foul smells and tastes, with something that went right through the tongue and mucous membrane as though it were paralyzing it. How dreadful to drown in this sea! I swam out far beyond wading depth, but I came back again very soon. When I came out again I noticed that my body was covered all over with oil or grease. I tried to wash it off, but every attempt only increased the disgusting sensation of being coated over with slimy oil. My hands were full and there was no grass on which I could wipe them. My hair,—great piston rods! It was

sticking up and out, and matted down, a thousand hairs all together, so that I could not comb it with my fingers. What was I to do? The Jordan was six miles away, for near the place where it empties into the Dead Sea the land is not passable, and the sea also backs up for some distance into the river, making it brackish and unfit for use.

As I stood thus, the oily condition increasing as the water evaporated from my body, the woman came with a pail of water, leaving it at a safe distance and went back into her shack. This proved to be fresh

(Continued on Page 840.)

FISHING WITH HOOKS, NETS, AND SEINES

H. D. MICHAEL

In Three Parts. Part Two.

To me it seems that of all the fish to be fished for in this western part of the United States, the kinds that hold the greatest attraction for the anglers are the salmon trout and mountain or speckled trout, often known as speckled beauties.

For these we will need an elaborate outfit, as sometimes we will want to fish with bait, sometimes with flies and also with spinners or trolls. We must get good light rods, silk lines, good reels and plenty of snelled hooks, *i. e.*, with leaders attached so as to be almost invisible under water, for these trout are very finicky about what they bite, being unlike the greedy set found in the bays and lower rivers where they seem to be very glad to bite most any bait you offer them.

Well, when we are ready, our wagons loaded with fishing tackle, camping outfits, provisions and a good-natured crowd, we will start out along one of the many streams that are known to offer good angling opportunities. Up along the stream we go, climbing hill after hill as we follow the river's course back toward the source along the prettiest flowered hillsides, rocky points, timbered mountains, towering high above us, and with the pure, fresh mountain air to breathe with its exhilarating effects, until we are almost charmed by the pretty little mountain valley we are just entering.

It is a notable fact that nearly all of these coast streams have a very nice little valley near their head waters that lured the first settlers back into the hills on account of their beauty and because of their offering such quick returns as soon as stocked, for they furnish such a large amount of the most succulent of grasses, that keep the stock the year round, especially along the Oregon Coast, with parts of the Washington

and California Coast valleys included. But now on our arrival at the head of this little valley, no difference which one we have chosen, as nearly all of them furnish good opportunities for angling, we will find ourselves where I, while quite young, often wondered if I would ever be,—at the end of the road.

Here we will make camp and prepare for a good time fishing tomorrow. Here under some of these large fir trees is an ideal place to camp, for fuel is near, the mountain stream rushes past and wild berries that will be a treat to some of us are found in profusion.

Now comes the novel experience of cooking over a camp fire, but after all is prepared and we have thanked our heavenly Father for all his provisions for us and for all that we are enjoying, we will find that our supper cooked over a camp fire tastes as delicious as any prepared in a place by a high salaried chef. We awake easily and begin preparations for the trip. While breakfast is being prepared, we cannot help noticing the difference in the air from that we are used to in our town and city homes. But now if we have all in readiness let's start toward our fishing grounds, for as I have said we are to the end of the road, but not up to our best fishing grounds.

This will be a rather hazardous undertaking for the ladies of the party accompanying us, nevertheless we will assist all we can in making it possible, for though it is rough and out in the mountain wilds it is such an enjoyable trip because of the beautiful scenes of nature.

First, we will start up the creek bed with large boulders and so rough we can hardly get along, but here we come to a place we must leave the bed of the

creek, for it narrows so that there is room for only the mad, rushing waters.

Here we come to vining maple thickets so dense that we must crawl through them. As we approach a place where the timber is not so thick, we find it a solid mass of thimble and salmon berry brush.

Now we encounter heavy timber and though there is less underbrush some will need help to get across the fallen monarchs of the forest as they lie there six to seven feet in diameter and all moss grown and fern covered.

But as we come back now to the charming mountain stream of clear, cool water, splashing and dashing as it goes onward, let us pause a moment and see what thoughts it brings to us.

To me it brings a most beautiful lesson with great force. Let us ponder it well. See how it goes rippling over the rocks, gurgling in glee as it seems ever rushing on to do the work given it by nature to do. True, it has beautiful surroundings and should enjoy them, but look, too, at its rough pathway; still it presses onward. Dam it up if you will, it will only break over, under, or around and fulfill its mission.

But now look at the contrast. How many of us people, creatures of God's creation, are seeing and using the beauties of life all around us? How many, despite all the obstructions before us, are pressing on to do the great and noble work left us to do by our Master Teacher, who always lived so near nature, studied it, and used it to such great advantage in his teaching and who must surely have enjoyed it?

The stream's mission seems to be fulfilled when it is lost in the great ocean. Jesus' mission on earth was finished when he gave his life to redeem us all, and our mission is not done till we have faithfully done what our hands find to do, small though it may be.

"Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate,
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

Then let us at least take one thought home with us and form it into a resolve that we will ever look for the pure, the beautiful and best in life and ever press on in our life's work, cheered by the thought that though sometimes life's pathway is dark and dreary we can find at least a few pleasant features and enjoy them to the fullest.

But here we are at last at our fishing grounds and how pretty the stream looks and how beautiful the day! We will surely be able to catch some fish on such an ideal day. Select your place and get your fishing rods jointed and the fly hooks arranged and when ready cast out and let us see what we can catch.

There, look! He rises. You can see his side glisten as he turns in the water, but, alas, he did not take hold. That shows, however, that there are some in there and as soon as we get used to it and catch onto the sleight

of casting and drawing our hooks right, we will begin pulling them out. For we must draw our flies up over the rippling water in a manner that appeals to their appetites, else we cannot expect to catch them.

But there they come out, one by one, as the fishermen and even some of the lady anglers have practiced this form of deception until they can deceive most any of the pretty trout.

We are doing so well that we will not need to try our trout spoons and trolls, but as it is getting late we had better stop for the day. We must start back in plenty of time, for if the shades of night catch us in this dense forest we would have to find pitchwood for torches and cautiously find our way back along the rough rocks and cliffs, or stop for our night's rest here in these dark woods where we might hear or see a panther (Rocky Mountain lion) at any time. However, we would not need to fear as long we kept our camp fire burning.

As we have started in time, though, we can get back to our camp and stay there another night or go to the home of some of the early settlers to enjoy their hospitality in the way-back valley, for it has been my observation that they are never lacking in their generosity toward anyone wishing a night's lodging.

We have not as yet gone out to one of the farthest inland lakes to try fishing there, where bass and carp, whitefish and suckers are caught, but we will have to forego that pleasure or another, so let us give up the going to the lakes and go down into the rivers and bays to get some of the larger fish,—the salmon.

We will need a rowboat for each two that are going, to make it more interesting, and then we will see which boat can make the largest haul, though it must be all good-natured rivalry. Then, too, a good line, from one hundred and fifty to three hundred feet long with two or three extra trolls or spinners, is needed.

In going to buy the trolls you will find quite a number of kinds, but my choice will be the kidney spoon, or a long, slim spoon or spinner, so called because the drawing them through the water causes them to spin and show their bright side which causes the salmon to strike at or bite them, though it has always been an unexplained mystery to me why they do it.

The naturalists in their study of them have always claimed that the salmon at this time are all traveling up the river and creeks to spawn, *i. e.*, deposit their eggs for the waters to hatch, and during that time are never known to eat, but it seems that they strike at the trolls for some reason or other. In our trolling for them we will find it fine sport and a paying sport as well if they strike good, but if not it will be just a nice boat ride.

At last we are out on the deep waters of the bay in our rowboats, so let's put out our troll and see if we can coax a salmon to strike. We must row steady

and not too fast and as long as we have no strike we can be commenting on the pretty shore scenes, water birds, etc.

Just look at that splashing and the salmon even jumping entirely out of the water in his wild dashes, for he has struck at our troll and is our fish if we can just manage now to land him.

Now he runs and takes nearly all of our line but turns in time for us to haul in some slack and after repeated runs he can be led up to our boat and with a careful strike with our gaff hook we have him fast and lift him into the boat.

See how pretty and bright he is. He has just lately

come in from the ocean. After being in fresh water for a few days his sides would have begun to turn red and his flesh would have faded to a lighter pink than it was and he would not have been so fat or of quite such a fine flavor. After repeating this experience as often as we can get the salmon to strike we will have to row back again and care for our fish.

On good days some boats get from one to fifteen salmon, ranging in weight from ten to twenty-five pounds. After a day's sport like this I believe we will have become tired of fishing with hooks in the various ways, so next week we can try fishing with nets and seines.

PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE

JOHN H. NOWLAN

THE science of agriculture is being taught in many of our schools and the writer thinks very properly so. This is and will long continue to be an agricultural nation, therefore those who are to till the soil should have a knowledge of the soil with which they are to deal. Many of the boys and girls who are to be our farmers of the future will get no other education than what they get in the elementary schools. Are we as teachers doing our duty when we deny them the knowledge they need, while at the same time we instruct them in almost every other avenue of life?

Some may raise the objection that they are not prepared to teach it, but that is not a valid excuse. Much of the work may be experimental—in fact much of it is better taught that way.

The cost of the necessary material need not be great: much of it is to be found in the homes of the pupils. Two good books which I beg the editor's leave to mention are, "Agriculture for Beginners," Ginn and Co., Chicago, and "Elementary Agriculture," Row, Peterson and Co., Chicago. They are the two best *usable* texts I have ever seen and I think they should be in the library of every teacher in the rural schools, though he may not be even *attempting* to teach the subject.

By writing to the Secretary of Agriculture you can get farmers' bulletins and yearbook papers free. Also from the various State Experiment Stations. Send to the first-named place for Circular No. 2, which gives a complete list of all available matter.

Those mentioned in these articles I have found to be a mine of information. Send for all of them, read them carefully, and then early in your term of school send the names of the pupils with a request that copies be mailed to them. Don't ask for them to distribute yourself—you can get as many copies as you like but no two the same.

Soil. All vegetation depends upon the soil for its sustenance, hence that is a very good place to begin the study. Persons who have made a study of the earth believe that it was once solid rock. How, then, have these rocks become the soil of today? Among the soil-forming agents we find heat and cold in active operation today. Heated bodies contract on cooling and as the interior of the earth cooled the outer crust was broken by the contraction. Water collected in the fissures thus formed and dissolved the rock, or by freezing broke it into still finer pieces.

Rocks exposed to the elements gradually decay. This is known as weathering. Air and other gases unite with the elements of the rocks, thus bringing about a slow but no less sure disintegration. This dissolved rock is known as rock waste. The amount of rock waste produced depends much upon the climate, and the character of the rocks. Cleopatra's Needle which was brought from Egypt to New York was affected more by the first year it stood in America than by the three thousand years on Egyptian soil.

Weathering acts slowly, but in the course of the world's history has accomplished gigantic results. Some idea of the slowness of its action may be formed when we consider that it is estimated that it required 728,000 years to form thirty-nine inches of limestone soil.

Were these the only agencies producing soil it would be deposited where formed; but gravity, acting by means of winds and running water, keeps this waste ever on its way to the sea. Water and air penetrate deep into the earth and attack the solid rocks. The gases they carry attack the rock substance and by uniting with some of its elements form new compounds and liberate others. Examine a stone building and you will find it covered with a dull powder. This is the result of the air acting on the stone. Break open

a wayside stone. Note the difference in color of the outside and inside.

Look at any roadside brook just after a heavy rain and you will see small particles of soil and gravel being carried along. When you come to a place where the current is slower some of the soil will be dropped. Large rivers working in this way have worn down mountains and filled arms of the ocean.

Early in the world's history the streams were larger than today, and instead of bearing mud only large stones were rolled along and ground against each other on the rocky bed.

Examination of the soil shows that the Gulf of Mexico once reached to Cairo, Illinois, and all of the land below there has been deposited by the streams emptying into the Gulf.

Water has been a soil-forming as well as a soil-moving agent. Many things prove that much of North America was once buried under a vast sheet of ice. During that long winter all the moisture that fell was in the form of snow. Year after year it piled higher and higher, and then began slowly to slide south and west. Pressing with tremendous force on the rocks beneath it moved them from their positions or ground them finer and finer. Old valleys were filled and in some cases covered with hundreds of feet of rock waste. At last the ice-sheet (glacier) reached a spot where each summer melted what was brought down during the previous winter. From this melting ice gushed forth vast streams carrying sand and gravel to later be deposited in the places where the motion of the stream was checked.

Then the climate became warmer and the ice retreated farther and farther to the north. The rocks piled up by the streams decayed, forming the various clays and sands now found. The piles of material left now form hills or ridges unlike those formed since by the action of streams. In those hills you may often find stones flattened on one side. This is the result of being pushed along on the ice.

The apparently insignificant earthworm has been a great soil builder. Down deep in the earth, several feet he burrows, swallowing the earth as he goes. Coming to the top he drags down pieces of leaves into his burrow, where they decay. Thus has this humble creature in many instances been almost the sole soil builder in the sense we commonly use the term. These leaves decay and form a valuable addition to the soil, known as humus.

The roots of trees penetrate the crevices in the rocks and force them open wider and wider. The roots also secrete an acid which dissolves the rocks and assists the roots in their work.

The kind of soil depends on the character of the rocks from which it was formed. In sandstone regions we find sandy soil and in limestone localities, usually

find clay. The black soil of the bottom lands owes its color to the humus it contains. Loam is a mixture of humus, clay, and sand. It is called sandy loam or clayey loam as one or the other predominates.

The elements usually found in the soil are several, but the ones most likely ever to be exhausted are nitrogen, potash, and phosphoric acid, with the possible addition of lime.

Lime will readily dissolve in water and is found in almost all spring or well water.

Sodium supplies salt and soda.

Iron rust gives the soil a red or yellow color. If a little acid be added to the water it is easily dissolved.

The acids are useful to dissolve the plant food and may also be assimilated.

Phosphoric acid causes the grain to "fill" well—that is, to produce large, well-developed seeds.

Ammonia and the air yield nitrogen, which is responsible for the growth of the stalk and foliage of the plant. When all other conditions of heat, moisture, etc., are favorable it shows its lack in a sickly, yellow growth.

Sand adds stiffness to the plant.

Potash, obtained principally from wood ashes, is especially essential in the production of fruits, potatoes, and root crops.

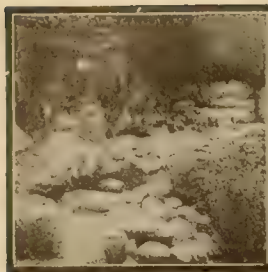
If any one of these is absent the plant is not thrifty. If may be present but not in an available form, just as one may starve in sight of food that is out of reach.

Farmers' Bulletins.

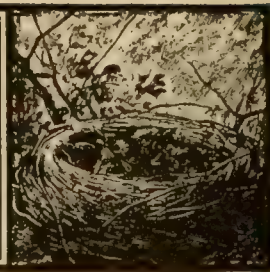
- No. 44, Commercial Fertilizers.
- No. 77, Liming of Soils.
- No. 78, Experiment Station Work. Fertilizers, etc.
- No. 84, Experiment Station Work. Fertilizers, etc.
- No. 87, Experiment Station Work. Fertilizers, etc.
- No. 122, Experiment Station Work. Fertilizers, etc.
- No. 133, Experiment Station Work. Fertilizers, etc.
- No. 187, Drainage of Farm Lands.
- No. 245, Renovation of Wornout Soils.
- No. 257, Soil Fertility.
- No. 266, Conservation of Moisture.
- No. 278, Leguminous Crops for Green Manuring.
- No. 46, Irrigation.
- No. 116, Irrigation.
- No. 138, Irrigation.
- No. 158, Irrigation.
- No. 192, Barnyard Manure.

Year Book Papers.

- No. 169, Soil Investigations in the United States.



NATURE STUDIES



A PLEA FOR THE FOREST.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

WHEN God created the world he caused abundant vegetation to grow upon the earth. By the loving care of an all-wise heavenly Father, man was thus cared for in many ways. From it he obtained food and shelter. But as man evolved into a higher and more complex state of civilization he needed lumber to carry on many of his enterprises, and so he began to cut down the forests so recklessly as to be almost criminal.

The savage believed it would offend the great spirit to change anything it had created, but the civilized man stepped up calmly with his scientific knowledge and constructive imagination and saw in the sturdy oak, the tough hickory, the slender willow, the flexible bamboo, and the rare mahogany, many possibilities which would add much to his ease and comfort. He felled these ruthlessly, regardless of their strength and beauty, until many forest lands appeared bare and desolate.

The forest is a gift direct from God and in wandering through its cool recesses and viewing its majestic beauty we can come close to God and hold sweet communion with him. By associating with these sturdy sons of the forest we learn of his love, his majesty, and his greatness. When God created man he placed him in the Garden of Eden, filled with beautiful trees. By his infinite wisdom he knew that a tree was indispensable to both man's physical and spiritual wants. We talk of what we owe to the trees in material blessings and the uses of trees in a commercial sense, but we cannot overlook the countless blessings our spiritual selves derive from these emblems of strength, of purity, and of greatness.

In the autumn when we pass over the rustling leaves we are awed by the general decay which greets our eyes, and we are caused to meditate deeply upon our own frailty, insignificance and our final departure from this life; and again when we look closer we may find hundreds and thousands of acorns nestling snugly beneath the leaves. These potentially contain a powerful, slumbering forest in embryonic form, and we truly feel like saying with the psalmist, "O Lord, how wondrous are thy works in all the earth." In the spring when the grand old oak confidently spreads his

arms and unfolds his tiny buds to the warm sunlight, and forms a cool shelter for man and beast, does it not fill us with hope, unselfishness, and kindness for our fellow-men?

Man is by nature a social animal and he is drawn to the city as by a magnet, yet the city man or woman misses the beauty and simplicity of associating with the inanimate things through which God breathes to us in messages of hope and love. They miss the grandeur of thought which can be had in the solitude of the forest alone with the twittering birds and rustling leaves. The straight, beautiful tree fulfills the design of its Creator far better than beings made after the likeness and image of God himself, for while they are groveling in the dust and mixing with sordid clay, the tree turns its leaves toward the sun, lifts its head toward heaven, and drinks in the moisture which God showers upon it, gratefully without a murmur. The tree offers no resistance to God and neither discards its blessings nor shirks its duties, but it grows and flourishes with its top lifted to heaven and its trunk firmly grounded and rooted to withstand all storms.

The great, staunch forest is man's defender and protector in many ways. It protects the country from destructive storms; it keeps the moisture in the ground and thus aids agriculture; it acts as a habitation for birds, that feed on insects and worms, thus aiding the farmer again; it prevents floods, as tree-covered soil drinks in water rapidly; it purifies the air by taking out the gases hurtful to man; and the roots purify the water in like manner; and it modifies the climate by checking the winds. But the forests are cut down rapidly and where once stood a large area of woodland now exists a region of undergrowth or productive fields. Everything must be turned into dollars and cents and we prefer to have our pockets filled, and our longing for the beautiful unsatisfied. The formalities of social life are so taxing that we long for silence and solitude and we then feel that God placed these beautiful trees and shrubs over our fair land for us, to teach us simplicity and purity of heart. Let us love and honor these noble trees to which Bryant paid such a fitting tribute.

"The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them; ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back

The sound of anthems; in the darkling wood,
Amid the cool and silence, he knelt down,
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication."

Elizabethtown, Pa.



WEST HILL NATURE CLUB.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

WHEN our club was organized we already had a neighborhood library of one hundred volumes which had been paid for by having socials at the different homes. Sometimes a regular supper was served, at other times ice cream and cake. We tried to have something a little different each evening, as to eatables and entertainment, and thus kept every one interested. The price charged for supper was ten cents for adults and five for children, so every one could afford to come, and we thought it a great benefit to the neighborhood socially. After paying for the books, we also bought an organ, and a flag for the schoolhouse in the same way.

There were books for all ages, from the children to the oldest ones,—all good books, such as "Black Beauty," "Beautiful Joe," "Dickey Downey," "Little Men," "Little Women," and others, and twenty small story books for the wee tots. You would be surprised how many have read these books in the nearly twenty years since they were bought. For the older ones we bought histories, lives of the Presidents and other great men. One particularly interesting is "Boots and Saddles," or the life of General Custer by his wife, E. B. Custer; "Ten Nights in a Barroom, and eight temperance books by the same author, T. S. Arthur, and several by Charles Dickens.

For convenience the books were left at the home of Mrs. Rich, she acting as librarian. The people can come for the books at any hour; all around it is better than having them locked in the schoolhouse, and opened at certain times.

When we organized our Band of Mercy, George T. Angell sent us some free literature which we put together and bound. He also sent us *Dumb Animals* free for one year, which we also bound. We have been taking the paper every year since, binding each year by itself. When we organized our Nature Club they sent us our lesson leaflets each month free from Cornell University. Also many bulletins on nature study free which we bound also.

The State agricultural department sent us a large number of bulletins on all subjects pertaining to agriculture and nature study. We also wrote to Washington, D. C., for the farmers' bulletins of which upwards of two hundred are sent out. These are very interesting, and valuable, as they give correct ideas and views in the raising of plants, and of the life and habits of many insects, snakes, birds and also the pest insects and how to get rid of them.

We also sent to the Smithsonian Institution at Washington and received their large book on insects, telling how to collect and preserve them.

We did not make any collection to send in, as Mrs. Rich did not like to catch the pretty butterflies and things and kill them nor wish the children to do so.

One of our boys, Levi, wrote a letter on wild flowers, and received one dollar as a prize. It was printed in a New York paper and a lady living in Newark, N. J., reading it, wrote Levi asking him to send her some arbutus and the plants of several wild flowers. She being somewhat of an invalid amused herself by having a wild garden in one side of her beautiful grounds; she was trying to get together all of the wild flowers that bloomed in the forest of her old home.

Levi and our club sent her many flowers, plants and pictures. We would take no money but let her pay all postage. She wished to do something more for us, and offered to send reading matter, and of course we said yes to that. But imagine our surprise and delight when we received a sugar-barrel full of books, papers and magazines, all of the very best, with even the freight paid.

Mrs. Rich said that would never do to be so much in debt. So just before Thanksgiving the barrel was again filled with nuts, popcorn, apples, and all the choice things to be found on the surrounding farms, and the freight paid by us. They were as much surprised and as pleased as we were. The lady said when her husband found the large hubbard squash, he nearly cried, and said, "Now I will have some squash pies like mother used to make."

The barrel has traveled over the road several times each way with the result that we have much good reading matter to loan, have given away much to the children for their very own, and sent to old people, invalids, shut-ins, and all that we find in need of reading, besides having plenty for all club members and their friends. In the barrels she sent us many beautiful pictures which have been used to decorate the schoolhouses, which is a great improvement. A man visiting one of the schools said, "Oh, why did not some one think to put shades to the windows, and hang pictures on the walls when I was a child? The memory of these bare walls and staring windows will haunt me all my life."

Yes, why not? It takes only little things to make a child happy, and remember that child will soon be a man.

Every community can get a library if they only set to work in earnest and then hang together, and persevere. And it truly pays; eternity alone will show how well.

Wellsburg, N.Y.

THE INGLENOOK

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It is a condition to be lamented, that simple, unadorned frankness marks one as either childish or green and "easy," and therefore to be looked down upon; while the one who is skilled at evasion is considered worldly-wise and therefore to be honored.



THE "I-forgot" excuse is about the most pernicious one the devil ever manufactured. In the majority of cases it is simply a veil, and a very transparent one at that, for downright indifference or neglect. More than that, the "forgetter" sees in it a safe refuge and therefore makes no effort to rid himself of the fault.



ALL of us ought to give more time to cultivating a spirit of gratitude,—gratitude to friends and to all those who contribute to the pleasant conditions of life and gratitude to the One who is the source of all good. This will not only sweeten life by giving us a wholesome feeling of dependence, but it will increase our sense of duty and thereby our service.



THE first article of the series referred to some time ago, on the "Principles of Agriculture," appears in this issue. The articles will appear regularly, in each issue of the magazine, until the series, which consists of eight papers, is completed. We believe these articles will be the means of increasing the interest of our readers in general in the subject discussed, and will be of special value to the wide-awake teachers of our rural schools who have realized the need of work along this line and are making some effort to meet it.



PEACE SENTIMENT.

IT is plain to many, and perhaps there is nothing wrong in our consuming a good deal of time and energy in exchanging congratulations over the fact,

that the peace sentiment is growing. However, a close study of present conditions and tendencies will come near convincing even the most optimistic that this sentiment is for the most part, a flabby, backboneless sort. Our progress on the peace road may be compared to a flight in an aeroplane, the latter being constructed out of the peace resolutions and expressions of good will, of which material there is sufficient to construct a whole line of such craft.

The pessimist is a very unpopular person these days and the writer does not pause in anticipation of any hand-clapping after making the above statements. For all that, sometimes we must not only *look* on the dark side, but we must meet it in a hand-to-hand struggle whether we will or no, and therefore some good may be received from sizing it up now and then. In the *Gospel Messenger*, issue Aug. 7, a writer gives us an outlook on this side of the peace question. It would be well for all to read the article and then renew our pledge of loyalty to and our endeavors in a cause that is so worthy and so precious to the one who came to the world as the Prince of Peace. The fact that the cause is, to all outward appearances, a losing one in this age, should only establish us the more firmly in it, knowing that its ultimate triumph will far outweigh all the efforts in its behalf have cost.



"DOES CAPITAL PUNISHMENT PREVENT CONVICTIONS?"

TAKING the affirmative side of this question, Mr. Maynard Shipley discusses the subject in the *American Law Review* for May-June. His discussion is surveyed in the *Review of Reviews* for August to which magazine we are indebted for the quotations here made. Mr. Shipley offers a number of "figures and opinions which tend to show that the sooner capital punishment is abolished altogether the sooner justice will come into her own." Among the opinions given is that of Henry Ward Beecher, that, "'while the fear of hanging does not deter men from crime the fear of inflicting death deters many a jury from finding a just verdict, and favors the escape of criminals.'"

Michigan abolished the death penalty in 1848, being the first State in the Union to pass such a law. In reply to an inquiry as to the results, Governor Austin Blair of that State said: "'Before the abolition of the death penalty murders were not unfrequent, but convictions were rarely or never obtained. . . . Convictions and punishment are now much more certain than before the change was made.'" He considers the law a success and a reform in the real sense of the word.

The writer then appeals to figures and a comparison, showing that "while in Michigan the percentage of convictions of persons indicted for murder was 28.2, in Massachusetts during the same period

the percentage was but 10." He also brings up Rhode Island where in 1852 they passed a law confining the death penalty to "condemned murderers who should attack their keepers," and announces that the convictions in murder trials in this State "were 65 per cent, as compared with 17 per cent in Massachusetts during the same period."

"The abolition of the death penalty in Wisconsin was largely due to 'the extreme difficulty experienced in securing convictions in murder trials . . . the great aversion of many to the taking of life rendering it almost impossible to obtain jurors from the more intelligent portion of the community.' Among nine States Wisconsin 'showed the highest proportion of convictions to prosecutions,—namely, 40.5 per cent. During the same period (three years) in Idaho, of twenty-one persons indicted for murder in the first degree, not a single one was convicted as charged.'" Mr. Shipley continues to pile up figures, showing how largely convictions for murder depend on the abolishing of the death penalty. In Maine with the abolishing of "capital punishment in 1876 the proportions of convictions rose from 15.4 per cent to 64.5 per cent." Since 1901 Colorado has a law which gives the jury the right to "decide in its verdict whether the penalty shall be life imprisonment or death by hanging," and since that time 50 per cent of the murder trials have ended in convictions. Kansas found the death penalty law unsatisfactory and has abolished it and only last year Ohio removed it from its statute books.

From the States which still retain the death penalty law Mr. Shipley quotes the opinions of a number of prominent men all in favor of abolishing it. Here are a few of them:

"Massachusetts,—Representative Thomas L. Davis, speaking for abolition, said: "A jury drawn on a murder trial is often so awed by the responsibility placed upon them that rather than render a verdict that will take the man's life, for fear there is a faint possibility that he is innocent, although they know that he isn't, will disagree or bring in a verdict of not guilty." Mr. William Lloyd Garrison said: "This horror of inflicting the death penalty makes juries violate their oaths."

"New York,—The late Edmund Clarence Stedman in 1869 said that "there was among jurymen and justices so strong a repugnance to taking human life that it had become doubly difficult to convict a prisoner on the charge of murder."

"Connecticut,—Prof. William B. Bailey, of Yale, wrote: "Courts of law are fallible, and the consciousness of this fallibility is ever present in the minds of juries. There are many cases in which a jury is unwilling to convict when death is to ensue when they might be more willing to sentence to life imprisonment.""

The question of capital punishment has not been as warmly discussed of late as at different times in the past, but it is evident from the above that the sentiment against it is growing and is bringing practical results. Slowly but surely, if not by direct means, then by indirect, we are coming to see the right in this as well as in other great questions.

"For right is right, since God is God,
And right the day must win;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin."



BEVELED EDGES.

"YES, he has edges, but they're all beveled," was said of a man of positive opinions with suave manners.

A character so desirable combines two excellent features—features that are ordinarily exclusive of each other. For example, here is a man of decided views and strong convictions. His views are correct and his convictions are sound. Such a man is worth a good deal to society. But he would be of much greater value if he were not so insistent, overbearing, and sharp edged as to make himself unnecessarily disagreeable even to those who would like to stand with him. On the other hand, here is a man without edges. Peace at any price is his motto. He agrees with the last speaker. He votes with the crowd. It is not that he is absolutely unprincipled, but that he seems not to know where politeness shades off into insincerity. In view of these two extremes of crushing granite and plastic putty, it is a pleasant thing to find one who knows what he thinks, will not retreat from what he thinks, and is willing and eager to tell what he thinks, but who puts his thought persuasively instead of polemically. He does not prove his courage by provoking a fight, nor demonstrate his erectness by standing on other people's toes. He has edges but they are beveled.

Mark this, however, it is the man that is beveled, not the truth, at least not all truths. The Lord has put into our hearts and on our lips certain truths that are designed to pierce and cut, and no man has the right to blunt the point or edge of them. They are ministers of mercy. Like the surgeon's knife, they hurt to heal. But the man who speaks a painful truth may follow the apostolic counsel: "Speaking the truth in love." The woes that Jesus uttered may be read like fierce curses or may be read like the plaint of a breaking heart. Is not the latter their more probable tone? The most unwelcome truth may be proclaimed winningly, appealingly—will be so proclaimed if there is love in the heart of the speaker, without diminishing aught of its penetrating power. It is love that bevels the edges.—*Selected.*



THE HOME WORLD



M Y N E R V E S

J. F. STUDEBAKER, M. D.

THE writer will not venture to give an exposition on his own particular nerves. The subject is suggested by an attempt on the part of some lady patients to describe an indefinite illness of some duration, saying, "I think it is my nerves, doctor." Often the diagnosis is very good. It is almost universally true that women talk and work with undue stress and to a lesser extent the same is a fact about men. The old Roman statesman whose influence depended upon his flights of oratory would have lost his thronging audience, probably, if the women of Rome had been so versatile as the American woman.

All highly-organized animals are governed by a delicately-balanced nervous system, the best type of which is in man. That the building of this nervous system be a sound one it should have an early beginning in childhood without which the development of a sound citizen cannot be expected. The first thing is the proper and regular nutrition, for the infant is barely larger than its stomach. Regularity and self-control for future years begin right here. This plastic material is trusted to our judgment in childhood architecture, as teachers, parents, and physicians. The forces of heredity may do much in predetermination of the result but "education, wise guidance, and proper hygiene" are large factors in the ultimatum for good. "That it required a hundred years to make a gentleman and that the treatment of a hysterical patient should begin with his grandfather are only trite sayings pointing to the well recognized and far-reaching power of heredity," but this should not make us unconcerned about our responsibilities, thinking that with the birth of the child its destiny is predetermined. Its nervous system may be profoundly affected by discreet nurture through the fleeting and transforming days of childhood. Only tendencies are transmitted to a child, the evil ones to be repressed and the good to be encouraged and developed.

Nervous diseases very frequently have their foun-

dation in very early life; particularly those predisposed on account of inherited weaknesses contract them. For example, take children who have a history of nervous tendencies. These tender years do not respond kindly to the present system of education. It means a life of tension and they being crowded beyond their abilities are considered stupid, dull and indifferent, and they are coerced by an imprudent pedagogue who herself may be a tottering and ungovernable entity, worn-out, irritable and unsympathizing. The parents of these children, if attracted by the evening festivities, take them away from home to have irregular meals at bedtime hours. Such indiscretion has caused cases of chorea or St. Vitus' dance which careful hygiene would have avoided. No two children mature precisely alike and thus thoughtful and painstaking care varies for both.

It is now recognized that the healthy development of a nervous system is closely interwoven with the formation of character. "The basis of character is self-control" and its beginning is in childhood and its larger development in adolescence.

Not full control of appetites, passions and emotions is attained in childhood but the foundation laid on which the best attributes are built, trending to stable character or on which a lifelong trait may be established, leading to wreck and ruin. In childhood is the time for self-control to be taught and practiced, giving the glowing years a beautiful balance in this transcendent quality.

The child should not be without feeling, but should not fly hysterically into ecstasies of pleasure nor go at the least provocation into depths of grief. He must understand reasonable joy and bear pain with some degree of courage. Santa Claus has not always used the best judgment, for his approach has been marked with such anticipation and mental exhilaration that the wrought-up nervous system of the children is greatly depressed later on. Fear is a

feature to be ruled out. The best young soldier was not nourished on ghost stories. He was not taught, when a trembling boy, to see with his vivid imagination headless men riding on ebony steeds through wooded and darkened retreats by his home. He never was told to go in the stealthy hours of night into the near-by grove and stare five minutes into an opened jug and then look up quickly if he wished to see a blazing man with a flaming sword in his hand, a ghost who was accustomed to haunt those quarters, particularly on damp, cloudy nights. Deepened shadows cause objects to take on dreadful looking forms. Inanimate and even immovable things (without great power) become the most formidable and dangerous to the boy or girl who has learned to be afraid of the dark or to be left alone. No wonder they cover their heads when they go to bed. Fear certainly was not eliminated from negro children, for where is the African who would pass a cemetery at night alone or in company with a braver companion without a choking fluttering in his chest because of the snow-white ghosts he saw going breathlessly and silently through the city of the dead? Do you believe this nerve tension is conducive to self-control and poise?

The extremes of emotions should be cautiously guarded, the utmost joy and grief, for they have their dangers. Impulse should give way to reason. Children should not be expected to avoid the unpleasant and disagreeable but must face them to develop character and self-control which cannot be acquired without effort. This strengthens a growing nervous system. The kindergarten mixes work with play and so early teaches that work is pleasure and thus saves many a one later in life from nervous prostration which too often comes about on account of the humdrum and drudgery of routine habits.

The discipline of obedience is very valuable to a child, when learned in early years, in the acquiring of self-control. Many habits are learned in the first week of its existence. It can be taught to either sleep peacefully in its own little nest or to render an incongruous and discordant strain of music in the short striking hours, melodies too classical to be appreciated by the night floorwalker. A comfortable baby will sleep during regular intervals until it is taught the irregularities of infancy, thus impinging upon its nervous mechanism. **Teach** it self-control from the beginning.

The influence of heredity and the training of the youth having been briefly considered in the above, let us reflect a few moments on the sum total of a nervous system of an average American citizen. Added to the inherently impaired powers of resistance the high tension under which we are living, the body becomes easily disorganized. It is quite characteristic of the people of the temperate zone of North America

to live rapidly, irregularly and extravagantly, without relaxation and sufficient sleep, although actively engaged in business, taxed with responsibilities of the household or depleted by excessive mental application and the worry attendant upon responsibility. The greater, talented, the better educated and the more active suffer most. Women because of their weaker powers of resistance and "emotional irritability" are more susceptible than men to nervous exhaustion, particularly mothers, teachers and nurses. The greatest mental strain occurs between twenty-five and forty-five and thus becomes an important factor in middle life. Great excitement, fright and acute illnesses do much to undermine the nervous system.

Knowing that children are permitted to be crowded ahead of their age from one school grade into a higher one, realizing that many men spend forty years of business life with incessant activity, being aware that a large number of mothers bring up four or five children without any relaxation, and recognizing the fact that individuals are intoxicated with the whims of society, we are not in the least surprised at the numerous nervous break-downs. The student complains of inability to apply his mind and of difficulty in thinking. Both men and women say they are easily fatigued, more or less irritable and that they are compelled to force themselves to do the work previously done with ease and pleasure. Fatigue is a good safeguard to overwork and no one should try to overcome it by his will power for this is followed by prolonged weariness, restless nights, tired mornings, and later excessive anxiety about themselves, paying undue attention to trifling symptoms. They think they are afflicted with some disease (too often become the victims of quacks). They may even become morose with tendency to suicide.

Something has already been said concerning relaxation. We know too little about it. It has been well said that the best state of society is that in which there is some leisure for every man's work and some work for every man's leisure. Daily play in the open air builds up future assets for the school child. The Duke of Wellington when watching the boys in their sports on the playgrounds at Eton where he spent his younger days, remarked, "It was there that the battle of Waterloo was won."

In England the business men at the end of each week spend Saturday afternoon on the golf links and tennis courts. Such sport may be a bit lively for those over forty, providing they had not been initiated in early adult years. Some women (English) mentally engaged, walk four to six miles daily. The farmer needs rest from his physical labors and his relaxation is to be found in mental exercise. Housewives need a change of scene at regular intervals and should just be lazy, and have nothing else to do.

Prolonged effort may be wisely followed by a few weeks' or summer's vacation. The Englishman goes grouse hunting on the Scotch hills, some go to Switzerland to climb the Alps. Americans go to the lakes to fish or to the mountains to camp and hunt the big game. Roosevelt went to the Dark Continent. Although the trip is hazardous on account of tropical diseases and dangers, yet it will be a great rest appreciated by the only living ex-President.

There must be a limitation to mental application and physical exertion and the avoidance of worry and anxiety. Diversions and nervous hygiene in other ways will make life longer, happier, and more useful.



THE COMPLAINT-DESK FACE.

WE have heard much about the "bicycle face," the "automobile face," the "baseball face," but we have heard but little about the "complaint-desk face." That there is such a face is true from an incident related by a friend recently. Said he: "You know every department store of standing has a complaint desk. We have one in our store. About a year ago a young man was given this position. I remember well what a happy, cheerful countenance he had. His face even in repose wore a fascinating smile. I happened to see him the other night in passing out of the store, and I would hardly believe my own eyes. I had not seen him for almost a year, and what a change had come over his face. In place of a happy, cheerful countenance his face bore a morose, stern, harsh, austere, forbidding expression, and this all through complaints of customers." It takes but a short time to change a beautiful countenance when it has to face continually the ugly side of life. Some people may have reason to complain, but many of us complain from a mere habit of complaining. To live continually all the bright hours of the day in a complaining atmosphere will eventually so harden the delicate strings of our nature that they will become rigid and firm. The face is not one's self indeed, but it is an expression of an inward spirit. If the cords of the heart be so hardened that they give off a rasping sound, the face will soon register the discord within. The face is a book where men may read all the strange matters that pass within the soul. While the soul does not put all its goods in the shop window, yet the staple articles of exchange that do business in the soul are written on the countenance. If all is true what has been said, friend, let us have sympathy with the man at the "complaint desk." Do not register your "kick" unless you know you have a good one, and then "kick with your shoes off."—*Home Herald*.



ECONOMICAL GRAPE JUICE.

GRAPE juice is one of the most delightfully refreshing drinks, and it is not particularly expensive or

difficult to make. Although we buy our grapes the beverage does not cost us more than ten cents a quart, which is about one-fifth of what it costs in the stores, and we have the satisfaction of knowing exactly how it was prepared. One year we made twelve quarts from four varieties of grapes that cost us about \$1. 27, and another year three twenty-five cent baskets of Concord made eight quarts of liquid.

Concords are generally used, but the juice is dark in color and the flavor is very strong. The juice of Niagaras alone is colorless, while the Delaware juice has a muddy look. Out of fifteen variations, the following combinations were most to our liking: Catawba and Niagara; Catawba and Delaware; Catawba, Niagara, Concord, and Delaware; Delaware and Niagara; Delaware and Concord; Delaware, Concord and Niagara. Catawba alone was also good.

Pick the grapes from the stems, and to three quarts of fruit add one quart of water. Cook until the grapes are broken, then strain through cheesecloth and again through flannel. Add sugar (about one to two tea-cups of sugar to two gallons of juice), and boil. Be careful not to get it too sweet. Bottle the juice while it is hot and seal. Store in a dark place.

We very often make a first and second grade, using for the former the juice which runs through the straining cloth easily. To the remainder we add another quart of water and boil, and this we strain through the cheesecloth only. This juice will not keep for any length of time.—*The Garden Magazine*.



A SWEET CISTERN.

To prevent a cistern becoming foul from a natural accumulation of dust and soil that is washed from the roof, there should be a filter placed so that all water must pass through it before entering the reservoir. Decayed animal matter, droppings of birds, leaves, and other debris carried by the wind, are apt to lodge in the eaves-troughs, and wash down the spouts, and the water supply will thus be contaminated and unfit for use, even though it may not "smell." If the filter has been neglected, and the water is foul smelling, the cistern should be pumped dry, and the walls and bottom scrubbed clean, any leaks repaired, and alternate layers of gravel and charcoal, to a depth of six or eight inches laid over the bottom. The charcoal will absorb the foul gas which is usually generated, and the water will keep sweet longer. But the better way is to supply the omission, and put the filter of gravel and charcoal where the water must pass through it before entering the cistern.—*The Commoner*.



SELECTED RECIPES.

PEACH PUDDING—Put whole peeled peaches in the bottom of a buttered pudding dish, and pour over them

a batter made of one cupful of sugar, one cupful of milk, one egg, two tablespoonfuls of melted butter, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and flour to make a drop batter. Spread it over the peaches and bake a rich brown. Turn upside down on a dish and serve with cream.



CORN AND TOMATOES—Cut a slice from the top of each large smooth tomato, scoop out the seeds, leaving the inside like a cup. Fill with grated corn seasoned with butter, pepper and salt, cover with the tops, pour a little water in a buttered pudding dish, set the stuffed tomatoes in, cover the dish and bake in a moderate oven for an hour.



GERMAN POTATO DUMPLINGS—Boil twelve medium sized potatoes and put through sieve while warm. When cold mix with them four well beaten eggs, salt, and enough flour to make quite stiff. Butter two slices of bread cut into cubes and brown in oven. Take a spoonful of the dough, pat out in the hand, put three or four cubes of bread in center, and roll into a ball, flour well on outside, drop in boiling salted water, cook twenty minutes.



BUTTER, BEANS AND NEW POTATOES.

Just before the potatoes are done remove from the fire and let cool; take one pint of butter beans cooked until tender, and cut into smaller pieces. When the potatoes are cold, chop rather coarsely. Arrange potatoes and beans in alternate layers in a dish, with bits of butter, pepper and salt; pour over this one cupful of cream and sprinkle over the top rolled crackers. Cover and set in the oven long enough to get thoroughly hot, then remove cover and brown slightly and serve."



TO KEEP BUTTER.

"INVERT a large flower pot, or any jar of unglazed earthenware over the dish which contains the butter and wrap the jar with a wet cloth. It will keep cool and hard in very warm weather."



A DIET LIST.

The rivers eat away their banks,
The tides devour the sand,
The morning sun drinks up the mists,
The ocean eats the land;
Taxes eat up a property,
And pride eats out the soul—
But moths the diet record hold,
Because they eat a hole!

—Unidentified.



"It is said that a few drops of oil of lavender on a sponge placed in a saucer of hot water will keep flies out of a room."

The Children's Corner

A SEED STORY.

A tiny brown seed all wrinkled and dry
Said: "Can there be use for such as I?"
As it lay side by side with its brothers there
Stowed away in the cupboard with thoughtful care.

"It is time I should plant my posies now,"
Said a sweet little girl with a sunny brow.
So the seeds were sunk in a loamy bed
And covered snugly right over each head.

"I am lost," thought the seed. "How could I grow
All buried deep in darkness so?"
But ere long the seed thrust down a root
And up through the soil sent a tender shoot.

Today it has brought us a fragrant flower
To lend its charm to this glad some hour.
So the seeds of good in our hearts deep sown,
May in blossoms of love to the world be shown.

—E. Gertrude Elderkin.



ILA.

LILLIAN WIRE.

WHEN it is time for papa to come home Ila seems to know it. She can not count the strokes of the clock, but as the sun drops lower and the hour of five is reached, she lisps: "Hood. Meet papa." Perhaps she guesses the time by mama's getting the tea at that hour every day.

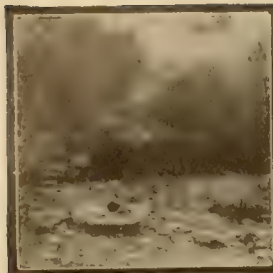
At any rate, when papa is yet quite a little way off, before she can see him (as he has to pass some tall buildings he is hidden from her sight until quite near), she will open the door and patter down the walk, crying: "Meet papa, my papa, kiss papa."

And you may be sure that he is glad to see her coming. He catches the flutter of a little white gown as the child reaches the corner at the hotel. Very soon she is in her father's arms and rides gaily on his shoulder to the house.

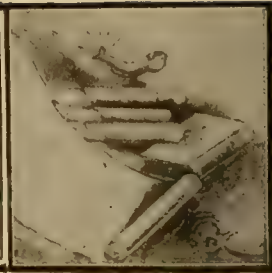
Sometimes papa has a flower or an orange for mama and Ila. At least he has always for them a fond word and a kiss of greeting. He often says, "There is no place like home."

Ila thinks that her doll loves pictures. The little girl has a habit of showing Rosalie her picture-books and teaching her rhymes. Mama came into the sitting-room the other day and found her little daughter with pencil in hand reciting "Humpty Dumpty." Rosalie was propped upright on the sofa, her brown eyes wide open, but saying not a word.





THE QUIET HOUR



FEED MY LAMBS.

JAMES E. LEWIS.

Lord, I come to thee this evening;
Falling prostrate at thy feet,
Bringing lambs for my petition,
Lambs, dear Lord, that are so weak.
Thou hast gone and said to feed them,
But what if they will not eat?
Some are cold, and some are feeble,
Some have strayed through erring feet.
Lord, while traveling up the mountain,
Some have found the way too steep,
Others journey on rejoicing,
Praising God that they're his sheep.
Lord, I pray that ere the winter
Comes in all its blasting power,
These dear lambs will all be gathered
Where the wild storms never lower.
Yes, I now and well remember
How you sought those gone astray,
In your arms so kind and tender
Brought them back to endless day.
Lord, I pray that thou wilt guide me
O'er the mountains dark and cold,
Till I've found the lambs so tender,
Till they're safe within the fold.

"THOU THINKEST, LORD, OF ME."

EDGAR M. HOFFER.

It is a fact that God sees us always, and he never forgets us. Our friends make us trouble sometimes, and forget and forsake us now and then, but the Lord never will. No matter how long the day may seem, or how dark the night is, the Lord is with us. "Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning." Through tribulation, adversity, persecutions, the Lord will cheer and comfort us. It is said of a soldier, one dark night, as he was standing at a lonely place guarding the army, or keeping watch, that an enemy tried to shoot him down. The night was very dark and the soldier commenced singing these lines:

"All my trust on thee is staid,
All my help from thee I bring,
Cover my defenseless head
With the shadow of thy wing."

The enemy heard him sing, and he could not shoot him, so he left. This shows that God will deliver those that put their trust in him. God also thinks of the sinner that is far off in the mountains of sin.

A pirate was staying on the coast of Florida one day. He was a great sinner. He heard a dove sing. It seemed to him like a voice from the past, and it had such an effect on him that he decided on that spot, where no minister ever stood, that he would serve his Master. The Lord will deliver us every time, but we must have faith. We must trust him every day. As we pass through life we need a kind friend. Our loved ones leave us one by one, but the Lord will never forsake us.

"Amid the trials which I meet,
Amid the thorns that pierce my feet,
One thought remains supremely sweet,
Thou thinkest, Lord, of me."

If we could only see it better, how lovely God is and how kind. The Word of God says, "He careth for you." This is a beautiful thought to know that "the eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms."

Elizabethtown, Pa.

CHURCH ETIQUETTE.

As long as there are churches, there will be a church etiquette, and very many who would not think for a moment of offending at a social function, do not seem at all concerned when attending a sacred service. The following rules form a good foundation:

1. If possible, be in time. You need at least five minutes, after coming, to get warm or cool, to compose your body and mind and to whisper a prayer before the service begins.

2. Never pass up the aisle during prayer or scripture reading. If you do, your presence will distract the minds of many in the audience.

3. Be devout in every attitude. All whispering should be studiously avoided. Find the hymn, and sing it if you can. Share the book with your neighbor. If in a strange church, conform to its customs of worship.

4. If the sermon has begun, take a seat near the door, no matter if you are "at home."

5. Be thoughtful for the comfort of others. Take the inside of the pew if you are the first to enter, and leave all vacant space at the end next to the aisle.

6. Speak a bright, cheery word to as many as possible at the close of the service. If you are a stranger, ask one of the ushers to introduce you to

the pastor or to some of the church officers. This will always insure you a hearty welcome.

7. Never put on your overcoat, overshoes, or wraps during the closing hymn, and do not make a rush for the door immediately after the benediction is pronounced. There should be no loud talking and jesting after the service is concluded. They are as much out of place at the house of God as at a house of mourning.—*Unidentified.*



LOVE TO GIVE.

PERHAPS no one in the past hundred years made a deeper study of giving money, than Mr. George Muller. People would often write him their experiences as to giving money, and from these letters he compiled the following points on giving:

1. It is best to begin when we have but little to give without waiting to be in easy circumstances, and that while we are poor we are to help the poor.

2. To always give by a regular system, and by a certain proportion, and not depend on sudden impulses or fits of generosity. Some of those who gave largely to his orphanage began when poor, giving five per cent or ten per cent, and increasing their proportion until they were able to give away one-half or three-quarters of all they made, and have enough left to live on.

3. That all true giving is to give to the Lord and not to man. We are to deal directly with God, and not be influenced by other people as to what we give, but to regard ourselves as God's special agents and to give just as if we were literally laying it in the hands of the Lord, and then our motives will be pure, and the act greatly blessed of God.

4. This will lead us to have great pleasure in giving, and it will be one of the greatest joys in our lives. A man wrote Mr. Muller sending him twenty dollars and saying that before he adopted the principle of giving regularly a certain proportion, he found little pleasure in giving, but since he began giving by system, and giving as directly to God, it had become a positive joy to give. Before that time it used to irritate him to be asked for money, but since then he never felt vexed with applications for help. In reality we never give away any money unless we enjoy it, for if the heart does not go nothing goes.—*Living Words.*



HOW TO CULTIVATE JOY.

THIS is one of the most important aspects of the case; for Christian cheerfulness is a temper that can be cultivated, and it is both our profit and duty to do so.

1. By all means try to keep in health. Much gloom is the fruit of depression of the body.

2. Cease to do evil. Abstain from all appearance of evil.

3. Have faith in God. Abide in Christ. Cherish the constant witness of the Holy Spirit.

4. Feed on the Word and live on some of the blessed promises.

5. Keep busy in legitimate work if you are able-bodied and in Christian service. No able-bodied man or woman can be happy in idleness nor in a mooding spiritual neglect. This is why so many nominal Christians, young or old, are dissatisfied, ill-at-ease and constantly seeking vanities. The stars we are told are forever "singing as they shine," and thus must our brightness come.

6. Do all you can to cheer others.

7. Mingle with the hopeful.

8. Do all you can, but don't undertake too much and then fuss and worry.

9. Sing often.

10. Keep your eye on the crown.—*Zion's Watchman.*



OPPORTUNITIES.

THE issues of life concentrate themselves into a few special points of opportunity. The success and failure of life depend upon whether these opportunities are grasped when they present themselves, or whether they are neglected and permitted to pass. Life's greatest opportunities are not like the great ships which sail from the chief ports of the world, which sail and come again, and sail at stated intervals from the same ports. The great chances touch once at the pier of our lives, throw out the planks of opportunity over which our feet may pass, ring their signal bells in our ears, and then sail out of the harbor and away into the eternal sea and never come again. The little chances linger and return, but the great chances come and go and never come again. . . . If with illumined sight we could look back over the lives of the people by whom we are surrounded, how many great and rich opportunities would we see that they have permitted to drift by them unimproved!—*J. T. McFarland.*



"ADORNING THE DOCTRINE."

THAT is a fine phrase of St. Paul. We ought so to live as to make religion look lovely. Some tolerably good people only succeed in making it appear disagreeable. The glory of the Gospel is enhanced and beautified by the ornament of a holy life. Doctrine is truth in the rough, the uncut diamond, the unpolished marble. The holy life is the diamond all aflame with light, as the result of the lapidary's skill; it is the marble touched to noble meaning by the genius of the sculptor. There is no life so lowly, no deed so humble, no duty so common, that it may not add a fringe of beauty to the wedding robe of the Bride of Christ.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Germany has spent more for aviation than any other government.

The Legislature of New York has under consideration a bill prohibiting absolutely, traffic in the plumage of wild birds, whether the birds be killed or trapped in New York or elsewhere.

At last the tardy sea serpent has been heard from. He appeared off Cape Hatteras a few days ago, and seems to have picked up since last summer, for he is now reported to be 60 feet around the body, 80 feet long, and armed with fangs like sickles. He went slashing by a Norwegian steamer, apparently making a bee line for Cuban waters.

According to the report issued by the public printer at the government printing office, better work and more than ever is being produced at the big print shop, and the government has been saved half a million dollars. The whole plant during the past year has been operated at a cost of a little over \$5,704,000. More than half the savings results from a curtailment of the pay roll.

A bakery at Kerns, Switzerland, has installed a new electric oven, which is eight feet long by four feet wide, with a baking surface of three square yards, and will bake 100 pounds of bread at one time. The furnace has forty-two electrically-heated tubes arranged along the base. It requires about two hours to reach the baking heat.

That the southwest Texas onion growers have cleared over \$600,000 on this year's crop is now an established fact. Divided among about 500 growers this would give \$1,200 to each of them. Many of these, however, grow onions only on a very small scale, and for this reason the big growers must have done remarkably well this year.

Despite the warning of British boards of trade, several shiploads of British strikebreakers left Hull Aug. 11 for Sweden. The strikebreakers were told that they would incur heavy personal risks in going to Sweden and would find the doors of organized labor forever closed to them on their return to England, but the warning apparently dissuaded none.

Authority has been given by the War Office for the leasing of certain ground near Washington for use as a training ground for officers of the United States army in the use of flying machines. The first officers selected for instruction will be trained by the brothers Wright personally, and they in turn will teach others. A level tract of 163 acres almost free from trees has been chosen, so that the practice of beginners may be made at a height of 20 feet or less from the ground, eliminating as far as possible the danger of serious accident.

Consul John F. Jewel of Melbourne reports that the wool clip of Victoria for the 1908-09 season amounted to 68,930,200 pounds, a decrease as compared with the 1907-08 season of 10,189,772 pounds.

The American Civil Service Institute with headquarters at Washington has collapsed and two of its promoters have been arrested. It is alleged by the government that the whole thing has been operated to swindle people who are anxious to get government positions.

Tests are being made at Brant Rock, Mass., of the apparatus to be installed at the 1,000-foot tower to be erected at Washington. The Navy Department specifications require that it shall be sufficiently strong to send messages 3,000 miles and receive them from the same distance.

Twelve thousand Spaniards lost their lives in the recent revolution in Barcelona and other parts of Catalonia, according to the *Diario de Noticias*, which declares its figures are based on the most reliable estimates. The number included those killed in the actual fighting and hundreds who were either assassinated or executed during the ten days the trouble lasted. The *Diario de Noticias* says there is still grave danger of the revolution recurring and sweeping the entire country.

As a result of the earnest and self-sacrificing efforts of eminent German scientists who have sounded wide the alarm at the rising tide of intemperance in Germany, a powerful total abstinence movement is developing by leaps and bounds. In 1903, according to the best authorities in Germany, there were 35,000 members of the various temperance societies in Germany. This membership had increased to 55,000 in 1905, and according to the international *Monatsschrift*, there were 86,000 members in these same organizations in December, 1908. There are thousands of boys and girls enlisted in juvenile temperance societies.

By placing the last appeal of ex-President Castro to his country in the congressional archives, the committee to which had been referred his ex-presidential message put a damper on his ambitions. The message will not even appear in the newspapers. Castro left behind him in Venezuela \$5,000,000. This has all been taken away from him in some way or other. In fact, he has been despoiled in the same manner he held up others when he had the power. As his share of the cigarette trust Castro was given \$1,000,000 in shares. A few weeks ago the directors sold the \$5,000,000 concern to Senor Garcia Guerra for \$250,000, although the stock was then quoted at 25 per cent premium. Guerra reorganized the trust and Castro's \$50,000 was placed in a bank, where it was attached by individuals who claimed Castro was indebted to them.

Notice has been issued by President Taft to Secretary Nagel that if any of the census takers engage in any manner of politics they are to be dismissed. The President believes that except for voting census enumerators should be free from politics, national, State, or local. Senators and Representatives have been notified they must not appoint partisan political workers as census takers.

All records for salmon catches on the Pacific coast were beaten when Fraser River fishermen and gill-netters and purse seiners on Puget Sound were compelled to abandon their work because they could not dispose of their catch. In the Fraser River, Bellington Blaine and Anacortes canneries are 2,234,000 "sockeyes." Thousands of fish are going to waste, as it is impossible for the canneries to handle the full catch.

French landlords have started a movement for a concerted opposition to the bill providing penalty for refusing to rent apartments to families with children. The bill will be voted at the next meeting of the Parliament. If passed many owners of luxurious apartments built especially for childless families say they will suffer great loss. The bill provides a fine of from 25 to 50 francs for landlords who "argue the number of children for refusing to rent their apartments" and a doubling of the fine for continued offenses.

The first successful towing of canal boats by automobile was accomplished a few days ago on the Lehigh canal in Pennsylvania. Owing to the liability of the towline to snap in the effort to start, a seven-ton motor truck of 45 horsepower was equipped with spiral springs. Six barges with 800 tons of cargo were taken from Allentown to Bethlehem in an hour. Present lock capacity and speed, limitations considered, it is estimated that automobiles compared with mules will handle double the number of boats in half the time.

More than 500,000 acres of land formerly withdrawn in connection with various reclamation projects in California, Montana and Washington were again restored to the public domain subject to settlement in November. A statement to this effect was issued by the general land office. The actual process of restoration occurred on July 23, it being the policy of the interior department not to make public information as to withdrawals and restorations for at least two weeks after signing of the order by Secretary Ballinger or his assistants.

Many a visitor to San Francisco has paid a long-to-be-remembered visit to the Chinese quarters and then took a look into the opium dives, theaters, etc. But the Chinese Six Companies, which have an all-powerful influence over the Celestials in this country, have issued a mandate that these things must stop. This thing of putting the Chinese on exhibition, say the leaders of the Six Companies, hurts their reputation, and henceforth tourists are not to be admitted to the Chinese theaters and other places of amusement and gambling. For a long time the guides of Chinatown have fattened on this system, for they are enterprising fellows, who organized a whole system of shows by the Chinese. The opium smokers, blind paupers, singing children, and other curiosities were all hired at so much a week. The whole thing was a fake provided as a bait for the tourist.

A meeting in the air between Count Zeppelin and Orville Wright is being planned by German aeronauts as one of the features of Wright's forthcoming visit to Berlin. Wright is expected in Berlin the latter part of the month, by which time Count Zeppelin will have completed his newest airship, the Zeppelin III. It is planned to have the Count sail his ship from Friedrichshafen and for Wright to fly out in his aeroplane to meet him. The prospect of such a spectacle has aroused tremendous enthusiasm in aeronautic circles.

When Congress meets in December special attention will be given to conservation matters. It is felt certain that a public inquiry into the Ballinger-Pinchot differences will be ordered, as Congress will want reliable information on water power, coal lands and the like. When the Senate conservation was appointed it was regarded as an ornamental body. Now, however, it will become one of importance. Senator Dixon of Montana is chairman, and at least two or three of the Senators are hostile to the Pinchot policies.

Before sailing for Europe Aug. 10 with his sister, Catharine, Orville Wright announced that he and his brother, Wilbur, have perfected a device which will enable them to fly their aeroplane 1,000 miles without stopping. Orville said that the Wright machine can now carry fuel for a 25-hour flight and maintain a speed of 40 miles an hour. The aviator says that hereafter he will try for no more records, but will devote his time to perfecting his machine. He is confident that the aeroplane may be utilized within a short time for carrying mail, although a freight machine is in the distant future.

The loftiest chimney in the world was recently put into service at the large smelting works at Great Falls, Mont., where it will serve to carry off the gases from the greater part of the large plant. The chimney, which is built of brick, is 506 feet in height above the ground. It is 50 feet in diameter at the top, and increases gradually in diameter to the base. The flue includes a dust chamber in which vertically-hung wires serve to take out the dust from the smoke. The dust is removed from the wires by shaking mechanism and falls in hoppers in the floor, from which it is loaded into cars in a pit below.

An engineering feat which will rival the Flagler triumph of constructing a railroad from the Florida coast to Key West is now on foot in India. It is nothing less than the construction of a railway from the peninsula of Hindustan to the Island of Ceylon. The Indian railway system at present terminates at Muntapan, and from this point the new road is to extend. The route will pass along the numerous islands between the mainland and Ceylon, and where no islands afford a foundation a submerged reef will be utilized. The route will be about 50 miles long and all the marine gaps will be closed up with embankments. For the benefit of coasting vessels, which might have to make a long trip around Ceylon after the road is completed, a canal will be cut almost at right angles across one of the islands. The chief benefit which will be derived from the new means of transportation will be the facility with which the Ceylon tea growers will be able to get their product on the market. Furthermore, mail transportation from England will be made quicker to some of the cities of India.



Among the Magazines



THE CORPORATION TAX.

As finally accepted by the Conference Committee, the corporation tax will be at the rate of 1 per cent upon the net income of all business corporations. Excepted are those that have a net income of less than \$5,000 a year and certain classes of corporations whose primary object is not money-making. As finally shaped and adopted, this tax is inconsistent from the theoretical standpoint and open to some serious objections on the practical side. In point of theory, it is said by its inventors to be in the nature of an excise tax levied upon corporations as such, because corporations enjoy certain privileges and advantages that partnerships and private firms do not possess. But if this theoretical or legal point is the real basis of the impost, there can be no just ground for exempting from the burden of the tax all those corporations which, though enjoying the full privileges of the corporation laws, do not show on their balance sheets a net profit. It would be easy to find hundreds of instances in which two neighboring corporations having similar capitalization, similar opportunities, and perhaps even similar amounts of gross income have very different net earnings. Through different policies, or different methods of management, the one corporation yields a large net income and pays dividends, while the other seems not to be producing any net income at all and pays no dividends. Yet in reality the one is just as able to pay taxes as the other. There is no reason why the general conditions under which these two rival institutions do business should be made unlike by the taxing power. Taxation should be in the nature of one of the fundamental expenses of both of the competing corporations.

If the corporation tax is to be based at all upon income, it should be upon the gross receipts rather than upon that very uncertain and elusive quantity known as "net profits." We are not speaking now of the exemption of private firms and partnerships, but are discussing the corporation tax upon the theory of its framers that it is a tax upon the privilege of doing business in the corporate or joint-stock way. When the tax was under discussion in the Senate an amendment was proposed by Senator Clapp, of Minnesota, taxing the net incomes of so-called "holding companies," and it was adopted. The question at issue was whether if a railroad company, for example, was taxed upon its net income there should also be a tax levied upon the net income of a company holding the stock of that railway, regardless of what the original company paid. The question was raised whether or not this was to be regarded as "double taxation" and therefore wrong. Mr. Clapp's Senate amendment was afterward rejected in the Conference Committee. Yet Mr. Clapp was obviously right. For in neither case is the tax levied upon a company's stock, but on its net income; and it is absurd to attempt to trace from one company to another the

particular kind of property from which the income is derived.

Most certainly the holding companies,—which above all others are benefited by the peculiar privileges of incorporation,—ought to be taxed on the same principles as any other companies. And if, in progressive order,—as in fact has come to be the case in some instances, such as in the case of the New York traction companies,—there should be still further holding companies removed by two or three or four degrees from the original business, then each successive company should be taxed upon its income quite regardless of the source from which that income is derived. It is almost as ridiculous to exempt holding companies as it would be to try to create a partial exemption for a furniture manufacturing company on the ground that its materials had already been once taxed at the hands of a lumber company, which in turn might claim exemption on the ground that the timber had previously been taxed at the hands of a land company.—From "The Progress of the World," in the American Review of Reviews for August.



THE NEW TARIFF ACT.

The Dingley law has at last been replaced by a new tariff act, and the business world welcomes with a sense of relief the cessation of disturbing controversy and the establishment of a reasonably stable basis for production and commerce. All agree that the new tariff will promote prosperity by removing the last "psychological" obstacle to confident enterprise and healthy activity.

With regard to the virtues of the new act, one thing, at any rate, is perfectly clear and undeniable. Owing to President Taft's manly stand and effective efforts, and owing to the overwhelming support of those efforts by an aroused public sentiment, we have a tariff that is in several important respects vastly superior to the Senate bill and substantially superior to the House measure.

Of the last named, it is but fair to remember, even Democratic and independent "revenue tariff" newspapers of weight spoke very favorably. Some of these described it as "the best tariff the Republican party ever offered the country." True, when this praise was so freely given, certain "jokers" and defects in the measure had not been fully disclosed, but the broad fact remains that the Payne bill fulfilled in a number of directions the party and administration pledges of downward revision. The Aldrich substitute would have grossly violated those pledges, but from that calamity the President, with the aid of the alert and able "progressives," has saved the country.

The President frankly tells the people that the new tariff "is not a perfect tariff" nor "a complete compliance with the promises made"—if "strictly interpreted." This highly creditable statement justifies the progressives and "insurgents" who conscientiously voted against the bill even in the final division. Certainly the people had expected a more liberal act, and a more sub-

stantial revision downward of rates on necessities of life. But Rome was not built in a day, and "excesses" are not taken out of a complex tariff at one stroke. The reductions are many and far from trivial in several instances; the free list has received important additions, and a step has been taken toward protection without extortion. The right principles of revision, moreover, have been emphasized and made familiar, and public victories over special privilege and greed will be easier in the future, thanks to the grasp of the "difference in cost of production" test and to the limited provision for investigation and utilization of relevant data.

A year or two hence the tariff will be popularly judged by its fruits in preventing monopoly prices and lowering the cost of living. Meantime appreciation of the actual and potential results, of the benefits secured by the revision, should temper the criticisms of those who are disappointed because even greater benefits had been expected in the West.—Chicago Record-Herald.



THE TARIFF BILL.

In conversation at the beginning of last week with journalists and others at the White House, Mr. Taft set forth his views about tariff revision, clearly indicating his purpose to sign the bill then in conference, and incidentally criticising with some severity the attitude and methods of the insurgent Republican Senators. Reports of what he said were published in many papers, and the reports were substantially identical. We refer now to what seems to us to have been the most interesting and significant of his remarks, that the object sought in the revision should be to prevent a further advance of prices by combined producers farther than to cause a reduction of them. Holding this opinion, he may find it an easy matter to sign the bill which the conference committee reported. By similar reasoning he could convince himself that a re-enactment of the present tariff ought to be approved at the White House.

But the people of the United States did not desire a re-enactment of the Dingley tariff, nor did Mr. Taft in his public addresses before and after his election lead the people to believe that he favored a revision that would merely prevent an increase of prices. "The tariff ought to be lowered," he said. The Dingley rates "had become generally excessive." He declared that "revision in accordance with the pledge of the platform" would be, on the whole, "a substantial revision downward." We must be faithful to that pledge, or "suffer the consequences" which follow the breaking of a promise. Did any one who heard his speeches, or who read reports of them, understand that he desired, and that the platform demanded a revision that would not reduce prices, but only prevent them from rising?

It was in September that he said the Dingley rates had "become generally excessive." In October, at Fort Dodge, he explained that, under the normal operation of protection, the cost of producing was reduced, and that after a protective duty had been in force ten years it "ought to be reduced" because of the effect of it in cutting down the cost of production. But he must know that at the beginning of its term the Dingley tariff was too high for honest and reasonable protection, by the admission of the protectionists who made it. It was excessive even then, because they had made allowance in it for extensive reductions which were to be caused by treaties of reciprocity. A dozen such treaties were promptly negotiated under the direction of President McKinley, a loyal protectionist, but Mr. Aldrich and his

associates in the Senate would not accept them. And so the excessive rates continued in force, "serving no useful purpose," as Mr. Taft said in his letter of acceptance, "but offering a temptation to those who would monopolize production in this country." To this temptation many of them promptly yielded, at the same time selling their products in foreign countries at prices from 10 to 40 per cent below those which they exacted at home from their fellow-citizens who had given them excessive protection.

A great majority of our people desired a revision that would restrain the greed of these over-protected manufacturers. They did not seek the destruction or the crippling of any domestic industry. They were satisfied that enforcement of the doctrine of the Republican platform concerning the difference in costs of production, according to Mr. Taft's interpretation of that platform, would compel a reduction of extortionate prices, not by actual competition from abroad, but by the menace of such competition. The Republican insurgent Senators, as a rule, have merely shown their appreciation of and their sympathy with this popular desire. Mr. Dolliver, for example, a loyal protectionist, has not sought to break down the protective system. He has merely opposed the abuse of protection, attempting not only to prevent unwarranted increases of rates already "excessive," but also to introduce a little reform affecting the defective foundations on which these increases were to be built up.

If the revision that was promised was to be one that would merely keep prices from rising, the promise has not been broken by the greater part of the bill which the conference committee reported. In several schedules, however, notably the one relating to cotton goods, it invites higher prices and offers that temptation of which Mr. Taft spoke in his letter of acceptance. But if the promise was that rates "generally excessive" should be reduced, and with them the cost of living, which has risen by 30 or 40 per cent since the Dingley tariff was enacted, it has been broken, and the failure to keep it cannot be concealed by Mr. Payne's misleading table concerning this country's entire consumption of commodities, both domestic and imported.

It is true that the conference committee's bill was improved in spots by the President's influence, but he got only half of the free list upon which he originally insisted, and the effect of the reductions due to his attitude will be scarcely perceptible to the average consumer. Probably the relief given by them will be outweighed by the new burdens imposed in the cotton goods schedule alone for the benefit of Mr. Aldrich's friends. The reduction of the already low duty on shoes, which has been a leading subject of discussion, affects an industry in which it is well known that free competition prevails. The consumer would gladly exchange this reduction and the free listing of hides for a just revision of the duties on woolen and cotton goods and of rates that are abused by greedy combinations. As for the reduction in the iron and steel schedule, as a rule they will not be effective. We have Mr. Carnegie's testimony that the steel industry needs no protective duties whatever. Incidentally it may be mentioned that prices of steel products have been advancing during the last two weeks and that further increases are expected.—The Independent, August 5.



"An old librarian, unable to find his umbrella one evening when it was time to close, returned and looked anxiously for it in the card catalogue under the letter 'U.'"

IN THE DEAD SEA FURNACE.

(Continued from Page 822.)

water which she or some one else had carried for many miles to this spot so that travelers like myself might re-wash their greasy bodies after the Dead Sea bath.

At ten o'clock I started for the hotel at Jericho, six or seven miles away. The sun was like a ball of yellow, flaming fire. Its fierce rays reflected from the hot, dry sands and dust, dried up the fluid in my eyes and by its glare nearly blinded my sight. To prevent the sand from working into my shoes I removed them, when I found the heat too intense for the soles of my feet. For the first time in my life I danced an involuntary jig unprovoked by others, running at last and making high steps and long, so as to prolong the intervals between lighting in the sand and taking my feet up again. The heat became greater until, a half mile or so from the beach I stopped, looked back and decided that it would be death to go any farther ahead and that I had but slight chance of getting back to the little booth built for tourists near the shack of the natives. I was growing dizzy, and when the earth was about to leave off lying still and to begin to whirl about in fancy curves, I started for the beach, when, with a slight breeze in my face, I was enabled to reach it with the sands scorching my feet much as the grate from a dying furnace-fire. Here I lay, in this shady booth, until evening, having been served a little dinner at noon, and fresh water, by the woman in the shack,—and taking another plunge into the sea, with the surface entirely calm. As before, the water made me shriek in very pain, when it entered my eyes, or swept that portion of the body that had been chafed in walking.

Throughout the whole day I had lain secure in this booth, the fiery waves of heat trembling in long, quivering clouds of film upon the whole parched land, dotted near the river with scraggy bushes. Not a cloud came into the fiery sky.

Once more back at the Jordan I took another plunge into its fresh, sweet waters, washing off any remaining oil and salt, and drinking, as I bathed, huge draughts of the pure water that flows down from Mount Lebanon.

The next morning I walked back, alone, to Jerusalem, going up, now, and not down. Though it was daylight now, my knowledge of the dangers in the country was such that my fears were more now than they had been on my way down. Scarcely any one was on the road, however, and I reached Bethany without an incident.

In rounding the Mount of Olives, four big Arabs, wearing Moslem caps, met me. These had made up their mind to stop me and rob me. They called upon me to stop, to stand still and to give them my money. I walked up until quite close to them, then, when off

their guard, I leaped quickly to one side, and took to my heels, escaping their clutches and making them feel ridiculous when I stopped and turned around to laugh at them at a distance of a few hundred feet. They did not know whether to keep after me or to give up, but knowing that my feet were too tired and my joints too stiff from my long walks, to outrun them to Jerusalem, I walked on as fast as possible, without looking back.

It was just growing dark when I entered St. Stephen's gate among a lot of Bedouins and fellahin, going and coming. As I was perfectly safe now, inside the gates of the Holy City, I took my leisure to find my hotel, where a good supper, kind friends and a sweet bed free from fleas, awaited me.

Only then did I realize at what great pressure I had been living. I did not look like the same tourist. My face in the hotel mirror was wild, thin, nervous, terrifying. No wonder men gave up the chase. I would have been scared, myself. Dr. Selah Merrill, the consul, thought possibly I had met with foul play or that an accident of some kind had befallen me and told me he was about to send out a rescue party.

Every one in Jerusalem soon knew about my adventure, alone, and if tourists talked about it at the hotels and cafes and shops, much more did the natives themselves, who sat on street corners and raised the question as to whether my going down to Jericho alone and without paying for a guide or so, would not tempt other tourists to try the same inexpensive way of getting over the Holy Land. Many of them, seeing their livelihood endangered, regretted that I had not been more roughly treated.

For three days I was laid up at the Grand New Hotel, the heat and terrible excitement having been almost greater than my nerves would bear.

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Jack—Hello, Tom, old man, got your new flat fitted up yet?

Tom—Not quite. Say, do you know where I can buy a folding toothbrush?—Boston Transcript.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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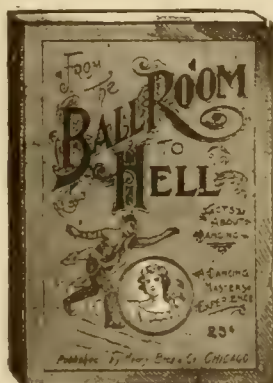
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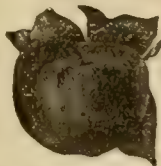
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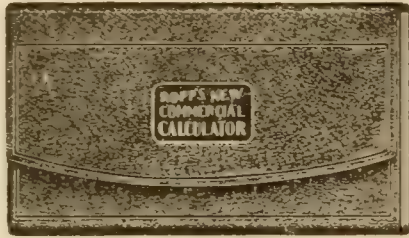
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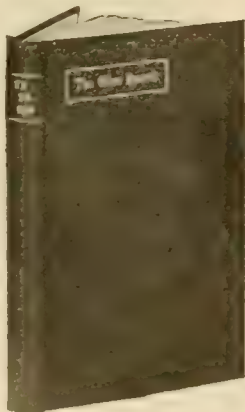
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Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

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The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

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It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

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THE INGLENOOK

August 31, 1909

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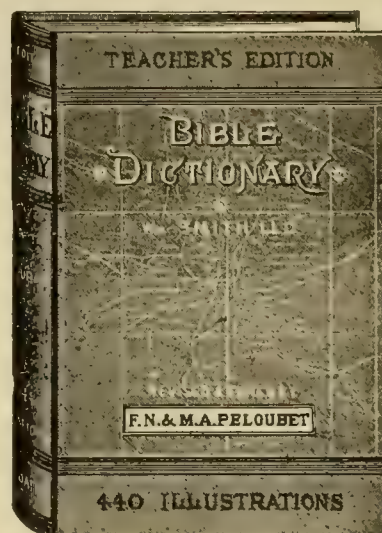
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Mr. Jonas R. Trimmer Writes of Miami Ranch

Mr. Trimmer is a man of far more than ordinary learning and experience, especially along irrigation lines. He expresses the sentiment of other representative citizens of Miami Valley.

Miami, New Mexico, May 25, 1909.

Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M. Gentlemen:—

It was not until after I had traveled in many sections of the United States, especially in the arid and semi-arid portions of Texas and the Pacific Coast from Southern California to the Canadian North-west, that I decided to locate on Miami Ranch. I had spent some time in the Republics of Mexico and Guatemala as well, but for an all-around proposition I consider this section as good as any I have investigated.

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Since I have located here and studied soil conditions, I find them remarkable. The centuries of action of the elements has eroded and washed from the mesasslopes vast amounts of rich humus and placed a deposit of from ten to fifteen feet upon the land I acquired. The soil composition is just sandy enough to make it pulverize and cultivate nicely, free from alkali and as to moisture retaining qualities it is marvelous.

Before locating, I studied the market question thoroughly, and situated as we are here, we will be able to compete with any section, raising similar products to those of Miami. Our altitude and climate brings our crops to maturity at a time when the vast section of country to our south and east are in the market for same, thus assuring unlimited demand.

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Miami is a proposition that the investor and homeseeker can feel safe on; we have the water, the first essential in a semi-arid country, our rights are perpetual, backed by legal government rights.

Your company is certainly giving fair treatment to settlers and are making both interests mutual and all that can be expected.

Thanking you for your hearty co-operation in the past and sincerely trusting for a continuance of same, I am

Very respectfully yours, (SIGNED) Jonas R. Trimmer.

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"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

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Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

August 31, 1909.

No. 35.

MY FIRST SCHOOL

JOHN W. WAYLAND

INASMUCH as the INGLENOOK is this year devoting a good deal of space to school life and school work, I have ventured, with the encouragement of the editor, to write this sketch of my experiences. The whole account must necessarily be very personal; and, even at the risk of being considered egotistical, I shall not spare the use of the pronoun, first person, singular, when it seems to fit in naturally. "We" shall not be charged with anything for which I alone was responsible.

It was about twenty years ago that I made my debut in the "ancient and honorable" profession of teaching. In July or August of that particular year I had attended the examinations at the county-seat, where, for the first time in my life, I wrote out answers to questions on the various subjects of study. So far as I now recall, I had never taken any sort of written examination before. The whole proceeding occupied the greater part of two days; a definite period of time, say from half an hour to an hour and a half, being allowed for each subject. It all was new to me then, and the apportionment of time seemed liberal enough, but in looking back now, after more experience, and after having had a few examinations that have consumed a whole day on one subject, I cannot help wondering a little at my early ability (?).

There were other interesting phases to that first examination. I remember distinctly that I walked practically all of the twelve miles, each way, between my old home and the county-seat. The days were long, as well as hot, in that season of the year; so that, rising at four o'clock on the morning of the first day, and eating a hasty breakfast that my mother prepared, I had ample time to walk the dozen miles and be on hand at the opening of the examinations at nine o'clock. The second evening I got away from town at three or four in the afternoon, and reached home before dark.

Then came the suspense of waiting for a report

from the county superintendent. A cousin of mine, who lived on an adjoining farm, and who had taken the examinations at another town, was also waiting to learn his fate. Many were our anxious conferences together. We tried by every known method to estimate the degree of probability or chance upon which we might base our hopes of getting a certificate.

I forget now which of us heard from the superintendent first; but one day I received from the postoffice a large envelope that I at once recognized as the one I had myself stamped and addressed a month or so before. I was almost afraid to open it; but finally I cut open one end with great care, and was much elated to find that it really contained a teacher's certificate. The grade was about as low as it dared be, but I nevertheless felt that I had not failed altogether.

Then came the final negotiations for a school. The country schools of my district at that time were open only five months in the year; and all the better places were secured in advance by the older teachers. There was one particular place that was notorious as the worst place in the county. The school there was always or nearly always given to a greenhorn or to one who had demonstrated his general unfitness at other places. This may explain in great measure why the particular school in question had a bad name. I was hoping that I might get another school to start with, but I didn't. The district board sent me to the place that was most dreaded by the novice. On the school register it was known as "Willow Grove"; but in the common speech of the surrounding country it was called by another name.

Willow Grove was about three miles and a half from my home. I lived on one high hill, and about a mile eastward was another; three miles further east was the mountain: the beautiful Massanutten Mountain, stretching along in a blue, even ridge against the sky line, in plain sight for fifty miles. Of all the mountains I have ever seen, none is so beautiful as

that one, the one of my earliest memories. About a mile from the mountain flows the river; and about half-way between the mountain and the river was the little log schoolhouse, where my first pedagogical experiments were to be made. I think it is still standing there; and it now holds a tender place in my heart, like the mountain that towers above it, and the sparkling, murmuring river that flows near at hand, in the valley.

About a week before the time for school to open for the winter, I borrowed a horse and rode across the country to the foot of the mountain, and going around to the homes of my patrons notified them that "on next Monday morning" school would begin. At the time appointed I was at the schoolhouse, and so were about fifteen or eighteen boys and girls, ranging in age from five years to fifteen or sixteen. A little later in the autumn a few older boys and girls came in. The date of opening was, I think, the 27th of October.

Now, the surprising thing in this story is that I had no notable adventures: at least, not in the schoolhouse. I was expecting all sorts of trouble, but it did not come. Not even a practical joke was attempted by the pupils or the young men of the neighborhood, so far as I know. One of my recent predecessors had had his life made miserable. For example, one night when he had a spellingbee a disturbance was made by some of the boys, who of course were near the door, and darted out as he went toward them. Being of a pugnacious disposition, he ran after them in the darkness some distance, much to his discomfiture; for the youngsters had prepared the way by driving stakes on opposite sides of the narrow path, and stretching across it pieces of strong twine called "tar rope," used for tying corn fodder. The result of the chase may be imagined with sufficient vividness, and need not be described.

Just why I was not visited with the usual persecutions would perhaps be difficult to explain, for the ringleaders of former years were still on hand. I found, however, that many of the parents and pupils had conceived the notion, whether justly or unjustly I cannot say, that some of the former teachers had maintained toward them a sort of snobbish attitude. This, of course, was keenly resented. The people were simple in their ways, living mainly in small houses with rude surroundings, wearing rough clothing and doing heavy labor with their hands, but they had at the same time a keen sense of justice and personal worth; and they soon detected any disposition toward them of disdain or superciliousness. They wanted to be credited at their true value, and were keenly appreciative of sympathy and earnest efforts for their welfare. I found them all good people, who welcomed me to their homes, showed me many favors, and became my permanent friends. In after years a

small church was built beside the old schoolhouse, and the place became noted as a center of zealous Christian endeavor. Some of the most desperate young fellows became leaders in the work of church and Sunday school and the one who had been counted the wildest of all was the mainstay of the little congregation at the time of his death, six or eight years ago. I do not speak of all this to imply in any degree that my work accomplished all or any of these results; I could name others who did much more; but I relate the circumstances in order to give an illustration of the real worth that is often to be found in unpromising surroundings, and in order to make an appeal to every young teacher, man or woman, for straightforward honesty and sincere sympathy in dealing with both children and their parents. Men and women, boys and girls, like to be respected and valued at their true worth; and they will often respond wonderfully under such treatment.

I had never taught school before, except as a substitute for a day or two; but I had some notions of what I ought to do and how I ought to do it. These notions, while they were crude enough, were not as bad as might have been expected from a youth of eighteen, who had never attended a normal school and who had never been a student in any sort of a school for more than six sessions of five months each. I had gathered some ideas from observation, as I saw my teachers conduct their classes and manage their schools; and I had done some reading in pedagogical literature. Page's "Theory and Practice," the "Blackstone of Pedagogy," was in my father's small bookcase, and I had read parts of it. I had subscribed for two or three pedagogical journals, published in New York, and had derived some benefit from studying them, though I realize now that often I failed to understand much that they contained.

One thing I did that none of my teachers had ever done, so far as I now recall: I gave each boy and girl a monthly report of work, deportment, and progress. I remember distinctly that I procured at some pains sheets of colored paper, of different hues, and used these in making the reports. With great pains I wrote them all out by hand, sometimes using a blue or red pencil to increase the artistic blending of colors. The children liked the bright effects, I suppose; and I, being not much more than a child, did not know how badly I was violating good taste. The nearest printing press was ten miles away, or I might have proceeded differently.

My nearest approach to adventure came on the road, rather on the river, as I went back and forth evening and morning between the school and my home. Since my mother was alone when I was away, it was necessary for me to be at home every night. During the first two months or so I rode horseback,

and forded the river. There were three fords that I could use. When the river was at its ordinary depth I would ride across at a narrow place where the water was deep and swift, since this was the shortest route; but when rains or melting snows flushed the stream I had to go farther around and zigzag across where the channel was broad and shallow. I carried, slung over my shoulder by a strap, one side of an old pair of deerskin saddle pockets. In this sort of knapsack, that I had rigged up myself, I stored my books, a small clock—I had no watch—my noonday lunch, and a small sack of oats, the contents of which I fed my horse at noon. I kept the horse in a shed several hundred yards from the schoolhouse.

About the end of December, came a heavy snow, one of the heaviest I have ever seen in Virginia; and the drifts completely filled the roads at many places to the top of the fences, where the roads ran east and west. The road across the hills and down into the river bottoms, by which I went to my school, was thus rendered impassable. Since it was not a public road, there was little chance of its being cleared until the melting of the snow. The surface of the drifts was solid and strong enough at most places to bear a man's weight; so I began walking. Some of my patrons, who lived near the river, would ferry me over morning and evening in their small boats.

Crossing in this fashion was sometimes rather exciting; for the river was often flush, and was sometimes filled with drift. Besides, the crossing place most used was just below an old dam, where the water was thrown up in a great turmoil of ripples. In this part of the current the prow of the boat always had to be turned almost directly upstream; then the force of the churning water, striking the side at a sharp angle, while the boatman paddled vigorously, would throw the craft quickly across into the calmer water near the bank. The first two or three times I was taken across in this way I was somewhat nervous, but I soon came to enjoy the violent rocking of the boat and the swish and swirl of the foaming water.

Pretty soon I made a boat for myself. One Saturday I got some pine boards of my uncle, and constructed the rough craft, completing it in one day. It was about fourteen feet long, three feet wide in the middle, two and a half feet at the stern, and about eight inches at the bow, with the bottom sloping up sharply to the front. As well as I remember, it was about ten inches deep. When it was finished, my cousin and I hitched a horse to one end and dragged it to the river on the top of the snow. For my crossing place I chose a point some distance below the old dam, where the water was wide and deep, and the current was ordinarily slow.

Nobody on that part of the river used double oars. Instead they used a short, broad paddle which served

equally well in propelling the boat and in bailing out water—when one knew how to handle it properly. I became very expert in a month or two in using the paddle, and think I must have hit upon the peculiar paddle stroke commonly used by the American Indians, by which the strokes are all delivered from one side of the boat without causing the boat to swerve from its course. I had always observed that men paddling boats would invariably change the paddle frequently from one side of the boat to the other, to keep upon the desired course; and that by this method time would be lost, not only in changing the paddle from right-hand to left-hand, and vice versa, but also in the concomitant zigzagging of the boat from side to side.

By a little experimenting I was able to sit or stand in the stern of the boat, and propel it directly upon any desired course by paddling all on one side. Each stroke ended by turning the paddle out of the water edgewise, while using it as a lever against the side of the boat. This stroke I found very satisfactory in every respect.

Having once begun walking and ferrying the river in my own boat, I kept it up the rest of the session. I got along without mishap, though one morning when the river was unusually flush I came near being carried down the stream by the current. I was finally able to land by catching the ends of some overhanging branches of trees. This was before I had learned much about controlling the boat. My long tramp across the hills morning and evening seemed an excellent tonic. I could, after a while, make the round trip of seven miles, with an interval of six hours spent mainly on my feet in the schoolroom, with scarcely any sense of fatigue. Never, so far as I know, have I enjoyed better health.

It is now doubtless time to bring this rambling sketch to a close. If boys or girls in school, or any young teacher struggling with difficulties, shall find anything in this early experience of mine to interest, entertain, or encourage, I shall be very glad indeed, and shall try to forget any possible charges of egotism that may be made against me. At the time of which I speak many of the experiences I have related seemed hardships; but now I have ceased to remember them in that character. As I was learning the improved paddle-stroke, I may have been learning to "paddle my canoe" in more ways than one; and as I was finding friends where I had expected to find hinderers of my work, I may have been learning a valuable lesson of life.



NEVER to tire, never to grow cold, to be patient, sympathetic, tender; to look for the budding flower and the opening heart; to hope always, like God; to love always—this is duty.—*Amiel*.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXII.—Walking About Jerusalem.

"In those holy fields,
Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
Which fourteen hundred years ago
Were nailed
For our advantage,
To the bitter cross."

—Shakespeare.

In the Church of the Holy Sepulchre I went into the little tomb declared by the Roman Catholics and Greeks to be the tomb used by the Savior. I did not know at the time just what the Protestant Church thought about the tomb, and I allowed myself, under the stimulus of gaudy symbols, expensive ornamentation and music, to enter into the solemnity of the place, reverently sauntered about the underground part of the church, watching with great interest the quaint ceremony of the monks who marched down from the church above and went straight toward and up to the tomb, one or so entering and performing some sort of religious devotion on the inside. So much was I affected by the association of the thought of Christ's death, burial and resurrection near here, I could not but shed tears when I knelt within the tomb, and I found it a fountain of sacred thoughts that made my heart tender and my judgment of men more kind.

Before I left the church several things happened that led me to doubt the authenticity of the tomb. One was the rude manner in which I was accosted by one of the leader monks in charge. I stayed too long in the tomb to suit his fancy, or I was interrupting the solemn cortege of the pious monks. Or,—and I think this may have been the real cause,—I did not drop enough of coins into the alms box as I passed around. So he ordered me out of the tomb. It might

have been his great zeal that made him act roughly, but he should have known that the tomb, false or true, was doing me more good than it was doing the whole train of self-righteous monks of a past age who walked around in long brown gowns, carrying crosses and candles and looking like lost souls on the planet of Mars. If he

really believed it to be the real tomb, I think that my zeal for it would have found an echo in his own honest zeal and he would have been more tactful and considerate in getting me away so that the cowed monks might pass unbroken. He showed the wrong spirit, and I am confident that the spot, walled up and made to suit the people of the church who have fastened so many frauds upon a superstitious people, has been foisted upon the world by quacks.

Soon after, I visited the tomb called the Garden



The Turkish Soldier Is Here Included, with Mr. Spickler, with Shoes in Hand, Near Dome of the Rock.

tomb, outside of the city walls, near the Place of the Skull, in a real garden. "In the place of the crucifixion there was a garden, and in the garden a new sepulchre, wherein no man had yet lain. Here they laid him." The garden was enclosed by a rough board wall. At the wooden gate or door, too high for me to see over it, I knocked. The gardener himself opened the gate. He was keeping it in condition, and in order to defray this expense, a small charge is made of tourists. But so soon as he learned that I had started penniless on my tour he refused to take a single penny, though I offered him money, time and again. As if his very modesty shrunk from my camera, he slipped behind the small fig tree, crossing his hands in simple humility, so that we have only a partial view of his fine face. He believed. He believed that the tomb here was the real one. He was here, not

to defend it *from* the people, but to preserve it *for* them.

Then he showed me the tomb. Like a little child in guileless simplicity he pointed me inside.

With my cap in my hand, I passed into this tomb. There was no pomp or show visible. It was absolutely devoid of ornamentation or marks placed there by modern men to create wonder or to work upon the imagination. No blazonry of trumpet, candle or gilt in this tomb. That's why, for one reason, I believe it is the real one. The vault cut into the rocky wall must be about seven feet square, the right side below the little window up from the door being the place where the tomb had been hewn out for the repose of an adult. It was still unfinished, for you could plainly see where the workmen had left off cutting the stone. The Bible says it was a new tomb,—that no one had yet lain in it. Of course it was new. That's why the writers of that time knew so positively that no one had yet lain in it. They noticed that it was still unfinished, and if Christ had been laid in a tomb that was still being worked out of the rock, as this one plainly bears evidence in its unfinished portions, then everybody would at once know that it was a new tomb.

Here I also knelt, and while my religious fervor was calmer in its emotion, I really came away with the certain belief that Christ did lie right here, in this very spot, for a part of three days, as the Scriptures say. From this place I believe the Man of Glory came into his full heritage on the glad morning of the resurrection. But whether here or there, or somewhere else, it matters not to me. I know that he did do as the Bible tells us, and that is enough for my soul. Again, I add another point in argument for this tomb, and that is the fact that the stone shows great age. It has weathered for centuries. Besides, we know that the method of chiselling out the rock as here used was in use then, but is not in use now. Lastly, as to this sacred spot, for it is near the site of Golgotha, and is sacred whether the tomb or not, I noticed as I stood there alone on that quiet afternoon, that the very stone facing the tomb in which the Master might have rested, as if in great agony of grief had poured through its veins mineral discolora-

tions of purple, blue and crimson, the very rocks sweating great drops of blood as they cried out in agony of grief.

Jerusalem is a big city and its streets themselves are hard to find. A guide is therefore almost a necessity. The U. S. consul, Dr. Selah Merrill, furnished me a kawas or guide, and the Turkish Government a soldier, so that there were four of us in our party, three being required to show one man over the place. The man in citizen clothes is a temperance man belonging to the Mt. Zion temperance workers. He wore on this walk a red fez to show that he was a Christian, while the kawas, with richly upholstered jacket of heavy gold embroidery and flowing sleeves, wore a fez carrying a tassel, the tassel signifying that he was a Moslem. Children were

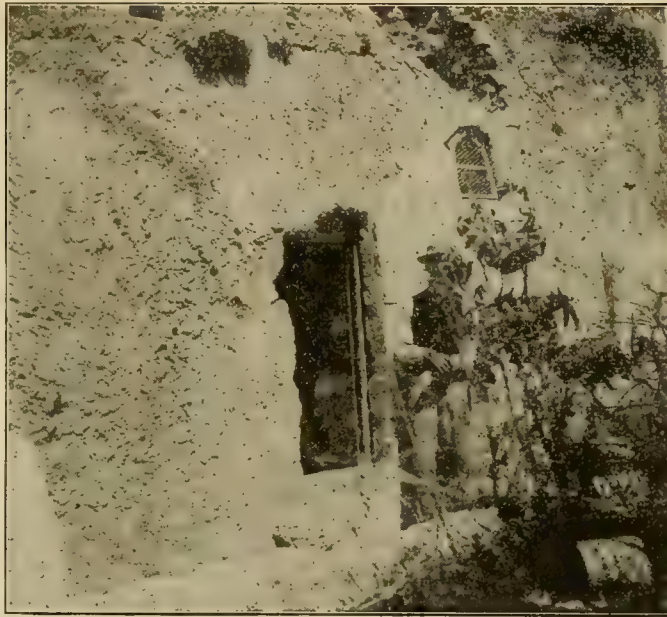
playing in the streets as we passed along over the same streets through which the Savior is said to have walked when he left the Judgment Hall. Awnings were stretched above the narrow streets to shield the shopkeepers from the burning afternoon sun.

It is good that we as a people have such a good consul in the most important city of the world. Dr. Merrill is a great Bible student, and his travels personally over the Holy Land, and his enormous collection of fine pictures showing every

phase of biblical custom as these may be seen today in the various seasons of the year and in the many different sections of the country, make him an ideal consul for the American student to the Holy Land. Besides being a great scholar he is a most sociable and wholesome friend, entering at once into the sympathies of the tourist.

The whole temple area is laid with flat stones, between which scraggy grass tries to grow. The temple is forever gone. Jesus said it would go. "Not one stone shall be left upon another." He was the one Man who knew exactly what he was talking about. With my own eyes I saw that his words were entirely fulfilled. There was no question about it. It is today a great waste, where no buildings of importance are to be seen,—none save the mosque. But it doesn't hurt anything. It says neither yes or no to the onmoving of history.

"Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." The truth came, Jesus the Man, the visible



Probable Tomb of the Savior.

church with free liberty to read and think without the meddling of prating priests, and so this went. Things always go when God gets through with them. Down by the big wall where the heavy, long stones lay like sleeping giants of despair, I saw the Jews, young and old, come to rave and tear their hair over a mistaken idea that the Master had not yet come, too stubborn, after two thousand years of persuasion, to believe that it was they who killed the very Man they now long to have come to their city to relieve it of the foreign devil.

With the old but imposing wall of Jerusalem as a background I jumped ahead of my three guides and caught them as they walked, nearing an old well that must have been used for thousands of years. Here the apostles doubtless had many a drink, and the Savior must have been standing near when he saw some one buy a drink of water from the water carrier,

or sought to draw, with difficulty, a drink from its depths. Seeing this he said, "Come unto me, and I will give you living waters, which if any man drink, he shall never thirst."

The curbing was worn away for many inches, and historians believe that the well was a favorite drinking place in the time of the glory of the great temple.

My guides next took me below the temple area where I was shown the stables of Solomon. The holes were still seen in the rock mangers, much worn, showing where Solomon probably tied some favorite steed, patting it, as he passed along through his great underground barn.

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HOLMES, THE PHYSICIAN, AUTHOR AND POET

DALLAS B. KIRK

"Know old Cambridge? Hope you do.—
Born there? Don't say so! I was too."

—Holmes.

AUGUST 29, 1809, Oliver Wendell Holmes was born in Cambridge, Mass. His father, Dr. Abriel Holmes, was a clergyman and author of "A History of Cambridge." Sarah Wendell, daughter of Hon. Charles Wendell, was his mother. The Wendells were a Dutch family and likely the poet inherited his thrift, industry and caution from them.

His ancestry can easily be traced back to Mrs. Anna Bradstreet, first poet of the New World. Her book, on the title page of which she is called "The Tenth Muse," was published at London in 1650, being the first volume of original verse by an American. Other descendants of Mrs. Bradstreet are Channing, the two Danas and Wendell Phillips.

Young Oliver attended school in Cambridge from the age of ten until fifteen. He read much in his father's well-filled library. Later in life he said, "Books are the negative pictures of thought. . . . A scholar must shape his own shell." And Oliver did shape it well, as his after life proves it.

Holmes attended Andover Phillips Academy about one year. One of his classmates here was R. H. Dana, Jr., afterward author of "Two Years Before the Mast."

Holmes entered Harvard in 1825. He was joint author of "Poetical Illustrations of the Athenæum Gallery of Paintings," which was published in 1827. Also joint editor of "The Harbinger," published in 1833. He was graduated from Harvard University in 1829 when only twenty years old. While here he had contributed twenty-five poems to the *Collegian*, the college paper.

He started to study law but gave it up for the study of medicine. He spent from 1833-35 in Europe, continuing his medical studies.

His first collected edition of poems, forty-five in number, was published in 1836. "Old Ironsides," that lyric with the ring to it and a favorite of every patriotic schoolboy, was in the collection. This year Harvard made Holmes an M. D. Dr. Holmes was professor of anatomy and physiology in Dartmouth College, N. H., in 1839. He resigned two years later.

As author of the "Boylston Prize Dissertations" (1838) he won three medals.

Many pleasant hours Dr. Holmes spent in Boston with Sumner, Motley, Everett, and Daniel Webster.

June 16, 1840, Oliver Wendell Holmes married Miss Amelia Lee Jackson, daughter of Judge Charles Jackson of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. His first residence after marriage was at Boston, where he lived for about twenty years.

Three children were born to Dr. Holmes,—Edward, a lawyer, Amelia J., now Mrs. J. T. Sargeant of Beverly Farms, near Boston, and Oliver, Jr., also a lawyer. The latter was born in 1841, graduate of Harvard in April, 1861, and immediately joined the Fourth Infantry and went to the front. Was wounded in the battles of Ball's Bluff and Antietam. After the war he practiced law in Boston. Author of valuable law books. Professor of Harvard Law School and Justice in the Supreme Court of Massachusetts. You will see by this brief review of the junior Oliver that he is a credit to his father's name.

Holmes, Sr., was one of the founders of the *Atlantic Monthly* and a valued contributor for many years. Lowell was the first editor, but he thought Holmes was more fitted for the place. Emerson, Motley, Longfellow, and Norton were also among this famous group of writers for this magazine.

Dr. Holmes was given a chair in the Harvard Medical School in 1847. He held this place honorably for thirty-five years, resigning in 1882.

In 1852 Professor Holmes delivered a series of lectures on the "English Poets of the Nineteenth Century," such as Scott, Keats, Moore, Wordsworth, etc.

The Breakfast Table books were published from 1858 to 1873. "The Autocrat," leading the series, is the most noted. It beams with the author's sparkling wit, and contains his masterpiece in verse, "The Chambered Nautilus," with

"Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed."

Also "Latter-Day Warnings" with,

"When berries, whortle, rasp, and straw,—
Grow bigger downward through the box,"

is a lesson which can easily be applied to the present century.

1861 first saw "Songs in Many Keys," also the romance of destiny, "Elsie Venner." While this weird New England story is fascinating it contains that peculiar smell from a physician's office. The plots are threadbare, but Elsie's trials and troubles show the author's theory of heredity as well as analyzing the condition and vast difference of mental states.

The class poem for 1854, "The Old Man's Dreams," is worth a careful study. "Songs of Many Seasons" appeared from 1862-74. The memoirs of Motley and Emerson are standard works. These were two of Holmes' best friends.

"The Guardian Angel" was issued in 1867. It does not rank even as high as "Elsie Venner." This, as well as nearly all of Holmes' books, was written to combat some theological dogma, and he ranks as a satirist rather than a novelist.

Dr. Holmes' scientific works appeared from 1838 until old age. He wrote poems about such noted, world-wide people as Shakespeare, Burns, Words-

worth, Grand Duke Alexis, Washington, Webster, Lincoln, Grant, Bryant, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier and Harriet Beecher Stowe, author of "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

It has been said of Dr. Holmes' private library, that "it is rich in rare medical treatises and literary treasures." The student can easily find references to these books in nearly all of Holmes' works. When the author had passed his seventieth birthday, December, 1879, the publishers of the *Atlantic Monthly* gave a breakfast in honor of the Autocrat. H. O. Houghton and W. D. Howells presided. Almost every American author was present and those who could not be sent a letter of regret and congratulation. Dr. Holmes read "The Iron Gate," which ranks next to his masterpiece in its fine poetical description of old age with its,

"Youth longs, and manhood strives, but age remembers."

Other poems were read by Julia Ward Howe, author of "Battle Hymn of the Republic," Helen Hunt, Whittier, Trowbridge, Stedman and others.

The spring of 1882 was a sad one in Boston, as both Emerson and Longfellow then crossed the ocean of time. Holmes dedicated a masterly oration to each.

"A Hundred Days in Europe" was published after a visit there in 1886 and shows the ripe culture of its author.

His wit was of the pleasant sort and did not tire anyone.

In 1890 Dr. Holmes wrote these lines to Tennyson (England's poetic star of the Victorian age and only twenty-three days younger than himself): "I am proud of my birth year (1809) and humbled when I think of who are my coevals." Then he mentions briefly some facts concerning Darwin, Lord Houghton, Gladstone, Mendelssohn and ending with "and the Laureate whose 'jewels five words long'—many of them longer—sparkle in our memories."

He lived to the good old age of eighty-five, dying October 7, 1894, in reality being "The Last Leaf Upon the Tree."

Holmes lived in a brilliant intellectual epoch of American literature, which up to the present time still remains America's Golden Age.

He excelled as a writer of humorous poetry. His medical lectures were sometimes reprinted in the English papers. Other periodicals besides the *Atlantic Monthly* which published articles from his pen were, *New England Magazine*, *North American Review*, *International Review*, *Boston Medical and Surgical Journal*, etc.

A number of his poems have been set to music; such as, "Welcome to the Nations," "Hymn of Peace," "Evening Thought," "Angel of Peace," etc.

Rockton, Pa.

CLOSING VACATION DAYS.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

VACATION days are drawing to a close. To many of us they are the happiest of the year. They are to the small boy whose roving and daring nature seeks freedom—especially freedom from the rules of schoolmasters and the tedious task of books. To him it means liberty with all nature as his realm. Liberty to roam from morn till night, and his fearlessness in danger makes him the constant anxiety of his admiring parents.

He explores the hidden nooks, scales the lofty peaks, discovers the home of the bumblebee, and climbs the highest trees, which intrusion greatly excites Mother Squirrel who is alarmed for the safety of her children. He is conscious of his own prowess and astonishes you sometimes by the feats which he performs.

These are the days of joy which light up the boy-age with splendor; days which will be in after life fond reminiscences of the past. Aye, my boy, you are in the springtime of life. Play on, enjoy life and smile, for the time will come when cheerful spring will die into the heat of summer; summer into the frosts of autumn; and autumn into the cold rains of winter. The scorching rays of summer will soon begin to descend upon your flowery springtime. These things you do not know but time will reveal them unto you. So, like the springtime, these vacation days are passing into the busy days of school.

But now the scene has changed. The small boy is not the only one who has enjoyed freedom from the thralldom of teachers. To the college boy and girl these have been delightful days and pleasantly spent. And I might add, profitably spent, for along with the pleasures there has been a certain amount of toil and labor which insures the return of the student for another term. But to some it might seem as if it all had been toil and no pleasure. But the consciousness of victory shall be a pleasure at least. To those more fortunate there probably has been entire freedom, with the privilege of travel, reviewing old scenes and seeing new ones, and this has been the source of much knowledge and recuperation for the long hours of study which are before them.

— As these days are drawing to a close the student is dreaming of again meeting old schoolmates and teachers. The summer at home with loved ones has been a pleasant one and the thought of leaving this association is one of sadness to their minds. But the unseen influence of the home they will carry away with them.

But there will be some to whom the breaking of home-ties will be a new experience. These should have the sympathy and help of their fellow students. Some will stand this exposure and return the same

as before. But there are others to whom the absence of a parent's devotion and home affections will produce a shock which will last forever. There are chords of affection which a rude or unnatural tension will break, and break forever. Be careful then, scholar, how you treat your schoolmate.

When the vacation is over and you again return to the old familiar place, you will find that disappointments await you as well as surprises. There will be new acquaintances to be made as well as old ones to renew. When you look around among them you will find that there are some of your old friends who are missing.

"Where is Charlie?" "Where is Mary?" "Gone." What a feeling that word brings to you—"gone." Many times during the day it comes into your mind with the pang of an arrow—"gone." Your friends who have comforted and cherished you—they are gone. And as you journey onward without them you realize that life is like a bubble which soon bursts and passes away.

Vacation days are drawing to a close,—yes, they are almost GONE.

**PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.**

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter Two.—Treatment of Soil.

THE various kinds of soil are found mixed in various proportions. When the soil is left near the place of formation the change from one to another is often very abrupt. In the Blue Grass region of Kentucky the soil weathered from limestone is very fertile, while to the east and south the soil formed from sandstone is very poor.

On the other hand the transported soils possess a greater variety and are more suited to diversified crops.

Loamy soils are warm and will hold moisture well, hence are best for general farming.

Clay may be improved by the addition of vegetable matter, as this adds humus. This is also good for sand. In fact, if it were not for the expense barren, sandy spots could be thus reclaimed.

A repeated growing of any one crop or of those of a similar kind is apt to exhaust the soil by using all of the available plant food of one of the essential elements of the soil.

While plants may be starved, they may also be killed by too much food. You know that salt applied heavily will kill grass as well as will also other plant foods. Plants can live on a solution as small as one part solid food dissolved in one million parts of water, while more than one in a thousand kills them.

Salt, lime, or ashes applied heavily is one method of killing noxious weeds.

Jethro Tull was a successful farmer of England many years ago. Farmers were not careful in the

preparation of the seed bed but planted their crops carelessly, and harvested indifferent crops. He noticed that when the ground was carefully prepared and the crop well cultivated the yield was good. His explanation was that "tillage is manure." Since his time we have learned that though his methods were correct his reasoning was wrong.

Breaking the soil causes more air spaces, thus enabling the air to come in contact with more of the compounds of plant growth.

The chief agent in this work is carbonic acid, one of the waste products of the animal kingdom.

Deep plowing allows the air to penetrate deeper and thus bring more soil in contact with the carbonic acid in the air.

We see that plants in order to use the plant food must have moisture. The water enters at the roots, passes up the stem, and out through the leaves. You have perhaps seen the corn blades rolled up on a hot day. That is nature's method of checking the stream of water escaping from the plant and thus tide it over a dry spell.

As a usual thing enough water falls in a season to suffice for a crop if it were all available. But much of it runs off at once, and what remains is constantly evaporating. To conserve this moisture and give it to the plant as needed is the problem for the farmer. Moisture is next to temperature the controlling factor in the growth of plants.

Not only enough moisture, but properly distributed throughout the season. Plants may be injured in a season showing a high total rainfall by not having rain at the stage when most needed.

It should be the farmer's aim in all cases to conserve the moisture—in arid regions to lessen cost and labor of irrigation, and in humid regions to protect the crops against drouth.

How is this to be done? Subsoiling is one of the most important of these means. The Wisconsin Experiment Station thus states the benefits of subsoiling:

1. Increases storage capacity.
2. Increases rate at which water will sink into the soil.
3. Decreases rate at which water is brought back to the surface.

Subsoiling to be of any benefit should leave the ground loose. The soil is the storehouse on which the plants draw for water. The water sinks into the earth and as that at the surface is evaporated it rises because of the capillary attraction of the soil. To see how it is done take a small tube, for instance a broken thermometer, and place one end in a vessel of water. At once the water will rise in the tube. The smaller the tube the higher it will rise. This is the same principle that causes oil to rise in the wick of a lamp.

When water reaches the surface of the earth it evaporates. What we want is to prevent the evaporation and consequent loss of water. How can this be done? Nature has shown us how. When the ground is dry overturn a board, stone, or other object and you will find the ground beneath it moist. Why? Simply because the wind and sun could not reach the moisture brought to the surface.

But we can't cover our fields with boards and stones. No, but we can find something that will do just as well. When the little tubes through which the water rises are broken it must stop on its journey toward the surface. If we keep the surface covered with a layer of dust, a dust blanket, if you please, it will do just as well as if we covered it with boards.

While water is essential, it is possible to have too much water. Then the land should be drained. The benefits of drainage are many. Removing the water allows the air to penetrate deeper, the oxygen promotes decay, and thus prepares more plant food. The top soil is deepened. Deeper soil renders more plant food available. It improves the texture of the soil. The soil is more porous and the roots go deeper into the earth.

Soil that is dry is easier warmed and can be worked earlier. Germs grow and change the unavailable nitrogen into nitrates, which are available. As the roots go deeper they are better able to endure a drouth.

Sandy soil does not need drainage but with clay it is different.

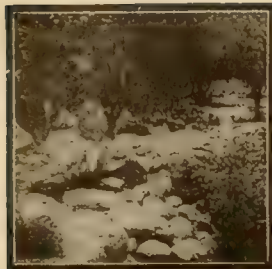
On high ground the water sinks into the soil or runs off as surface water, but on low ground it is found at or near the surface. This is what is known as the water level. If the water level is at or near the surface the crop will "drown out." The plant uses water but it is capillary water and not the "free" water, just as a lamp does not use the free oil, but the oil that goes up to the flame by way of the wick.

All authorities agree that where the water level is low enough tile drains are best because of their permanency, cheapness in the long run, noninterference with cultivation, and aid in holding the fertility of the soil.

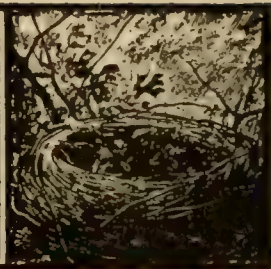
Bulletins. Much valuable information may be found in the bulletins mentioned in the previous article.



ALL that I have accomplished, or expect or hope to accomplish, has been and will be by that plodding, patient, persevering process of accretion which builds the ant heap particle by particle, thought by thought, fact by fact. If I was ever actuated by ambition, its highest and warmest aspiration reached no further than the hope to set before the young men of any country an example in employing those invaluable fragments of time called "odd moments."—*Elihu Burritt.*



NATURE STUDIES



DOWN BY THE RIVER.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

I gaze on the river that peacefully flows
Through valleys around me, and nobody knows
The pleasure it gives me to watch the fine scene;
The river, whose banks are all shaded with green;

Where grasses and trees and the flowers repose,
And often we're finding the pretty wild rose.
My heart fills with rapture each time I behold
The mountains above, that are centuries old.

The river and mountains and blue sky above,
These are the surroundings to make the heart love
And feel all in tune with the beauty around;
For when in their presence sweet peace will be found.
Philadelphia, Pa.



A HAPPY FAMILY.

MAUD HAWKINS.

THE little animal known as the prairie dog, which inhabits the far western States, is a sprightly, sociable little fellow as far as his domestic relations are concerned, being quite willing to divide his habitation with other animals. For no sooner does he get his little home excavated than a rattlesnake will move in without as much as saying, "If you please" or making any stipulation as to rent. A prairie owl will next come to make his home with him without any written invitation. However, the little dog makes no objection to these strange members of his household, but seems to be satisfied with his lot and lives in peace and harmony with the world, with no evident desire of ejecting his tenants or moving out himself.

Torwanda, Pa.



BURIAL OF OLD PRAIRIE DOGS.

THE prairie dogs at the New York Zoo have a habit of killing off the old members of the colony or burying them alive, and, while there are forty or fifty pups born every year, the whole colony remains no more than fifty in number each year, and there has never been a dead prairie dog found. They dispatch the old members of the colony and bury them out of sight. These funeral obsequies are usually performed in the nighttime, but recently they took place in the daytime. Raymond L. Ditmars, curator of the zoo, thus describes the burial exercises:

"When I got to the dog village," Mr. Ditmars said,

in telling of the incident, "there was a big crowd standing near one end. I pushed my way to the fence and saw the prairie dogs scurrying about. Several were digging nervously in one corner of the corral. Nearby was another group vigorously attacking one of the older prairie dogs, which was not defending himself at all. I made inquiries and learned from several of those who had witnessed the earlier stages of the affair that the attack on the old dog had been going on for about five minutes. He was unable to stand up when I got there. Soon the attacking party left him and ran over to where the others were digging. They all pitched in and dug. In a few minutes they had a pretty large hole. They all stopped at once and several ran back to where the old dog was lying. The other dogs seemed on the point of attacking him again, but when they saw him crawling toward the hole they held back and waited. The old dog reached the edge of the hole and tumbled in, head first; then lay quietly at the bottom, looking up at the other dogs gathered around the edge. In a few seconds the villagers began to fill up the hole with dirt. All took part in this operation. The hole was soon filled and the old dog was covered with two feet of earth. The younger prairie dogs ran back and forth on the filled-in hole, apparently packing down the dirt."

Dr. Osler imitates the prairie dogs in his suggestion of chloroform for the aged. But our civilization has one of the best illustrations in its reverence for and tender treatment of the aged. In the heated competition of life the aged are often pushed from many of the callings by the ambitious young, but in the main old people are treated with tenderness and love. Nothing is more uncomely than ingratitude or neglect of aged relatives, and nothing more beautiful than the sympathy and support that loyal children and relatives give to their own aged.—*Christian Herald*.



AUTUMN'S GAY COLORS.

Now is the time to watch for striking changes in the plant world. Autumn is too full of interest to be a melancholy time, as some poets would have us believe. It is the season when the vegetable world prepares for its winter rest. Just before the trees and shrubs settle down for their long slumber many put on very gay colors, as if to cheer us for the temporary loss of

their bright foliage. The dark green of the oak turns to red or rich brown; the ash, the hickory, the beech, and the birch are tinged with saffron, and the maples are gorgeous in crimson and gold.

Once people thought that plants died when winter came on. Now we know better—the tall tree, the leafless bush, the flowering plants that on the coming of frost wither to the ground have a little bulb or rootlet in the earth which next season will send up a new stem with leaves and flowers. Even the plants that seem to die altogether scatter seeds about them that next year will spring up in their form almost where they stood. Nature knows nothing of death. There is change, long periods of rest, which unthinking persons call death, but the little plants know better, and so they put on their gayest colors, rejoicing that after a long season of hard work they are to sink to rest until the sunshine of another spring shall bid them awake. Look out for the first tree to put on its autumn livery. If you live in the country you will see that it will be either the sour gum tree or the swamp maple.

The swamp maple you may have noticed in the early spring when it showered its tiny red blossoms down on the head of every passer-by. Not less gorgeous than these flowers is the brilliant red which its leaves put on in early fall. Wherever there is wet land you will find these trees, their veins well nourished by the rich sap which flows up from its rootlets, deeply imbedded in the soft wet soil.

The sour gum tree, often called the pepperidge or the tupelo, has an oval leaf, not unlike that of the dogwood tree. It grows to a height of twenty or thirty feet. Its wood is very hard, and is used mostly for wheels, pulleys, etc. Its blue-black berries are a favorite fruit of the opossum, which often climbs the tree to get a feast, and is thereby captured by woodcraftsmen who know this taste of Master Possum. The leaves ripen sometimes as early as August.—*Exchange*.



THE GOLDEN BUG.

WHAT child, boy or girl, is there who does not know what a ladybug is?—that little round bug with glistening red wings spotted with black polka-dots. And what child who has not said,

"Ladybug, ladybug, fly away home;
Your house is afire, your children will burn"?

An old English writer says of this pretty insect: "It is one of those few highly favored among God's harmless creatures which superstition protects from wanton injury."

An effort to trace the source of the tender regard in which the ladybug is held by children in all the countries of Europe has ended in the belief that it is a relic of some ancient cult.

There are many different versions of the hymn which

is repeated to warn the little bug to fly away. In Lancashire, England, where the people speak a peculiar dialect, it runs:

"Gowdenbug, gowdenbug, fly away home;
Yar house is bahnt deown, an' yar children all gone."

The children there call it "gowdenbug" because that is their way of saying "goldenbug," which is their name for "ladybug."

There are places where this same little bug is called "ladycow," or "our lady's cow," and the children then say:

"Dowdycow, dowdycow, ride away heame;
Thy house is burnt, and thy bairns are taen;
And if thou means to save thy bairns,
Take thy wings and fly away."

Then there are other places where this bug is called "Bishop Barnabee," and the hymn says:

"Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when your wedding be.
If it be tomorrow day,
Take thy wings and fly away."

Or else:

"Bishop, Bishop Barnabee,
Tell me when thy wedding be.
If it be tomorrow day,
Take thy wings and fly away.
Fly to east, fly to west,
Fly to them that I love best."

Everywhere it is believed necessary to repeat one of these rhymes over three times, while the ladybug is held in the palm of the hand—the palm of a little girl's hand is thought to be best—and then it will heed the warning and fly away.

In other places this little bug bears the names of "ladybird," "ladybee," "Maybug," "golden-knop," and the "bishop-that-burneth."

It has been thought that there was some connection between this insect and cows, but neither from its habits nor from its history can this be traced. The word "Barnabee" is supposed to come from "barn-bee," because ladybugs gather in large numbers in barns to take their long winter's sleep. And the name "bishop" is thought to come from the robes worn in early times by the doctors of divinity at Oxford University, which were of scarlet velvet with black velvet sleeves and trimmings, and so were something like the coat of the ladybug.

One author has attempted to show that, because the ancient Egyptians revered all kinds of beetles, this one was taken by them as being especially for children, because it is so small, and so harmless and pretty and clean. It certainly never does any harm, and eats only the little bugs which kill plants and flowers; and children have always liked it, so that even the most mischievous boys have felt that they must never do anything to hurt this innocent little bug.—*The Circle*.

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THE man who talks about "the weather we used to have" is in danger of losing his audience. Any one who has lived through the summer of 1909 knows about as much on the subject of the weather as any old-timer is able to tell him.



THIS week Prof. J. W. Wayland is giving us a very interesting account of his experiences while teaching his first term of school. Many Inglenookers in reading it will recall their own experiences in starting out in the same field, and doubtless could recount them with much pleasure and benefit to the rest of our family. Come on, all ye pedagogues! What have these first experiences for the present day, seen through the light of a decade or two? Who will follow Professor Wayland with a reminiscence of that momentous first term of school?



AMERICAN SCHOOL PEACE LEAGUE.

THE American School Peace League which has for its object the creation and promotion of the peace sentiment among the students of our country, is this year offering two sets of three prizes of seventy-five, fifty and twenty-five dollars for the three best essays on one of the following subjects:

1. The United States the Exemplar of an Organized World.
2. The History of International Arbitration.
3. The History and Significance of the Two Hague Peace Conferences.
4. The Opportunity and Duty of the Schools in the International Peace Movement.
5. The Evolution of Patriotism.

One set of prizes is open to seniors in the normal schools in the United States, the other to seniors in the preparatory schools. The contest will close March 1, 1910, and the prizes will be awarded at the annual

meeting of the league in July, 1910. Mrs. Fannie Fern Andrews, secretary of the American School Peace League, 405 Marlborough Street, Boston, Mass., will gladly give information concerning the details of the prizes. It is to be hoped that those in charge of these schools throughout our land will give encouragement to their students to enter these contests and thus arouse interest in the subject.



NERVES.

WE hear much about people's nerves these days, especially about the terrible condition of the nerves due to this, that or the other thing connected with present-day life. We may do violence to the proprieties and break almost every commandment in the decalogue and a simple reference to "my nerves" will explain the whole thing and not only secure us immunity but a great deal of pity and petting besides. Because of the present popularity of "nerves" and the general familiarity of people with their peculiar nature, we here give a number of extracts from a lengthy article on the subject in the August *Metropolitan* by Hugo Munsterberg. The writer starts out by giving fully and clearly the situation today relating to the nerves and nervous diseases as it appears and as it is honestly looked upon by thousands of physicians and tens of thousands of patients. He mentions the symptoms of hurry and restlessness, the "overflow of useless movements from chewing gum to the ceaseless motion of the rocking chair," the demand for many vacations as compared to the few of past generations, the dependence for recreation on "tickling amusements," the inability to read anything except short, light stories, etc., etc. He also mentions a number of the remedies that have been tried and in many cases been found valuable in effecting cures, or at least partial cures, as it seems well-nigh impossible to effect an entire cure when one has once learned that he has such things as nerves.

Just when the reader has settled it in his mind that the writer is simply adding his testimony to that of thousands of others who have deplored the terrible condition of our nerves, he is startled by this plain statement: "I do not hesitate to claim that this story is imaginative from beginning to end." The author, however, recognizes the power of the imagination, and what may be taken as the reason why he writes at such length on a subject whose importance is largely due to the imagination is found in these words: "The case may be one in which the imagined disease will easily become the source of real organic trouble. If our time goes on thinking itself abnormally nervous, it may indeed finally become ill; and there are not a few indications that care is necessary."

Whether the author is really in earnest or whether he aims by "suggestion" to draw the people away

from their present tendency to adopt some form of nervous disease, he surely hits some of our weaknesses and imaginations some hard blows and gives us something sensible and wholesome to think about. We believe that he is honest and in earnest and that he offers strong proof toward establishing his belief that the whole story of our nervousness is founded on the imagination.

The first illusion mentioned is the physical exercise remedy that has been so eagerly seized as a cure for nervousness. While the author admits that moderate, occasional exercise is beneficial as well as enjoyable, he looks upon the one who considers his very life dependent on a goodly amount of dumb-bell swinging, lifting weights, trotting, etc., taken at regular intervals, as much enslaved as the morphinist who feels in despair and suffers if he cannot have his injection. "Of course, for certain purposes, it is desirable to develop the muscular forces of the body; then the physical exercise becomes labor. But as mere exercise and restoration, it is needless in moderation and harmful in strong doses."

The next evil attacked is the headache powders and sleeping drugs by which "a passing discomfort is too often removed at the expense of really healthy nerves. Still worse is the psychotherapy of dilettanti. It seems to me one of the best indications of the splendid nervous constitution of the nation that it has passed with so little serious harm through the millionfold attacks on its nervous system which the amateurish psychotherapists of every denomination have directed against it.

"The illusions are still queerer when our conditions of life are blamed as necessary causes of nervous exhaustion. Is it not the nearest aim of our much-advertised technical civilization that it saves our nerve energy?" Mr. Munsterberg then names a number of inventions designed to turn the rough, rocky road of our fathers into "a smooth, asphalt street over which there is really no difficulty in proceeding." While he admits that the "social life has become more manifold and the outer tension stronger," he meets this with the scientific psychologist's studies on the "relativity of mental states. Our attention, our feeling, our interest, our excitement never depend upon the mere amount of the stimulus," but "upon its relation to the background. If three voices are shouting, the noise becomes noticeably stronger when a third is added, but if thirty are heard, one more or even five more would not be heard: ten more would have to join to make a perceptible difference."

The author refers to another psychological fact,— "the mental adaption which slowly levels down even the strongest impressions," and cites the miller who does not hear the noise of his mill and our insensibility to the touch of our clothes.

"Moreover, while our modern life has become more manifold, its emotional strain is rather less severe than that of the past. Our life is less sentimental and more realistic and businesslike. No longer do we write the letters full of feeling which our grandfathers wrote: we of today dictate notes. We do not keep emotional diaries: instead, we subscribe to the clipping bureau. . . . Our growing tolerance works in the same manner. Conflicts are less embittered. On the whole we enjoy our disagreements and make pleasant after-dinner speeches out of them. This is no age for being especially nervous."

Continuing, the writer admits that the foregoing may be a condition for a different kind of nervousness. "Recent years have shown that many of the hysteric and psychasthenic disturbances are simply the result of a suppressed memory of disagreeable experiences," and this condition may be due to the businesslike soberness of our modern times which has taken away the chance for confession. Nevertheless he maintains "that neither our nervous system nor the surroundings of our life should be blamed for our tiredness and restlessness.

"But there is no need of going on showing the illusory ideas as to the causes of our general nervousness. We can take a straighter course and insist that this nervousness itself is an illusion. . . . It is arbitrary to see in the rush and hurry a sign of nervousness. It is practically a sign of lack of co-ordination, a certain remainder of untrained impulsiveness and disconnectedness of movements which, on the whole, begins to disappear, or at least to be pushed westward. The jerky movements, the chewing and rocking and putting the feet on the table will soon be overcome, just as the spitting has nearly disappeared from the Eastern cities.

"Of course the reports of the hospitals and of the doctors seem to speak with figures. But may it not be with our psychasthenias and neurasthenias as it was when appendicitis became fashionable?" The new disease did not grow at all, except in proportion as "all that which had been classed as general intestinal troubles decreased.

"Least of all ought we to measure the good or poor states of our national nerves by the complaints of tiredness. It is true there are persons who demand from their nerves more than hygienic life would allow because they are too little provided with the healthy feeling of fatigue which nature has arranged as a warning sign for the exhaustion of the nervous system. But incomparably larger is the number of those who have trained themselves to feel fatigue long before any exhaustion is threatening." The writer further adds weakness of voluntary attention and lack of thoroughness to the list of evils that aggravate our nerves.



THE HOME WORLD



THE PROPHECY OF GROWTH

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

"THE lawn needs to be mowed this morning," said Mrs. Graham, "and the last sowing of radishes is full of purslane. Hadn't you better get at them while it is cool, Don?"

The fourteen-year-old boy in the Morris chair did not look up from his book, but a ghost of a frown wrinkled his smooth forehead.

"The grass is much easier cut while it is damp," his mother pursued, cheerily; "it will not take more than half an hour to clean out the radish bed. Then you can come back to your book. I know it is hard to leave, but one has so much more comfort reading, when there are no neglected tasks nagging at one's heels."

Don snuggled closer into the big chair, but he shut the book, keeping, however, a tentative finger in his place.

"That's always the way, when a fellow gets to an interesting place," he grumbled. "Just because I'm a boy, everybody has sixteen jobs ready for me, the minute they see me sitting down in peace!"

"Well, I think you may be excused from the other fourteen, this warm morning," his mother reassured him, pleasantly. But Don did not seem to appreciate either joke or reprieve. He sat with his chin sunk deep between his shoulders, and a lowering, almost sullen look in his blue-black eyes.

"It's just when I'm beginning to forget how miserable I feel, in some good story like this, that something always comes along to break me up and make me remember it again," he complained; and none but the keenest observer would have known that the gruffness of his tone was only an effort to disguise its unsteadiness. "But nobody cares, even if they did know it," he concluded, throwing out a desperate challenge.

Mrs. Graham sat down at once on the nearest chair, still in dusting-cap and apron, but tactfully out of line of the discontented face.

"Why, Don," she said, solicitously, "I did not know you felt poorly. What's the matter? Maybe you played ball a little too hard yesterday. Does your head ache?"

There was an extended silence before the lad made answer, and when it came, Mrs. Graham thanked the Source of her Wisdom a hundred thousand times over, that since his baby eyes first sought hers in unconscious recognition of their relationship, she had never failed to meet her child on the ground of honest sympathy. To the superficial view, however, there might have appeared something incongruous, at least, in connecting the thought of ill-health or weakness with the possessor of that splendid set of young muscles and finely-bronzed skin.

"My head doesn't ache and I'm not tired," Don answered, a great measure of the antagonism gone from his expression, "but I'm just—just *miserable* with homesickness."

"With *homesickness*?" his mother echoed, half puzzled. "Of course it can't be the common kind, for you are right here at home safe and sound, where everybody loves you. Couldn't you tell me a little bit more clearly what it feels like?"

A tinge of color crept into Don's brown cheek, but it was not of embarrassment. He was so used to "telling mother" everything.

"It feels just as though I couldn't bear to keep still a minute," he explained, hesitating a trifle for the right words. "When I'm reading about this fellow here of Henty's, galloping like mad away from the Indians, or zipping off on a mustang to bring in a bunch of steers that have got away from the herd, it makes me feel as if I were going too, and kind of works off the stretchy, lonesome feeling. Then, when I have to stop reading and am not doing anything, or at least anything interesting, or there isn't anything much happening, I feel just as if I wanted to rush off somewhere and find what's going on, or jump into

the river. Sometimes, it seems as if nobody cared how I felt, or even thought I had any feelings at all; and so I might just as well be dead or anywhere out of the way. I don't suppose you understand; but it makes me tired clear to the end of my toes and fingers."

The absurdity of such a confession from a boy who was the apple of his parents' eyes, tenderly reared and cared for, the center of a circle of loving friends, did not strike the mother even for an instant. She realized only what confession meant to him,—one that torture could not have wrung from a boy reared in a less sympathetic atmosphere. When she broke the pause, his head had dropped between his shoulders again, in weariness and discouragement that were at least genuine.

"Son," she said, gently, "I am sure I do understand, and you don't know how glad I am to have you tell me exactly how it is. Every one that is grown up has had more or less of those feelings, only, I sometimes think, older people forget, and when the younger ones are at the 'growing age,' do not stop to recall how they too felt then. It isn't that they do not care, but that they are too much interested in other things to stop and think. Do you get the idea, dear?"

The lad nodded, without speaking.

"Well; then there are the feelings themselves. A boy's body, when it is growing and developing to manhood, is just like the painting of a splendid picture. First, there is the outlining. Look at your fine large bones and muscles, dear, of which we are all so proud! But they are only the outline. It will be several years yet before they are filled out and hardened, so that your body is strong and complete. And this feeling of yours, which seems so strange and 'miserable,' is only the call of the undeveloped nerves for action and achievement, a sort of hunger to be and do the manly things *now* that are waiting for you somewhere, to be done when your mind and body are properly strengthened and equipped for them. The stirring things which you love to read about are no more splendid than what God has waiting for you somewhere, if only you have patience for this present necessary business of letting nature, which is simply God working, build up your body and get it perfectly ready."

Still the lad did not reply, but from where she sat, she saw a faint glow creep into his dull eyes.

"Like your gymnasium exercise, a little work such as you have been used to doing helps instead of hindering," she went on. "Plenty of sleep does wonders, too; I think, if you were to stretch out on the couch this very minute, and take a little nap, you would find the time well spent. But the greatest help of all, dear, comes from the right kind of thoughts. Now that you know your 'homesick' feeling to be only the call of your growing self for the good that God has await-

ing you just as soon as you are ready for it, there is nothing left about which to be unhappy. If the restlessness comes to you again, get rid of it by turning resolutely to thoughts of bright and happy things. The artist who would make a fine picture keeps his eye and his mind always on the perfect model. Thinking about strong and pure and perfect things helps our minds and bodies to grow strong and pure and perfect."

Without waiting for answer or comment, she rose and went quietly back to her dusting. A few minutes later, glancing into the sitting-room, she saw Don stretched full length on the couch, his face pillowed on his arm. It did not surprise her to discover that he was sleeping soundly. The nap lasted a full hour, till one of his mates came to ask him for a match in tennis.

"Sure thing I'll play, in just a little while," she heard Don's cheery voice answer, after a brief creaking of the couch-springs. "Get up the net and mark over the lines, will you? I've only to cut the lawn and to weed out that radish bed. It won't take long."



BAKIN' DAY.

Have you any smiles today?

Send me up a peck—

Kind that reaches all the way

Round behind your neck.

Send a dozen boxes of

Best assorted cheer;

Also twenty quarts of love—

Must be warm and clear.

Happy thoughts and pleasant words—

Mix 'em good and strong—

Kind to make you think of birds

Burstin' into song.

'Leven bars of kindness.

Free from flaw and chill;

And two dozen packages

Of the best good-will.

Send me all the charity

You can rightly spare,

And a box of sympathy—

Pizenness to care!

This is bakin' day, and I

Have a sort of plan

For to make a tasty pie

For my fellow-man.

—John Kendrick Bangs, in *Success Magazine*.



INFLUENCE OF MOTHERS.

I KNEW a woman who kept about thirteen cats, all half-starved. If she had lived in the city they would have died of starvation, but being in the country they caught occasional game. This woman kept a whip hanging on her kitchen wall and whipped them soundly whenever they ventured in the house wherein savory odors attracted them.

One day, being tired of a too persistent kitten which had not reached the half-dead state most of them were in, she rid herself of it and soon after was telling a neighbor about it. "I jist whipped it and whipped it until I knowed 'twould die and then stuffed it in a dirt hole." The astounded and disgusted neighbor said, "Why didn't you kill it to stop its suffering, or have some one of your sons shoot it?" "Oh," rejoined the other, "I couldn't done that—I don't b'lieve in killin' things—'taint accordin' to my belief." And yet she fully expects to go to heaven. She had allowed her boys in the past to tie cats to wagon wheels and then climb in the wagon and whip them without mercy, making believe they, too, were horses.

Is there anything the world needs so much as good mothers?

Another woman comes to mind who has all the advantages of city life, belongs to a church, and who has a really beautiful little girl. She was talking with a number of women one day when the conversation turned on cats. Several remarked how well they liked cats when this self-satisfied, smiling woman said she had tried to raise kittens several times but that her little girl choked and dragged them around so they always died. Upon one of us saying, "How horrible, can you not teach her different from that?" she only shrugged her plump shoulders and said, "Oh, sometimes I scold a little, but, then, I don't care." The child stood there listening—a spoiled darling, a mother of the future who will be as indifferent to suffering as her mother before her.

Why does the responsibility of motherhood rest so lightly on their shoulders and why are they not more really interested in justice to animals?

If every mother would train her children to be always kind and humane, in a short time the world might be reformed and we would have good men and women everywhere who could not be happy unless they were always just and considerate of the four-footed creation as well as of human beings.

Why are women so heartless?

When we see men abusing their poor faithful horses and other animals entrusted to them, we know how little their mothers cared about teaching them otherwise and realize how urgent is the need of good mothers.

A good person is one who is kind and just to everyone and everything and who tries to influence others to be so, and I care not what color that person may be or of what religion a follower or whether a follower of any, that person is good and is the world's greatest need today.—*Our Dumb Animals*.



OLIVES AND OLIVE OIL.

AMONG the changes that have taken place within the last decade in our American kitchens, the general

and increasing use of olive oil is one of the most marked.

There is, with a very large class of our people, a growing tendency to avoid as far as possible the use of medicines, and to seek to correct minor ailments by a careful study of the diet. In many cases a simple change of food works better than drugs. Indeed, a male scoffer has said that the cookbook is now made a matter of religion. Without irony, it may well be admitted that the whole subject of food in its relation to health demands consideration on the plane of duty.

Perhaps there never was a time when so much emphasis was laid upon the importance of a sound and vigorous physique. Efficiency is the watchword of the day, and nothing promotes efficiency more directly than a condition of high health and natural vigor. It cannot be a matter of indifference to any mother whether she is using the best means of building up the physical energies in her family through the best use of a wholesome and strengthening diet. In these days of high pressure, it is felt more and more strongly that the firm, well-balanced bodily health is the best basis for every kind of valuable work. For the immature boy or girl this whole question of food values and the influence of diet puts a vast power in the hands of the mother. All these things spell opportunity.

To the French and Italians, two nations preëminent in cooking, olive oil has long been an indispensable article of diet. Its uses are so numerous and its hygienic value esteemed so highly that it is practically an essential in general cooking. With us, its use in salad dressing has gradually extended, and its value in many cases of dyspepsia and digestive difficulties has led to a recognition of its importance as a regular feature in the diet. We are told that it is a common dietary shortcoming to eat lean meat in excess and to supply too little of the fatty or oily matter for the best working of the digestion. Pure olive oil is one of the very best forms in which this can be supplied. It has all the delicacy of a vegetable oil, and its agreeable and generally useful qualities make it extremely useful in various combinations. It is not only palatable as an ingredient in many fruit and vegetable salads, but with foreign cooks it is considered a requisite for many dishes of fish, eggs and vegetables. Then frying is invariably done in southern Europe in olive oil, the characteristic deep frying equally good for fish, bird, vegetable, or sweet. And it is one of the high merits of the oil that it does not retain flavors, like butter or lard, but the same oil can be used over and over again as long as it lasts for all these purposes indiscriminately.

Olive oil is a natural medicine for the skin, and helps to give a clear complexion when used either internally or externally. A tablespoonful taken before eating has great value in constipation, and is an easy remedy

for many little ills. It is useful in case of colds, and may be given safely and easily to babies and older children, a good substitute for castor oil.

Olives, pickled green, as we commonly know them in this country, have value as an appetizer, and heighten the flavors of various foods. They are acceptably chopped and added to various sauces and salads, and also pitted and stuffed in some cases, or cut in fancy shapes. Their use has grown constantly, as is plainly shown by the quantities imported. The taste has been called an artificial one, but perhaps that is true of other pickles. The liking once acquired, is usually a strong and lasting one.

It is more than ever before characteristic of the period that we draw for our daily household supplies upon the whole world. The swift communication and close contact commercially, which have made such progress within our remembrance, bring to us at moderate cost the best things of all countries. More and more this variety becomes the privilege of all. We eat the olives of southern Europe (or of southern California), we enjoy the varied fruits of the tropics, and we send the wheat of our own great Northwest to the wide world, from England to China. We feed all lands and are fed by them. What a change from the condition of our colonial ancestors, who raised pretty nearly everything that they consumed on their own land, grew their own wool and flax, and manufactured at home a very large share of their own clothing.—*The Country Gentleman*.



"APRICOT ICE—One can of apricots, one and a half cans of water (measured in same can), one and three-quarter cups of sugar, juice of three lemons; freeze. This will make enough ice for dinner and supper for six persons. In preparing the mixture run the apricots through a sieve, rejecting all hard particles. This makes a very tempting ice and an economical one."

The Children's Corner

CANARY BIRDS.

"I WONDER if my little girl knows anything about canary birds? Now that she has a beautiful bird of her very own she should learn a bit about them," said Mrs. Fairfield to her daughter, Dorothy, as she stood watching a charming yellow creature flit around in its handsome cage.

"Why, no, mama, I don't; I was wondering when my bird came where Uncle John bought it, and where such beautiful singers were found. Tell me about them, please."

"I've been reading about them," said mama, "and

as your bird came from Germany it will interest you, as it did me, to learn about the famous little village of Saint Andreasberg, where sixty thousand song birds are raised each year. Tyrol and the Hartz Mountains are the principal places for the raising of canaries, but the greatest number of fine birds come from this quaint town of Saint Andreasberg. Nearly every home adds to its income by raising a few birds, even the poorest people, with but one room. The cages are put high upon the wall, and are small wooden boxes. There are exhibitions and public displays of birds, just as in America we display fine stock.

"There are men who make a business of it, and as much as fifty thousand dollars is sometimes brought into the town through this source. The sweetest singers are rarely sold, but kept as singing masters for young birds. The prices are thirty-five and forty dollars for a single bird. Their melody is the sweetest in the world, soft trills that seem to fill their tiny throats. We do not often hear such singing. I learn that the poorest singers, with shrill, sharp tones or notes, are sold to Americans, who are not as critical as these music-loving Germans. A bird that clucks is considered worthless, and is at once banished.

"It is very funny to watch the birds in their domestic relations. The father bird is very pompous and self-important; when the mother bird hops off her nest he will at once give her a sharp peck, reminding her of her duty. The mother bird is sometimes very stupid about feeding her young. If the menu is hard-boiled eggs and bread, she will pick out the piece that suits her best and then feed her babies that, regardless of their weak digestion. The greatest care must be exercised with the young birds in their early stages. The bread must be flaky and soft.

"There are often one male and four females in one cage, and many domestic tragedies are enacted. Human nature and bird nature are much the same. There are selfish, vicious, jealous birds and sweet, kindly, gentle ones. The young families are given the closest attention until they are able to defend themselves. The cages are small, wooden boxes, high upon the walls, and the nests are soft, downy things of dry moss, lined with cotton. However, the birds make their nests according to their own ideas. When three weeks old the birds can leave their nests, and when six weeks old are placed in a cage in a dim light, near a fine singer, where they imitate his beautiful notes. They do not see their singing master, as any new thing distracts their attention. Their memories are remarkable. It is a charming study, this one of the singing birds of Saint Andreasberg, and I only wish, Dorothy, we might visit the place some day ourselves."

"And so do I, mama; I'm sure I prize my beautiful pet ever so much more since I have learned about the canaries of Germany."—*Baptist Boys and Girls*.



THE QUIET HOUR



WATER.

D. D. THOMAS.

"AND the Spirit of God moved upon the face of the great deep." One might question what composed the "great deep," the air above or the waters beneath, both or neither. The Bible writer leads so directly to the dividing of the waters that one can very naturally conclude that it must have been them. They lay a great expanse enveloping the earth as a garment, thick enough to be called a deep. Our old professor used to speak of the chemical elements as being married to form a compound, for instance hydrogen and oxygen to form water. That was one of the earliest weddings and the crude things that then existed so rejoiced at it that the dry earth was shaken by their thunder and immediately deluged. The earth was upheaved by the power from within and the great waters were thrown into troughs and the dry land stood out of the water. The waters were fenced away by the great fiat, "Hitherto shalt thou come and no farther." Why God should have created so much water may not be clear. The pure earth brought forth as it was directed, the flowers, the fruitage, as was needed. The created beings were fed and nourished to satiety. One can but think that none suffered where sin was not.

The glutton was not to overfeed nor scarcity to withhold. The healthful ways made the soul serene, the bright days made the heart happy. Tears were only wellsprings of joy and foolish words were not heard. God wanted to widen the sphere of man's usefulness, so he put him to the test. The most subtle beast of the field was let in and he failed. He believed a lie. If he could not trust his God surely his God would not be able to trust him. God's displeasure is to us a sin, whether it be in eating or drinking, in living or being, in thinking or willing. The wages of sin is death. Now there is great use for much water.

The river that ran into the garden became four rivers when it ran out before sin came. The garden was profusely replenished to supply both man and animal and the surplus ran out to take blessings to the entire earth. Adam and Eve were God's cradle care but withal the beggar without had no need. No question enters the mind as to what these were. God supplied them and farther than that we can find better

employment for our mind. The innocence of it all strikes one as very grand so far as the picture is open. The closed part was for a purpose and why should one peep behind the curtain?

It was Eve's curiosity that caused the fall; let us beware! No need is now to think upon things as they were only so as to get the lesson that he teaches in them. One can turn with a genuine relish to the condition of things now and note how far-reaching water is in its cleansing and life-giving power.

The waters are inclined to go constantly. If they cannot go any other way they go up as a vapor. The motion purifies them. But what God takes up in a vapor he sends down as a shower which purifies and nourishes. In stillness there is stagnation and in stagnation there is death. Now what do you think of a still Christian? Has not this pure element taught him that he should move? Let not the tears of penitence dry up in such a soul. Ah, but you see the waters flow and that is motion.

How much do the waters figure in the economy of grace! They saved Noah but destroyed the world. The world was all filth and God washed the filth away by the flood. He garners up the good to keep it from that which destroys. He was gracious to the world. He might have destroyed it by fire. The flood was a threat. God does not threaten very often. He pleads. He bestows mercy. The waters not only go up as vapor but climb up to purify and nourish living organisms. The showers cleanse it on the outside and from the roots the water goes to the limb, the branches, the twig, and the leaf. The life cannot come down so the water goes up. The environment of the plant life is too circumscribed to go out, so the water picks up the nourishment and carries it to it, cleansing as it goes. Water does not grow and develop but it shows strongly one evidence of life. Nutrition and reproduction, growth and motion are evidences of life. This is not to prove that water is living but to show how near it comes to it.

Then a sacred writer designates it "Living water." It is the most humble and among the most useful of servants. It is the servant of joy and sorrow in the tears we shed. It is the pledge of love given to a stranger. It is the token of brotherhood in the covenant. It is the element of cleansing everywhere.

One can wonder at it why water should take life at

all. But it can be seen that there is a strong tendency to save by that element, else the body would not be cast up as it is when a man is drowning. Then the effort might be regarded to be for a cleansing unto the burial, for so it shows forth a symbolical strength to cleanse the soul as God has decreed. He enters the new kingdom through the floods of death but he gives up his life willingly as the Incarnate God. It may be otherwise that he rise not again, the filth being beyond the power of the water to cleanse and he never walk in newness of life.

The greatest barrier between a human being and his God is his will. How many of the good things that God gives us are mountains in our way because our hearts are evil. God gave us our wills to help us to him but we will not go to him and thus remain in a desert land.

Do you recall when you went through the floods? When God seemed to have parted the waters for you, while you were dreading the chill of death which would bring forth the reaction to a higher life? "What matter," you said, "it is all for God's glory," and then it was all plain. The tears you shed helped to open the way, and what seemed to you to be the burden of a life of consecration was wafted away as a vapor, or may it not better be said, rolled in the grave in which Jesus lay and from which he rose to glory.



A RACE FOR THE PRIZE.

"Just what things must I give up?" To this the Bible answer is, that you must surrender everything that hinders your growth in grace. If certain practices, or an attendance upon certain places, hinders your spiritual progress, then be done with them! We are inclined to believe that church members slip into the theater oftener than in former times. They are not apt to come out holier than they went in; and their example helps to increase the tide towards the play-house door. Wherever there is a doubt in your mind in regard to an amusement, give your Master the benefit of the doubt, and stay out of it. Just on this doubtful territory it is that we see so many unhappy falls.

We also firmly believe that Christians ought to surrender very often their rights to lawful things; for by so doing they may remove stumbling-blocks out of the path of others, and strengthen their own graces. The Greek racer denied himself many lawful indulgences. So should a follower of Jesus whenever self-denial will increase his spiritual sinew. Too much is said in these days against "asceticism"; but the danger of the church does not lie in that direction. Satin cloaks are more in vogue than "hair shirts."

Daily food is a lawful indulgence. But fasting is sometimes profitable for both body and soul. Many luxuries of domestic life are lawful in themselves; to

give them up in order to have more money for benevolent uses, or in order to discourage social extravagances, is a dictate of pure Christianity. John Wesley had a right to own silver plate, yet he nobly refused to possess more than two or three silver spoons "while so many poor people were lacking bread." An excellent man in my congregation sold his carriage just as soon as he found that his horses were eating up his charity fund too fast. My friend in no ascetic. He is a very sensible and sunshiny Christian. If the same spirit which actuated him were more common in the church, there would be fewer luxurious equipages, fewer sumptuous evening parties; but there would be more missionaries in the West, and more Bibles in China and Japan. Self-indulgence lives under the clouds. Self-denial soars above them.—*Dr. Cuyler, in Evangelist.*



OUT OF TOUCH WITH YOUR LORD.

Only a smile, yes, only a smile,
That a woman o'erburdened with grief
Expected from you; 'twould have given relief,
For her heart ached sore the while.
But, weary and cheerless, she went away,
Because, as it happened that very day,
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a word, yes, only a word,
That the Spirit's small voice whispered, "Speak";
But the worker passed onward, unblessed and weak,
Whom you were meant to have stirred
To courage, devotion and love anew,
Because, when the message came to you,
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a note, yes, only a note,
To a friend in a distant land;
The Spirit said, "Write," but then you had planned
Some different work and you thought
It mattered little. You did not know
'Twould have saved a soul from sin and woe—
You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a song, yes, only a song,
That the Spirit said, "Sing tonight;
Thy voice is thy Master's by purchased right."
But you thought, "Mid this motley throng,
I care not to sing of the City of God";
And the heart that your words might have reached grew
cold—

You were out of touch with your Lord.

Only a day, yes, only a day,
But oh! can you guess, my friend,
Where the influence reaches and where it will end
Of the hours that you frittered away?
The Master's command is "Abide in me";
And fruitless and vain will your service be
If out of touch with your Lord.

—Name of Author Unknown.



"If every person would be half as good as he expects his neighbor to be, what a heaven this world would be."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Street car fares in Bordeaux, France, are less than two cents a ride, and working people pay only half of that between 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning and 6 to 7 o'clock at night.

Tectorium, a substitute for glass, is prepared by applying a varnish to a finely meshed iron wire fabric. The varnish consists of good linseed oil, in which the vertically hanging wire fabric is repeatedly dipped up to as many as twelve times.

A bitter war against the Standard Oil Company has resulted in another cut of 1 cent a gallon in the price of oil. This makes the lowest price for oil ever recorded in Scotland. It is probable that the trust will come back with an even greater reduction and that the war will not end until either the trust or the independents withdraw from the field.

Gen. Booth, head of the Salvation Army, is in danger of total blindness, on account of which he has been forced to abandon his evangelistic tour of the provinces. The General recently underwent an operation for cataract, but it failed to restore his failing sight and at present he has to be led around. His condition is growing worse and total blindness is threatened.

It has been found by the owner of a fishing boat at St. Abbs, Berwickshire, England, that a net dyed as nearly as possible the hue of the sea, instead of the traditional brown, results in a much better catch. The discovery was put to the test one night, when of a fleet of 65 fishing craft the boat with its nets dyed blue made by far the largest catch. The dye used is blue stone.

Wireless messages transmitted from the Glace Bay station in Canada have recently been picked up with some regularity by the Eiffel Tower receiving station in Paris, proving that transatlantic wireless communication is an accomplished fact. The Paris plant is in no way competing with commercial stations, being purely for military purposes, making no communication with places outside of France except the French African colonies.

The first world's shoe and leather fair opened in Boston is an industrial exhibition of great interest. America is fast becoming the world's shoemaker. Its shoe factories employ 149,924 operatives, who receive wages of \$69,000,000 annually and whose product is valued at above \$320,000,000. The concentration of the industry in Massachusetts is shown in the employment of upwards of 60,000 operatives in this manufacture, of whom one-third are women. Nearly 15 per cent of the entire population of Lynn is engaged in shoemaking. The output of American boots and shoes has nearly doubled in twenty-five years and the industry has gained new markets in England and on the continent.

There is enough radium in California to supply the world, according to a statement made by Dr. S. Wilkins, who has just returned from a trip of investigation along the McCloud River. Dr. Wilkins declares he found pitchblende in sufficient quantities to furnish all the radium the world could use in a century. The deposit is near the junction of the McCloud and Pitt Rivers. A party will be sent there to investigate further.

It is announced that Lieut. Shackleton will lecture in the United States and Canada, in order to earn enough money to pay the heavy indebtedness which he incurred on his last Antarctic expedition. The announcement is astonishing, as it was generally supposed that Lieut. Shackleton had been aided by his government. It is stated that the expedition was financed by a small group of Americans who lost their all in the last financial crisis.

Attorneys for 65 insurance companies doing business in Arkansas are busily preparing evidence to defend themselves in the greatest insurance war begun by the State. Suit has been filed with the Jackson Circuit Court at Newport by Prosecuting Attorney R. E. Jeffrey, asking the assessment of penalties aggregating \$65,000,000, a million from each company, and the cancellation and revocation of their licenses and their ousting from the State. It is alleged the companies are acting in violation of the Arkansas anti-trust law.

The Oberlin Association of Illinois, composed of former students of Oberlin College, is trying to enlist college and university men in the State to join in a movement against the Sunday saloon. In a circular which is being sent out attention is called to a statement of former President Eliot of Harvard University that lawlessness is rampant throughout the United States. The section in the Illinois criminal code providing that saloons shall not be open on Sunday is cited and college men are urged to join in a movement for the enforcement of this and all other laws.

Each State having the right to place statues of two of her favorite sons in the nation's hall of fame at the capitol in Washington, Virginia has just contributed her quota, the two favorites naturally being George Washington and Robert E. Lee. Both statues are done in bronze, that of Washington being a duplicate of Houdon's famous masterpiece now at the capitol in Richmond. It stands in the southeast end of the hall between the figures of Gen. Ethan Allen of Vermont and Gen. Peter Muhlenberg of Pennsylvania. The Lee statue was designed by Edward Valentine of Richmond, and represents the Confederate leader in the uniform of the South. It stands between the statues of Robert Fulton, inventor of the steamboat, and J. L. M. Curry, of Alabama. Formal ceremonies attending the unveiling of these works of art will be held later on.

Gov. Comer of Alabama has signed the resolution ratifying the income tax amendment to the constitution of the United States. Only two votes were cast against it, they being cast in the House.

The President's programme for his Chicago visit has been arranged and approved. He will lunch on September 16 as the guest of the Commercial Club; from there he will go to the Art Institute to inspect plans for the beautifying of Chicago. He will then be taken in charge by the Hamilton Club and attend a ball game later. Afterward he will be a guest at the Auditorium Annex, where he will make a short address and later occupy a box for a few minutes at the Auditorium, thence proceeding to a banquet given by the American Bankers' Association at the Auditorium. He will leave at 3 o'clock in the morning to continue his western trip.

The appearance of a disease, which has been diagnosed by the public health and marine hospital service as "pellagra" is being used as a basis for sensational articles attacking corn as a food. Pellagra is a disease common to European countries, where it is often caused by the use of moldy or otherwise spoiled corn. The public health service seems to have demonstrated that the strange malady commonly regarded as a skin disease is in fact pellagra. The service is not prepared to announce that the disease in every instance is due to the use of moldy or spoiled corn as food. In an asylum at Peoria and at other places in Illinois the disease has been found. It causes a peeling of the skin, and while not contagious, is wasting, and unless cured will exhaust the patient in time. Should it be discovered that sufficient grounds exist to issue a general warning against the use of moldy or otherwise spoiled corn that will be done, and the Department of Agriculture will coöperate to the extent of compelling the destruction of corn unfit for human consumption.



NERVES.

(Continued from Page 852.)

Summing up he says: "In order to cure the so-called nervousness of our time, the remedies ought to be adapted to these true evils. The dumb-bells and bromides are not enough. On the one side we need more training in self-discipline, in continuous effort, in voluntary attention, and in thoroughness; on the other more willingness of the men to share with the women the control of our cultural life, and to bring to it steadiness and persistence. This self-discipline will also eliminate many nuisances which, from a medical point of view, really interfere with nervous health."



THE GUNNISON TUNNEL.

EVERYBODY has heard of the famous Gunnison tunnel which, at the cost of over \$2,500,000, Uncle Sam has at last completed after the most difficult and dangerous operations in excavating and blasting known in the history of the country. Whilst, however, this wonderful piece of scientific work is known the wide-world over there are few, indeed, here or, for that

matter, in almost any part of the United States, who are acquainted with its history or with the dangers met or the perils surmounted by the brave men who conducted this work from its preliminary survey by Fellows of Denver to its successful outcome. Statistician Blanchard of the United States reclamation service, one of the ablest and hardest working of Uncle Sam's efficient officials at the national capital, knows all about the project; and tells the story of its survey attractively and in an informative way.

A few years ago 100,000 acres of desolation marked the presence of the Uncompahgre desert, in southwestern Colorado. The friendly Utes had cultivated the fertile lands near by, and by simply scratching the soil had produced grains and fruits in wonderful proportion. The lands were later opened to white settlers who rushed in en masse, and, for a few years, made fortunes out of the products of the soil. Many of them, however, were unprotected so far as water rights were concerned, and when seasons of drouth came with the accompanying scorching heat, vegetables and trees shriveled. One wide-awake and thoughtful farmer felt that the much-needed water could be diverted by a tunnel through the adjacent mountain and, after some trouble, he induced the State legislature to appropriate \$25,000 for a survey. That amount of money was scarcely sufficient to pay even for the preparations for a preliminary survey, and when it was spent the national government was appealed to. In his characteristic go-ahead fashion Uncle Sam started in and buckled down to work. How that work was done is thus graphically told by Statistician Blanchard:

"A small part of the 100,000 acres of the Uncompahgre desert proved fertile beyond all expectations," says Statistician Blanchard, "but in proving this the full capacity of Uncompahgre River had been reached. No more water was available, but there lay beyond the irrigated lands a principality of enormous potential wealth which it appeared must forever remain an unproductive desert if no additional water supply could be brought into the valley.

"Thirty miles eastward from the Uncompahgre flows the Gunnison River, a powerful stream, just the kind needed in the valley. Why not divert it for this purpose? 'A visionary scheme' would be the offhand verdict. The Gunnison along its stretch traverses a box canyon 3,000 feet deep. Surely no one could divert water under such circumstances.

"One day there came to the resident engineer of the reclamation service at Denver an order from Washington that read somewhat like this: 'Advise me if it is feasible to divert Gunnison to Uncompahgre valley by tunnel under Vernal Mesa. Signed Chief Engineer.'

"Let us diverge briefly to analyze this order. A

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Among the Magazines



THE LURE OF THE CITY.

How can you explain, on any basis of reason, this fatal attraction which the big city holds out for people everywhere? It is inexplicable. In spite of all the real superiorities of country living and the artificiality and vice and misery of the crowded city life, the spell of the city prevails, making fools of young and old, and the trend of population is still cityward. It is getting to be a condition serious in its physical and moral aspects alike.

Boys have always wanted to leave the country for the town, and now the infection has spread to the girls. As soon as a country girl gets a little education, she wants to be off to work in the city. Her parents may be never so willing to give her a good home, but knowledge has made her restless and she feels that she must be off to assume her share in the world's joys and woes, no matter what the penalties may be. As for marriage, she would rather have a husband who will rent her a two-by-four, installment-furnished flat in a reeking city than one who can offer her a luxurious home in the country. Everything she reads is tinged with the roseate lure of city living and society ways. Trained nursing, which is one of the hardest callings there is, is by the pens of our magazine writers made romantic; "settlement work" in the slums is apotheosized, and even the teaching of a Sunday-school class of heathen Chinese is represented as an altruistic duty not without its picturesque features.

A girl who would not willingly lift her hand at home will jump eagerly for the chance to earn any amount from \$2 a week up, in a city department store, where every surrounding condition is bad. Her wages at best will hardly keep body and soul together, but she becomes "independent," and this seems to be valued beyond all else in the world, although it is but an illusory sort of independence which consists in standing up in packed street cars, going to and from work, jammed among a promiscuous assortment of humanity, breathing the fetid and disease-laden breath of the multitude, laboring all day subject to abuse and insult, and finally receiving as the only net result of the week's slavery a few hours on Sunday for some feverish sort of diversion in which the weekday woes may be forgotten.

Yes, it's inexplicable, but it's here, and it's robbing our rural districts of some of their best blood and adding all the time to the problems of the crowded city. Everywhere in the country districts the cry is that labor is scarce, while in the cities the demand is oversupplied, yet the current from the country to city never ceases. The city is a great ogress which entices wayfarers to her only to ruin and devour them. Charpentier, the French socialist composer, has pointed this moral in his splendid opera of "Louise," in which the fatal spell of Paris over its devotees is tragically brought out. No doubt a reaction away from the city and back to the country will in time take place; in fact, it already exists, but a terrible price in human lives will be paid before the full lesson is learned.—The Pathfinder.

SLEEP AND DIGESTION.

That a certain amount of digestible food taken just before going to bed induces restfulness and contributes to a quiet sleep is asserted by Dr. G. M. Niles, who discusses sleep in its relation to digestion in *The Journal of the American Medical Association*. Our quotations are from an abstract in *The Medical Record* (New York, July 10). Says this paper:

"As to the actual influence of sleep on digestion there is some conflict of opinion. . . . It is a well-known physiological fact that the elimination of carbon dioxide and absorption of oxygen are diminished during sleep, mainly because the muscles are less active. . . . While other secretions are diminished during sleep, this does not apply to those of the digestive apparatus. When the brain is alert, the reflexes on guard, and the voluntary muscles at work, each department of the human economy is calling for its quota of innervation and blood; these different departments are exacting their tribute from the constructive forces, and turning over to the excretory organs the products of combustion and waste. During this period the digestive department can draw only a 'working interest,' not being permitted to put away any appreciable surplus, until the day's activities are ended. Sleep stills the voluntary movements, decreases the carbon dioxide output, and makes the least demand on the involuntary vital mechanism. It is then that Nature, our industrious handmaiden, begins her constructive housekeeping. 'She does it in an orderly, coöperative way, following a regular method of work in repairing waste, actively forming new tissue, and giving just the proper amount of care and nourishment required of all parts, both mental and physical, in regular sequence.'"

The following general dietetic recommendations in relation to sleep are given by Dr. Niles:

"The young infant can not get too much sleep, and this is best attained by filling his stomach at stated intervals. Vigorous, growing children and those engaged in manual labor thrive on a full breakfast and dinner, these two meals containing most of the daily quota of protein. The supper may be plentiful in quantity, but should consist of such articles as bread, milk, cereals, eggs, fruit, etc., which do not unduly stimulate the nerve centers by their metabolic products. Soups, rich extracts, and solid proteins also cause the bladder to be filled with urine rich in waste products and very acid, this being a factor worth considering. Those who labor with their brains, or skilled artisans whose crafts demand mental tension and but little muscular effort, will find their efficiency best subserved by a light breakfast, a slightly more plentiful lunch, and at the close of the day's work a generous meal, provided that after it three to five waking hours are allowed, so that the psychic reflexes may have an opportunity to contribute their share to the processes of digestion."—Literary Digest.

THE GUNNISON TUNNEL.

(Continued from Page 861.)

tunnel under the Vernal Mesa, which is the name of the mountain through which Gunnison River has cut a narrow gash, would be at least five miles long from the canyon to the nearest opening in Uncompahgre valley.

"This meant the longest tunnel in the United States; not so amazing to the Denver office, if the location of both ends of the proposed tunnel were in known country, but no one had ever passed through it alive, and those who had attempted it and had returned were ready to demonstrate beyond all reasonable doubt that it was an impossibility.

"Now it is axiomatic in engineering work that if you are going to report upon the feasibility of a tunnel, you must determine the location of both ends by making careful measurements on the spot. Well, orders from Washington directed a report on feasibility.

"No one in the service seemed to think it anything unusual when 'Fellows of the Denver office' set his square jaw, quietly made his preparations, took along one assistant and went surveying down Gunnison canyon. It will be well to remember that in all those days of swimming, climbing, freezing, thawing and hunger he was not sliding through by the easiest path and taking the death-threatening places at a bound, but he was proceeding deliberately and surveying every foot.

"The next time you go down the street and see a well-dressed man running a level or a transit along the curb, or staking off the boundaries of a house lot, just notice his polished shoes, his neat notebook, his comfortable, easy attitude and his graceful signals to the rodman, and then think of 'Fellows of the Denver office' down in that roaring cavern, drenched to the skin, hanging on by ropes and squinting through a transit, because 'Washington' wanted to know if the tunnel were feasible.

"No man, so far as known, had ever gone through the canyon alive. Stoutly-built rafts of logs launched at the head of the canyon had emerged at its mouth smashed into kindling wood. It was the popular belief that no man could go down the canyon and live to tell of his experiences.

"With their instruments and provisions on an inflated rubber mattress, Fellows and his companion set forth on their expedition. There was hardly an hour of time while they were in the canyon that their lives were not in peril; there was not a minute that was not filled with heart-breaking hardships.

"It all ended by Fellows and his companion saving two things—their lives and their notebooks. Everything else went down with the flood. When the men emerged at Devil's Slide, weary, bruised and bleeding, friends who had been waiting to pick up

their mangled bodies hailed them as if they had returned from the dead.

"When Fellows sent his report to Washington there was in it no word of the perils and hardships of survey work in the roaring canyon. It was brief and to the point: 'Gunnison tunnel project is feasible.'

"Soon the order came from Washington: 'Complete surveys for construction.'

"The next man on the scene was J. W. McConnell, now constructing engineer of the Gunnison tunnel, and better known in the service as 'Gunnison-McConnell.' Folks out there sized him up as a shy sophomore; now, they take off their hats to him. They find fault with him for one thing, however, which is that 'he is not given to talk.'

"McConnell's orders could not be carried out by surveying through the canyon; they had to lower him down in there with ropes so that he might make a map of it, a real topographic map with contour lines, levels and bench marks as clear and easy to trace as the map of any section or ward of your own town. Then he established precise levels at both ends of the proposed tunnel.

"This was a heart-breaking job. Of course, the tunnel could not be built level, because it must carry water, and, moreover, it must carry just the amount of water needed over in the Uncompahgre valley. If it were built without sufficient slope from river to valley it would not carry enough water, while if it had too much slope it would carry too much water. And so McConnell ran levels up over the mountain to the valley, and back from the valley over the mountain to the bottom of the canyon, out and in, repeatedly checking his measurements each time, until he had just the slope required. The fact that he took his life in his hands a score of times each day did not bother 'Washington' in the least. 'Washington' was looking for a set of construction plans.

"But McConnell's job was just begun when he had established the slope levels. It was then necessary to measure the length of his tunnel down to the merest inch. You would probably measure off a house lot by running a hundred-foot tape along the boundaries, but that wouldn't do in this case. There is a hill 3,000 feet high between the ends of this tunnel, and the tunnel itself goes straight through. McConnell measured this hill by triangulation, a weird sort of expedient used by engineers who have studied and worked long enough to learn it, but even that was not sufficient for this purpose. The whole distance was 'slope-boarded' in addition.

"'Slope-boarding' is easy to understand. If you want to determine the horizontal distance between the head and the foot of a flight of stairs you would start at the top and measure the width of each tread, and, allowing for overhand, you would add the horizontal

distance. Now, McConnell and his crew did something similar to this. They had a long board scaled to a hair's breadth; just so long, no more and no less. In the middle of this board was set a spirit level, so that the measuring edge of the board could be set true. With a man at each end of the board and one in the middle to watch the spirit level they started from a precisely defined point at the top of the hill and measured down hill each way. One end of the board was placed on a point and the other end was directed along the route and raised or lowered until the middle man said 'level.'

"Then the man at the outer end would drop a plumb bob and mark the spot directly beneath the end of the board. Then the board would be reversed, the outer man would take the stake, and the stake man would drop the plumb bob. If the plumb bob did not hit the identical spot that it had marked before something was wrong, and the work would be begun all over again. Having agreed upon a precise distance, and marked it permanently, this new mark would be taken as a basis and the process repeated until the whole distance was covered.

"Imagine now, three men 'slope-boarding' down the steepest slate roof you ever saw. Of course, they would need rubber-soled shoes and ropes, just as 'Gunnison McConnell' and his men did, but you should remember in this connection that you never saw a slate roof as steep as the walls of Gunnison canyon; builders do not make them, nor do they perch their ridgepoles 3,000 feet above ground.

"McConnell prepared his plans, sent them to Washington, and in the course of time came back the order: 'Proceed to dig'; and McConnell started in to make the dirt fly with the same spirit and enthusiasm with which he prepared the plans."

The tunnel is cement-lined, and will have a carrying capacity of 1,300 cubic feet of water a second. It will connect directly with an elaborate system of canals and ditches, extending down the valley on both sides of the river.

To supplement Statistician Blanchard's statement it is proper that I should add that the Uncompahgre valley will be watered by the United States government through the Gunnison tunnel, which is six miles in length, and that in the Uncompahgre valley there are 150,000 acres for irrigation, of which 105,000 are deeded land; that about one-half of the balance has been taken by homesteaders, and the remainder has all been withdrawn from filing until the government is ready to deliver water. At that time, it is expected that a drawing will take place and the balance of the land will then be taken by homesteaders. The price of deeded land ranges from \$35 to \$60 per acre. This land generally has some water right, but not sufficient

to warrant the cultivation and raising of crops. However, it is subscribed for water which will be delivered through the tunnel. It is estimated that the water will cost from \$23 to \$35 an acre. This amount will be paid to the government in ten or more equal annual payments, without interest. Forty acres of irrigated land is considered a sufficient amount for a home for a family, and the government land yet to be taken, where it is all high-class land, has been limited to that number of acres.

The altitude of the valley is from 5,000 to 6,000 feet above sea level, and it is so sheltered by surrounding mountains as to prevent blizzards or cyclones. It is one of the best fruit districts in the entire West, and one of the principal industries is fruit raising. Other farm products grow very well in this valley, however. Alfalfa hay produces three crops and yields from five to seven tons per acre; grain, potatoes, sugar beets and garden produce grow abundantly there. The records show the best production of sugar beets in Colorado in this valley.

The valley contains about 20,000 population, and has three towns, Delta, Olathe and Montrose, Delta being the county seat of Delta County, and Montrose of Montrose County. This valley is a natural location for the hunter and the fisherman.

There is room for a great many enterprises among which are a sugar beet factory, one or more flouring mills, alfalfa meal mills, brick factories, cold storage plants, fruit box factories, several canning factories and evaporators and more farmers and orchardists. It is estimated that Delta and Montrose Counties will, this year, ship out 1,500 cars of fruit and 3,000 cars of sugar beets, for which the farmers will receive \$5 per ton on the car. There is also plenty of labor for anyone and at good prices.—*Woman's National Daily*.



"PERHAPS the greatest hero is the man who does his best and signally fails, yet is not embittered by his failure. A life here in which you fail of every end you seek, yet which disciplines you for a better life, is assuredly not a failure."

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.



FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing run-off for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

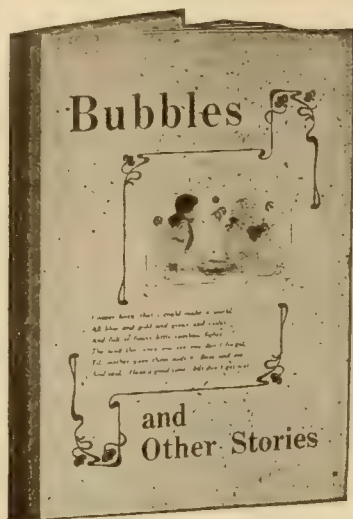
"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

"It is confidently predicted that land under this ditch will meet with ready sale and rapid settlement and that a prosperous community will result."

Full Particulars May be Obtained
by Addressing

**GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY,
Big Timber, Montana**

Bubbles and Other Stories



Edited by Edna A. Newcomer. A collection of 108 poems and stories for little folks. Illustrated with 83 halftones and pen sketches. Printed in blue on fine quality of calendered paper. A few of the many subjects are "Bubbles," "The Little Soldier," "Butterflies," "Her Letters," "The Run-away Goose," "Bedtime," "A Catnip Tea," "The Goose That Grew," "Ten Little Smiles," "Visiting Grandmother," "Who Is She?" "Building Pebble City," "The Doll Hospital," "Philip's Pet," "If," "When Lettie Reads," "Why the Photographer Waited," "The Honest Old Toad," "The Baby's First Steps," "The Misfortunes of Bill," "Jimmy the News Boy," "Ten Little Pumpkins," "Jimmy Fishhook," "A Young Canadian" and "How Mabel Helped."

A beautiful cover design printed in blue and photo-brown inks. Substantial board cover.

Sixty-four large pages.

Price, 30 cents

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Elgin, Illinois

Sunflower Stories and Lullabies

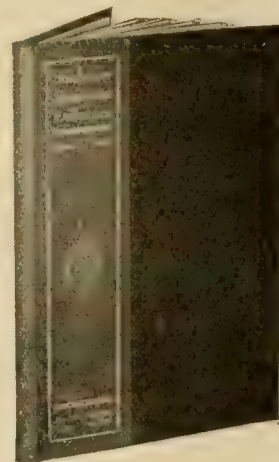
By Olive A. Smith.

A collection of stories and verses for young folks. Miss Smith is a writer of considerable ability, contributing to several young people's papers regularly.

The poems and stories found in this volume are among her very choicest productions.

In remembrance of her home in Kansas, the Sunflower State, she has called the collection "Sunflower Stories and Lullabies."

The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Bye Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful



Children's Meetings, and How to Conduct Them. By Lucy J. Rider and Nellie M. Carman. With lessons, outlines, diagrams, music, and helpful suggestions. Introduction by Bishop J. H. Vincent. 9th thousand. 12mo. Cloth. Price, \$1.00.

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The Saloon Under the Searchlight

By George R. Stuart.

A book of sixty-four pages. The best thing we have seen on this subject. A new book, dealing with an old question.

Simple, Practical and True.

"I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail to do good."—Eld. P. J. Blough, Member of Temperance Committee.

Bright, Breezy—Not a Dull Line.

"A bright, breezy, thought-compelling little book with not a dull line in it. Full of suggestion and inspiration for one who would have a part in the fight against the saloon, a fight that grows in strength and popularity every day."—United Presbyterian.

Every minister of the Gospel will have occasion to use some of the arguments presented by Mr. Stuart, who turns the light on in full force and lets the reader see what a monster evil the liquor traffic is.

There is enough in the book, if people can be induced to read it, to drive the saloon out of every village, town and city in the United States.

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Paper, 20 cents
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reading. The book is printed from large clear type, on a good quality of paper. The frontispiece is reproduced from a painting by David Emmert. Handsomely and substantially bound, artistic side title, profusely illustrated.

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A tough manilla envelope, on which may be recorded the amount of class offering for entire year, with totals for each quarter. Price, each, 2 cents. Price, per dozen, 15 cents.

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Elgin, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

NEFF'S CORNER

I know you must be tired looking week after week to see what Neff has to say and so often finding the same thing. When I established Neff's Corner in the 'Nook I determined it should not become stale and now this is the very thing that's happened. I'm sorry, but really if you were here and were to try to keep up with me for a day you'd see the reason why. The real reason why I do not say more here is because I haven't time to stop and put it down. What's the use to advertise when you already have more business than you can attend to? And my chief reason now for stopping long enough to say this is to keep you from going to sleep over Neff's Corner. I expect to hire more work done hereafter and take more time at my desk. Be on the lookout for Neff's Corner. I expect to have something to say that you will want to know about.

But you ought to see us building houses in Clovis. I have a row of jobs two miles long. Here and there I go, delivering material, hiring men, figuring contracts, collecting rent, etc., etc., and not only I, but scores of others going on the same kind of a jump. The way Clovis grows is a wonder. P. H. Beery of Covington, Ohio, G. S. Myers, of Lena, Ill., E. M. Cobb, of Elgin, Ill., and others have been here recently and they all agree that it is a wonder. If you contemplate an investment, write

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, N. M.

Pastor's Pocket Record

Arranged by Rev.
Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members; over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms; 84 marriages; 105 funerals; 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.

Ministers will find this an excellent little volume to carry with them at all times. It contains nearly 200 pages and is bound in black leather, size 3½ x 5½ inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket. Price, prepaid, only50 cents

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Old Germantown Church

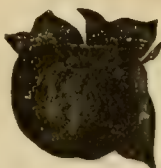
Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown. (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six,15 cents
Two packs,25 cents

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Is pronounced by hundreds of our customers, the best they ever ate. It is the product of apples, apple cider and granulated sugar; very appetizing and wholesome. Our Motto: Highest class of goods and a square deal guaranteed to all. Write for circular and special prices.

C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

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A School Home for Young People. Ninth year opens Sept. 6, 1909. Catalogue and further information cheerfully given.

Address: D. C. Reber,
Pd. D., Elizabethtown, Pa.

Battle of Gettysburg

made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

Farms for Sale

From \$40 to \$65 per acre. Colonizing and Locating Brethren people in Northern Indiana 100 miles east of Chicago along the Lake Shore Railroad. Land is cheap. Good and level and productive. Well improved, and Good Improvements. We have the best Market towns in Indiana. They pay good prices for all things raised. Best fishing point in all this country. The best of water. Good telephone service and R. F. D. Good schools. I have sold twenty-eight farms within the last year to mostly Brethren people. We have some over five hundred members in the Bristol District. There will be a street car line built through Bristol this summer and is nearly completed. Our crops are as follows: Corn, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clover, and Timothy, and a fine country for potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds, and fruit. Through the month of July we shipped daily from 800 to 1,000 crates of berries. We have a large crop of Peaches, Apples, Plums, and Grapes. Our land is as productive as land that is selling in Illinois for \$125 per acre. Call and see what I have for sale and be convinced yourself. Write at once for 1909 Price List and full information.

M. H. MILLER, Bristol, Indiana

Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers

by

Rev. Jesse Lyman Hurlbut, D. D.

How would you like to have fifty-two of the greatest preachers of the world for the past 1,700 years come before you one at a time for fifty-two consecutive Sundays—every Sunday for a full year—and each one preach to you the eloquent sermon which made him famous for all time? The possessor of "Sunday Half Hours with Great Preachers" will have conferred upon him, in the nearest possible manner, this inestimable privilege and benefit. Dr. Hurlbut has selected the fifty-



two most famous preachers of the world, both from the Catholic and the leading Protestant churches throughout the world from the days of St. Augustine and Chrysostom, who lived three hundred and fifty years after Christ, down to, and including John Bunyan, John Wesley, Whitefield, Henry Ward Beecher, William Ellery Channing, and other greatest preachers of the world. It contains 681 large pages, bound in elegant cloth.

Publishers' Price,\$2.00
Our Price,95

(Postage extra, 24 cents.)

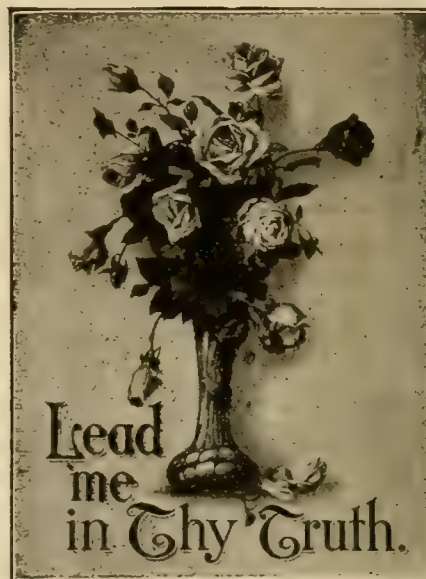
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Real Art Mottoes

These "Real Art" cards are by far the finest specimens of lithography we have ever offered. The stock has but recently been imported from Germany, hence the line is entirely new. They are lithographed on heavy glazed stock, size 16x20 inches and represent the best in modern art. The subjects consist of bouquets and vases of Roses and other flowers. Suitable for the home, office, school room or Sunday school.

We can furnish "Real Art" mottoes in Eight designs and Fourteen texts as follows:

50. The Lord Is Thy Keeper.
51. He Careth for You.
52. In Me Is Thine Help.
53. Shew Piety at Home.
54. Lead Me in Thy Truth.
55. I Will Never Leave Thee.
56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
61. The Lord Bless Thee and Keep Thee.
62. Thou Wilt Shew Me the Path of Life.
63. Who daily Loadeth Us With Benefits.



The illustrations presented herewith can give but the faintest idea of the beauty and quality of the "Real Art" line. These same subjects have sold in art stores the country over for 35 to 50 cents each. We are pleased to announce a price so low as to place the best mottoes within the reach of every one.

Price, each, postpaid, only

25 cts.

Set of eight designs, postpaid,

\$1.50

SPECIAL TERMS TO AGENTS ON REQUEST

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company
North Manchester, Indiana

or

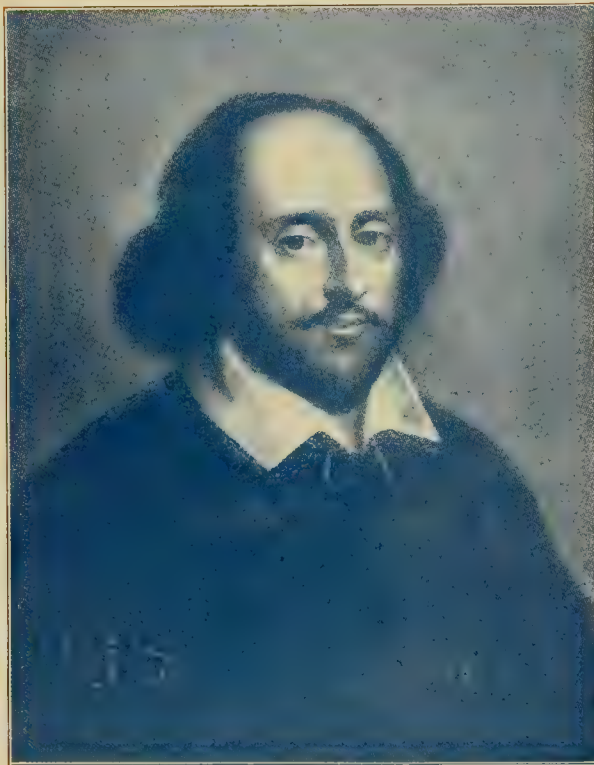
W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

September 7, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



William Shakespeare.

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Omaha, Nebraska

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Prof. John S. Flory, Ph D.

Every one who has read this book is ready to speak a word of commendation.

"I have read with much interest Prof. Flory's book, 'Literary Activity of the



Brethren in the Eighteenth Century.' It is, no doubt, one of the very best contributions to our historical literature that has yet appeared. The style is transparent and pleasing. The most striking feature of the book is the scholarly conservatism which characterizes every state-

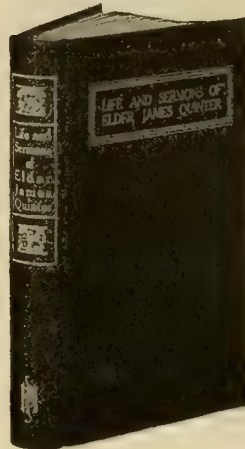
ment. Some of our writers have been disposed to jump at conclusions. This is not true of Prof. Flory. He always gives his readers the benefit of the doubt. The book is just what one would expect of its author, —A Great Book."—P. B. Fitzwater, Principal of Bible Dept., Manchester College.

"I wish to express my appreciation of 'Literary Activity of the Brethren in the Eighteenth Century,' by Prof. John S. Flory, Ph. D. I consider it a very valuable contribution to our church literature. The author is to be congratulated for the thorough treatment of his subject. His style is easy and attractive. It is a readable book and ought to find its way into many homes."—Prof. T. T. Myers, Juniata College, Huntingdon, Pa.

Bound in cloth, 335 pages,\$1.25

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The work should prove helpful to thousands of our readers who know little of Bro. Quinter. In his day he was one of the most scholarly and devout men among us, and it will do the younger generation of members good to learn more of his life and experiences. His sermons will prove especially interesting.

The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

The binding is an artistic cloth, on which back and side titles are stamped in white foil.

If you are interested, order today.

Price, postpaid,\$1.00

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
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Mr. Jonas R. Trimmer Writes of Miami Ranch

Mr. Trimmer is a man of far more than ordinary learning and experience, especially along irrigation lines. He expresses the sentiment of other representative citizens of Miami Valley.

Miami, New Mexico, May 25, 1909.

Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M. Gentlemen:—

It was not until after I had traveled in many sections of the United States, especially in the arid and semi-arid portions of Texas and the Pacific Coast from Southern California to the Canadian North-west, that I decided to locate on Miami Ranch. I had spent some time in the Republics of Mexico and Guatemala as well, but for an all-around proposition I consider this section as good as any I have investigated.

The climate is ideal and healthful and soil fertility is A-1 and will produce most anything adapted to the Temperate Zone. I find the local markets far from being supplied, substantiated by the facts that produce, provisions and canned goods are nearly all shipped in from surrounding and other states.

Since I have located here and studied soil conditions, I find them remarkable. The centuries of action of the elements has eroded and washed from the mesasslopes vast amounts of rich humus and placed a deposit of from ten to fifteen feet upon the land I acquired. The soil composition is just sandy enough to make it pulverize and cultivate nicely, free from alkali and as to moisture retaining qualities it is marvelous.

Before locating, I studied the market question thoroughly, and situated as we are here, we will be able to compete with any section, raising similar products to those of Miami. Our altitude and climate brings our crops to maturity at a time when the vast section of country to our south and east are in the market for same, thus assuring unlimited demand.

Miami Valley suits me and judging from what has been accomplished here in a short period of time, I feel confident we will be flourishing with the older sections, especially where irrigation is practiced.

Miami is a proposition that the investor and homeseeker can feel safe on; we have the water, the first essential in a semi-arid country, our rights are perpetual, backed by legal government rights.

Your company is certainly giving fair treatment to settlers and are making both interests mutual and all that can be expected.

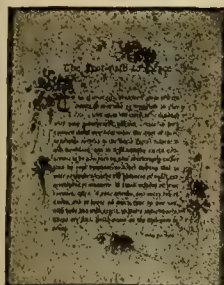
Thanking you for your hearty co-operation in the past and sincerely trusting for a continuance of same, I am

Very respectfully yours, (SIGNED) Jonas R. Trimmer.

Don't wait. Come and see. Excursions via Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway September 7 and September 21. \$30 from Chicago, \$25 from Kansas City, \$11.65 from Denver, to Springer, New Mexico. Write or wire us before starting.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT CO., Springer, New Mexico

Words of Help and Cheer



Only a faint idea of the beauty of these cards is conveyed by the accompanying illustration. The text matter is attractively arranged and printed on a hand-made three-ply ripple board and artistically decorated in water colors by hand in violets or clover as designated in list. A plain white envelope of antique paper to match, is furnished with each card. Size of each card, 7x9 inches. Order by number.

Price, postpaid, each,25 cents

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- 1c. The Foot-Path to Peace (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke.
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3. Our Burden Bearer (Violets).—Phillips Brooks.
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- 14c. Mizpah (Clover).—Julia A. Baker.
15. Be Strong (Violets).—M. D. Babcock.
16. Pass It On (Clover).—Burton.
17. A Mile With Me (Violets).—Henry Van Dyke.
- 17c. A Mile With Me (Clover).—Henry Van Dyke.
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19. When the Song's Gone Out (Violets).—Florence Eva Vickery.
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23. Reflection (Clover).—Wiggin.
24. L'Envoi (Clover).—Kipling.
25. My Wish (Clover).—Anonymous.

Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

The Saloon Under the Searchlight

By George R. Stuart.

A book of sixty-four pages. The best thing we have seen on this subject. A new book, dealing with an old question.

Simple, Practical and True.

"I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail to do good."—Eld. P. J. Blough, Member of Temperance Committee.

Bright, Breezy—Not a Dull Line.

"A bright, breezy, thought-compelling little book with not a dull line in it. Full of suggestion and inspiration for one who would have a part in the fight against the saloon, a fight that grows in strength and popularity every day."—United Presbyterian.

Every minister of the Gospel will have occasion to use some of the arguments presented by Mr. Stuart, who turns the light on in full force and lets the reader see what a monster evil the liquor traffic is.

There is enough in the book, if people can be induced to read it, to drive the saloon out of every village, town and city in the United States.

Prices and Bindings

Paper,20 cents

Cloth,35 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois.

Farms for Sale

From \$40 to \$65 per acre. Colonizing and Locating Brethren people in Northern Indiana 100 miles east of Chicago along the Lake Shore Railroad. Land is cheap. Good and level and productive. Well improved, and Good Improvements. We have the best Market towns in Indiana. They pay good prices for all things raised. Best fishing point in all this country. The best of water. Good telephone service and R. F. D. Good schools. I have sold twenty-eight farms within the last year to mostly Brethren people. We have some over five hundred members in the Bristol District. There will be a street car line built through Bristol this summer and is nearly completed. Our crops are as follows: Corn, Wheat, Rye, Oats, Clover, and Timothy, and a fine country for potatoes, and vegetables of all kinds, and fruit. Through the month of July we shipped daily from 800 to 1,000 crates of berries. We have a large crop of Peaches, Apples, Plums, and Grapes. Our land is as productive as land that is selling in Illinois for \$125 per acre. Call and see what I have for sale and be convinced yourself. Write at once for 1909 Price List and full information.

M. H. MILLER, Bristol, Indiana

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SHAKESPEARE AND HIS ART

O. H. KIMMEL

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. He was a genius, an artist, a man of destiny. He added prestige to the English language just when it was needed most, he gave the vitals of a better and purer life to the English drama, and he established the high plane of the English literature. He did this so well that the Englishman began to take pride in his language, his literature and his drama. The influence too of the English tongue was broadened and more highly respected throughout the world as a result of the finish that Shakespeare gave it, and its power gradually began to creep into all parts of the world.

To himself Shakespeare was a different being from what he now seems to the English speaking world. In some way the people of our time generally feel Shakespeare to have been a peculiar, isolated, supreme artist, towering above the regulation man with nothing in common with him. To the people of his own time he was certainly nothing of this kind; he was no superhuman seer, no divine prophet whose utterances should edify and guide posterity. He was a man of his own time, only one of a considerable company of playwrights, whose work at the time seemed neither more nor less serious than that of any other man in the same profession. Nothing he wrote or did seemed to the commonplace man of his own time of so great a worth, and nothing but the lapse of time could have demonstrated the two or three things that he was capable of doing which separated him from the other writers of his day, and placed him in a plane where the stars of time shone upon him and gave him the first place in English literature.

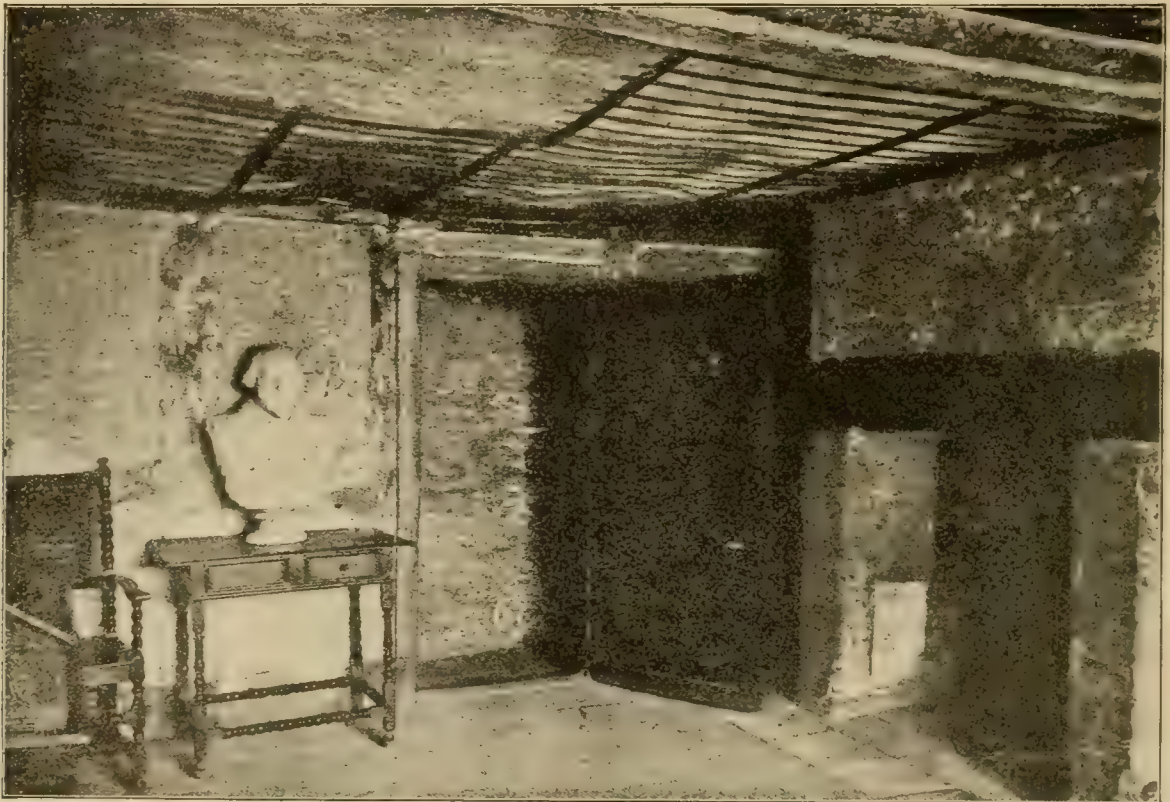
Sometimes we think it strange that, in all these years since the days of Shakespeare with its advances in all lines of letters and science, no one has been able to rival Shakespeare in his work in letters. And really it is a marvel that our first great writer still holds place as first in the rank. But there are some reasons for this. The English language, up to the

time of Shakespeare was considered as a barbarous tongue, a vulgar tongue. The one who could overcome this must be capable of beautifying the language, and give this beauty recognition. This he did so well that no subsequent writer has been able to add to or even approach the beauty he put in his phrases. Then he lived in that eventful time in English history, that "Golden Age" when Elizabeth was on the throne. His literature belongs to the Elizabethan age, and the Elizabethan drama proves to have been one of the most completely typical phenomena in the whole history of fine arts. It was a time too for golden opportunities in letters, for it was the vital time for initiative action in all English endeavor. England had reached the time when it must put forth men equal to the occasion in all lines of endeavor if she is to even approach the leadership of nations that events are bringing toward her. The nation is emerging from an old life into a new and larger life. Her citizens are beginning to take great pride in her and in her possibilities as a nation. They are beginning to see and realize their needs, they are awaiting and asking for initiative action by their own people, and their own people must respond or they cannot succeed. They are ready to cast off the yoke of an accredited vulgar tongue, and they wish to be considered as polite and as well cultured as their cousins on the continent. Though they knew it not at the time, William Shakespeare was to lift them from this bondage, and they were to recognize him as the ultimate leader in English letters.

A great many different sides appear to the movements in the constructive world building about this time. Many men who are to remain prominent as long as time shall last come into prominence. In the sixth year of Elizabeth's reign William Shakespeare was baptized. This was eleven years after the birth of Spenser and three years after that of Bacon. He was ten years older than Ben Jonson and died eight years

after Milton was born. The student of English classics and English philosophy realizes how well these men seized the great opportunity before them, and how deeply they have moulded their teachings in English thought and traditions. These show the activity of the time in letters, and they show how carefully the Englishman thought and acted at this time when so much depended on deliberation and clear expression. Another comparison will show the activity of the world in which all live nations must take part if they are to remain or become prominent in the future events

of common prayer was written and in 1553 Popery was reëstablished in England. In 1555 and '56 Ridley and Cranmer were burned at the stake at Oxford, and in 1558 the English church was restored. Also in this year the great English triumph which put more on the shoulders of the Englishmen than many events combined was the destruction of the Spanish Armada. In 1611 King James' version of the Bible appeared. Thus we see that England, at this time, gave plenty for a man of letters to do. Crowded into one century were as many reform movements, as many great



Birthroom, Shakespeare House, Stratford.

of the world. They show the activities as they are moving society and religion and nations. Beginning one hundred years before the birth of Shakespeare, we witness Columbus discovering a new world in the interest of trade and commerce, we witness Balboa as he discovers the Pacific, Magellan as he sails around the world, and Vespucci as he gives a name to the new world. Before Shakespeare died Cortes has conquered Mexico, and the great Raleigh has planted a settlement at Roanoke Island. Nova Scotia has been settled, Jamestown has given fame to John Smith and Quebec has received the Frenchman.

And other events were succeeding themselves in rapid succession. In 1530 the English church was founded, in 1538 the monasteries were suppressed in England, in 1539 Cranmer's Bible appeared, and in 1546 Martin Luther died. In 1552 the English book

world-wide movements, as usually occur in many centuries. Hence it was an age of remarkable mental activity, and Shakespeare is the man who did the great work in letters in this "golden age" of opportunity, and gave supremacy to English letters. It is a great thought for the dreamer when he thinks that amid the happenings at home and abroad, when man triumphantly overcame semi-barbarism and oppression, when the supremacy of the sea had yielded to the art of navigation, when the wild lands of a new world had been found and were yielding up their wealth, and the savages of this land were submitting to the intrusions of the European, when joining with the elements, they had won prestige over the leading nation and turned the tide to the Anglo-Saxon by the destruction of the Spanish Armada, and when the essentials of their own civilization were growing magnificently on the smaller

possibility base of other years, when a new enlightenment was fairly springing upon them, bringing a greater day to all, I say it is a pleasant thought for the dreamer to realize that the nation produced the men at the right time to go out and win the laurels in letters, in art, in navigation, in apportionment of new lands, in war and peace and in all the endeavors of mankind until this people came forward and took first rank among the nations of the earth. Surely Shakespeare must have been a great genius, for even living in this age of opportunity his philosophy and his dreams must be the best of the language in order that they attract the world.

So Shakespeare appeared in the arena at the time when he was needed, he acted, he impressed his art so deeply upon the traditions of the English race that the lapse of time and the wear of centuries only polishes and brightens the imprint.

He was born and baptized at Straford on Avon, April 26, 1564. At the time of his birth his parents were looked upon as excellent people. Within four years after the birth of William, the father was Mayor of Stratford. But by 1577, records show that he became involved in debt and the family's prestige was lost. We know little of William until he reached his eighteenth year, and what is known or surmised of him before this time would not go to making a favorable report. Between eighteen and nineteen he was married to Anne Hathaway, a woman seven years his senior, and who ranked in society no higher than he. By February, 1585, three children were in the home, and within a year or so after this time William's father was in prison for debt, and the family was certainly destitute and in disgrace. We know very little of William's life through these trying years, but traditional report seems to chronicle that not the best of domestic bliss existed, and there is no proof that he overly exerted himself to supply the wants of the needy family. Some accounts go to show that he went to see plays, that he was apprenticed to a butcher, etc., etc., but none of these statements can be proven. Later years reveal the fact that William resented the disgraced position that the family had sunken into, and that he resolved to make opportunity to regain the old position, if possible. At any rate he left home one day, and his whereabouts were not known for a time. Afterwards it was revealed to his folks that he was in London holding horses at the theatre doors. Later he was an apprenticed play actor, and later a playwright. So strong was his desire to secure for his family its old position and to secure for himself a coat of arms, that he took this method of trying to excel in this undertaking. We know little of his first years in London, but in 1592 public reference is made concerning him there. In this year Robert Green, the dramatist, died. His last book contained a passage

which referred to Shakespeare, and quoted a line of Shakespeare's "Henry VI." So, as early as this date he must have written several plays. The passage reads:

"Yes, trust them not: for there is an upstart Crow, beautiful with our feathers that with his 'Tygers heart wrapt in a player's hide' suppose he is as well able to bumbast out a blanke verse as the best of you." The passage indicates the unfriendly feeling of Green, and perhaps the other old writers because of the rapid recognition that Shakespeare was gaining. He refers to him as the crow dressed in their feathers, which seems to insinuate that he copied his art from them, quite a natural feeling for one well up in an art and seeing an apprentice by his side rising rapidly. At any rate this shows that Shakespeare was gaining recognition as an actor and author by this time.

By the time he was twenty-nine years old his first published work appeared. This was "Venus and Adonis," a poem. This poem has been said to be one of Shakespeare's elaborate feats of phrase making, as elaborate phrasing was very popular at this stage of Elizabethan Literature. Soon after this appeared "Titus Adronicus," probably his first play. This was a tragedy very poorly put together. It was a story of blood, and gave expression to some almost inhuman bloodcurdling actions, but it plainly shows what was demanded by the theatre-going public when Shakespeare began his work. Shakespeare did not attempt to improve the stage all at once, and perhaps was not able to do so had he so desired, because he was still young and inexperienced himself, but as he grew and became more mature in the work himself, he gradually added those requisites that raised the standard of the drama until it became more pure, and represented the best of enlightenment.

By 1594 Shakespeare had gotten hold of the public and had become fairly well established in his work in London. Up to this time we have looked upon him as practically unknown, a poor man without influence striving to earn a living in the theatrical field. From now on we look upon him as a fairly well established man in his profession and rapidly rising in it. The idea that he was a genius did not dawn upon the people as yet,—in fact it took future generations to learn this,—but the public saw in this man the ability to write and stage plays that pleased and edified them and the people looked favorably upon him. So we see the young man who left his home with an ambition to excel is at the early age of thirty, fairly well along on the road to success.

In view of these facts it is significant to follow his movements now to see the influence brought to bear upon his family. By following the records we find the conveyance of land at Stratford, dated January 26, 1596, which describes John Shakespeare, William's father, as "yeoman." In the Herald's College, a

draft grant of arms later this same year, to this same John Shakespeare describes him as "gentleman." The word "gentleman" shows that the honor of the father is again restored, and from the fact that there is no possible source of income than from William it is to be seen that he is realizing what his ambition craved, and that he is using the money saved in his art, by restoring the lost honor of the family. And the record of his prosperity continues for some years. By Easter, 1597, he had purchased "New Place," a mansion and grounds in Stratford thereby becoming a land proprietor. Others of his works were published and by November that year his father filed a bill in chancery to recover the estate which he had mortgaged nineteen years before.

At Christmas that year William was honored by being permitted to play "Love's Labors Lost" before the Queen at Whitehall.

Within the next two or three years his acts of benevolence toward his family and his fellow townsmen had established him in the opinion of the Stratford people as a well to do and influential man of business and landholder and he was certainly clearly established as a poet and dramatist in London. He had been a busy man all these years but in the following year, 1600, he produced or published the following: "Romeo and Juliet," "As You Like It," "Henry V," "Much Ado About Nothing," "A Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Merchant of Venice." In another year appeared "Twelfth Night," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," the first and second parts of "Henry VI" published, the "Revenge of Hamlet,"—Hamlet proper not being published until 1604. And so he writes his plays and poems and sonnets, he plays, he becomes stockholder in the Globe Theatre, and continues his great activities until about the year 1609. In this time he has revolutionized the English stage, he has added dignity and respect to it and has developed a real English drama, has written the greatest English in literature, has shown his philosophy of life, and at the age of forty-five retires to his palatial home at Stratford on Avon to spend the remainder of his days with his family. By the year 1600 he had reached the zenith of his power, and it was about this time that his great mind unfolded its greatest works to the world. And some of his works are wonderful. Where is there anything in literature outside of the inspired writings to excel "Hamlet," or "King John," or "Romeo and Juliet," or "Twelfth Night," or "Macbeth," or the "Sonnets"?

But this man's work is done. He retires from work at forty-five to reside as a gentleman at Stratford. But his activities have been too great to permit him to remain there long. The physical being is worn out, and at the early age of fifty-two years he dies.

And thus we summarize his life: At the age of

thirty he had become a recognized writer and actor. Before he was forty he had written the best of his productions, and at forty-five, after scarcely more than fifteen years of active service he retires, worn out with the pressure of hard work, but in that short period of time he has given us the language which has never been equaled, and which classes well with the best that has been produced in any language. His ambition in life was to restore the respect of his family name and to secure a coat of arms for himself. He did this, and perhaps never realized what his work to realize his own ambitions meant to the world. How this brings to mind his own words in "Twelfth Night": "Some are born great, some achieve greatness, and some have greatness thrust upon them." And again in Julius Cæsar:

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,
Which, taken at the flood, leads to fortune;
Omitted, all the voyage of their life
Is bounded in shallows and miseries."



A FEW STRAY THOUGHTS.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

OBJECTS of correlativeness have a mysterious attraction for each other. And undoubtedly the law is manifested throughout the entire universe. Invisible chords of sympathy are forever swaying and weaving, centering, in a greater or less degree, their seaching clasps into a common unit.

My mind was drawn this morning to the fount of the literary world. The kingdom of literary talent took possession of my mind, and I thought:

Writers are born, not made. The bent is originally within the persons in question, and only needs development and culture, to be productive of the most wonderful results. Artificially-made monarchs of the literary kingdom are not to be found. Efforts to implant a germ which is not adaptable to its environments, which its surroundings are in no condition to receive, invariably terminate wrongly. There are other fields of labor, peculiarly fitted for just such a nucleus. The native plant will gain the goal.

Imagine Longfellow, if you will, undergoing untold agonies as to diction, figures, and the like, in the writing of his "Psalm of Life":

* * * * *

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

* * * * *

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle;
Be a hero in the strife!

* * * * *

Lives of great men all remind us

We can make our lives sublime,
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of time;
 Footprints that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
 Seeing, may take heart again.
 Let us, then, be up and doing,
 With a heart for any fate;
 Still achieving, still pursuing,
 Learn to labor and to wait.

Or how could Bryant, laboring under great mental stress, leave to his monumental honor such charming, bewitching expressions as are found in his "Thanatopsis":—

To him who in the love of nature holds
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
 A various language; for his gayer hours
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
 And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
 Into his darker musings, with a mild
 And healing sympathy, that steals away
 Their sharpness, ere he is aware.

Or again:

So live, that when thy summons comes to join
 The innumerable caravan, that moves
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
 Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
 Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

Certainly, the purity, propriety, and precision of diction, the correct use of figures, etc., are necessarily important factors in the production of such eloquent literature, and yet the naturally born writer will, unaware and before he has acquired them as a part of his education, use those very elements, though in a crude form.

Indeed, to attain such masterful heights as have these men, requires much more than genius, and the production carries with it an untold amount of labor, but in consequence each word conveys a distinct and definite meaning; the omission of one word leaves a gigantic hollowness in the thought to be conveyed.

Scottville, Michigan.

FISHING WITH HOOKS, NETS, AND SEINES

H. D. MICHAEL

In Three Parts. Part Three.

Now for a night's fishing with a net to see how that goes and to get all the experience we can. I suppose all of our fishing party understand why I say a night's fishing. If not, it is for the reason that the fish can see the nets in the daytime and will go under, around or turn back instead of getting caught, so all gill-net fishing is done at night.

For that reason prepare well for keeping warm, as we will be most sure to get damp from sea fogs and from handling the net. The night will seem chilly ere morning dawns even though it is in the summer, for most salmon fishing along the coast of Oregon is done in the months of August and September. So look well to the amount and kind of clothing, and we may want a midnight lunch along and we are sure to need a large supply of patience unless the night is very favorable.

Then, too, we must have a good gasoline fishing boat and a net of fifty or sixty fathoms' length, according to the place we are going to fish. Now if there is a gasoline engineer in our crowd and one of us that understands the fishing part we may get a few fish instead of making a water haul as is often done.

Do you see that it is getting dusk and that the tide is nearly full? That means that we must be getting to our fishing grounds, so go aboard that we may get there to lay out our net and make the first drift just as the tide turns.

As we are now on the scene of action we must shut off the engine and get the oars into action to row across the channel while the most experienced man pays off the net. In doing that part we must be sure that the net is not tangled but is free to hold its upright position in the water.

Now as the net is out we must be patient and slowly drift with the slowly ebbing tide. But, look! See how that float line is dancing in the water, bobbing up and down, accompanied by a splashing of the water occasionally. That is the announcement of the catching of our first salmon or at least the first one near the surface where he can splash and notify us, though there may be others caught down near the lead line which is fastened to the lower side of the net to hold it perpendicular in the water. Now and then we see another splash which encourages us to think that we will have some meat, anyway.

Drifting, drifting, and drifting; it seems to be get-

ting tiresome to most of us, as our restlessness shows, so let us take in the net as we have drifted far enough for our first time.

There, what is that large spider doing in our net? Oh! no, it is a crab, so be careful that he does not get hold of you, or you will be pinched, sure. Here come some salmon at last,—bright, glistening-sided ones though not very large. Only about fourteen to twenty-five pounds each. They are known as Silver Side salmon. But look at that large one being pulled in so completely tangled in the net that we can hardly get it loose. That is a fine, large Royal Chinook, one of the highest-prized kinds because of their deep red flesh, fine flavor, and because of the fact that their bones cook soft easier than others, and for that reason they are better fitted for canning purposes. The Silver Side salmon are used more for cold storage purposes, as well as for smoking and to salt down.

But just look at that queer-looking fish being pulled in with the net now. It is such a dark, muddy, rough-looking specimen with such a long projecting nose and a short under jaw. You will find when dressing it that it has no bones,—not even a backbone, for it has only a cartilage instead, that is easily cut with a knife. Though it is about the weight of a salmon it is much longer and more nearly round. It is a sturgeon and a small one at that, as they grow to be one hundred and fifty to two hundred pound fish.

Well, there is the end of the net and a fine assortment we have. Now we must start the engine and get back up the bay to our place of starting to make another drift on this same ebb tide.

In laying out the net this time you can see a little touch of the hard life of the fisherman. The net is wet and cold, the night is chilly, dark and dreary, yet the fishermen must go ahead with their hard labor, never faltering, or their income will cease.

With the net out we are drifting again, but here comes a large steamer, for we can see her lights far down the bay. Be sure now that you show them our lights in the right position and give them the signal to pass on the right, since our net is to the left. To do this you must show them our red light to the left of our green light so that they can tell on which side of us our net lies. There they go steaming by,—a large ocean steamer lighted by electricity, and a pretty sight it is with the crew working away to be prepared for landing soon and the passengers out looking at those poor fishermen, as they term us, for the fisherman's life is known to be a hard, disagreeable one with constant exposure and risk of life.

Having drifted now as far as we deem best we can again take in our net, count our fish and be ready to make another drift as soon as the tide begins to flood, as it is now at about low slack water. Then we will

drift up stream with the tide which will seem a novelty to some of us.

Here we have been drifting and fishing, enjoying our night's experiences, but who can tell us where we have drifted? Heretofore we could see the beacon lights and shore lights fixed for vessels and fishermen, but where are they now? I dare say there is a shaky feeling creeping over some of the party, for the fog has become dense, shutting out the sight of either shore, stars, or our shore lights.

This is a water haze and the kind that has caused many a vessel to be wrecked because of the density of the fog, making it impossible to penetrate it but a short distance with even the strong search lights carried on large vessels. We have been drifting along fishing, all unconscious of where we were and now none can tell us our location, as to which part of the bay we are in, whether near one shore or the other. What shall we do? We must use our best judgment and cautiously make our way, lest we run into rocks, mud flats, or old jetty works. We can take soundings often, and, as our engine has a compressed air whistle attached, we can stop the engine, then blow the whistle and see which shore it strikes by the sound and thus find our way as best we can.

Here we are again close to our range lights so that we can see them, and now knowing our location we can run by our compass and feel more sure of landing near our right wharf. Now comes the home coming, for here is our dock in sight, as we have run within a few feet of it. Planting our feet once more on terra firma, we are glad for our experiences; also for our safe return.

The fish are to be cared for now, as we have a fine boat load, considering our chances and our having to come home a little earlier in the morning than we otherwise would. I suppose some of you will want the salmon cared for in different ways and I know I shall. Some we will salt down. These we only need to clean and slice down each side of the backbone, taking it out, then salt in a kit by just putting in a layer of fish, then one of salt until the kit is full and they will make their own brine. The ones to smoke we will only want to lay in salt for about twenty-four to forty-eight hours before hanging up to smoke. But the other way interests me also.

Some hesitate to eat salmon put up at the factories because of the stories told of its not being properly cleaned and cared for, but we can have some that will be just as delicious and that we can vouch for being clean. We only need to dress the fish properly, place in the common jars raw with seasoning but no water, as some suppose, and place into a boiler of cold water and after bringing to a boil, boil for four hours. We can then seal the cans and have canned salmon fit for

a king. The smoked salmon will also be a tempting dish when properly cured.

If this net fishing has not been on a large enough scale for some of us let us be spectators for a day at a seine fishing camp. I think that will satisfy us without taking part.

To prepare the seining grounds the river must be cleared of all brush and snags and the bank cleared also to permit of the seine being dragged up onto it so that the part remaining in the water is drawn to where it is but shallow. That part is often costly because of the amount of powder required to blow the stumps and snags into pieces small enough to handle; also because of the time required to do it.

After that is done and the seine the length of a city block or sometimes of two of them is on the ground the equipment is ready for fishing, if only a team is to be used to draw the seine. But the latest device is the donkey engine and if one is to be used it must also be installed, and then all one has to wait for is the fish. As soon as they are running in schools large enough to pay, the fishing commences.

There, see how they take the seine in the large seining boat and lay it out in a circle, enclosing as many fish as is possible.

Then watch them attach the lines from the donkey engine to the seine and commence to haul it in. Just see the fish splashing as the seine is drawn into the water of only two to four feet in depth. Now the fishermen wade out and commence killing them to take them out. That is the disagreeable part of this work, for often the men are wet from head to foot all day, and wading in water nearly all day long they expose themselves to all kinds of sickness, often contracting some sickness that drags them to their grave.

Large numbers of salmon are often caught at one haul when a large school of fish are in just the right position, but the record catch of the Lower Coquille River in southern Oregon may seem too large a fish story for some of you to believe when I tell you that ten thousand salmon were caught at one haul of the seine. I was not an eye-witness, but it was told me by those I could not doubt, after knowing of the conditions there in some of the most favorable years in the past when the whole river seems to have been one seething, rushing swarm of fishes. But that time seems to be past, as the salmon seem to be getting more scarce year after year.

In this now you may have seen some of the hard life of the fisherman, but far more of the bright than of the dark, as it is impossible for me to describe it in full. There is the exposure, the loss of sleep, the cold and wet to struggle with and the hard work it is also, for most of it is among the hardest of labor.

And now through all these fishing experiences how many of you have seen the fishing only? I dare say

none, for I believe that in your minds, like my own, thoughts have been revolving with the rapidity of the wheels of an old watch I used to own after I had removed the balance wheel.

I suppose some have thought of the fishermen on the Sea of Galilee called to be fishers of men. Some probably have thought they could not see why they were chosen or an inkling as to why. Think of the perseverance and undaunted courage required to be a successful fisherman and you will probably see a reason why the chosen ones were so persevering in spite of all hindrances, for they had long before learned to face dangers calmly and with a steady nerve.

Is it any wonder that men that would risk their life in such a hazardous calling would also die for the cause of Christ when he had given them that beautiful call, "Come up higher," and be fishers of men? Is it any wonder that Peter had such great stability and firmness after he had endured such hardships while fishing?

Ah! no. It has always seemed to me to give us more strength and firmness of character for every obstacle we meet if we only remain true to Christ's cause and with his help overcome all.

Then some may have thought of our condition when we had drifted with the tide until the gloom had settled around us and we were lost from our bearings. Think of how many are doing just that. Drifting, drifting on, heedless of our location until we awaken to a realization of the fact that the gloom is settling around us and we can no more see the light to guide us safely to our home. May we stop and take note of our bearings while the guiding light is still in plain view. "Turn ye, turn ye from your evil ways; for why will ye die?" (Ezek. 35:11.)

Pasco, Wash.



SOME EGGS THAT CANNOT HATCH.

J. HUGH HECKMAN.

It does not happen in most cases that from each egg of a nestful a chick is hatched. Generally one or more prove infertile. Likening the world of men's minds to a nest full of eggs, we may find therein countless expectations of which many are so ill-grounded as to be hopeless of realization. These are eggs that cannot hatch.

No one courts disappointment. It is desirable to avoid the paths which prove fond hopes forlorn. Youth is especially a period of anticipation, and then is there often the inability to discern clearly between the legitimate and otherwise in attaining desired ends. For this reason does youth need counsel and guidance that in strong imagination it may not forecast impossible conditions. Life does—and it ought—hold

forth bright prospects to the normal, healthy young person, and the work of parents and teachers becomes that of conserving youthful energy toward constructing air "castles" which are *plans* for real "castles."

The *Afterwhile* and *Tomorrow* are phantoms, rich in golden possibilities. Legitimate dreams concerning them belong to the individual who is actively engaged in the details of *today*. For him the future holds great things in store. The danger that attends a highly visionary brain is in the likelihood of passing the opportunities of the "commonplace" present while waiting for the "glories" of an uncertain time to come. These are eggs that never hatch. Neglecting the trifles of today discourages any prophecy of great things to come. The *Afterwhile* stands at the end of the path along which the moments of *Now* are leading.

Among the elements indicative of nobility of soul is that of *good intention*, but that in itself is not conclusive evidence. A common weakness is that of parading the good which we *intend* to do. The plan of allowing the good one *does* to speak for itself is much more praiseworthy. Saint Dorcas was mourned because of "almsdeeds which she *did*," rather than those which she was always *intending* to do. The passing of a wave of feeling over righteous intent creates a warm glow, but the intent not carried out entails weakness. Good intentions unproductive of good deeds are infertile eggs. Lack of development corrupts the life element present and deterioration results. We have all been told about the road that is paved with good intentions. To smile, to speak, to lend a hand—to *live* as we *intend*—will pave with good deeds the other road.

In all kingdoms under the jurisdiction of the Almighty there has been placed an immutable law which enlightens us with the thought that "whatsoever a man soweth, that shall be also reap." Many profess to discredit this principle in the moral and spiritual realms, even when admitting its desirability and truth in God's providence in nature. These delude themselves in the belief that a cause can bring other than the results natural to it. However unfortunate for the sower of evil, the inflexible rule holds true. The hope of escape is an egg barren of life germ. Sow an evil and you reap a disaster. We are today making the memories that will be ours to cherish or regret.

The spirit of acquisition is strong upon the human family. In the light of the multiplicity of things to be desired, this spirit is a wise provision in human nature. Between the desire and the acquisition lies the task of the acquiring, wherein lurks a danger. It is the inclination common to so many to believe, at least to act as if they so believed, that choice of methods in accomplishing fulfillment of desire is an indifferent matter. Not that there may not be diversity of method, but that all methods used in the acquisition

of honorable objects must be definable as honorable. Honorable methods in the attainment of noble purpose are those which naturally and logically lead up to the end toward which the purpose tends, and with which both the purpose and the end harmonize. For instance, the purpose to excel, the method of great labor and the end, excellence, all are in harmony with each other. Excellence is the natural consequence of purpose and effort. The shirker might rather have the adage read "There is excellence without great labor," but that egg cannot hatch. The law of honest service precedes the law of fair reward, and the honest aspirant will not expect to reach his goal without self-activity. Only those may claim the crown who have willingly accepted the cross.

There is no tragedy greater than that of a misspent life, wasted in harboring barren expectations. Turning about as it has upon the pivot of unrealities it has never really *lived*. This tragic sequel may be avoided by conformity of will and purpose to earnest actualities. Only that which is eternal is real.



EAST LAKE PARK.

M. M. WINESBURG.

As East Lake Park is the real show place in the vicinity of Birmingham, Ala., we took the motor and went out there one day, and as the park is probably ten miles from the city we had quite an interesting ride through the hills of "Alabamer,"—which is the native way of pronouncing the name.

On our way through the town from the north end to the east side, we could see all the sky-scraper buildings and the new terminal depot, and we also passed a huge blast furnace with its great piles of pig iron; then the motor line ran out among the hills. Along the car line were houses about all of the way; some of them were simply shacks. Colored people lived in them, and then again we would see a bunch of new houses built in among the forest trees where some enterprising real estate agent was booming a piece of land into a suburb. I saw two houses that might have been old timers, but the most of them were new and some had nice little yards, and gardens back of them. Back a piece, however, from the car line one caught glimpses of wooded hills and valleys that looked as if no one had ever cultivated them and no farms or farm houses were visible anywhere.

We passed through one small town and then more hills and glades and then into the little town of East Lake. The lake is a lovely little sheet of water about three-fourths of a mile long but not very wide. I think it was partly a natural lake in the first place and has been dredged out larger to make a pleasure resort. Out there one can see all classes of people walking around or lounging on the seats beneath the shade trees. All classes except the blacks and they are not allowed in there.

The park is the prettiest place I have seen since I have been in this city, for besides the lovely little lake there are many forest shades trees. Many of them are the sweet gum which has a beautiful five-pointed leaf. A toy railroad runs all the way around the lake and a toy engine pulls a string of toy cars each just large enough to hold two persons, and for ten cents one can ride around the lake in a toy car pulled by a toy engine; while the engineer seated on the tender looks bigger then the engine he runs.

Then for ten cents one can ride on the elevated



East Lake Park, Birmingham, Ala.

railroad, and cross the lake twice on the round trip, but if you want to take a skiff ride on the lake and fish at the same time, it costs twenty-five cents an hour; but if you don't fish it costs only a dime for each person in the skiff. There are of course other forms of amusement but I was not interested enough in them to investigate them, for they were only what one can see at any fair. It was the natural scenery that I was the most interested in, and the restless surging throng of humanity looking for a few moments of amusement and sweltering in the hot sun while they enjoyed the amusement.

In walking around through the crowd one could hear lots of the real southern vernacular used and by well garbed people too; such words as "you all" and "I sholy do." These expressions sound strange when one hears them for the first time, but one soon gets used to them and many of the people using these words may have been northern born; for when they hear these words spoken for any length of time they fall into the vernacular themselves. The day we were at East Lake it had been simply sweltering hot in the city but at the park it was right cool for on one side of the lake there is nothing but the deep cool woodland, and there was more breeze than in the city. Now, while it was pretty warm in Florida at this time last summer, yet I really believe it is warmer here in

Birmingham among the mountains than it was on the gulf coast last June.

Our trip back to the city was somewhat pleasanter than it had been going to the park, for it was evening and the sun had not so much force. Still the breeze seems to leave here with the sun and then everybody sits out on their porches to get whatever air there is going, and wherever a colored family lives the porch is their parlor and they seem to enjoy themselves in spite of the heat. But then the darky apparently gets all the enjoyment out of life that he can, for one

can hear them laughing somewhere about all of the time. They do about all of their work outside of their houses—or at least all that can be done on the outside even to bringing their food out on the porch or steps and eating it. Their favorite color must be white, for they dress their children in white and the women wear it at all times and places; they even do their housework and sometimes washing, all rigged out in white; and a white hat usually crowns their wool when they are dressed up and out on the street, and here some of the darkies surely do dress. They flutter along the

streets dressed out in silk and satin the same as their white sisters do.

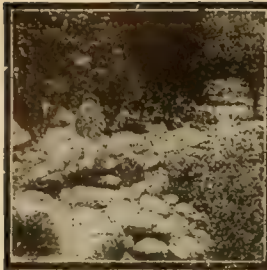
Now, I often laugh to myself when I read some southern fiction in which the author always speaks of the dark-eyed and dark-haired southerner, when the truth is one finds as many fair-haired and blue or gray-eyed people in the South as anywhere else. Of course there are a good many people in the gulf coast cities that have dark eyes and hair but they are of either Spanish or French descent, and many of them not American born at all. But the real American southerners are as fair as the rest of the American people are in eyes and hair; probably they may be a little more sun-tanned, especially those that work out of doors, but still one does not sun-tan as badly here as they do in Florida; I have seen people there tanned almost brown.



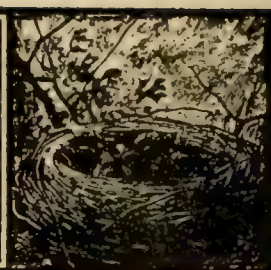
"THERE are no new truths. We meet simply the old ones, which we have always known, in new garb. It takes a change of style to show off the real beauty of plain truth, hence the many forms of expression we give them or find them in."



If you have built castles in the air, your work need not be lost—that is where they should be; now put foundations under them.—*Thoreau*.



NATURE STUDIES



SEPTEMBER'S GIFTS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

THIS month marks the consummation of the summer's toil; a change creeps over nature's face. All the hushed land slowly fills with royal splendor. We are wont to think of autumn as the saddest season of the year. But there is no time when nature is more lavish of her gifts of flowers, and fruit, and woodland beauty than this month.

From midsummer to midautumn the queen of our climbing shrubs is the trumpet creeper with its large pinnate leaves rivaling the emerald with their shade of green, and clusters of brilliant trumpet-shaped flowers growing at the tips of long, wiry branches. These are very attractive to the hummingbirds. Wherever the trumpet vine climbs with the help of its aerial rootlets, one is sure to see, sooner or later, the ruby-throat. The flowers are dependent upon him and the butterflies to fertilize their ovules, and he demands that his refreshments shall be reserved for him in a tube so deep or inaccessible that, when he calls, he will find all he desires notwithstanding the visits of many insects. The orange and red of these long tubes are irresistibly fascinating to him and insure his visits.

Belonging to the great Compositæ family of plants is the ironweed. While this is one of our worst weeds, it bears a flower of royal dye, purpling low meadows and moist soils with flat-topped thistle-like flower heads at the top of a rough branching stem. In the great contest forever going on among all plants as well as among all animals, this plant is well equipped for the battle. Many species of bumblebees, butterflies and other winged visitors do the work of fertilization so well that a medium-sized plant has been known, by actual count, to have borne over eighteen thousand seeds, each capable of becoming a fully developed ironweed. This plant may be called a beautiful pest, the beauty of which is often unappreciated by the farmer.

A very curious and pleasing plant which our grandmothers brought from England is "Bouncing Bet" (*Saponaria officinalis*). When it took root in America it had no respect for the narrow confines of a New England garden, but escaped to the roadsides and by its two modes of traveling, one by seeds, the other by underground stolons, it is now found throughout the territory between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. In

this plant usefulness and beauty are combined. The pinkish-white flowers are shaped like the old-fashioned garden pink, and possess a delicate odor. Its leaves and stems broken and rubbed in water make an excellent lather. It was a good substitute for soap to clean the immigrant's hands, brighten his face, or prepare his rough beard for shaving.

A conspicuous plant along streams, in damp places, by the roadsides, and the banks of ditches is the great blue lobelia. Its attractive bright, blue flowers are borne on a stalk from two to four feet high, somewhat branched. The five-lobed flower is split to the base on one side, as are the flowers of all the different species of lobelias. The flowers develop at the base of the spike first in July and gradually open out up the spike so those at the top do not open until in September. A succession of flowers is thus given, which are beautiful to look upon, but when handled they emit an unpleasant odor.

Much has been said and written about the cardinal flower, but not too much, for among all our wild flowers which bloom from August to October it ranks without a peer for brilliancy of color and gracefulness of form. This plant is a near relative of the blue lobelia, but does not possess its sturdy growth. But when one comes suddenly upon several plants growing close together amid tall grasses, their bright red penons contrast so vividly with the ever-present sneezeweed and the marigold that their purity and their beauty seem so enhanced by their surroundings that one feels the acme of beauty has been reached in this flower.

A very common plant that has a long succession of bloom is the toadflax, which children often call "butter-and-eggs." The blossoms are of an odd, two-lipped form, like those of the garden snapdragon, and each has a pointed spur or tail. They are bright yellow, all except the little pouting lips, which are orange-colored. By pressing gently at the corners of the mouth we can force the lips apart, and then we see that the stamens and pistil are well inside in a position corresponding to that of the tonsils, while the honey—to continue the comparison—is down the throat. The lips close firmly over the pollen and honey, and a small creeping insect is quite unable to force an entrance between them. The bee is the wished-for guest, to

whom all barriers yield. When she comes to call, she lights upon the lower lip, and her weight causes it to drop. Then she sees two bright golden bands running along the palate of the flower. They guide her attention to the mouth of a deep horn-shaped pocket, in which the honey is stored, and in order to reach it she must jostle the stamens, which stand directly in the way. Then she flies off, pollen-laden, to another toad-flax flower, while the lip, relieved of her weight, springs back, and closes as silently and as strangely as the door of rock did behind the departing Ali Baba.



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter III. Soil and Plants.

WHEN the country was new the forests were cleared and the land farmed till no longer productive. then more land was cleared. But even then they found that the land responded to proper treatment, as we learn from our histories. Squanto showed the people of Plymouth how to increase their crop of corn by planting a fish in each hill.

We are now at the end of our rope. We no longer have the new land, so we must maintain and improve the fertility of what we have left. We should cultivate to prevent, as much as possible, loss from washing; also to add humus and plant food. The last may be done by adding manure, by crop rotation, and plowing under leguminous crops.

Air is a compound mainly of two gases—oxygen and nitrogen. Oxygen is very active. It causes iron to rust, wood to decay, and fire to burn. Nitrogen on the other hand is an inactive gas and does not readily unite with other elements. It is so necessary for the growth of plants that it has been called plant bread. They, however, cannot use this free nitrogen. In the roots of certain plants are found small germs called bacteria. These plants are the legumes. Pull up a clover plant and on the roots you may find small knots about the size of a pin head. These knots, called tubercles, are the homes of the bacteria. They feed upon the free nitrogen and store it where the plant can use it.

If the farmer will grow legumes and at the same time feed all the grain and hay produced to be returned to the land in the form of manure he may even increase the fertility of his farm. He should also remember that the liquid manure is the most important as it contains almost all of the nitrogen.

In some cases he may not get enough barnyard fertilizer and must have recourse to commercial fertilizers. Their value lies in the fact that they contain the three most valuable plant foods.

Nitrogen is obtained from nitrate of soda, mined in Chile; ammonia sulphate, a by-product of gas works; dried blood and other slaughter house by-products; and from cottonseed meal.

Potash is found in unleached wood ashes, and is put on the market as muriate of potash, sulphate of potash, kainit, and other forms.

Phosphoric acid is obtained from rock taken from the mines of Tennessee, Florida, and Georgia; and also from bones. This rock is formed from the bones of ancient animals, which may be seen in the formations. The rock and bones are treated with sulphuric acid to render it available.

The plant takes its food by means of its small roots. Sprout some seeds in a germinator. You can then see the small hairlike roots near the tip, extending in every direction. These are the plant's feeding organs, the large roots serving to conduct the sap from the root hairs to the plant.

The reason plants wilt on being transplanted is because these hairs are broken and do not supply enough moisture. While new ones are forming water is evaporating from the leaves and the plant droops.

In cultivating large plants, such as corn, these roots are often torn off in large quantities. When the corn is large and you plow deep you can see many roots hanging to the shovels. Shallow cultivation answers all the requirements of tillage and preserves the roots.

Perhaps you have wondered how a young root which is very tender can penetrate the hard ground. It is often protected by a shield called a root-cap, which covers the tip, and it also secretes an acid which assists in dissolving the soil.

Nitrogen, we have seen, is necessary to plant growth and difficult to obtain. True, it is plentiful in the atmosphere but only a few plants can avail themselves of it. One form of it is nitric acid (HNO_3) formed in the soil by the decay of vegetable matter. It is also formed in the air by electricity, and scientists hope soon to be able to utilize the air as an unfailing source.

This acid combines with bases and forms nitrates, as nitrate of lime, nitrate of soda, or nitrate of potash, which are easily dissolved and absorbed by plant roots.

Many of us have seen wheat fields that produced from twenty-five to thirty-five bushels per acre. We have also seen wheat sown on the same land year after year till the yield was lowered to such a point that its production was no longer profitable. It is the same with corn or cotton. What is the trouble? The plant food, usually the nitrogen, has been exhausted and must be replenished. How? One way is to apply the nitrogen direct to the land. That may be an expensive way, for if there is no crop growing to utilize the nitrogen it may be washed away and lost.

Another way is by crop rotation. Different crops use different elements, and by planting some that avail themselves of the free nitrogen the soil is improved.

Work out a plan of crop rotation to suit your own land and locality.

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ONE of the slipperiest roads for the feet of mere human beings is that of self-conceit. And in common with some other slippery roads it presents a hard surface, without any rebound.

WE must think great thoughts before we can do great deeds. Every great accomplishment, every noble deed has been preceded by thoughts of like proportion and quality. It is simply the old story of things producing after their kind.

THE golden rod is flaunting its feathery plumes from the roadside and its side companion, the American aster, is adding its many rich tints to the same border. These and other unmistakable signs point to the approach of the "sear and yellow leaf," the season for which we are never quite prepared.

"TIME and tide wait for no one," is a saying that all, young and old, glibly repeat, but it is only when we have passed the half-way milestone of life that the truth really burns its way into our consciousness. Then not only the summer season, but every season, every day, passes too swiftly for the work that has been planned. After we have done *all* that we can and we find much left undone we may have one comfort still, that the little accomplished has been *well* done. Faithfulness is the real test of a life well spent, and faithfulness "in a few things" may win the reward, "well done."

WITH OUR READERS.

IN leafing through the pages of this issue one sees that the usual variety is offered the Nook's readers—variety enough for a fairly good meal. To be sure we do not serve up as wide variety as do many periodicals,

but then we are not aiming to do so. We aim to consider not only the digestive powers, but also the needs of the mental man and therefore we offer only plain, wholesome food.

First we have an interesting write-up of a well-known man,—a man about whose life and work we should all know something. Perhaps we could learn more from a volume on the subject, but not all of us have the time or opportunity to master a volume, and so we find this article exactly adapted to our needs. The "Stray Thoughts" that follow this article give us a little time for musing and when we rouse from that we are ready for our third and last fishing trip. When we come to "Some Eggs that Cannot Hatch" we should proceed slowly, for this method will greatly aid the process of assimilation. And we need to assimilate the thoughts here presented for they are real bone and sinew builders. The glimpse of Southland that follows is a sort of appetizer and prepares us for the further excursions into nature's realm that follow. Every one of us needs a generous helping from the "Right Use of Money" for we are all spendthrifts, more or less, in these days. The first subject under the Quiet Hour department will do to take away with us,—this and the poem selected by Anna Lesh, on the opposite page. Let us read this poem over two or three times, reading the spirit portrayed in it into our hearts to replace the selfish, grudging spirit of the world that so many of us cherish there.

IN SCHOOL.

AT the time when this issue of the INGLENOOK enters the homes of our land from the Atlantic to the Pacific, thousands of boys and girls will be excitedly recounting the experiences of the first days of a new term of school. Fathers and mothers will at this time get strange glimpses of "the teacher," as seen through the eyes of the children, but many of them will withhold judgment for awhile, knowing that the "wonder" will, after all, ascend or descend to the level of the average human being. But while the father and mother may maintain perfect composure in the face of these accounts of the strange doings at school, perhaps now and then endeavoring to guide the story in the right direction, the accounts should not be altogether suppressed. These are an evidence of interest in school affairs and rightly directed will be the means of helping scholar and parent and teacher.

The companion piece to this scene of the boys' and girls' return home, is that of their journey to the schoolhouse. One must depend on the imagination for the scene as a whole, as it is presented over our broad land, but it is none the less interesting and affecting. In the country east and south there are many attractive roads that lead to this center of education. Some

lead down a winding lane, over rumbling bridges, along the banks of clear, noisy streams and out on the white highway. Others have the appearance of saving time as well as distance by crossing clean, sunny meadows and deep, silent woods, where the attractions often hold the little traveler till after school is taken up. But the bunch of wild flowers or autumn leaves which he blushing proffers the teacher, or the story from nature which he is able to tell frees his record of discrediting marks and the time is saved after all by the long, short route.

In the West the road to school may be similar to the ones described or it may be a "bee line" over a level prairie where the youthful student is a horseman as well as a scholar and accomplishes a saving of time on the back of a faithful pony. In the cities the children march away to school over well-paved walks. At noon they rush home to hastily swallow the midday meal, thus securing many years' training in the habit characteristic of their fathers.

And so they march, country children, city children and all, back and forth, back and forth, here discovering new and beautiful things, there slowly building the imperishable temple of character, here learning the first lessons of duty to neighbors, there grasping the real meaning of home and the value of its blessings.

The home and the school are the two greatest institutions of the nation, the two that have the most to do with its welfare, and yet these two institutions are somehow strangely at variance. At least they do not work together as they might and as they should in the one cause which is so important to both. There is no understanding or concerted action and when there is a failure, instead of working together to discover the cause and remove it, each blames the other, thus making possible more and greater failures.

We believe the schools are growing in efficiency,—that the teachers are better trained and the schools better equipped for the work than in the past. What is needed is not only homes that are likewise an improvement over the homes of the past, but intelligent co-operation between the two. We speak of the boys and girls as being now in school, but they are in the home also, and for a much longer period than they are in school, and unless the parents and teachers have an understanding and work together the work of both will be greatly handicapped. Let us give the boys and girls the full benefit of the golden opportunity that is before them for growing up to be noble and useful men and women. See that the "road to school" is a pathway that leads to the highest plane of Christian citizenship.



LET'S PRETEND.

Let's pretend a little while,
That the world is managed right,

That there's little which is vile,
That there's much to give delight.

Let us hopefully pretend
That the luck we have is fair;
Let us put a sudden end
To the murmurs of despair.

Let's pretend just for today
That our hearts are free from woe,
That the wind blows just the way
We would like to have it blow.

Let's pretend that what we do
Is the work we like the best;
Let's pretend the scene we view
Is of all the loveliest.

Let's pretend we're satisfied,
Let's pretend we're brave and strong:
Maybe after we have tried
We can do it right along.

—S. E. Kiser.



A LEGEND OF HARVEST.

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

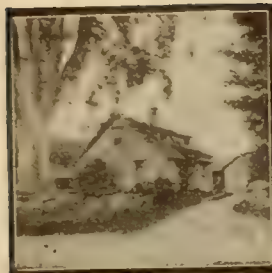
In ancient Israel, so say the seers,
Two brothers lived in peace—as brothers should,
And tilled that ground whereon in after years
King Solomon's illustrious temple stood.
A common heritage, each gave the field
His honest share of toil, and took therefrom
An equal portion of the summer's yield,
Nor grudged his part—nor held in doubt the sum.

But on the night the harvesting was done,
And all the corn lay heaped beneath the skies,
The elder kinsman sat in thought alone
And gently reasoned with himself this wise:—
"My brother is not strong, and suffered sore
Beneath the heat and burden of the day,
Lo, I will take some sheaves from out my store,
Unknown, and add to his across the way."

And, reasoning thus, he did; then found sweet sleep.
Not so, howe'er, the younger of the twain,
Who lay awake and said, "How can I keep
My great, full half of all this golden grain,
I, who am still but one, whilst he must feed
His wife and little children from his share!"
So that same night, to meet a greater need,
He, too, in secret did what he deemed fair.

Now, when at break of day both cheerily
Came forth to work—with greeting, name for name—
Each scarce concealed his wonderment to see
His separate stack of sheaves was still the same!
And when, next night, and next, in love, anew
These Jewish kinsmen gave by stealth their best—
But all in vain—behold the riddle grew
Exceeding strange and caused them much unrest:

Until at last its secret was revealed
To both at once (blest be the Hand that weaves
Such threads of chance) for half across their field
They met one night—each bent with heavy sheaves!
Ah, kinsmen true, no offering later laid
By Solomon upon the costliest shrine
Of this immortal ground, was better made
Than yours, nor gave to heaven a holier sign!
—Augustus Wight Bomberger, in *Youth's Companion*.



THE HOME WORLD



THE RIGHT USE OF MONEY

S. S. BLOUGH

A HALF century ago the amount of money in the hands of all classes of people did not equal that of today. Many young men reached their majority with practically no spending money. In those days an admonition on the proper use of money was not so necessary. There was not then the demand for money nor was there the opportunity for spending it that there is now. Today practically every one has money and whether much or little the demand is usually greater than the supply. There are a thousand and one places where those who have not cultivated the strictest habits of economy can get rid of their earnings. Money may be said to have wings and often flies away in a night. There are indeed many who are as "he that earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." Hag. 1:6.

Money comes to us in three ways. We inherit it, it is given to us or we earn it. He who inherits a large amount considers himself fortunate, but the inheritance often proves a curse, resulting in his complete undoing. Many who earn their money have not cultivated habits of frugality, and it keeps slipping away without bringing proper returns, being spent for that which is entirely sinful and vicious. All the passing whims or crying desires of a carnal mind and appetite must be satisfied.

People frequently quote lightly and incorrectly, "Money is the root of all evil." This is not true. Money bears enough reproach without receiving more than its share. The fact that some can well curse the day when money came into their hands proves nothing for or against the benefits of money. A sordid love for money brings about more evil in its wake than can be here told, but when properly used it becomes a factor which produces incalculable good.

But truly, now, the proper use of money does become a vital question and increases in importance with thought. To those recognizing themselves as stewards unto God, this is a very live question which must

be solved now and the principle applied constantly. In Christ's parable, to lay up the pound in a napkin was condemned. It would thus seem that to hoard up money is wrong. The miser is an enemy to himself, his fellow-men and his God. What principle, then, shall guide us in keeping or parting with our money? One general rule at least seems good. Spend less than your income. It is wrong to make obligations when one has no possible way by which he can hope to meet them. To be reckless in the use of money, is characteristic of Americans. Being easily gained it is just as profusely flung away. Our young people become early addicted to this vice which ruins thousands yearly. This carelessness in spending often begins in childhood. The penny spent for candy or chewing gum every day or twice a day grows into five cents for the youth and the fifty cent or dollar box for the young man. Very frequently the child that has pennies for candy every day has none for Sunday school.

The many toys lavished upon children bring about discontent later in life. The extravagant young man is often he who in boyhood had all manner of toys. Parents seem to be responsible for their own spending and that of their children.

The young man who is careful of his income is often forced to bear the stigma of being penurious and is frequently called "tight." If he is trying to be a sincere steward unto God, he can afford to flaunt criticism to the wind. There is a sort of social ostracism which he may well carry. His morals are rather improved than hurt by it. How few, however, have the moral courage to stand firm under these conditions. All honor to him who has. Money is power. When used for service it is used beneficently as becomes our obligations. Not alone are prudence and economy embraced in the right use of money, but benevolence as well. Great gifts of benevolence, splendid institutions for the unfortunate, and little acts of charity, alike stand before God as monuments of our wisdom. "He that

giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord." "No man liveth unto himself," neither is it intended that he should. He who never spends but for his own benefit or pleasure sees his money become a curse to him.

To sum up then, money is to be used. No one has a right to gain it by evil means or spend it for a vain or evil purpose. "Wherefore spend ye money for what is not bread?" Isa. 55:2. God gives us money only that we might use it for him. Where then do we gain the right to waste that which is his?

At all times then it becomes us to "lay up treasure in heaven" by its right use.

If the money which is wasted and worse than wasted were properly used, how soon might the whole world know the blessed Gospel, all earth's unfortunate ones be properly cared for, and everywhere and in many ways be erected monuments unto God because he has placed into our hands the "almighty dollar"!

Batavia, Ill.



"MOTHER TO CHILD."

Is there no way my life may save thine own a pain?

Is the love of a mother no possible gain?

No labor of Hercules—search for the grail—

No way for this wonderful to avail?

God in Heaven, O teach me.

My prayer has been answered; the pain thou must bear

Is the pain of the world's life which thy life must share.

Thou art one with the world—though

I love thee the best,

And to save thee from pain, I must save all the rest.

With God's help, I'll do it.

Thou art one with the rest; I must love thee in them!

Thou wilt sin with the rest, and thy mother must stem

The sin of the world. Thou wilt weep, and thy mother
must dry

The tears of the world lest her darling should cry.

I will do it, God helping.

And I stand not alone. I will gather a band

Of all loving mothers from land unto land;

Our children are part of the world—do you hear?

They are one with the world; we must hold them all dear.

Love all for our child's sake.

For the sake of my own, I must hasten to save

All the children of earth from the jail and the grave;

For so, and so only, I lighten the share

Of the pain of the world that my darling must bear.

Even so, and so only.

—Charlotte Perkins Stetson.



HEALTH HINTS.

THE climate inside of us has a great deal more to do with our health and happiness than the outside climate has.

A man is not likely to have the peace that passeth all understanding in his mind and at the same time have a war in his stomach that is beyond description.

A little food well masticated is worth more than a large quantity literally dumped into the stomach.

Professor Chittenden's experiments on the United States soldiers and students at Yale showed clearly that the average mortal eats two or three times too much proteid, or the beefsteak line of food, and is thereby filling his body with clinkers.

Ice-cold foods and drinks put a temporary injunction on digestive processes.

If the average man managed his business as ignorantly and as carelessly as he does his health he would soon go into bankruptcy.

Unfortunately in almost every community there is some tough old sinner who has inherited such a stock of physical energy that he can apparently violate every physical law with impunity. Such a man is a stumblingblock to all the young people in his neighborhood, as it encourages them in wrong doing.

David Starr Jordan says boys who smoke cigarettes are like wormy apples; they drop off before harvest time. They do not make failures in *after life* because they do not have any after life.

Billick was sentenced to be hung in Chicago on a certain day. He was supposed to have killed a family of six people. The Supreme Court affirmed the decision of the lower courts. A Catholic priest, his spiritual adviser, believed him to be innocent. He fairly roused the entire city. He held six great mass meetings in one day in behalf of the prisoner. He sent a delegation of fifteen people down to Springfield pleading with the Governor, and finally secured a postponement of the sentence. Why not become one-hundredth part as enthusiastic to save the lives of the thousands of people who we know are entirely innocent, but who are just as much under sentence of death from various preventable diseases?

We must return to nature, and like the prodigal's father she will meet us with outstretched arms a long way off. It is health that is catching, rather than disease.

Bedroom climate is responsible for more tuberculosis and other disorders than it is ordinarily given credit for. Man is not made with tuberculosis in his lungs any more than he is born with the multiplication table in his head. Both have to be acquired.

Dr. Evans, the Chicago health commissioner, recently said: "Four years ago the average life of the monkeys in Lincoln Park was fourteen months. They all died of consumption. Four years ago four of the poorest and most desperately sick monkeys were left out of doors. All those monkeys are living today. Now the animal house is ventilated and the temperature kept at fifty degrees, and consumption has disappeared. What we hope to do is to accomplish for ourselves in ten years what we have done for the monkeys in four."

When we are resting, only one-third of the blood in the body is in the muscles, while when we are

exercising two-thirds of it is in the muscles. There is no better way of relieving congestion of internal organs, and the benefit of active exercise remains a long time after it has been taken.

I put mustard plasters on the outside and take them off when they begin to raise blisters; but some people put more than that amount of mustard on a piece of juicy beefsteak and swallow it down on the inside and then wonder why their stomach is going into mutiny.

A short cold bath in the morning followed by vigorous friction assists to produce a good reaction, raises the level of mental activity. It increases the supply of bodily energy. It is a sort of fire alarm to every cell in the body. Those who cannot endure a general cold bath or have not the necessary facilities, by taking cold mitten friction can most admirably accomplish the same thing on the instalment plan.

The new recruits for our navy are generally drawn from the slum districts of our large cities, wizened, hollow-chested, spindling-looking fellows. After being put through the systematic exercises that are prescribed a few months later we find them looking like stocky athletes. How long will it be before we shall do as much for the boys that are to promote the peace and prosperity of the nation, as we are now doing for those who are to do our killing?

Deep breathing after meals promotes digestion. One has no appreciation of the benefit of this until he has tried it, and best of all it costs nothing to try it. Don't forget that Rockefeller has no corner on the air market. There is no fresh air trust.

God *grows* health while the doctor and nurse *cultivate* it. The invalid must coöperate to work out his own physical salvation.

Woe to the boy who never goes barefooted in the cold dew, and the child that never had a chance to go swimming. They will atone for it later in life by spending months in a sanitarium taking hot and cold foot baths and hot and cold sprays.

Peary did not catch cold when sleeping outdoors up at the North Pole. When he came back to Washington and ate civilized meals and breathed bedroom climate he caught a severe cold.

Flies that had been fed on tubercular sputum deposited three thousand tubercular bacilli for each fly speck. Three great means for the transmission of typhoid fever are fingers, food and flies, and the last are the most important. A housekeeper will spend a day rummaging over a bed for a bedbug and give little notice to the kitchen full of flies; yet the fly is a pestilential fellow.—*David Paulson, M. D., in Life-boat.*

THE CHILDREN.

AN old lady lay dying. Her youngest child had been dead twenty years. It was midnight when she

aroused from a prolonged stupor and inquired, "Is it night?" "Oh, yes, it is midnight," was the reply. "Are the children all in?" was her anxious inquiry. Then she closed her eyes and died. When on the verge of eternity she went back to the days when her children were young, and her mother instinct asserted itself in the question. "Are the children all in?" Ah, father, mother, of today, are your children all in, or are they permitted to spend their evenings in the streets? Are they all in the family circle each day for worship? Are they all in the public schools? Or are they kept out for trivial excuses or permitted to play truant? Are they all in the Sunday school, and so instructed and guided by parental precept and example that they will remain in it when they become men and women? Are they in the Young People's Society and learning to become active, efficient, delighted workers in the Lord's cause? Are they in the public congregation for worship and to listen to the preaching of the Word on Sunday morning? These, dear parents, are questions upon the proper answer to which depends the highest welfare of the dear children whom the Lord has given you. See to it with all possible diligence that the children are all in.—*Religious Telescope.*



VALUE OF PINEAPPLES.

THE medical value of pineapples has recently been the subject of considerable inquiry among physicians, and in Hawaii experiments have been made to determine something of these properties. It has been found that the fruit of the pineapple contains a digestive principle closely resembling pepsin in its action, and to this is probably due the beneficial results of the use of the fruit in certain forms of dyspepsia. On the casein of milk pineapple juice acts as a digestive in almost the same manner as rennet; and the action is also well illustrated by placing a thin piece of uncooked beef between two slices of fresh pineapple, where in the course of a few hours its character becomes completely changed. In diphtheritic sore throat and croup, pineapple juice has come to be very largely relied upon in countries where the fruit is common. The false membranes which cause the closing of the throat seem to be dissolved by the fruit acids, and relief is almost immediate.—*Southern California Practitioner.*



LEMON JUICE.

FEW people realize the value of lemons, which cannot be overestimated; in cases of fever, sore throat, or torpid liver the medicinal qualities are unexcelled: Two or three slices of lemon in a cupful of strong tea will cure a nervous headache. A teaspoonful of juice in a small cupful of black coffee will relieve a

bilious headache. The juice of half a lemon in a cupful of hot water taken on awakening in the morning is an excellent liver corrective and successful substitute for calomel and other alterative drugs. A dash of lemon juice in plain water makes a cleansing tooth wash, not only removing the tartar, but sweetening the breath. A lotion of lemon juice and rose water will remove tan and whiten the skin. Lemon juice with olive oil is far superior to vinegar for a salad dressing, equal parts used for blending. Lemon juice and loaf sugar are good for hoarseness.—*Oregon Journal*.



MAKE BELIEVE.

A GIRL was arranging the dining room for her mother. The knives, forks and spoons were not neatly placed and the tablecloth was crooked. This carelessness was an everyday occurrence, but the mother finally thought of a new plan of correcting it. She had the little girl remove every article from the table and she then said: "Now, Ethel, just imagine that the President of the United States is to dine here today. You know you would not have the table in this order." The little girl at once saw what was needed, and the table was faultlessly arranged. The next day some one else was an imaginary guest and this continued indefinitely until the child understood the importance of neatness. Better this than a cross word for carelessness.—*Selected*.



FRIED GREEN CORN.

SCORE the grains and cut from the cob, scrape out all corn milk. Brown enough butter in a porcelain pan to season the corn, place it in the pan, and salt and pepper and fry until the corn milk is cooked into the corn, then add a very small amount of water, place the pan in a pan of boiling water. Cover the corn with a lid and steam until done. Before serving add a dash of flour, a spoonful of sugar and a cup of rich cream, or enough to moisten the corn, and boil. This is a very rich and appetizing dish. The flour when cooked thickens the juice to a creamy paste.—*Woman's National Daily*.

The Children's Corner

WHY BEN WENT TO THE BABY CLASS.

HE did not look in the least like a baby as he started off to Sunday school in his trim blue suit and white necktie. And he did not feel like a baby, either. Why should he, when he had been going to school for two years and had brought home a good report card every month out of that time?

But there was a mischievous spirit in Ben that morning. He did not sing with the rest of the school, though his teacher found the place in the hymn-book for him. He took no part in the opening exercises, and the lesson was hardly begun before he started to whisper a long story to Herbert Joyce.

The patient teacher reproved him gently, and tried to interest him in what she was saying. But Ben would not be interested. He kept on talking, till the other boys could not pay good attention to their lessons, and it seemed as if the hour was likely to be wasted.

Just then the superintendent passed, and the teacher spoke to him. "Mr. Berry, what do you suppose can be the trouble with a boy who will not listen to the lesson and will not let the other boys listen, either?"

The superintendent looked at Ben. "If a boy acts in that way," he said, after a minute, "I think it must be because he is not quite old enough to have learned how to behave in a class like this. I know a better place for him."

He took the astonished Ben by the hand, and led him down to the baby class, where there were a lot of little fellows in kilts and curls. "I have brought you a new scholar, Miss May," said the superintendent. "This seems to be just the place for him."

The teacher smiled, as she made room for Ben, but her pleasant welcome could not lift the cloud from his spirits. His cheeks grew red and hot. It was all he could do to keep from crying. He, Ben Henleigh, the best scholar in the whole second grade, put into the same class with little boys, some of whom did not even go to kindergarten! He did not know how to bear the disgrace of it.

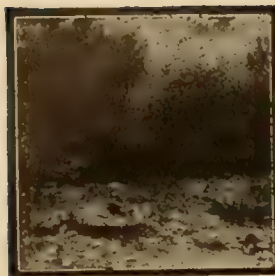
He hated to think of telling his mother what had happened, but he could not keep the uncomfortable secret. Out it came the minute he was in the house. "Just think, mama! they s'posed I b'longed to the baby class. And I'm seven, and my suit's the eight-year-old size."

Then he cried, and mama asked some questions. "Which is the thing to be most ashamed of, dear," she asked at length, when she understood it all, "to be thought a little boy who doesn't know just how to behave, or to be thought a big boy who will not do as well as he knows—a boy who is old enough to understand what is right, and yet chooses to do wrong?"

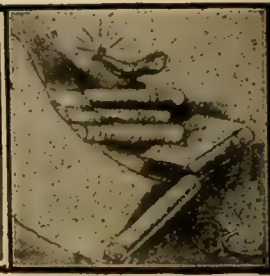
Ben looked bewildered. For a moment he thought hard.

"I guess it's worse to be big, and to act as if you was so little that you didn't know anything," he admitted at last, in a faint voice. "I never thought of that before."

And, what is better, he never forgot it.—*Happy Hours*.



THE QUIET HOUR



GOD'S GREAT LOVE.

T. H. FERNALD.

JESUS in his talk with Nicodemus refers to and declares to him the source of the grace that comes to man, in the atonement for his sins, and for the regeneration of his being. "For God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life." John 3: 16.

God so loved us that he gave us Jesus to redeem us from death and shed on us the Spirit's changing power, not that Jesus had to wring forgiveness and regeneration from the heart of the Father for us by his death, but that life was freely given for us.

We are saved because God loved us and yearned over us, as do earthly parents over their children, and he desired not that we be punished for our sins, but that we might be saved, not for arbitrary purposes or to gratify some loveless purpose. This is the very sweetness of it all, that "God so loved us." When the sinner turns his thoughts toward Jesus Christ, we should count on this; the eternal love in the Father's heart toward a lost world is but expressed in it.

There was nothing could save us but Jesus coming and voluntarily sacrificing himself for us, and nothing can prevent or hinder the salvation of a sinner who puts his trust in the "Only Begotten," since he has come and given himself for us.

God does not desire our condemnation, and so gave up all he had to turn it from us, but if we refuse to accept the only promise of his infinite love, wisdom and power, then there is nothing but that we must die in our sins. "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Acts 4: 12. If we lose our souls we must not say that God is hard and unmerciful; for God has in Christ provided both expiation and regeneration, for "whosoever" will may come. This is all through his great love for us.

Belfast, Me.



SOME THINGS TO FEAR.

FIRST: We ought to fear temptation. Temptation is not sin, but it opens the door through which one may pass by an act of the will to the violation of God's law. Temptation is dangerous, because we are apt to

trust in ourselves. "Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall." When we are weak, then are we strong, for in our weakness we lean unto Christ. Any Christian is occupying at least a dangerous position when he feels that he is not an easy subject of temptation.

Temptation is to be feared because ordinarily men fail not where they are weakest but strongest. We guard the weak places in our character and fail to set a guard about the points of strength, and not infrequently it is true that men who have prided themselves upon their honesty for years have suddenly become dishonest, because they felt themselves so secure there that they failed to keep constantly watching for the assaults of the tempter.

Temptation is also to be feared because we may have failed to realize the presence of Christ and thereby fail to see the way of escape, when the devil with his insinuations is upon us. The inconsistent Christian is always blind to the presence of the Savior. One who neglects his prayer life and is indifferent to the study of God's Word; one who fails to make a quick confession of sin is sure to be blinded to the ever-living presence of Christ, and when temptation comes, he fails easily.

SECOND: We ought to fear sin. No one has yet reached a place in this world where he is freed from its awful power. If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves and the truth is not in us, but if we confess our sins, God is faithful and just to forgive us our sins and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness. Sin is the secret of every failure and the cause of almost every heartbreak. Sin has blackened the pages of history, both sacred and profane; sin still works without respect to persons in injuring character for time and for eternity.

There are two reasons, among many others, why sin should be feared. The first reason is that it begins in so small a way. Disobedience in the home on the part of a child may lead ultimately to destruction; failure to rule one's spirit will one day result in failure to take a city. A sinful imagination bears as its fruit an impure life. A disposition to look with indifference upon real questions of honesty may send one to a prison cell.

A young girl, a graduate of an eastern college, put

a revolver to her temple and sent her soul into the presence of her Maker. She was well born and highly educated, but in her student days she failed to rule her own spirit, and she died the death of an inebriate.

The second reason for fearing sin is found in the fact of its tremendous power. The minister of the Gospel, the missionary of the Cross, the boy living in the purest home, the girl surrounded by the most sacred influences, these are not free from the power of sin. It is too terrific for any of us to trifle with.

THIRD: We ought to fear being false with reference to the care of the gospel truth.

The Apostle Paul says: "I keep under my body lest having preached to others I myself should be disapproved." One may become disloyal to God's Word and unfaithful to God's Son and thus be set aside, and when the apostle writes his epistle to the Galatians he presents a curse upon all who preach any but the true Gospel and declare any but the whole truth. Let us fear lest we should be ourselves set aside.—*J. Wilbur Chapman, D. D.*

THE SALOON A ROBBER.

ONE Monday morning I had occasion to visit a bank. The receiving teller was doing business with a well-groomed gentleman at the window. As I waited my turn, I saw this man pass in a large pile of silver dollars, besides a big roll of bank-bills. I recognized the man as a liquor dealer in our city. The record was entered, and the man retired.

A little conversation with the teller, who abhorred the saloon, also revealed the fact that this keeper of a local saloon had just deposited two hundred dollars. "And," said the teller, "he probably took all this in on Saturday and Sunday!" This, despite the fact, that our "stringent license law," provided and enjoined, that no liquors should be sold on the Lord's Day!

The saloon is a robber! The transaction which I witnessed in that bank is only one of thousands of similar instances occurring all over this land.

This tendency to spend their week's pay at the saloon on their way home has led many corporations to change the workmen's pay-day from Saturday to Monday. I have known some wives of drinking men to go to the counting rooms and the moment their husbands were paid off, secure as large a portion as possible of the week's income, before the saloon robbers could lay hands on it. One visit to a saloon often uses up a whole week's pay.

A few days since I was visiting a friend in Boston. A drunken man, whom my friend knew, passed us. The man was a wreck, and was probably less than forty years old.

My friend said, "There goes a man who inherited a fine business, on one of the principal streets of this city; but in just a few years he ran that business through, and now works for five dollars a week!

are the dead which die in the Lord."—*Gospel Herald*. After paying his weekly lodging bill, he lives on the rest, living off the counters of the saloons." The liquor dealer had got all his property, and was drawing heavily on his small weekly earnings. Yes, the saloon is a robber.

While a pastor in Pennsylvania, it was carefully estimated, by a reliable student of social science, that the mineral income of that State at that time was seventy-six millions of dollars; while the liquor bill, the same year, reached the grand total of seventy-eight millions of dollars! This the readers will not fail to note, is two millions more than the valuation of the entire mineral income for that same year!

The presiding judge of Dauphin County (in which the State capital, Harrisburg, is situated) has stated that the county would do better to pension every licensed liquor dealer in the county with one thousand dollars a year, and have them retire from business, than to accept their license fees, and take the responsibility of paying the bills accruing (police, jail, court, relief, etc., etc.), from the annual license fees paid by said dealers!

One of the serious hindrances in temperance work is the conscienceless act of respectable (?) men who rent their property for saloon purposes. General John A. Dix held property in a certain city, and was informed by his agent, that he found it very difficult to rent the property for ordinary business purposes, but could readily rent it for a dramshop! Instant reply came from the General. In read, "I would rather my property should stand idle and empty for all time, than that it should be rented for such a purpose." Noble words; and yet every moral and religious man, every man wishing the welfare of his community, ought to be endowed with the same sentiments. Were this so, the work of redeeming this land from the drink-curse, would be greatly simplified.—*O. W. Scott.*



It has truthfully been said that our mourning for the dead is not so much a mourning for them as for ourselves. Especially is this true when the departed ones have died in the Lord. The widows who stood around Peter, showing the garments which Dorcas had made were distressed, not so much because of what had happened to Dorcas as because of what had happened to them. David did not wish his child's return. It was no advantage to Lazarus or Dorcas to be recalled from the grave to spend more time on earth, however great the advantage may have been to their friends. Though our associations on earth may be most blissful, they can not be as happy as the associations of the family of God in the land of pure delight. Though the departure of loved ones makes us feel indescribably sad, our only vital concern should be the question as to whether they had made their peace with God. "Blessed



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



A pulse-counting watch has been invented for the use of physicians and nurses in London. The watch indicates, without mental calculation, the number of beats of the pulse in a minute.

The Postmaster General has given orders for the issuance of 50,000,000 new two-cent postage stamps in honor of the Hudson-Fulton celebration which is to be held in New York this fall.

About 15,000 tinselled or frosted postal cards are withdrawn from the mails every day and sent to the dead letter office, because the persons sending them fail to inclose them in sealed envelopes.

Oklahoma's broom corn crop this year is said to be better than that of any other part of the United States. C. Scott, living near El Reno, from eight acres harvested three tons of brush of the finest quality. In the vicinity of Lindsay \$150,000 worth of broom corn has been raised. Prices over the State range from \$60 to \$105 per ton.

Five arrests have been determined on as a result of the graft investigation at Montreal by the royal commission. The graft has cost the city millions of dollars. In the fire and police departments appointments and promotions were sold for \$200 each. Public contracts were awarded through a gobetween. On contracts aggregating \$660,000 the grafters got \$130,000.

In order to stop rebating which A. B. Stickney, long president of the Chicago Great Western, says still prevails, it is proposed by him that a uniform classification be adopted. Mr. Stickney would do away with all commodity rates and increase the number of class rates. He says large favored shippers secure rebates by refunds of alleged overcharges and damages.

Upholding the new law which provides that officials in Iowa may be removed for intoxication, Judge Byron Preston handed down an opinion ousting A. M. Henderson, mayor of Marengo. The case was prosecuted by Attorney General Byers. Henderson attacked the constitutionality of the law and said he never had been drunk on duty. The Court held that a mayor is always on duty.

The United States congressional waterways commission arrived in Berlin a few days ago and had a busy week. The members include Senators Burton, Gallinger, and Simmons, and Representatives Wagner, Stevens, Alexander, and Sparkman. The commissioners have firmly declined all invitations to social festivities, and have been putting in most of their time visiting the waterways near Berlin and grappling with the statistical material which the German authorities have been sending to their hotel by the bale.

Aug. 29, with all Berlin looking on, Count Zeppelin finished a remarkable flight of 450 miles, from Friedrichshafen to the former city in his airship, Zeppelin III. The Emperor and Empress witnessed the close of the flight and congratulated the count. At the same time Orville Wright was introduced to the Count by the Emperor, and the two men exchanged congratulations.

The British government, alarmed by the discovery of a number of well-developed cases of Asiatic cholera in Rotterdam, has begun the consideration of means of preventing the disease from reaching England. It is admitted that the task will be a difficult one in case the cholera gets a good start in Holland, owing to the enormous amount of Dutch-English shipping. Numerous Dutch ships daily visit nearly every English port.

A Dunfermline coal company recently proposed to supply bathing facilities for its employes, so they could go in and have a good bath and rub down before going home. This would seem an opportunity to jump at, inasmuch as a miner really has some opportunity to become a little soiled while digging out the bituminous, but the company reckoned without its host, for when the proposition was put up to the miners, they demurred, and many of them refused to take the bath according to the prescription of the heads of the coal company. Of 1,500 men but 250 said they would be glad to have the bathing facilities supplied.

The relative popularity and unpopularity of postal savings banks is significantly disclosed in several bound volumes of clippings from newspapers, periodicals and magazines on file in the office of the Postmaster General. Of the six large volumes on postal savings banks, four are filled with clippings favorable to them and the other two contain unfavorable comments. The proportions are the same in the matter of the parcels post—two to one in its favor. These clippings were ordered bound by former Postmaster General Meyer, and the store has not been added to or subtracted from since the advent of his successor, Mr. Hitchcock.

In a lecture before the tuberculosis exhibition, recently held in London, one of the scientists who addressed the assembled experts paid a high tribute to the salutary rules of ancient Judaism. He laid stress on the high value of the Jewish dietary laws, the observance of which, he asserted, resulted in good health and longevity. Modern science was only beginning to realize the value of what the Jews had practiced for thousands of years. The speaker considered Judaism as a complete textbook of hygiene. He counseled the Jews against the modern tendency to depart from the strict letter of their dietary laws, as through such neglect they were becoming less immune to disease than they had formerly been.

The Stockholm local street railroad company has gained a complete victory over those of its employees who joined the strikers at the beginning of this month. Now that the strike is a failure, the men have applied for their old places, but only a few of them, who formerly received the maximum wage, have been taken back at the minimum rate. They were compelled to furnish a bond guaranteeing their future loyalty to the company. On the other hand, the strikebreakers have been rewarded with the best-paying places.

As a result of the Swedish strike, the people of Sweden will not have the opportunity of seeing and hearing Count Leo Tolstoi, the great Russian apostle of liberty, this summer. Tolstoi made arrangements to attend the international peace congress which was to have met here shortly, but which has been postponed until next year on account of the strike. Tolstoi has almost completely recovered from his sickness of a few months ago and was really anxious to visit Stockholm and plead his cause before the congress.

A patent was granted to Mr. J. H. Cuntz on July 13 for a method of making wireless signals selectively audible by means of acoustic attachments. A tuning fork is magnetically associated with a mechanical interrupter in the sending circuits, by means of which the high-frequency wireless telegraph current is interrupted throughout each signal at a rate corresponding to the pitch of the tuning fork. An identical tuning fork magnetically associated with the receiving circuit gives forth an audible sound when the wireless signals are interrupted at a rate corresponding to its pitch, signals being heard only when the forks at both stations have equal pitches.

Very frequently in Germany there is to be seen a green bough sticking up from the roof of a newly-built house. The idea comes from away back in remote times when the people believed that every tree in the forest had an attendant spirit, just as the Greeks did, and that when the tree was killed the spirit became dispossessed of a habitation. So it was believed that the bough placed upon the roof of the new house would appease the spirit and keep it from doing any harm to the new building, and if it were allowed to remain there until the roof was complete, then the spell would be broken and the outraged supernatural could do no evil, but become reconciled. The custom holds in parts of Canada and France also.

Glenn H. Curtiss, who won the international aviation cup at Rheims, France, Aug. 28, making the fastest time ever recorded for an aeroplane (12.42 miles in 15:50 3-5), formerly lived at Hammondsport, N. Y., and there learned to fly through persistent experiments. His first successful flights with the June Bug were made a year ago. In July of this summer he made successful demonstrations at Morris Park and Hemsted Plains, near New York, for the New York Aeronautic Society. Like Henri Farman, the English aviator, he was a successful user of gasoline engines on the ground before applying them to the problem of flying, and once won a motorcycle race at Ormonde Beach, setting a record that has never since been equaled. The day following the international cup race Curtiss reduced his time for the 12.42 miles to 15:37 4-5.—Aug. 27 Henri Farman, a hitherto unknown

quantity in the aviation contests, broke the world's record for duration of flight and distance in a heavier-than-air machine and won the prize of \$10,000. His record is 111.78 miles in three hours.

Several St. Louis capitalists have purchased 200 acres of the Big Hill oil field in Texas. Experts say this is the largest known sulphur deposit in the United States. The sulphur deposit lies 1,000 feet under the surface. It is 40 feet in thickness and assays 85 per cent pure sulphur. A stock company with a capital stock of \$2,500,000 will be at once organized to operate the field.

To offset the Democratic plank in favor of a bank guaranty of deposits the Republicans adopted a resolution in favor of postal savings banks. President Taft will push this as an administration but will be vigorously opposed by Senator Aldrich and Speaker Cannon. It is charged that Speaker Cannon has packed the committee on postoffices and post roads against postal savings bank legislation.

Forty paper manufacturers, representing practically every company in Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, gave a banquet at Appleton, Wis., recently in honor of G. Frank Steele of Port Edwards, special representative of the paper interests at Washington during the tariff bill fight. It is said they discussed an increase in the price of print paper in the near future. One manufacturer admitted that print paper prices would stiffen soon, but would not say that uniform action would be taken.

"What is whisky?" has been decided by a royal commission in Great Britain. The British experts say: "We are unable to recommend that the use of the word 'whisky' should be restricted to spirit manufactured by the pot still process. Our general conclusion is that 'whisky' is a spirit obtained by distillation from a mash of cereal grains saccharified by the distaste of malt, that such whisky is whisky as above defined, distilled in Scotland and that Irish whisky is whisky, as above defined, distilled in Ireland."

The county court at St. Louis has set October 18 for a mass meeting of farmers, to discuss a plan to build levees along the Missouri River to keep it in bounds during the flood season. Speakers have been arranged for who will discuss the construction and maintenance of levees. A plan to confine the river from Kansas City to its mouth will be presented. The meeting was called in response to requests from the farmers who have already formed several local organizations to study the question, and who desire to arouse greater interest in it.

On September 7 and 8 the Segregated Coal and Land Association of Oklahoma and the Governors of the Choctaw and Chickasaw nations and Senate officers will hold a convention at Colgate, Okla. The object of the meeting is to discuss the throwing open of 500,000 acres of fertile land in eastern Oklahoma. At present the title is vested in the government and none of the land, because of the mineral wealth, has been allotted to the Indians. It is expected Congress will be governed by the act of the convention and throw the land open to settlement. Seven counties are directly interested in the convention.



Among the Magazines



THE FLAG FOLLOWS THE MISSIONARY.

If commerce follows the flag, the flag follows the missionary. It is one of the facts of history. From the days when the lean Jesuits blazed the way in North America for the flag of France, till Livingstone opened the Dark Continent to European exploitation, the missionary has marched before the soldier; the prayerbook and the Bible have proved more powerful than the rifle and the machine gun.

Commerce, geography, and civilization alike owe the missionary a debt which they can never hope to repay. The exploration work of Livingstone is marked by rare precision and by a breadth of observation which will forever make it a monument to the name of the most intrepid traveler of the nineteenth century. It was Verbeck, a missionary to Japan, who carried the ideals of Western civilization to the empire of the Mikado before the ink on Perry's treaty was fairly dry, and gave the flowery kingdom its present system of education. William Carey, the great missionary to India, by a tremendous labor of translation served the interests of scholars and of commerce as well as of religion; and, going to India to preach salvation from sin, immediately set about abolishing the suttee—the custom of sacrificing the widow upon her husband's funeral pyre. It was the representations of American missionaries that induced Seward and his colleagues to bring about the purchase of Alaska.

If the clatter of American harvesters is heard today from one end of Asia Minor to the other; if the Esquimaux of Greenland and Alaska and Labrador vary their monotonous diet of fish and blubber with tinned meats from Chicago and Kansas City; if the natives of Equatoria insist on buying cotton sheeting that is stamped "American," and will take no other, our merchants and manufacturers, instead of praising the consul or the commercial traveler, may thank the American missionaries.

No matter in what direction you may turn your canoe or your caravan, you will find them preaching and teaching, living in native dress amid the filth of Manchurian villages, moving with the nomad tribes of the Sahara, or sleeping in the Indian wigwams of the far Northwest. When Younghusband, at the head of his punitive expedition, crossed the frontier of Tibet, he believed himself the first white person to enter that mysterious region—until, on his northward march, he was astounded to find a little American woman fearlessly carrying on her mission work within the border of the Forbidden Land. —E. Alexander Powell, in September Everybody's.



AMERICANS NEGLECT LANGUAGE.

Social and commercial seem to be the chief reasons for our indifference to foreign languages, but there is another reason why we are not ambitious to speak foreign languages well. As a people we do not as yet look

upon our own language as a thing sacred. We are notorious for our slovenly speech. Indeed, an American wishing to teach English abroad would do well not to mention his origin. Our lack of interest in spoken English is unfortunate. Of course it is only lack of interest. Most of us know right from wrong, at least we say that we do, but have not the time to take pains. This attitude is an interesting one in that it is so different from that of the Germans, the French and even the English, who take such a keen pride in their language that they would be ashamed not to speak it well. Good speech is with them a requisite in good society. It is, in other words, good form. Not so with us, though we are punctilious in some kinds of good form. We dress well, entertain handsomely at dinner, have automobiles, give box parties, etc., as if they were all that constituted good form. But our speech we neglect. By many Americans a person who pronounces well, uses good language and is interested in discussing the niceties of speech is regarded as a prig and a bore. Schoolteachers and even college professors often treat their language as they would an out-going suit and this without losing status in the communities in which they live. Nevertheless, a person who does not use his own language well will never go very far in a foreign tongue.—Forum for August.



DOMESTIC SERVICE.

If there were no social rivalries, the servant girl problem would be unimportant. If no woman desired to outshine any other woman in her social orbit, there would be so many domestic assistants on the market that professional housekeeping would be unprofitable.

Consider the situation for a moment. The women who do not employ maids are the ones who, as a rule, most need them. These are the women who have large families to minister unto. Such women, we all recognize, are not ordinarily financially situated so that they are able to employ household helpers.

The women who do have domestic assistants largely comprise the so-called middle and upper classes. These terms are absurd, but they serve to convey the idea. The latter require "servants" because they have large houses to care for and have a daily round of social duties to perform that occupy all of their time between a late rising and later retiring hour. In the intermediate "class" are a great many women who employ maids, not because they need them, but because they desire to be emancipated from "household slavery," which, in other words, is to say that they desire to "put up" what the Bowery lad would call "a good front." Many of these women have small families. Thousands of them are "unincumbered." Their household labors are not arduous—at least, not from the standpoint of the mother of 11 children who struggles along somehow without any assistance what-

ever—but they find that cooking meals and the other details of household management prevent them from enjoying absolute social freedom. Moreover, they imagine that doing their own household work lowers them in the estimation of their friends. There are many of this kind of women. It is they who keep up the price of domestic labor by creating a demand for it. What they need is not emancipation from "household slavery," but emancipation from false ideas. The great majority of them would be very much better off if they did all of their own work, save, perhaps, in some cases, the scrubbing and rug and carpet cleaning. And not only would they profit financially and otherwise, but so would their daughters, whom they now guard from the kitchen as if it were a pest-house, with the result that when these girls themselves become housekeepers they find they know very little about the work and that they are inclined to look on themselves as martyrs. The servant girl problem exists largely because of false ideas that are harmful to both employer and employe and that make menial work of what should be considered one of the most important of the professions.—*Woman's National Daily*.



A BARTENDER FOR EVERY TWO SCHOOL-TEACHERS.

"It is practically impossible to find a community in the United States," says Nathan C. Shaeffer, State superintendent of Pennsylvania, writing in the discussion of taxation as related to public education, published by the National Educational Association, "that does not spend more money for whiskey and tobacco than for education." The report of the United States Commissioner of Education, 1907, indicates (p. 525) that there are only twice as many schoolteachers as there are bartenders in the country. So while the aggregate amount spent for schools is large, the comparative amount is small. A few States, notably Ohio, make provision for the reimbursement of parents for the time of children in school. And eventually all the States must come to that plan. For the pitance that the child can earn is so little compared with the need of the State for that child's judgment formed by a trained mind in making public sentiment when he is grown, that it is folly to haggle over the expense account. If democracy is to go forward, it must begin to move in the schools of the country. Now as a people we can move quickly when we desire to move quickly. Within ten years there has been a complete change in the American mind about the treatment of defective children. We have stopped putting children in jail; the juvenile court has come into the judicial system of practically every American State. We do not count its cost, because we see its justice. The enlightened selfishness of the American people makes them regard investments in playgrounds, children's camps, recreation places on docks and piers, boys' farms and similar institutions for children, as profitable investments. And the enlightened selfishness of the people—their public altruism—must be awakened to the fact that the waste years of early adolescence of our American children constitute the greatest menace to the perpetuity of our institutions. The waste of those years is due to public selfishness. If the child leaves school for social reasons, because he does not feel that the school interests him, it is demonstrable that better schools—higher-priced teachers, teaching the rough, practical things which early adolescence instinctively longs for—will hold him. But that requires men teachers, and to hold men of the right sort, teaching must be made a

career, and for that pensions for teachers seem to be necessary unless salaries are greatly increased. (Parenthetically it might be said that there is no reason why men as adults should not pay the taxes required to pension the teacher who worked too cheaply to teach them as children.) If, on the other hand, the child is compelled to leave school because his parents cannot afford to keep him in school—for economic reasons, in short—then the public, having need of the child's adult judgment in the State, should reimburse the parents for their loss of the child's miserable wages, and so keep the child in school.—From "The Old Order Changeth," in *The American Magazine* for August.



AMERICANITIS—CAN IT BE CURED?

"Hurry is the devil," says an Arabian proverb. Although we understand that the Oriental has a constitutional prejudice against haste, it might be well for us to consider the above proverb seriously applied to ourselves as a nation. The morning paper gives us a daily list of deaths by suicide, apoplexy and insanity—men in the prime of life rushing into eternity, desperate because they are left behind in the race, or driven mad by the rush of the business world.

What is the matter? Is it the changing climate that stimulates the nervous system to abnormal activity? Is it the struggle for money? Is it the desire to emulate others, or is it habit?

A distinguished foreigner in writing his impressions of us says that we are not accomplishing anything more than if we were quiet; that we are doing it merely to give the impression of activity. We take ourselves too seriously. The woman who flutters about, creating confusion, is not the one who is doing the most work in the world.

Hurry means physical tension somewhere, and exhaustion afterward. Hurry suggests bad planning or careless execution. Hurry means loss of dignity and power. Hurry means fear, and fear is the greatest enemy to success.

Can we stop hurrying? Some answer that we must keep up with the procession or drop out entirely. Let us see if we can not conserve our strength, at least in small ways. Let us take thought and begin to reform. As tension expresses itself in bodily movements, we must first learn muscular control. Relaxation means letting go, and while we are learning to let go we are getting ourselves trained to take hold again when the time comes, for relaxation teaches far more than rest.

In vain, people try to attain a calm manner with a tense body. When we have relaxed the muscles at will we may easily become quiet in manner and peaceful in spirit. The bodily condition is the basis of real rest.

We will not hurry when we know the danger to the nervous system; when we realize fully that we gain power by working quietly; when we believe that we are living in eternity now.—Theodore Dreiser in the *Delineator* for September.



FOWLS AND FRUIT COMBINED.

MANY a person now situated on a large stock, grain, or truck farm is handicapped by heavy debts incurred by the considerable working capital necessary in operating these extensive farms. Thousands of dollars are invested in live-stock, implements, and machinery that are deteriorating each day, and in

many cases are cast aside as worn out before even paid for. It is to such unfortunate individuals who are struggling along to pay interest on borrowed capital that I will describe what I consider a more safe and sane method of earning a living on the farm. Compared with other branches of farming, a very small amount of capital is required, and the help question is eliminated from the business, which in itself is worth a good many dollars each year to the man who, in order to pay the men, has been compelled to deny himself and family all of the luxuries and many of the necessities of life.

Ten or twelve acres situated near a good market, which insures top prices for garden truck, fruit, and poultry, will keep one man out of mischief; but when looked after intelligently, will provide a good living from the start. A farm of this size can usually be purchased for from \$1,000 to \$2,000, and if without the necessary poultry buildings, these can be erected cheaply according to the owner's ideas. Our laying house is one hundred by ten feet, seven feet high in front and four feet in back. Sheathed with barn boards and roofed with cull shingles, it is a good, snug building for all that. The brooder house is forty by sixteen feet, and was originally a feed mill, which we tore down and rebuilt within fifty feet of the laying house. Half a dozen colony houses complete the poultry buildings, which have a capacity of 300 hens and 1,000 youngsters.

The coming season we expect to double the size of the laying house and add more colony houses. Three large incubators, having a capacity of one thousand eggs, are located in the cellar of the house, where the temperature is even and moist enough to insure good hatches. The brooder house is equipped with hot-air individual brooders, lined up side by side, facing the south. Each brooder stands back from the south wall eight feet, which affords a four by eight runway for each flock of chicks. This south wall is nearly solid glass, three feet high from the floor, which allows the chicks an ideal playground when the weather prohibits exercise in their outdoor runs.

From the brooder house the chicks are moved to colony houses situated in a young orchard adjacent to the former building. From there they finally move either to a different home as breeding stock, to the laying house, or in case of culls, to the fattening coops. We raise entirely thoroughbred poultry of the White Plymouth Rock, White Wyandotte, Buff Plymouth Rock, and Rhode Island Red breeds, good enough for the fancier to win prizes with, but here bred for egg production. It does not pay to fool with scrub stock, as good prices can be secured for breeding stock, and if any surplus, the poultry buyer will pay as much for a well-bred dressed fowl as for one of the variegated sort.

We are running this twelve-acre place primarily as a poultry farm, and our poultry comes first; but so well do trucking and raising fruit fit in with poultry rearing that nothing is slighted. We are continually putting out more apple and peach trees, and between these young trees are strawberries and vegetables, principally potatoes, tomatoes, sugar corn, lima beans, and cabbage. Although we bought one carload of manure this season for our truck, another season will see us well supplied with chicken manure, which, with that from our horse and cow, will be sufficient for our crops. We have previously bought an additional supply in order to get the land into a high state of fertility.

We set apple trees forty by forty feet, with a peach tree between each two apple trees. By the time the apple trees are in bearing, the peach trees will have outlived their usefulness and will be removed. Between these rows of trees are our strawberries and garden crops. In cultivating and fertilizing the latter, the trees get probably more of each than were they not in such good company.

To illustrate how we economize on room, sugar corn is planted in rows with young strawberry plants. Thus two crops are practically grown at the cost of one, and as the cornstalks are removed from the row before the plants send out runners, no harm is done in thus crowding the strawberries at the earlier period of their growth. With this combination of crops, one man can handle a ten-acre or twelve-acre farm nicely and make enough more from the garden truck, than if used for corn and other grain, to buy all his feed and make good wages for the extra labor entailed. He is receiving good money a greater part of the summer and fall for his fruit and vegetables, and when that part of his income vanishes, the early-hatched pullets begin to sing their little lay, which keeps the business running smoothly until another season. The proprietor can feel assured that while he may not be handling as much money as his more pretentious neighbor, neither is he encumbered with the expense and never-ceasing struggle to make sufficient from his extensive operations to meet his heavy obligations.
—R. J. Holliday, in *Country Gentleman*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

FOR SALE—An eight room house. Closets, Cement Cellar, Cistern, Well, Cement Walks, beautiful shade trees, including Evergreens. Barn 18x24—12 foot frame. Other necessary buildings. Three 25 ft. lots facing the S. W. Corner of McPherson, Brethren College Campus.—Address, J. C. Coover, McPherson, Kans., College Hill.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.



FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing run-off for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

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Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

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- No. 224—Beginners' to Primary Department.
- No. 225—Primary to Junior Department.
- No. 226—Primary to Intermediate Department.
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Order by Number. Price, 25 cents per dozen; \$2.00 per 100. Samples, 3 cents each, postpaid.

Send for our general catalog containing description and price of other up-to-date supplies.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six,15 cents
Two packs,25 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

NEFF'S CORNER

I left my business in Clovis in charge of a good foreman recently and went on a tour of investigation. Friends advised that I seek a winter climate better suited to my health. Besides I wanted to find some cheap land in a good climate and another suitable location to establish a missionary colony. There is not a Brethren mission in all the Republic of Mexico, but I have found a good place to start one near Culiacan, the capital of Sinaloa, about 35 miles from the Pacific Coast, a little north of the Tropic of Cancer in the same latitude with Key West, Florida. Here you can buy land with perpetual water right for irrigation, a good rich loam soil about 30 feet deep, for \$25.00 per acre, one fourth down and balance in one, two and three years at 6 per cent interest. You can buy tracts as small as ten acres, which would require a down payment of but \$62.50, and I believe it can be developed at little expense to where it will be worth \$500.00 per acre in three years. I bought 130 acres and had some reserved adjoining mine for a Brethren colony. The location is especially desirable, fronting on the railroad where a station and postoffice are promised as soon as we are ready for them. I want a number of you to buy adjoining me. I expect to locate there in November and everyone who can go with me at that time should write me at once. Literature giving full information sent on request.

Address
JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, N. M.

ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE

A School Home for Young People. Ninth year opens Sept. 6, 1909. Catalogue and further information cheerfully given.

Address: D. C. Reber,
Pd. D., Elizabethtown, Pa.

Battle of Gettysburg

made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

CAP GOODS

Our business has almost doubled itself during the last year. We are sending goods by mail to thousands of permanent, satisfied customers throughout the United States. The reason is simple.

**Our Goods are Reliable, Our
Variety is Large. Our
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All orders filled promptly, postpaid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

B. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
3. Its nearness to good markets,—only 56 miles from Winnipeg.
4. Its good transportation,—four trunk lines intersect at Portage la Prairie.
5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company
North Manchester, Indiana

or

W. Scott Garrioch,
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, Canada

Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
Franklin Grove, Illinois

THE INGLENOOK

September 14, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



Convicts Guarded on Egyptian Train.

Very Low Rates

To California
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Over

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Through Trains Without Change of Cars
Starting from Either Chicago or St. Louis
Write for Rates. Information is Free

Geo. L. McDonough, Colonization Agent
Omaha, Nebraska

PRACTICAL HELPS FOR RALLY DAY

NEW CELLULOID BOOKMARK

With the words "Rally Day" lithographed on one side of the bookmark; and with a reproduction of the Conquest and United States flags. These souvenirs may be given to members of the school as a constant reminder of the recipient's duties to and



Actual Size

privileges in the school. Many will use them in the Bible in connection with the daily readings and the study of the lesson. Each bookmark has a double silk cord and tassel. Price, 4 cents each; 40 cents a dozen, or \$3.00 a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID RALLY DAY BUTTON IN COLORS



1



2



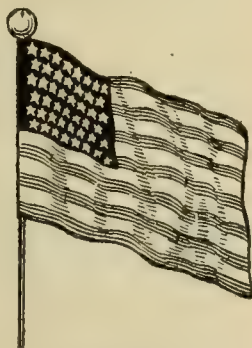
3

Price of either numbers 1, 2 or 3, 20 cents a dozen; or \$1.50 a 100, postpaid.

RALLY DAY INVITATION IN WIRELESS TELEGRAM FORM

Contains a short, crisp, businesslike message, prepared in such a manner as to secure the presence of every teacher or officer, and pupil in addition to the parents and visitors. TELEGRAM FORMS, price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid. SPECIAL TELEGRAM FORM ENVELOPES. Price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID FLAG PINS



These pins may be used to stimulate attendance on Rally Day. Distribute them in quantities to all members of the school who will promise to give one to each friend who agrees to attend the Rally Day services, wearing the pins. Organize all those who undertake to give out the pins into two divisions; then see which division succeeds in bringing out the largest number. Let one division use the Conquest flag pins, and the other the United States flag pins.

Price, 30 cents a dozen, or \$2.00 a 100, postpaid.



NEW ILLUSTRATED RALLY DAY INVITATION POST CARDS

For the use of Superintendents and Teachers
Designed to help increasing the attendance

to be sent previous to Rally Day to the members of every class or department, including the CRADLE ROLL AND HOME DEPARTMENT, and especially to those who have been irregular in attendance. Space is provided for filling in the date of Rally Day, and for the signature of the superintendent of any of the various departments, or of the teacher.

ORDER BY FORM AND LETTER.

FORM A. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark, in colors, containing a printed invitation; but without the name of Teacher or Superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM B. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of Rally Day bookmark in colors. Without any printed matter whatever, so that you can have your own invitation printed on this form.

FORM C. **Plain Card**, same size as forms A and B, but not in Post Card Form. For distribution in the school or by messenger service. With the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark in colors; containing the printed invitation; but without the

printed name of teacher or superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM D. **Post Card**, Printed in colors, with an original design of an American boy Announcing Rally Day through the megaphone. The wording is brief and to the point; a space is left for the signature of the teacher or superintendent. This would be an excellent card to send to every member of the school, particularly to the Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments.

Price of either Form A, B, C or D, 60 cents a 100; \$2.75 for 500; or \$5.00 a 1,000, postpaid.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois



Mr. Jonas R. Trimmer Writes of Miami Ranch

Mr. Trimmer is a man of far more than ordinary learning and experience, especially along irrigation lines. He expresses the sentiment of other representative citizens of Miami Valley.

Miami, New Mexico, May 25, 1909.

Farmers Development Company, Miami, N. M. Gentlemen:—

It was not until after I had traveled in many sections of the United States, especially in the arid and semi-arid portions of Texas and the Pacific Coast from Southern California to the Canadian North-west, that I decided to locate on Miami Ranch. I had spent some time in the Republics of Mexico and Guatemala as well, but for an all-around proposition I consider this section as good as any I have investigated.

The climate is ideal and healthful and soil fertility is A-1 and will produce most anything adapted to the Temperate Zone. I find the local markets far from being supplied, substantiated by the facts that produce, provisions and canned goods are nearly all shipped in from surrounding and other states.

Since I have located here and studied soil conditions, I find them remarkable. The centuries of action of the elements has eroded and washed from the mesasslopes vast amounts of rich humus and placed a deposit of from ten to fifteen feet upon the land I acquired. The soil composition is just sandy enough to make it pulverize and cultivate nicely, free from alkali and as to moisture retaining qualities it is marvelous.

Before locating, I studied the market question thoroughly, and situated as we are here, we will be able to compete with any section, raising similar products to those of Miami. Our altitude and climate brings our crops to maturity at a time when the vast section of country to our south and east are in the market for same, thus assuring unlimited demand.

Miami Valley suits me and judging from what has been accomplished here in a short period of time, I feel confident we will be flourishing with the older sections, especially where irrigation is practiced.

Miami is a proposition that the investor and homeseeker can feel safe on; we have the water, the first essential in a semi-arid country, our rights are perpetual, backed by legal government rights.

Your company is certainly giving fair treatment to settlers and are making both interests mutual and all that can be expected.

Thanking you for your hearty co-operation in the past and sincerely trusting for a continuance of same, I am

Very respectfully yours, (SIGNED) Jonas R. Trimmer.

Don't wait. Come and see. Excursions via Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe Railway September 7 and September 21. \$30 from Chicago, \$25 from Kansas City, \$11.65 from Denver, to Springer, New Mexico. Write or wire us before starting.

FARMERS DEVELOPMENT CO., Springer, New Mexico

TRAINING THE TEACHER

BRETHREN EDITION

Twenty lessons on the Bible by Dr. Schaffler.

Ten lessons on the Pupil by Mrs. Lamoreaux.

Ten lessons on the Teacher by Dr. Brumbaugh.

Ten lessons on the School by Mr. Lawrance.

Special Chapters

"How the Bible came to us," by Dr. Price.

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Test questions at the end of each lesson.

Review test questions at the end of every fifth or sixth lesson. The official textbook for Teacher-Training Classes of the Church of the Brethren. 272 pages. Cloth bound, prepaid, 50 cents.

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Or Bible Stories That Never Grow Old

By Elizabeth D. Rosenberger.



This book is written for boys and girls in such an attractive and interesting manner that they will ask you to read and reread it again to them. The author, Sister Elizabeth D. Rosenberger, has represented Aunt Dorothy as gathering the little children around her in the evenings and telling these old stories in such a way that it is bound to create a desire for more Bible knowledge.

The book is beautifully illustrated. 151 pages.

Our Price,25 cents
(Postage extra, 5 cents.)

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
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From the Ball Room to Hell

Is there any harm in dancing? There can be but one answer to this question,

facts are facts. This little book, written by an ex-dancing master, will give you more facts about dancing than can be obtained elsewhere. It places a dark picture before the dancer, and one that is very convincing. It explains the natural and necessary effects of modern waltzing and why

thousands of girls are ruined every year through its influence.

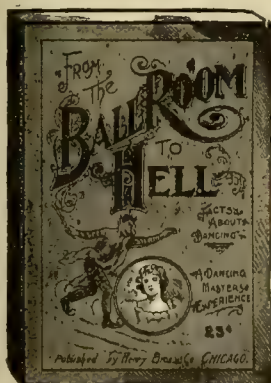
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Our price, paper,18 cents

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or

The Present Darkness and the Coming Light

BY DR. JAMES M. GRAY

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A Wonderful Success

Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

Read What Prof. Holden of Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, Has to Say:

"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

"The diversity of crops appealed to me as strongly as anything I saw. The irrigation farmer for instance, is not dependent upon any one crop. He doesn't have to wait until the end of the season to get his money because there is something seasonable and saleable at all times during the year. He raises fruit, wheat, alfalfa, oats, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, in fact everything grown in the temperate zone.

"One man told me that he raised 18 bushels of clover seed on one acre of ground during the past year, and I found that the clover seed crop runs 8 to 15 bushels per acre.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
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Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

Colonization Agent

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

September 14, 1909.

No. 37.

THE CUBAN BUMBOAT

GRANT MAHAN

ENTERING the harbor at Havana one is surprised at the number of these boats. They are used for innumerable purposes, and under present conditions are really a necessity. All the transferring is done by lighters. And that is bad for business, for it adds unnecessarily to the expense of getting things into Cuba. An officer on one of the ships running from New Orleans to Havana told me that it cost them more to get goods from the steamer to the wharf in Havana than to carry them from New Orleans,* after they were loaded, into Havana harbor. It is to be hoped that the lighterage business will be done away before a great while. But quite often improvements do not come as soon as we should like to have them.

Of course these "bumboats" are often a convenience, and not a very large amount of lighterage is done in them. Once when we were sailing from Havana harbor, one of these boats brought out a man and his wife to sail with us; but the doctor had been there, made his inspection and passed on the ship. So these two people could not be added to the number of the passengers. They had to get their boat to take them back and wait for them while they hunted up the quarantine officer and got permission to go as they had planned. Fortunately for them, several lighters had to be unloaded, and the vessel was hours late in sailing. They returned on board shortly before we sailed. If the steamer had been loaded from the dock there would have been no such a delay, and late arrivals on board would have had to wait until the next sailing date.

Just how long the lighterage business will maintain its grip on Havana shipping, it is impossible to tell. It takes time to accomplish most things down here, and it is not good to expect to find American energy and push taking much of a hold on the activities of the island. Tropical countries are not noted for the energy of their inhabitants. Much of our boasted diligence is the result of necessity. If we did not need to hustle for the coal and clothing supply to carry us through

a northern winter, would all of us, or even a majority, be as eager for work as we are? This applies to those in the North. We who have been in the South for a winter or so cannot see any good reason to be quite as energetic as in former years. What's the use, when it is not at all necessary? Yet, to be sure, it takes more than a few years for one to grow accustomed to the slowness and delay which are so common among southern people.

But the boats under consideration, and others of the sailing kind, are indispensable. The time will come within a decade or so when launches will take the place of the uncertain sailboats, and people will be better contented and able to do their business in a business way. But now, especially along the coast where there is no port, there would be very little communication if it were not for these sailboats. They take passengers and mail and fruit to the ports, and they bring back whatever is needed. Sometimes they are very slow, and not infrequently men and women miss connection with train or steamer; but they are so much better than nothing that not to have them would be a calamity.

And this reminds us that we must not be too ready to speak or write disparagingly of things not up to our standard. The crude must come first. Without the sailboat Columbus would never have discovered America; and if America had not been discovered the world would be much behind its present stage of development—to say nothing of where or what we ourselves would be. Time brings changes, better methods of doing things; but these improvements cannot be had all over the world as soon as they are made. Some people are not ready for them—they have not yet reached the point where they really need them. It took the human race a long time to get ready for steam and electricity; and the next generation will probably consider us as slow as we do some of the unprogressive nations of today. The old must pass away and its

place be taken by something better. Yet we are loath to see some of the quaint things of early days depart. They are picturesque; and among such things is the Cuban bumboat. But we must lose all such as we go forward.

Omaja, Cuba.



H. A. BRANDT.

BONES are perhaps an uninteresting subject, and when it is said that they are the oldest and driest of bones you will doubtless think that the subject is trite indeed. The only defense offered is that the bones hereinafter discussed are very rare, in fact so rare that the men of science grow eloquent as they talk about them.

Of course when I heard that men were digging up the framework of elephants, tigers and even mastodons, and that within a few miles of where I live, I could not help but be interested and when an invitation came from Prof. J. Z. Gilbert of the Los Angeles High School to go out and visit this great graveyard of the mighty animals of the past the temptation was not to be resisted.

So it happened that one Monday morning of last July we took the electric car on the Santa Monica and Sawtelle line, got off at Rosemary, a little station just outside of the city limits of Los Angeles, and striking off northwest across the fields soon came to a little lake in the shelter of some blue gum trees. This little lake has an interesting history. It was first perhaps just a large depression in the ground where some of the oil from the great oil deposits of the neighborhood had forced itself up to the surface and mingling with the soil has formed a kind of asphalt. Many years ago a company began to dig up this oil and earth and ship it to Los Angeles to be used on the streets so that in time quite an excavation was made, but years of disuse have allowed the hole to fill with water and today when one stands on the banks of the old asphalt diggings it is a little lake, bristling with reeds, that meets our view. If one listens closely he will hear a bubbling of the water in the reeds but the water is not boiling, it is only the gas escaping from the ground in the bottom of the lake.

It was not until recently that the bones found imbedded in the banks of this lake were known to be extraordinary, but once the men of science heard that strange bones—bones of animals that one might expect to find in tropical Africa and not in southern California—were being dug up within a few miles of Los Angeles they very naturally were interested. The University of California soon appropriated money to begin systematic work on the grounds. But why let these rare treasures be carried away to distant parts of the State was the question that naturally came to Prof. J. Z. Gilbert of the Los Angeles High School,

and so it came about that at this instance influential men of Los Angeles were interested in the find and today Prof. J. Z. Gilbert is working a force of ten men in the interest of the Los Angeles High School and the Academy of Sciences.

I could scarcely realize as I stood on the banks of this little lake that beneath me lay a great burying ground of the past, where the bones of animals which long antedate the history of man lie in abundance. Here the elephant had trumpeted through the waste—here the buffalo had bellowed in rage as he mired in the asphalt sink, and the great saber-toothed tiger slept off the stupor of carnage and gluttony, and here had a multitude of strange birds and beasts of the long ago lived and died after their fashion.

The spirit of the hour came over me. I borrowed a shirt, trousers and a pair of shoes that had already seen hard service in the asphalt diggings and began to pick and dig with the enthusiasm of a scientist. What mattered if my hands were begrimed with oil and asphalt, here was a tooth, a claw, a bone, that, thanks to the preserving powers of the asphalt had lain in the earth for thousands of years! There lay a bone in the wall, what was it? With something of the zeal with which the gold seeker digs for his treasure as it begins to glance from the earth, so we dug for bones—just old bones in the muck and mire of the asphalt. But just as you were about to trace the outline of the find—perhaps the skull of a tiger with great saber teeth nine inches long in its upper jaws—you would strike another precious bone that must come out first, for you must know that these are the real bones that are found out here on the Rancho la Brea, though of necessity rather frail as a result of their long sleep in the earth.

And as I worked with anxious haste to uncover each new bone it was then that I could appreciate in some measure the feelings of the explorer as he enters an unknown sea or the scientist as he digs up the bones of the animals of long ago and reconstructs his fragmentary history of the age before man was. Some way or other those old dry bones were no longer only bones, but as those Ezekiel saw so these took on flesh and shape as in imagination the mind sought to build again the things and times that once have been.

188 Hastings St., Chicago, Ill.



WEED PESTS AS A BENEFIT.

H. D. MICHAEL.

SOME may wonder at the subject before me and think that surely weeds can not be a benefit. Nevertheless, I shall endeavor to prove that they are even a boon to mankind in many cases and only a blessing in disguise. Of course, I shall not include all, as that would be hard to prove.

True, they are often a great nuisance and cause the farmer an untold amount of labor with no direct returns and often none indirect, but often the cause is in not handling them in the right manner, and with them as with anything else they must be used right or no good can come from them, thus making what might have been a blessing only a curse.

Notice as the first instance that of the China Lettuce. Some years ago it sprang up in many places where it had hitherto been unknown and seemed to be gaining a foothold quite rapidly. Then many farmers were seen going round "long faced" as we term it, thinking the China Lettuce would take the country. Then there is another picture to keep in mind and that is the fact that then as well as now many of the places prized for their fertility and boasted of as being inexhaustible were fast losing their former fertility by being creamed, or in other words by being crowded to get all out of it that could be gotten and restoring none of the elements to compensate the loss.

On the appearance of the China Lettuce many thought the only way to do would be to raise cultivated crops, but it was soon found that stock relished it as well as grass. So another way was found. The ground could be and was seeded to meadow grass and pastured, thus raising more stock and returning to the soil the waste, enriching it and at the same time giving it a rest from the crops that were draining its strength. Then, after about three years it was found that the lettuce began to disappear, leaving the farms much better for its coming.

The revenue may have been reduced a little but look at the after effect. A few more years' creaming such as had been followed, with neither crop rotation nor fertilizers, would have left the land practically worthless, while in this way it was much improved.

Then look at the localities where Dog Fennel has come in all its pomp and flourishing greatness and it has, to my notion, improved the ground in nearly every instance where the farmer had the determination to keep it down and the backbone to stick to it and do so. Though it cannot be used as a forage crop, it will induce the farmers to plant crops that need cultivation and as it is a determined pest it will take enough cultivation so that the ground is left in a much improved condition after a few years of such usage.

Next let us notice the thistles, the sturdy old Bull Thistles and see what they have contributed to benefit us. There is one sure, easy, and quick way of killing them off, and that is by seeding the ground down to red clover, for thistles and clover do not agree and cannot live long together, and the clover is the victor.

As you probably well know, all the government experts, experiment stations, and agricultural papers of our land are trying to get the farmers to seed more land to clover to build up and improve the land instead

of permitting it to decline, and you can surely see at a glance that the thistle has helped us along the right road, even though it may have been against our wishes, and has had to stick us a little with its needles to get us to do it.

Next we will notice the lands in the semi-arid localities where scarcely any crop but wheat is raised, and where so little moisture falls (six to sixteen inches precipitation) that it becomes necessary to conserve all of it possible by summer fallowing each alternate year, and you can surely see the benefit coming from the weeds, for in the spring the summer fallow land becomes green with the Russian Thistles and other pests, making it necessary to disc or cut them down in some manner, and when cut into the soil or plowed under they return the life to the soil and furnish the much-needed humus for the following year's crop.

The weed and root fibres are in the soil to hold it from blowing in some localities while in others they keep it from packing. Newly irrigated lands find this same difficulty, that is the lack of humus and fibres to raise crops of all kinds the first year or two, but the detested weeds help add it as fast as they can, thus being of a benefit there.

Recently I overheard a conversation in which one man made the remark that unless certain counties fought and destroyed the weeds they would soon take the country. The other man replied, "It would bankrupt the counties to do that." This was in a wheat-raising belt where summer fallowing is necessary. Now on most of this land one cutting down of the weeds is sufficient to keep most of them at least from maturing, so let us figure its cost, also worth. With a common disc or a right lap disc (seeder attached) a man with four horses can cut from eight to ten acres per day, and at present wages that would mean about seventy-five cents per acre. Now say that you are adding just that much expense to the ordinary farming cost and see how we come out. That means less than a bushel of wheat at present prices, and who can doubt but that an extra bushel or more would be raised per acre with all the added humus and moisture saved that otherwise the weeds would have used to mature on. Now with the thought of future generations as well as ourselves in mind, associated with the present and future fertility of the soil, is it not possible that weeds can be made a great benefit?

Observations seem to prove it, if the weed pests are handled with that in view.

Pasco, Wash.



WE take care of our health, we lay up money, we make our roof tight, and our clothing sufficient, but who provides wisely that we shall not be wanting in the best property of all—friends?—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXIII.—Egypt and Ceylon.

My walk over the Holy Land had been one of providential protection, and when I went aboard my steamer at Joppa for Egypt with a free pass in my pocket I believed more than ever that God was honoring me according to his promises in the Bible to those who believe in him and who seek to do his will. The steamer had set sail and evening was coming on. I was standing alone on deck, wondering where I would sleep, and where I would get my meal, when a sailor walked up to me and said:

"The captain wants to see you in the first cabin dining hall."

As I had done nothing worthy of death, to my knowledge, I walked down the deck, and with somewhat doubtful ideas as to the captain's intentions towards me, approached him as he stood at the door of the cabin.

He talked with me a few moments. Then he asked me in to the table. His wife was sitting at the right side of the end of the table, and her daughter next to her, farther down, while he occupied the end seat. Motioning to the chair at his left and opposite his wife and pretty daughter, he bade me be seated and to commence eating of the splendid meal that was being served them, and now also to me.

And so I was a *guest*.

My enthusiasm and gratitude were unbounded.

After the supper, or dinner as they call it on board, the captain chatted awhile and said as I left him to go to my quarters,—which were anywhere on deck not

in the way of anybody else,—that I should come down for my breakfast and for my other meals while en route to Egypt.

My face beamed with delight, for I caught a glimpse of my physiognomy from the fine French plate mirror as I left the cabin for the deck.

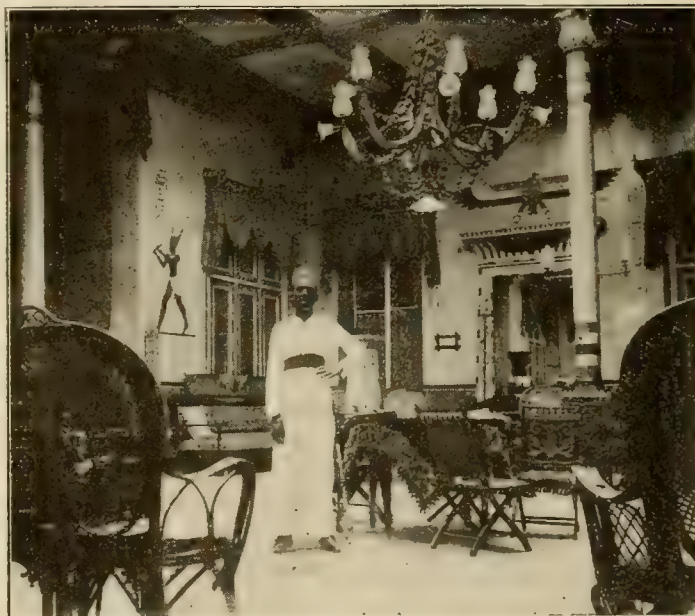
The sea was pretty rough and I began at once to look about for a lodging among the ropes and canvas.

It was just dark when the captain walked down the deck and saw me thus.

"Come with me," he said.

Being in an oriental country and on the sea, I

scarcely knew what to expect of the captain. Possibly he might have some work for me to do, or, like many other officials in strange lands, he might have suspicioned me as being one who needed watching, if nothing more severe than watching, and yet as I walked along with him I felt that he was about to give me a pleasant surprise. It is the pleasant surprises in life that count most for our happiness. Not the looked-for things, not the expected blessings, so much as the accidental and unearned



One of the Egyptian Clerks at the Bristol Hotel, Dressed in a Dress, Like a Woman, in the Lounging Room.

ones that give us happiness.

We went into his own private stateroom, or rooms, for there were several of them *en suite*.

"You may sleep here tonight and make yourself at home in my quarters, while I will go down into the ordinary staterooms with my wife and family."

I didn't thank him. I didn't smile. I didn't laugh. I just took it all with a puzzled expression, I suppose.

He was gone in an instant and I saw him no more until daylight at breakfast.

I sat in the soft cushioned chairs. I lay down upon the soft sofa. I sat in the study chair. I walked over the soft carpet. I rubbed my hand along the polished fittings. I looked into the compass, for there was the big ship's compass, and the magnetic needle, and the steering apparatus so far as it could be represented by electric push buttons, by levers, signalling apparatus, etc. I looked into the bathroom and at the clean white porcelain bathtub in which only the gallant captain and *myself* could ever bathe. On the table were magazines, nautical books and instruments. In cases by the side of the cabin were other tools and instruments of delicate manufacture, for only the captain to handle,—and “me.”

The captain's staterooms are always the best staterooms on board. They are the biggest, the best, and the finest located. Situated toward the front of the vessel on the high deck, he escapes the smells of the vessel, gets all the sea air going, and receives but little of the sickening roll that everyone else must suffer in the lower and smaller cabins. Such a cabin is worth about fifty dollars a day.

That's where I was, in the biggest, the best, the most luxurious. I do not know of a single name in history, of one single great man for whom the captain of a sea vessel was willing to vacate while under way, for anyone, however great, who had paid his regular passage first-class, and go down into a smaller and cheaper cabin.

But I had not paid any fare. And I was sailing from Joppa, too, from which Jonah sailed. It was costing me absolutely nothing, and I had the best on the boat, and better than any traveler, exceptional or otherwise, ever gets, at any price.

That night I turned on the electric light here and there about my rooms, enjoyed to the full the luxuries that were for me only to enjoy, and then, ready for sleep, crawled up between the pure white wool blankets of the captain's bed, snuggling there till morning.

Just think, I could have sent any kind of a signal down to the engineer,—to slow up, to reverse engines,

“Man overboard,” “Lower the boats,” “Fire on deck,” “Stop the vessel,” “Run half speed.” Why, I could have upset the boat. I had everything in my own hands. For the captain had “forsaken all and cleaved unto his wife.”

We landed at Port Said all too soon.

I hurried to the station to catch the first train to Cairo, for I had time enough to get down there and back again and thus see Egypt before the probable arrival of a big steamer for Ceylon and India.

At the station a gang of convicts were being put into the side-door cars that looked like grain bins, as the soldiers in white khaki, tight belted and armed with Winchesters, guarded them to their very heels. These criminals were being transferred to another prison, and I made a hurried study of their faces and clothes and actions so as to be able to recognize any such characters to be met with in my jaunts in that country.

Just as in our country, everybody standing about was peculiarly impressed at the sight of these convicts. They looked at them with the same kind of sad, morbid awe, as we look at such criminals, and I saw that the truism of the Bible was as applicable in that country as it is in our own, or anywhere else,—“The way of the transgressor is hard.” As for me, I said, “I'll try to be good.”

At Hotel Bristol I found the furnishings of the rooms and office

in keeping with the queer country. On the wall, ancient Egyptians,—masters and slaves of the time of the Pharaohs and of Moses,—were painted in almost life-size sketches. The meals were good and the quiet refinement of the hotel stood out in giant contrast to the crowded, narrow, tortuous and dirty streets outside.

A guide was found who took me across the river and then to the pyramids and the desert,—the great Libyan Desert.

Purposely I avoided taking any pictures of the pyramids. Everybody else coming here does that, so I took a picture of the sheik in charge of the pyramids and was taken myself, on a camel, with my camera, at some distance from the pyramids, on the desert sands themselves. Like great clouds of gray smoke, the simmering heat of the desert rolled over the vast ex-



Spickler in the Desert.

panse of hot sand and filled the air with a quiet sound that no one has ever heard with the ear, but which every tourist feels, in his body and in his soul.

I shuddered at the thought of my camel breaking off for the limitless desert with me on its high hump back, and no water, water, water, for days at a time, nothing to eat, and no one to see. Not a tree or a blade of grass in forty miles.

It made me dry and almost sick to think of it, for the sun was burning its rays through my clothing and my hands felt like blisters.

The fine-faced sheik of the greater pyramid set out ahead of me and with a lighted candle in his hand, and one in mine, led me through the tortuous and rather dangerous passageway to the interior, where the tomb

of the Pharaohs can still be seen. Once inside, I lay down in this big stone sarcophagus, just to see how Pharaoh must have felt when he as a corpse lay in it.

But I was afraid that I too might die and I jumped quickly out of it. The air in here was cool but rather stifling, for pure air can hardly reach this subterranean vault.

I was in the land of Joseph, the Dreamer.

A few days later a big French steamer sailed into port and when it steamed away again I was one of its happy passengers, having paid for my passage to Colombo, Ceylon, with money that I had earned along the way, or that had been given to me by friendly sympathizers.

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ALCOHOLIC EFFECTS

DR. S. B. MILLER

IN the great prohibition wave that is sweeping over the country, public sentiment is crystallizing stronger than ever against alcohol in all its forms.

Scientific research is rapidly reaching more definite conclusions regarding the effect of alcohol on the body and especially as affecting the body's power of resistance to the inroads of various diseases.

While there are various factors affecting the bodily resistance, and there is considerable variation in even what may be considered normal cases, yet there is sufficient uniformity in regard to alcoholic tests as to warrant some very valuable deductions. Alcohol has a marked influence in reducing the vitality of the body forces so as to interfere with the natural power of the body to remedy ailments.

The most valuable asset of any internal medicine lies in increasing the power of the blood against disease germs, whereas experiments uniformly prove the administration of alcohol decreases the power of the blood against disease germs, in proportion to the amount of alcohol contained in the liquor administered.

Dr. Charles E. Stuart reports the following experiments: 1. Having first tested the resisting power as to the germs of tuberculosis and blood-poisoning of four persons who had been lifelong total abstainers, he then gave to each one two ounces of port wine. After drinking the wine, tests revealed in every case a perceptible decrease of the powers of resistance.

2. Having tested other persons for their power of resistance to the same two diseases, to one he gave an ounce of Scotch whiskey, and an hour later gave him another ounce of Scotch whiskey, and when re-

tested the resisting power was reduced ten per cent for tuberculosis and five per cent for pus germs.

To another one he gave an ounce of sherry wine, and an hour later another ounce of sherry wine, and when retested the power of resistance was lowered eleven per cent for tuberculosis and five per cent for pus germs.

To another he gave four ounces of champagne and retesting showed a decrease of power of resistance of nine per cent for tuberculosis and nineteen for pus germs. Many other experiments were performed giving practically the same result, proving conclusively that alcohol decreases the bodily powers of resistance in proportion to the amount of alcohol in the liquor.

Inasmuch as many drugs are largely alcohol, or preserved in alcohol, we should know that any drug thus taken as a stimulant decreases the patient's power of resistance. I quote briefly from Dr. Carrington's book, "Vitality, Fasting and Nutrition," and give excerpts and author to show the foolishness of administering alcoholic drugs as a food or stimulant.

1. Alcohol never imparts strength to the system. We frequently hear feeble persons saying they are "kept up" by stimulants. This means they are kept down, but the sensation deceives them and they attribute good to what is a persistent evil. Alcohol gives no potential power to the brain or muscle. Following its injection into the system it excites the mind, stimulates the muscle, uses up nerve force, but gives up nothing to take the place of what is destroyed or used up,—it leads to destruction.—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

All popular stimulants, and refreshing drugs have two distinct and opposite actions,—an immediate exaltation and a subsequent depression, always exceeding the exaltation, so the net result is a loss of vitality.—Dr. J. C. Jackson.

2. Alcohol does not aid, but hinders digestion: "Nothing more effectually hinders digestion than alcohol. Many hours and even a whole night after a debauch in wine the stomach may reject a part or whole of an undigested dinner. More instances of indigestion, gas in stomach and bowels, sour stomach, depression of mind and body are produced by alcohol than any other simple cause. Those who abstain from alcoholic stimulants have the best digestion."—Dr. Cheyne.

3. Alcohol does not warm, but cools the body: "Under the most favorable circumstances, the effect of alcohol will be to reduce the heat throughout the mass of the body. There will be a glow of warmth on the surface, thus cooling the body by giving up its heat, and leaves the body chilled, the products of combustion lessened, the nervous tone lowered, the muscular power reduced, the quickened heart tired, the excited brain infirm, and the mind depressed and enfeebled."—Dr. B. W. Richardson.

4. Alcohol is not and can not at any time be a food: "Alcohol passes through the system unchanged. Unless it is in some way altered, decomposed, diminished or changed it can impart nothing to the body and can not be used by the body. It can not supply the element of combustion nor formation of tissue; it is indigestible. It is taken into the system as alcohol, is carried through as alcohol, and is expelled from the system as alcohol. If a piece of potato, apple, bread, beef, or any article of food was expelled from the system as undigested, no one would think it served a good purpose in passing through the body. It is passing strange that medical men will confess that alcohol passes through the system unchanged and yet insist that it does something, imparts something."—Dr. R. T. Hall.



PROFANITY.

"The extent to which profanity is practiced by Americans (and one need only attach himself for a few minutes to groups of men congregating at some street corner, or elsewhere, to learn) is so alarming as to call for comment from the newspapers. The New Orleans *Times-Democrat* says: 'Unless something is done to check the evil, Americans must soon become known as the most foul-mouthed persons on earth.' The *Ohio State Journal* says: 'It is a very mean thing to swear—it is unkind, it is offensive, it is wicked, it is against all the rules of an intelligent and polite society. But there is an interesting study

in it. The more vicious a man is, the meaner he swears, and the higher he seeks for the subject of his imprecation. In his very passion he recognizes the existence of a Supreme Being, for, if he didn't, his devilish intent wouldn't be roused that way. Let him swear by the heathen gods or some imaginary trumpery, and his curses don't satisfy his bitterness. In this thing of profanity, the devil undermines his atheistical propaganda. He gives his whole case away. Every oath that he inspires shows that he is keeping up his old fight against God Almighty. He finds it a cheap way to fight, and so he does plenty of it. It is a wonder people don't see through him. It is a pleasure to note that the secular journals are taking up the crusade against swearing. Would that more took a hand in it.'"

Sad to say, some seem to think it smart.—*Selected.*



SUNSET IN THE FOREST.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

As sinks the sun to rest
In a heaven opened west,
The light wind softly whispers
To us ev'ning's vernal vespers.

A pall of myst'ry droops
Over yonder cloistered groups
Of vaulted trees—arches
Of some woodland temple.

Birches.

In a white-robed procession,
And sullen shadows of night,
Enhance a haunting impression
Of some unseen sylvan rite.

The murmurs of dark'ning water,
And echoes of insect laughter,
With odors of mists ascending,
Faint gleamings of day now ending.

All seemeth a symbol vast
Of a priestly age and past,
When medieval somberness
Held mind in slum'ring duress.



A MACHINE THAT SETS ORDINARY TYPE.

NEARLY everyone is more or less familiar with the type-setting machines that are in daily use in our large newspaper and printing offices, which cast the type from molten metal as the machine is operated. To build a machine which would set ready-made type has been the ambition of a number of inventors for some years past. The most recent solution of the problem is embodied in a machine invented by Mr. A. G. Baker, of Albion, Mich.

The machine has a capacity of setting ten lines of type per minute of ordinary column width, or technically speaking, ten thousand ems an hour, as against a record of six to seven thousand ems on the older machines.

The upright portion of the machine is called the magazine, and consists of ninety channels containing the different letters of the alphabet, punctuation marks, and other characters used in printing. Each channel is just wide enough to contain the character allotted to it without allowing it any more room than it requires to slide up and down easily. The channels are entirely independent of one another, so that any of them can be removed from the machine if desired without disturbing the others.

The first channel at the right is but eight inches long, while each succeeding one is one-eighth of an inch longer, so that the lower end of the magazine is inclined from right to left, the top being level.

The type is set by pressing the keys on the keyboard, as in other type-setting machines. When a key is pressed, it operates a plunger, which enters its corresponding channel from the rear, and pushes the lower piece of type out into the inclined guide plate in front, whence it is carried by gravity to the assembling point at the lower left-hand corner of the machine. The guide plate is so tilted that those characters which are farthest from the assembling point will travel fastest when released from the magazine, because of the greater inclination of the plate at that end, while those nearer travel more slowly. Consequently, all arrive at the assembling point at the same time. This enables one to operate the machine very rapidly without the danger of transposing letters.

As the letters reach the angle in the guide plate at the lower left-hand corner, a sort of escapement action, actuated by a spring concealed in the base, and operated by the depression of the keys, places them on their feet in line ready for removal at such time as may be desired.

One of the machine's most ingenious features is the distributing mechanism, which operates backward and forward across the top of the magazine, similar in action to the carriage of a typewriter. This part of the machine contains a number of channels, like those of the magazine, except that they are much shorter.

In each channel of the distributor a line of type is placed, and as the keys are pressed in the setting of a new form, the distributing device moves backward and forward one space at a time. At the top of each channel of the magazine, and extending about one-third of the way across the opening, are steel strips called "wards." Each ward has a number of protuberances upon its surface, corresponding in number and shape to the nicks on the side of each type character. The ward and its corresponding type character will fit each other perfectly, but neither will fit any other except its own counterpart. As the distributor moves across the top of the magazine, each piece of type is tested against the wards until it finds its corresponding ward, and falls into its own channel. In this way the type is distributed without any extra effort on the part of the operator, and coincident with the setting of a new form.

The machine has been designed to set all standard sizes and styles of type. Type having the same sized body, no matter what variation there may be in the face, may be used in the same machine indiscriminately but where there is a difference in the size of the body, adjustments have to be made in the machine to accommodate the change.

The fact that the machine requires no power for its operation, and no gas or other heat for melting metal, adapts it particularly well for the use of country newspapers, that have been unable heretofore to make use of the advantages offered by such machinery, owing to the lack of proper facilities.

The machine is most advantageously operated by two men, one setting the type and the other spacing the lines or justifying them, as it is commonly called.

All corrections in the proof are made from the ordinary case of type, as this requires less time than making the changes with the machine.—*Scientific American*.



BUSINESS AND STRONG DRINK.

THE employer virtually says to the workman: "You can drink what you please, when you please. But if you please to indulge in habits which would impair your efficiency and increase danger to your fellow-workmen and to my property, you must find work elsewhere." The attitude is practically the same as that of the banker who will not tolerate visits by any clerk or teller, however trusted and capable, to racetracks or gambling houses. The railroads almost without exception now prohibit employes from using intoxicants while off duty as well as on. The geniality of the old-time, hard-drinking commercial traveler no longer is deemed an asset by wholesale houses. Scientific salesmanship, as well as modern manufacture and transportation, demands more and more the elimination of drunkenness.—*Philadelphia North American*.



NATURE STUDIES



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter IV. Plants.

EXAMINE a piece of charcoal. You can see in it the form of the stick from which it was burned. This black part is carbon. All the veins of the original wood show in the charcoal. A very large part of a plant is carbon and every particle of it was taken in by the leaves of the plant.

A tree weighing eleven hundred pounds is estimated to have taken the carbon from sixteen million cubic yards of air. When you think of that you may suppose the carbon of the air is in danger of being exhausted.

The air of the world is estimated to contain 880 million tons of carbon. Besides, it is being replenished by the breath of all animals and by fires. One factory in Germany is estimated to give back to the air 2,640 tons of carbon daily.

Only plants having green in their leaves or stems can use this carbon and then only in the sunlight. The coloring matter of the leaves, chlorophyl, acting with sunlight, changes the carbon into starch and sugar. Some is used at once and some is stored for future use.

How does this food formed in the leaves get to all parts of the tree? There are two movements of sap—one from the roots up through the young wood, called sapwood, to the leaves, and one down from the leaves through the bark to the roots.

Root pruning stops the flow of sap to the leaves and they soon wither. On the other hand girdle the tree and they will not wither, as you have not interfered with their water supply. Later the roots will fail because of the failure of their food supply, and when they are unable to send the water to the leaves the leaves wither. A girdled tree may live till the end of the growing season.

The life history of the plant begins with the seed. A seed is really a small plant with nourishment to enable it to live while it is forming its roots.

The power of a seed to grow after a lapse of time varies greatly. Some, like parsnips, do not grow after the first year, while peas taken from the wrappings of an Egyptian mummy three thousand years old are said to have sprouted.

The conditions necessary to growth are moisture,

warmth, and oxygen. If one of these is deficient the plant will not do well.

What is the purpose of the flowers? "To look beautiful," says some one. True, they are beautiful, but that is not their purpose. They are a part of an endless chain. They are to produce more seeds, to make more plants, to produce more flowers, to make more seeds, *ad infinitum*. You know that the fruit of the plant produces the seed and the flower bears the fruit.

"But," says some one, "some plants produce seeds and never have any flowers at all." Every plant that produces seed first has flowers. The ear and the tassel of corn are its flowers, while such trees as the elm, ash, and maple have very small flowers.

The question may arise, "If flowers are so important to trees, how do they do their work?" Examine a blossom—plum, apple, bluebell, or squash for example. You will find first a circle of green leaves that covered the blossom when in the bud. Inside this is another circle of leaves giving the flower its color. These leaves may be separate as those of the apple, or may all be grown together as those of the bluebell. The green leaves are the sepals and the colored ones are the petals. Some blossoms have no sepals or petals at all, as the corn. Inside of the petals is a circle of thread-like parts, each with a knot on the free end. These are the stamens and when the flower is developed the knots will open and emit a yellow powder.

When you walk through a patch of camphor weeds in summer you know how the yellow dust collects on your shoes. This dust is the pollen, and the knot in which it grows is an anther.

In the center of the flower is a single part with the free end slightly enlarged and the other end much more enlarged. We call this the pistil. The tip is the stigma and the large part is the ovary. Cut the ovary open and you will see small round objects in it. These are the embryo seeds.

Some plants have the stamens and pistils in the same flower, as the apple. Some have them on different flowers on the same plant, as corn, while others have them on separate plants, as the sassafras and some strawberries.

The seeds will not develop unless the pollen falls upon the stigma. The pollen grain sends a small

thread-like body down to the embryo seeds in the ovary. This is called *fertilization*.

If the pollen falls upon the stigma of a related plant, the plant growing from the seed thus developed will partake of the qualities of both. These are called its parents. Sex in plants has been known for about two hundred years, but within the last few years great discoveries have been made in the possibilities within the grasp of the plant breeder.

How does the pollen get to the stigma? One way is by the wind, but that is a very wasteful method and requires much more pollen than is needed for fertilization. If you place a barrel in the yard it will catch but a small portion of the rain that falls. So a flower will catch only a small portion of the pollen shower.

Another method is by means of insects. When plants fit themselves for pollination by this means they do not supply as much pollen as before, and if insects fail to visit them they are helpless. To guard against this they resort to methods of attracting visitors. First they provide a sweet liquor or nectar in the bottom of the flower, in striving to reach which the insect carries pollen from one flower to another.

All successful merchants advertise their wares; so to let the insect world know that they have something for them they display a sign—either a showy color or a pleasing odor. This tells that they have either nectar for honey or pollen for beebread.

Cold, rainy weather at blossoming time may prevent the visits and thus injure the crop. Also crops grown in the house must be pollinated by hand. When the pollen from one plant falls upon the stigma of a flower on another plant it is called cross-pollination. This usually produces stronger seeds, that is, seeds that will produce a stronger plant.

This is sometimes done purposely by the gardener. To do this he first removes the anthers before they open. Then he covers the flower with a paper bag to prevent pollen reaching the stigma before he is ready. When the stigma is sufficiently developed he carries pollen to the stigma from the flower he has selected as the other parent, then re-bags. The seeds resulting from this work are carefully saved and planted next year.

Cross-pollination between two varieties of the same fruit produces a cross—as between two varieties of apples. When the parents are two distinct kinds the result is called a hybrid, as between an apple and a pear. By this means many new fruits have been placed on the market.

The most successful man along this line is Luther Burbank, some of his achievements being little short of the miraculous. His last triumph is the development of the thornless cactus.

Farmers' Bulletins.

181. Pruning.

Year Book Papers.

87. Pruning and Training of Grapevines.

124. Hybrids and Their Utilization in Plant Breeding.

157. Pollination of Pomaceous Fruits.

283. Promising New Fruits.

Vegetable Physiology and Pathology.
Bulletin 29.



WEST HILL NATURE CLUB.

ARMELIA L. COLWELL.

THE Nature Club, was not satisfied just to tend their gardens, but set out trees and flowers on the school-grounds, and also wished to do something to preserve the wild flowers, some of which are so eagerly sought by the city dwellers that in some localities they are nearly extinct.

One every farm here were wood lots, some small, some large. Our plan first was, Mrs. Rich said, to teach every one here, that when gathering wild flowers they should be carefully cut from the stems, and not pulled off, as is done oftentimes, pulling up the whole plant which is left to die. This is especially true of the trailing arbutus which has tough brown stems, and trail over the ground, catching in here, and there; and which many people pull up without regard to the future, only to get the flowers at the present time, which is all wrong. They should be carefully cut with knife, or scissors; this will not disturb the vines. In woods where this plan is carried out it grows luxuriantly and furnishes many blossoms each year. The arbutus does not adapt itself well to cultivation, and it seems best to protect it in its native haunts, the woods. And the same is true of many of the lovely wild flowers.

Mrs. Rich told the children they could each have a garden of wild flowers, with no cost except the time taken to remove them from their places in pasture, or woodland, to the garden. This can be done with little trouble. Each child tried some plants. Those who had the best success were those who gave each plant from field or forest a soil and conditions similar to those in which they originally grew. By this I mean that the shade-loving plants, as ferns and trilliums, should be afforded shelter from the sun and that those which grew in moist places, should if possible be again set in a place where they will not dry out. While those which are not particular as to the positions they occupy can be used any and everywhere.

In securing your shrubs and plants, aim to save all the roots you can and to disturb them as little as possible. Never allow them to become exposed to the sunshine or to become dry. A good plan is to take

a lot of paper and string with you and wrap each plant or tree if not too large and tie securely, thus keeping the native soil about the roots, also retaining the moisture. Do not make the mistake of selecting large shrubs, in your desire for immediate effect. Smaller ones will be more vigorous, and in a couple of years, will have gotten the start of the large ones.

In locating your plants, keep the tall-growing kinds to the rear, where they will serve as a background for those of lower growth, and finish in the foreground with the low-growing plants or ferns.

The flowers most used by the club for their gardens, were Jack-in-the pulpit, lady's slipper, both yellow and pink, violets, wild peas, bloodroot or Indian paint, lilies, three kinds grow here, hepaticas, columbines, azalea, trillium, bouncing Bet, goldenrod, balm or Indian's plume, black-eyed Susans, wild asters of several kinds and colors, and the oxeve daisies. Of trees, the maple, elm, willow, hemlock, pine, Norway and white, white birch, poplar, balsam, and spruce. Vines: bittersweet, woodbine and wild clematis. Sweet brier and wild rose are liked by some.

Many flowers were sent to New York City and other cities by the club, Uncle John sending us the names of teachers. Also small plants of the violets, hepaticas, arbutus, bloodroot and Jack-in-the-pulpit, which were used in the children's window gardens in the schools, many children seeing the beautiful flowers for the first time.

The plants were all sent by mail securely packed in wooden boxes, or grape baskets. Some clubs made a good deal of money sending wild flowers, and specimens, but our club only asked them to pay all postage, which they gladly did. We also sent collections of grain gathered just before it was ripe, wheat, oats, barley, rye, buckwheat, grasses, clovers, and millet. Many of the children in the large cities never saw the grain growing, and the teachers wished to have it for illustration.

The club under Mrs. Rich's direction sent many flowers each year to the sick and shutins. They especially enjoy the arbutus and azalea or Mayflower, and many years the club furnished the G. A. R. on Memorial Day over one hundred bouquets of wild flowers, mostly dogwoods and azaleas, which were always gratefully received.

It would be impossible to tell all that has been done by the club with the wild flowers. The members of the club themselves have learned many lessons. Mrs. Rich has tried to teach them all the names of the flowers, and never to just say a flower when speaking of them, but say a rose or violet. If one does not know their names, he should find out as soon as possible. The better one knows them the more he will love them.

God might have bade the earth bring forth
Enough for great and small,

The oak tree and the cedar tree,
Without a flower at all.

We might have had enough, enough
For every want of ours,
For luxury, medicine, and toil,
And yet have had no flowers.

Then wherefore, wherefore were they made,
All dyed with rainbow light,
All fashioned with supremest grace
Upspringing day and night?

To comfort man,—to whisper hope,
Whene'er his faith is dim,
For whoso careth for the flowers
Will care much more for him.

—Mary Howitt.

Wellsburg, N. Y.



THE COMPASS PLANT.

THE compass plant is a shrub with flowers made after the same pattern as the daisy. It grows in the prairies of a large part of North America, and is a trustworthy guide to hunters who are uncertain of their direction—hence its name.

The leaves are the part of the plants which act as signposts, and there are two peculiar things about them. To begin with, they are set on the stems with the tips pointing skyward, and the stalks toward the ground, so that one would speak of the leaf as having a *back* and a *front*. Now, as you know, the flowers seen in England nearly always have their leaves pointing from the stem outward, and we talk of their *upper* and *under* side.

The second curious thing about the compass plant is that all the leaves turn their broad, flat blades toward the east and west. Perhaps some of my readers have at some time pressed a plant between sheets of paper; if so, a growing compass shrub would at once make them think of a huge plant which had been laid in enormous sheets of paper and lightly pressed; because in each all the leaves are flattened one way.

Of course, if the broad part of the leaf faces east and west, the narrow edges must turn to the north and south, so that a glance at one of these shrubs keeps a traveler on his true course, even when his friend, the sun, fails him and retires behind the clouds.

There is a sort of lettuce also that grows in England—a wild one, not one that we eat—and is found on dry soil, which wears its leaves in exactly the same way, unmistakably marking out the points of the compass.—*Selected*.



MODERN nature study, according to leading exponents, is merely natural science for young folks; and your true teacher of nature study aims to be as accurate in opening the child's mind to the wonder and beauty of natural laws as he would attempt to be in presenting the results of original research before a body of his peers.—*Bird Lore*.

THE INGLENOOK

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THE man who apologizes for his occupation either has the wrong kind of business or is the wrong man for the place. In either case there should be a separation of the two. It is not only hard on a man to be engaged in work for which he needs to apologize, but it is hard on any honorable work to be in the hands of a man who makes apologies because of his position.



PICKING over dry bones may not be the uninteresting task which the thought at first suggests. Much depends on what sort of bones they are and whether the one who is doing the picking has a particular liking for that kind. In that case the work is intensely interesting. One of our contributors is telling us in this issue about some old bones that have proved very fascinating to him. Somehow in the telling he has transmitted their power of attraction and we believe all who read the article will be anxious to learn more about this collection of bones.



It is reported that numerous eggs of the dangerous tsetse fly—the insect which it is claimed carries the germs of the fatal sleeping sickness—have been found in the skins contributed to the Smithsonian Institution by former President Roosevelt. If this be true, the ardor with which scientists and others have defended the course of the mighty hunter in cutting a bloody swath through the fauna of Africa, may be somewhat dampened. When from the “valuable contribution to science” we deduct the ravages which this insect is capable of producing,—to say nothing of several other things that must be deducted in any event,—the result will very likely be a negative quantity. However, precautions are being taken to keep the eggs where harm may not come from them, and it is to be hoped that they will breed no calamity to disturb our peace or injure the hunter’s renown.

Now that the North Pole has been discovered and we have learned that it is nothing more than what reason and previous knowledge have led us to believe it to be, we may give our time wholly to the work in hand. Applying the present-day test to the discovery, —“What is it worth?”—we get no reply. Perhaps it is too early to make the calculation. However, we feel safe in forming the conclusion that it will be of no material benefit in helping us to adjust ourselves to the new tariff schedules. And when this is admitted it will be hard to get any one interested in the accomplishment. Besides, Dr. Cook runs the risk of incurring the ill will of the school children because of the addition of another history date to the already long list to be committed to memory.



THE NEGRO PROBLEM.

Not long ago it was the writer’s good fortune to be in a neighboring city on the day that Booker T. Washington was to deliver a Chautauqua address there and the chance opportunity to hear this well-known negro educator was taken advantage of. As a speaker and as a man of broad common-sense ideas he fully filled the high expectations which numerous reports had given us. No one can hear the man without being impressed with the thought of the mighty uplifting influence he is wielding among his people.

Mr. Washington looks the negro problem squarely in the face. He makes no effort to belittle it or evade it in any way. With equal honesty and fairness he acknowledges the weaknesses characteristic of his race. Doubtless these facts have had much to do with his marvelous accomplishments; these and the further fact that he has unbounded confidence in the adequacy of his plan to solve the negro problem. To be open and frank in the matter not only makes clear his own way toward high attainments, but it secures to him the help and sympathy of others and the power to help those who scarcely realize their need of help. To ignore the true conditions would deprive him of all this.

Booker T. Washington does not believe in the deportation or segregation propositions, mainly because there is no spot on the earth where the black man might be placed, with conditions favorable for advancement, that the white man would not come. Since the black man is here he thinks he may as well meet the white man in this land as in any other. Neither does Mr. Washington believe in the amalgamation idea. Since it takes one hundred per cent of good Anglo-Saxon blood to make a white man and only one per cent of negro blood to make a black (?) man, it is evident that this would be no solution of the problem from the white man’s standpoint.

The one thing that Mr. Washington insists on and the one to which he is giving his whole life, in order

that the negro's condition may be not only tolerable but honorable and deserving of respect, is that of making him useful—even necessary—to mankind. He fully believes that salvation for his race, as a race, will come alone through quiet, faithful, persistent effort, resulting in the highest efficiency in all lines that contribute to the prosperity and advancement of any people.

Already Mr. Washington is seeing encouraging results from the plan and he is living in hopes of a greater demonstration of its wisdom in the years to come. Following is what the *Chicago Record-Herald* has to say of this idea:

"What is called the negro problem in the United States has many phases and aspects, and some of them are still acute, but upon one thing all observers and thinkers, white or black, can agree. That is, that every step which the colored race takes toward efficiency, thrift, usefulness, service, is a step which counts toward the satisfactory solution of the highly complex 'problem.'

"Hostility and prejudice based on race or faith are most effectually combated by indirect, subtle means. Contention and controversy cannot be avoided, but an ounce of positive achievement for good is worth volumes of theoretical arguments in this workaday world. A negro farmer, a negro banker, a negro merchant, a negro druggist, a negro foreman, a negro builder, a negro architect, a negro educator, a negro musician, a negro lawyer—these are the 'arguments' which which must finally prevail.

"The wise teaching and practice of men like Booker T. Washington, exemplified most strikingly perhaps in the National Negro Business League, cannot fail to command support and admiration everywhere. Whatever else the negro in America may need in order to secure full recognition of his rights under the Constitution and laws, he certainly needs property, education, industry, development of his best faculties. And, for the benefit of whites and blacks alike, proper emphasis should always be placed on the material, intellectual and moral progress which the freed men of color have made in a few decades of opportunity, liberty and human dignity they have enjoyed in a limited degree. To some this course may seem 'humiliating,' but as a matter of fact there is no humiliation in looking reality in the face and dealing with nature as it is, and Booker T. Washington has deserved well of the whole country for preaching the gospel of work, of manliness, of discipline, of honorable ambition, to his race."

If in the next forty years the negro makes advancement proportionate to that made in the past forty years, unhindered by the many obstacles that blocked his way during this time, the white man, with hundreds of years of civilization back of him, will need to look well to his reputation, and especially to his ways. After

all, the test of usefulness must be applied to all whether white or black.



TEACHING PURITY.

PURITY is not born of ignorance, but impurity is. If the fathers and mothers of the United States could be brought to understand this truth, there would be a great deal less immorality in the world than there is today. Boys and girls are taught not to tell falsehoods, not to use profane language, not to yield to their temper, not to take what does not belong to them; in short, to conduct themselves as little ladies and gentlemen should. Parents who fail to instruct their children in these important matters are considered negligent; society does not approve of them. But how about the instruction of children concerning their physical nature? Is that attended to as it should be? Or, are boys and girls permitted to obtain this instruction away from home, among immoral and degrading influences? Can there be any doubt? Unfortunately, there can not. There are too many wrecks along the highway of life to leave any room for question as to whether or not parents are criminally neglecting this most important duty.

Any mother will confess that the little brain of the child has not long been busying itself with the things about it before the infant begins asking anxious questions regarding how it came into the world. But parents have been disinclined to answer this question fairly and honestly. For some reason that no one has ever satisfactorily explained, a stork myth has been invented to keep the naturally inquisitive child from ascertaining the truth. If that is not resorted to, other equally evasive and misleading answers take its place. The consequence is that sooner or later the child comes to believe that there is something immoral connected with this matter, something that it can not discuss even with its mother and father. But its curiosity is aroused, never to be satisfied until it has learned, somewhere and somehow, the facts that its parents will not reveal to it. Its knowledge, instead of being purely received, comes from snatches of conversation that are overheard on the street, from the mouths of immoral or thoughtless persons and from a half-hundred other equally impure sources. A subject that should be fully and carefully explained thus becomes tabooed in the family circle. The child, once it understands the situation, never again mentions the matter in the presence of its parents. The opportunity to influence the child aright is thus lost. Impurity, far too often, is born of the child's ignorance.—*Woman's National Daily*.



THOUGHTFULNESS for others, generosity, modesty, and self-respect are the qualities which make a real gentleman or lady, as distinguished from the veneered article which commonly goes by that name.—*Thomas Huxley*.



THE HOME WORLD



REBELLION OF THE CELLS OF THE BODY

O. G. BRUBAKER, M. D.

MAN's worst enemies are "they of his own household." Strenuous and successful warfare can be waged against a foreign foe, but to fight the rebels within our own borders dulls the spear and sickens the heart. To face the enemy from abroad carries with it the good will and flag of the entire country, but to face the traitor within divides our forces and paralyzes our nerve. A death-blow has been hurled so hard at smallpox, scarlet fever and diphtheria that they are unheard of save now and then in isolated or sporadic cases. An epidemic of these diseases is *almost* as rare as snowfall in June. Tuberculosis, that dread disease and plague, is rapidly succumbing to our superior means of warfare against the tubercular bacillus. In these diseases we have the advantage of fighting an enemy from the foreign land.

It is vastly different when we come to study cancer, that ghastly, crab-like tumorous growth which makes us shudder at the thought of our ever being a victim of its deadly attack. The sudden appearance; firm, hard consistency; agonizing pain which shoots out from it in all directions; its power to eat its way rapidly into all kinds of tissue, whether it be bone, muscle, nerve, brain or blood vessel and with absolutely no known cause for its occurrence, make such a malevolent picture that all of us pray that the Wise Father will intercede in our behalf and stay the hand of such a loathsome disease.

Very often the name of a disease or condition has little significance. The name of this malady, however, is rife with meaning: The Germans call it "krebs," in Latin and French it is called cancer while in Greek it is *carcinoma*, the name generally used by medical writers. All of these terms alike mean "crab," a ghastly flesh-eating parasite which literally eats its way into the flesh of the body. Quite a similarity is at

once manifest when you think of the hard mass being the body of the beast, the pain of its growth being the bite and the hard bands of scar tissue which radiate in various directions being its claws. At all events the simile is quite obvious.

For years scientists all over the world have been trying to solve the problem whether cancer is caused by a living germ, a veritable microscopic "crab," or whether it is due to abnormal cell proliferation. Time and again investigators have become enthusiastic over their findings, thinking most assuredly that to them belonged the honor of discovering the "germ of cancer." But up to the present time the results have been very disappointing, for no germ which can be proven to cause cancer has been isolated. It would be helpful indeed if such a find could be made, for most assuredly the cure would be forthcoming. While some of our most brainy experts still believe in the germ theory for cancer the weight of the evidence thus far is much against such a belief. So that most of our pathologists are coming to believe that this dread disease is a traitorous insurrection on the part of our own body cells, in other words, a "rebellion of the cells," as one great thinker has called it, the nature of the process being that of a revolt by a small group of cells.

In normal physiology all the cells, tissues and organs are subservient to the best interests of the whole. The stomach, for example, secretes the gastric juice not for its own use alone but that certain foods may be digested and built up into the body. The blood travels all over the body, bringing oxygen and food to every cell, not for the blood's sake alone, but for the good of the whole body. In cancer this law is utterly disregarded. Instead of serving the interests of the entire body it partakes of the elements of anarchy and not only kills the body but in doing so starves itself

to death—committing murder and suicide at the same time.

Everywhere throughout the human economy is found a tissue made of a characteristic flat cell called epithelial cells which are of the very highest type and are the chemical laboratories and ferment factories for the production of various secretions required by the body. These secretions range from the simple watery mucus of the mouth or the oily lubricant of the hair follicles to the complex gastric and pancreatic juices. These cells are of the most vital importance to the body and their revolt is dangerous in proportion. The appalling fact is that these cells are the rebels and traitors in cancer.

The course of the invasion may be briefly sketched as follows: After some forty, fifty, or sixty years of loyal service a small group of cells in a tubule of some gland, say of the breast or lip, begin to grow and increase in number. Soon the tubule is blocked, the tissues immediately surrounding the growth become swollen, congested and hard. In addition to this the cancer cells produce digestive ferments against the surrounding tissue and thus it begins eating its way into the vitals of the body. The gland is rapidly destroyed. If on the surface, a spreading ulcer develops, however, and scarcely is a tumor formed till it begins to break down with various results. If it be deep seated, as in the pancreas, the whole gland may be destroyed. If on the surface, a spreading ulcer develops, Ere this process goes far, a lymph channel or perchance a vein will be eaten into and some of the cancer cells are carried into the stream to the nearest filter—in most cases a lymph gland, or if in the blood stream may be carried to any organ of the body—at all events, lo! and behold, wherever they lodge a mass similar to the parent tumor develops. This is a most characteristic feature of cancer, that regardless of the kind of tissue in which the secondary tumors grow the cells will always resemble those of the parent tumor. For example, if a cancer of the pancreas is the origin of a tumor in the brain, the brain tumor will not be made up of brain cells but will be much like the cells of the pancreas and pancreatic juice will be poured out in the brain. Sooner or later the vital functions of one or more organs are so much interfered with that death ends the scene. About the only consolation there is to such a picture is the fact that there is no danger of infection from such a growth. From theoretical grounds as well as from practical experience we need have no fear of becoming infected with cancer on account of caring for or handling a cancerous patient. In other words, the cancer cell seems unable to live in any other body except the one in which it originated. In the care and treatment of the hundreds and thousands of cancer patients not one authentic case has been related where a physician, nurse or attend-

ant contracted the disease. Some surgeons, for example the late Professor Senn of Chicago, have inoculated themselves with cancer tissue from patients with absolutely no resulting growth. (I saw and examined Dr. Senn's finger in which several years previous he had ingrafted a piece of cancer taken from one of his many patients.) Hence we can disabuse our minds of any fear from the contagion of cancer. There is absolutely no ground for fearing that it will spread over the country like an infectious disease. And gruesome as the conditions are under which the patient suffers we need have no fear in caring for him. As Woods Hutchinson says, "The cancer problem, like the Kingdom of Heaven, is within ourselves."

As to the cause of cancer a great many things have been written and said. There is no specific cause and the contributing causes are legion. Scars, bruises, moles, inflammations, smoking, drinking alcoholic liquors, injuries, the decline of life, senility and hundreds of other more or less significant conditions are put down as helping to favor the beginning of a cancer. We may say that the better we care for our physical being the less likely are we to have cancer. This gives us a hint that all moles, scars, birthmarks, and warts which are in any way irritated by the clothing or movement of the body should be surgically removed, as tissues of this kind shows a decided tendency to develop into cancer. Chronic inflammations and lacerations in any part of the anatomy should be properly cared for. The mouth and teeth should be kept rigidly clean.

When once the diagnosis of cancer has been made what shall we do? Caustics, liniments, salves and all kinds of "patent" dope galore have been tried and all come far short of cure. X-ray, trypsin and radium have all been vaunted to the skies, but fail absolutely, for they like the pastes and ointments merely suppress the symptoms and allay the pain, leaving the cancer untouched or worse than before. The only kind of cancer that is cured by anything short of the knife is the so-called rodent ulcer which has no tendency to penetrate the deeper tissues. Put it down then that he who claims to cure cancer by any means short of removal by operation is either too ignorant to diagnose cancer or is bordering close to telling the untruth. Don't temporize by trying this, that and the other "cure" with so deadly a monster as cancer, when at the present time early and complete removal not only of the entire tumor but also of the tissues surrounding it saves at least forty-five to fifty per cent of the cases while other means can promise nothing. Shudder as we do at the thought of operation, the surgeon is the only one who at the present writing has any assurance of success. It is still more appalling when we consider the fact that we never know how soon after operation the deadly monster will break out anew. Surgeons and pathologists recognize this fact and are anxiously and

determinedly seeking for some other means of cure. Just now a new field seems to be opening. It has been noticed and recorded in many cases that the body develops a certain power of resistance against cancer. It has also been observed that hemorrhage from the tumor, the intervention of some other disease, starving the patient for a time, and other conditions which affect the health of the individual cause a marked retardation and sometimes a retrogression of the tumor mass. It is conceded by all that no cancer grows as rapidly as its own inherent power of growth would allow it if it were not impeded on the part of the body's resistance. Now if we can find some specific therapeutic means or other agency that will increase the resisting power of the body against cancer we have gone a long ways in its ultimate cure and extinction.

The body contains natural forces which tend to cause the healing of cancer and the possibilities of augmenting these forces are before us. Therefore, our attitude toward the cancer problem should be that of hopeful confidence.



ONLY ONE MOTHER.

You have only one mother, my boy,
Whose heart you can gladden with joy,
Or cause it to ache,
Till ready to break,
So cherish that mother, my boy.

You have only one mother who will
Stand by you thro' good and thro' ill,
And love you although
The world is your foe,
So care for that love ever still.

You have only one mother to pray
That in the good path you may stay,
Who for you won't spare
Self-sacrifice so rare,
So honor that mother alway.

You have only one mother to make
A home ever sweet for your sake,
Who toils day and night,
For you with delight,
To help her all pains ever take.

You have only one mother—just one;
Remember that always, my son;
None can do or will do
What she has for you;
What have you for her ever done?

—Unidentified.



HOME.

Go through the town any evening, and you will be surprised, if you have never given the matter any thought, at the number of boys and young men who make a practice of squandering their evenings, to say nothing about the days spent in the same manner. Squandering time is the sin of the age. As a rule, the idle, indolent boy goes to the bad. He may have all the elements necessary to make a first-class business or

professional man; but if he is not instructed or encouraged to form habits of industry, he will be a failure almost inevitably. There is wisdom in the Jewish proverb, "He who brings his son up without a trade, brings him up to be a thief." Prison statistics show that a large proportion of convicts never learned a trade till they learned one in prison.

There is one way this great evil of squandering time can be remedied, if not altogether obviated. Parents must take the matter in hand—must themselves set the example of industry and frugality, and must see that their children imitate the example, and that they have something to do. Make the home pleasant and attractive. If the boys love the street or the loafing place better than the home, you may rest assured that the home is wanting in some important particular. Provide the boys with interesting reading matter, and useful tools, and encourage them to employ their time in any harmless way that will keep them from idleness and profligacy. When you see a boy or a young man willing to trifle away a day, a month, or a year in doing the work of a disgusting street loafer, you may set it down that it would not take much to persuade that boy or that young man to become a full-fledged scoundrel.

It is well to teach the boys that no success comes from squandering time, and that the better class of people have about as high a regard for a real industrious thief as for an ignorant, idle loafer. It is in the power of most parents to regulate this matter and if they will do it, we shall see our army of trifling, loafing young men and boys diminish. Make the home what it should be, and you have done much toward assuring the future of our boys.

But if parents suffer their own minds to grovel continually in sties and stables, and see nothing higher in life than land and money, how can they lead their children on to useful lives, fruitful in noble words and deeds?—*H. L. Hastings.*



HIGH HEELS.

A CURSORY view of the customs of society, or of some neighborhoods, might convince one of the truth of the doctrine of depravity, or at least of the idea that many persons are apparently trying to do as much violence as possible to this physical organism so "fearfully and wonderfully made." This thought is naturally suggested by an acquaintance with so many of the prevailing customs and fashions of the present day, prominent among which, as illustrating prevailing follies, is the high-heel fashion. If a high heel is really necessary for ease in walking, the Creator would have placed a prominence on this part of the foot corresponding with the "hump" of the camel. But such a hump would now be regarded as a deformity, a malformation, if inside of the boot.

The most that we can claim in this respect is that

a broad, low heel may be of service in rapid walking, but experience and observation can but teach us that the heels worn by both sexes are a nuisance, if worn as the manufacturers intend. Many of these are so high and so small at the top that walking—naturally a fine exercise, among the best—generally becomes irksome, a task, and productive of very many deformities and ailments. It is not too much to say that most of the deformities of which so little is known in savage and barbarous life, such as corns, bunions, incurvation of the nails, sprained and deformed ankles, the misplacement and crooking of the toes, etc., are attributable to this cruel custom. Fashion is at best a cruel tyrant; but the whole history of her capricious rule does not exhibit a grosser violation of natural position. It crowds the foot forward into the boot, resting too much of the weight of the body on the forepart of the foot, crowding the toes into the front of the boot, of course chafing them and in a variety of ways deforming them and making business for a class of men now in demand, the chiropodists. Lameness, sprains, turned ankles and distortions in general, are the inevitable results, and most of the wearers of these know the fact—at least in some degree—yet these high heels are still tolerated; high heels *versus* brains. Custom rules, at least a certain class, compelling such to submit to arrant cruelty.—*Christian Monitor*.



SELECTED HELPS FOR THE HOME.

A POULTICE of fresh tea leaves moistened with water will cure a sty on the eyelid.

For earache, dissolve asafœtida in water; warm a few drops and drop in the ear; then cork the ear with wool.

Use fresh water. Water that has stood in an open dish over night should not be used for cooking or drinking, as it will have absorbed many foul gases.

Mix a little carbonate of soda with the water in which flowers are immersed, and it will preserve them for a fortnight. Common saltpetre is also a very good preservative.

The true physiological way of treating burns or scalds is to at once exclude the air. Cotton batting, flour, or scraped potato—anything that is suitable and convenient—may be used for the purpose.

To cure bunions, use pulverized saltpetre, and sweet-oil. Obtain at a druggist's five or six cents' worth of saltpetre; put into a bottle with sufficient olive oil to dissolve it; shake up well, and rub the inflamed joints night and morning, and more frequently if they are painful.



BUTTER AS MADE IN INDIA.

GHEE is used in India as is butter in American and European countries, and, in fact, is butter, so prepared

that it never grows stale, instances being known of its preservation for as long as 200 years.

In preparing ghee, butter is boiled until all the watery particles and curds have been thrown off by repeated skimmings. When the liquor is clear oil it is poured into a vessel to cool. When cooled it is in granulated form, and will keep for years without becoming rancid or of bad odor. Ghee has been found in deserted castles, where it must have been left more than two centuries ago.—*Mechanics*.



SHELLED BEANS.

ONE of our favorite uses for sour cream is with shelled beans. We use kidney or cranberry beans. Soak and cook as usual. When tender, pour off the water, add sour cream to thoroughly moisten, and simmer one-half hour. The alkali in the beans removes all sour taste from the cream and the resulting combination is particularly good.—*Selected*.

The Children's Corner

THIS BOY'S HEART WAS RIGHT.

"HERE, boy, let me have a paper."

"Can't."

"Why not? I heard you crying them loud enough to be heard at the city hall."

"Yes, but that was down 'tother block, ye know, where I hollered."

"What does that matter? Come, now, no fooling. I'm in a hurry."

"Couldn't sell you a paper on this here block, mister, cause it b'longs to Limpy. He's just up the furdest end now. You'll meet him."

"And who is Limpy? And why does he have this block?"

"Cos us other kids agreed to let him have it. Ye see it's a good run, 'count of the offices all along, and the poor chap is that lame he can't git around lively like the rest of us, so we agreed that the first one caught sellin' on his beat should be thrashed. See?"

"Yes, I see. You have a sort of brotherhood among yourselves?"

"Well, we're goin' to look out for a little cove what's lame anyhow."

"There comes Limpy now. He's a fortunate boy to have such friends."

The gentleman bought two papers of him, and went on his way down town, wondering how many men in business would refuse to sell their wares in order to give a weak, halting brother a chance in the field.—*Exchange*.



THE QUIET HOUR



WATCH.

R. A. NEDROW.

WATCH!—a word very frequently used, and so full of meaning that I fear we do not fully comprehend its magnitude.

Watch, when used as a verb, imperatively, embodies a world of meaning. Let us notice the volume of meaning that each letter of the word suggests: W-a-t-c-h watch. Watch what? W—*words*. How important it is that we watch the *words* we speak, for,

"A little word in kindness spoken,
A motion, or a tear
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.
Then think it not an idle thing,
A pleasant word to speak,
The face you wear, the thoughts you bring,
A heart may heal or break."

How apt are the words of James: "If any man offend not in *word*, the same is a *perfect* man." How plainly did Jesus teach along this line when he said: "Every idle *word* that men shall speak, they shall give account thereof in the day of judgment. For by thy *words* thou shalt be justified, and by thy *words* thou shalt be condemned." Is it not highly important, therefore, that we watch our words?

A—*actions*. By our words we may deceive,—we may be able to speak fluently, and thereby leave a good impression, but *actions* speak louder than words. We tell more by what we do than by what we say. In our business dealings with our fellow-men we usually manifest our actions, sometimes to our own disadvantage.

Let us watch our *actions*, for we must render an account to God for the *deeds* done in our bodies.

T—*temper, thoughts, tongue*. These usually seem to travel together. It is the temper that gets us into a great deal of trouble. When it is watched properly, we need not fear so much the evil results of the tongue. Some one has wisely said, "When you are angry, before you speak, count ten. If you find you're angry still, count again." What a noble thing it would be if we possessed sufficient self-control to guard our thoughts, to be able to control our tempers so that there would be no danger of *saying* things which afterwards cause remorse, and *doing* things which often bring reproach upon ourselves and the family or church to

which we belong. Let us watch our *temper, thoughts* and *tongues*. How many heartaches have been the result of neglecting this great duty!

C—*companions,—character*. When I say watch your companions, I do not mean that you should watch them for the sake of finding fault, but that you may avoid evil associates; for a person is known by the *company* he keeps. If we are concerned about our *character*, we will endeavor to abstain from all appearance of evil. How often have I realized the value of a good character! Having this, we command the respect and win the confidence of all good thinking people and are indeed an exalted people because we are in possession of that which money cannot buy and yet be obtained by *watching*.

H—*habits*. *Habits* are the constituents of character therefore let us *watch* our *habits*; for "*habit* is a cable—we weave a thread of it each day and finally it becomes so strong that we cannot break it." We should begin early in life to watch our *habits* for it is then that we begin the formation of character. Nothing is more desirable than a good Christian character and *habits* of *truth, honesty, punctuality, and industry* should be formed that we may have full, rounded out characters whereby we may become a blessing to humanity.

"What I say unto you, I say unto all, *watch*."
Jones Mills, Pa.



SEEK THE BEST.

It is the privilege of the Christian to have the best. He should be satisfied with nothing less than the best thoughts, ideals, hopes, joys, aspirations, experiences. "All things are yours: and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's"—was the wonderful declaration of the apostle. To be content with anything but the best that God has for us to enjoy is to dwell in the desert when we might be experiencing the delights of sea or mountain, or fertile valley.

One reason why so many good folks get so little out of the Christian life is their indifference to the higher possibilities of that life. Dr. Jowett, of Birmingham, remarks: "I am more and more persuaded that the growth of a Christian life can be measured by our increasing willingness to bring the divine to the common-

place, and to link the most ordinary want with the powers of his grace. But the pity is that so many people bring their merely material wants to the Lord, and they bring no higher craving. They seek the good, but are heedless about the better; or they seek the better and are unmindful of the best."

Material wants have an important place in God's program for his children. But it is not the first place. Things spiritual have the right of way. It is the duty of the Christian to "seek those things which are above." The higher life is the life spent in the higher quest, and in finding and enjoying the spiritual riches without which the soul is not and cannot be satisfied.—*The Epworth Herald*.



BEGIN THE DAY RIGHT.

Go not, my friend, into the dangerous world without prayer. You kneel down at night to pray, and drowsiness weighs down your eyelids; a hard day's work is a kind of excuse, and you shorten your prayer, and resign yourself softly to repose. The morning breaks, and it may be you rise late, and so your early devotions are not done, or are done with irregular haste. No watching unto prayer! wakefulness once more omitted; and now is that reparable? We solemnly believe not. There has been that done which cannot be undone. You have given up your prayer, and you will suffer for it. Temptation is before you, and you are not ready to meet it. There is a guilty feeling on the soul, and you linger at a distance from God. It is no marvel if that day in which you suffer drowsiness to interfere with prayer, be a day in which you shrink from duty. Moments of prayer intruded on by sloth cannot be made up. We may get experience, but we cannot get back the rich freshness and strength which were wrapped up in those moments.—*Frederick W. Robertson*.



THERE ARE TWO OF US.

"You'd better do as we want you to, or you will get into trouble," said the leader of a group of rather rough-looking boys to a smaller one, who stood pale and trembling before them. Through their leader they seemed to be demanding something of him.

"I can't do it," he said, his voice trembling a little, as he spoke, but his lips drawn firm, and his eyes steady and unwavering.

"What's the reason you can't? You will have to, I tell you. We are going to make you do it, whether you want to or not. We are all of us against you alone, and how are you going to help yourself?"

The boy that was beset with such overwhelming odds as this was silent for a moment, and then he looked the other in the eye and said:

"I can't do it; it's wrong, it's mean, and I can't do a

mean thing. I am not as much alone as you think I am, either. There are two of us and the other one has always been more than a match for all that have come against him."

"Two of you!" sneered the other boy, "and where's your partner, I'd like to know? Why doesn't he show up? He's a pretty fellow to leave you in the lurch. Much help you'll get from him! I guess you'll be used up before he comes."

"No, I shall not," answered the other boy quietly; "for he is here now. It is just as I told you; for there are two of us, and the other one is—God."

The leader of the rough boys started back in amazement. He had not expected such an answer as this. He looked for a moment into the determined face of the little fellow before him, and then casting a sheepish glance at his companions around him, he said:

"Come on, fellows; let him alone. There is no use fooling with such a chap as that."

And away they went leaving the younger boy triumphant.—*Wellspring*.



A PRAYER FOR ALL.

THERE was a peddler who carried his wares from house to house in Scotland. One day, while upon his errands, he entered a cottage where a noble lady was visiting its inmates. Some conversation ensued, when the lady rather haughtily inquired of the peddler:

"What! can you pray?"

"Well," said he, "I ken I can."

"Then kneel down at once," she cried, "and let me hear you."

Whereupon the man put his bag off his back, went upon his knees, and at once spoke thus to God:

"Oh, God, give me grace to need grace.

"Oh, God, give me grace to ask for grace when I am given to feel my need of grace.

"Oh, God, give me grace to receive grace when thou givest the grace I need.

"Oh, God, give me grace to show grace when I have received grace from thee, whether I get grace shown me or not."

We commend this prayer to every one who is endeavoring to walk through this world to the glory of God, as one of the most practically beautiful expressions of dependence on God ever uttered.—*The Gleaner*.



MARKS OF THE CHRISTIAN.

THE body is at last the tell-tale of the soul and bears the brand of its mastery. The consecrated Christian ought to be able to say with his Lord: "Behold my hands and my feet." Not by the Holy Supper alone do we show forth the Lord's death, but by the perpetual sacrament of living. By the marks of loving sacrifice, Christ and the Christlike thing are known.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Under direction of Dr. A. T. Peters, a chemist of the University of Nebraska, hog cholera serum will be manufactured. The Illinois live stock commission has purchased 40 acres of land north of Springfield on which a new biological laboratory will be established.

Physicians connected with State institutions at Dunning and Elgin, Ill., say pellagra is a germ disease and does not necessarily come from corn. Dr. Bullock of Dunning says pellagra is found where there is no corn.

Permission has been granted postmasters of the third and fourth class to take 15 days' leave of absence to attend the National League of Postmasters of the United States to be held at Syracuse, N. Y., October 6, 7 and 8 next. Postmaster General Hitchcock is expected to deliver an address.

During aviation week at Rheims, France, manufacturers took orders for 52 aeroplanes. Manufacturers believe sportsmen in every country will soon buy aeroplanes. On the last day 200,000 paid admissions to the Aerodrome and 100,000 more witnessed the flights from the surrounding hills.

Many of the railways are arranging to employ telephones for train dispatching, the Northern Pacific having already 470 miles of telephone in service and 250 more projected, while the New York Central will have its whole route to Chicago under telephone control when 200 miles of equipment, in addition to the present 250 upon the Michigan Central, is complete.

Sept. 1 the news came from Lerwick, Shetland Islands, that Dr. Frederick Cook, of Brooklyn, New York, had discovered the North Pole April 21, 1908, and was at that time aboard a steamer bound for Copenhagen where he arrived Sept. 4. Dr. Cook had accompanied previous expeditions in search of the Pole and was well acquainted with the northern regions. His last and successful trip which was begun July, 1907, was a private one financed by himself and J. B. Bradley, a multimillionaire of New York.

An effort is to be made to stock the Hudson River as well as other northern rivers of the United States with sturgeon, a fish that once swarmed in their waters, but which has since been exterminated. The proposal comes from Mr. Horace G. Knowles, formerly American Minister to the Balkan States. Through Mr. Knowles' efforts the Roumanian government has promised a carload of sturgeon fry, some cans of young sterlet, and smaller food fish to populate our waters. The first consignment of several hundred thousand fry will probably be planted in the Delaware River. The native sturgeon have been all but exterminated by wastefulness.

Delegates C. E. Tholin and John E. Sandgren of the National Organization of Swedish Workers, who arrived in New York on August 24, for the purpose of collecting money for the strikers in Sweden and to explain the conditions there to American workmen have reported that the total amount raised by American sympathizers will probably reach \$225,000. They had expected to raise about \$50,000.

The wireless station on the Eiffel tower receives almost daily communication from New York, and often picks up messages from Canada. The present installation, which belongs to the war department, is only a temporary one. When a definite installation has been completed the service expects to talk regularly with New York without trouble.

In presence of farmers gathered at Oklahoma City from Colorado, Missouri, Oklahoma and Kansas, a demonstration was given of the new process of making alfalfa meal. The machine was placed in the field where the hay was being cut and the meal ground immediately. By grinding while green 98 per cent of nutrition is obtained, while by the drying process only 60 per cent is secured.

With the exception of the Chicago and Alton and Burlington, every railroad in Missouri is observing the new excess baggage law. Under the old law the rate for excess baggage was 16½ per cent per 100 pounds, while under the new law the rate is 12½ per cent. The Attorney General has telegraphed the two roads that unless they at once comply with the law's provisions he will proceed against them under the criminal statutes.

Six hundred tons of barnacles have been taken from the bottom of the armored cruiser South Dakota at the Mare Island navy yard, making the vessel's hull rise four and a half inches in the water. The barnacles fastened themselves to the ship's bottom during a recent trip to the South Sea Islands. Naval authorities were astonished on learning of the immense weight of the incumbrance, which interfered with the ship's speed.

A letter has been received at Berlin from Count Leo Tolstoi in which he promises to read a paper before the coming peace congress. In this letter, Count Tolstoi denounced in the most vigorous language at his command the cowardice of the Russian government for prosecuting his friends, Tchertkoff and Gussief, while afraid to touch the Count himself for fear of international indignation. These friends of Tolstoi were exiled for publishing his book, "Thou Shalt Do No Murder," in spite of orders of the government that the work should not be circulated in Russia. Gussief was Count Tolstoi's private secretary.

The London authorities being skeptical of the official statements regarding the cholera situation in Holland and other continental countries called up private investigators and were informed there are approximately 200 cases of cholera in Holland alone and that the disease has also reached eastern Austria and is threatening to spread to eastern Germany. There is danger, the investigators say, of a cholera epidemic in Holland. The number of cases there is increasing despite heroic efforts of the medical authorities to check it.

For the fiscal year ending June 30 the postoffice had a deficit of more than \$20,000,000, the largest ever known. As a result Postmaster General Hitchcock has informed President Taft that something must be done to reduce expenses. In 1908 the deficiency was \$16,000,000. The increase was due to extension of service and falling off in business. Forty experts are now at work in Washington examining the registry division, which each year shows a greater deficit. The Postmaster General thinks this division should be more than self-sustaining.

Importations of arms and ammunition are to be restricted in Cuba, according to regulations laid down by the Cuban government, and forwarded to the State Department by F. M. Dearing, United States charge d'affaires at Havana. It is provided that for the importation of arms, cartridges and shells, in addition to having license for their sale, it is required that authorization shall be obtained from the Cuban government before entering them from abroad. Importation of arms henceforth can only be made through the ports of Havana, Matanzas, Nuevitas, Trinidad and Santiago de Cuba. Arms considered weapons of war shall be deposited in the government armory, or government warehouses, to be withdrawn after obtaining permission from the government.

In connection with excavation of the great Roman camp at Caersus, Montgomeryshire, Wales, an exploring party has succeeded in opening up the western portion of the camp, unearthing a complete hot air system situate beneath the floors of the rooms. The floors were supported on a number of stone pillars two feet square and two feet high. Flues were laid beneath to carry the hot air from the furnace, and these have been found in an excellent state of preservation. Outside the huge rampart of clay the workmen have come across trenches which surrounded the camp. The granary has been opened up for its whole length and measures 93½ feet. This building was strongly built and was roofed with slabs of stone.

Since Collector Loeb took charge of the New York custom house on March 9 the collections on dutiable goods have amounted to more than the total collections during the entire year of 1907. From March 1 to August 1 duties to the amount of \$115,515,062.20 were handled, whereas the whole amount for the year 1907 was only \$111,548,697.55, showing an increase of \$3,667,365.65 in the collections. These figures cover both imports and duties on the baggage of incoming passengers. This result is surprising since this year is way behind 1907 in the matter of imports. Fines, penalties and forfeitures for the six months ending Sept. 1 amounted to \$998,900.88, while for the same period in 1907 they were only \$108,916.41. The total receipts for the months of July and August this year were \$40,748,804.85, an excess of \$11,483,776 over the same months of 1907.

Investigation by members of the department of botany at the University of Chicago have led them to an explanation of the effect upon plants of illuminating gas, which apparently causes them to wither and die. Not the gas, itself, but the ethylene which it carries has the deadly effect, according to Dr. William Crocker and Lee I. Knight. In the course of the investigations the theory that the constituent deadly to human beings was carbon monoxide also was verified.

Last year the high school students in Denver were barred from taking part in sports and from taking prizes. But this year the board of education decided that such ruling was too mild and something more must be done to discourage the fraternities. So they have issued the following ultimatum: "No pupil in the elementary or high schools in school district No. 1 in the city and county of Denver shall form or belong to any school fraternity, sorority or other secret organization. The superintendent and principals shall suspend any pupil who fails to comply with the provisions of this rule."

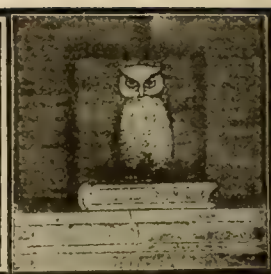
The most exacting penalties yet declared in legislation designed to promote purity and sanitation in food production and distribution have been made possible by the lawmaking body of Switzerland. The law became effective on July 1 and is being enforced to the letter. For the first offense of manufacturing or selling adulterated foodstuffs or for manufacturing or selling an imitation of pure food, the maker or dealer faces a jail sentence of one year, together with a fine of 2,000 francs, or approximately \$400. For a subsequent offense the punishment is two years in jail and a fine of 3,000 francs, or approximately \$600.

The convention at Winnipeg of the British Association for the Advancement of Science ended Sept. 1, and the delegates dispersed to their homes. The net result of the convention was summed up as follows: The utterance of a solemn warning to Canada that the recent invasion by rats of the prairie provinces constitutes a menace as serious as the plague which visited the Egyptians. The declaration that an agreement similar to the present seal agreement must be made to preserve the salmon species or the great salmon industries on the Pacific coast will soon become extinct. The utterance of a warning that the governments of the United States and Canada must adopt a law forcing farmers to put back into the soil a percentage of the chemical elements extracted annually or future generations will not have bread to eat.

Pressed on many sides to make prohibition permanent in Sweden, or at least to restrict liquor selling, the government has appointed a committee to investigate the prohibitionists' proposition with a view to determining how serious would be the loss to the state through a discontinuance of licensing under the existing Gothenburg system. After determining how much it will cost to continue the prohibition rule which has prevailed since the declaration of a general strike early in August, the committee is to look for other methods of raising a corresponding amount of revenue. In the event of a favorable report from this committee, other committees will be named to take up the sociological and medical aspects of the situation. The net results of the investigation will, if the government decides prohibition desirable, be laid before parliament. The liquor interests are putting up a hard fight.



Among the Magazines



PRICES AND TAXES.

In his interesting and suggestive "Memories," Francis Galton repeats the story told of a Cameron of Lochiel who, bivouacking with his son in the snow, noticed that the youth had rolled up a snowball to make a pillow. Kicking it away he sternly said: "No effeminacy, boy."

For the favored of fortune these are days of effeminacy and worse. Costly self-indulgence, vulgar display, freak dinners, barbaric feminine costumes invented for the sole purpose of raising the bills of milliners and dress-makers, these are de rigueur things among people who have been overtaken by a golden flood and have not yet learned how to float on it gracefully.

But for the massess of humanity there will be little chance for extravagance or effeminacy if the present tendency of prices and taxes continues. Both are going up out of all proportion to middle class and working class incomes. Bradstreet's announces that prices are now up to the highest recorded level, and it is certain that they will go higher. Gold is still the monetary standard of the civilized world, and the enormous production of gold in the last ten years has cut down the purchasing power of that beautiful gold dollar of the McKinley campaign nearly one-half. In other words, the consuming community has come to a practical experience of that "fifty-cent dollar" which was the political ogre of 1896.

As if this were not enough, each of the big nations has been imposing new taxes, and of course, in the good old orthodox way, for the most part. The well-to-do, who could pay taxes without distress, have an undisguised horror of assessment, but they can always see the reasonableness of imposing new burdens upon people of moderate means or of no means at all. Financial burdens encourage thrift, or, if they don't, they increase the proportion of the population that can't get ahead enough to cross the boundary which is supposed to separate wage-earners from that admirable and "independent" middle class, which is understood to be the substantial element in national life. This difficulty, as anybody can see, tends to maintain an ample supply of wage labor and to prevent wages from rising at an alarming rate to correspond with advancing prices. All of which is "nice" for the people that want to employ an army of wage workers and would dislike to see a "socialistic" policy adopted whereby their own assessment for the common good might be perceptibly increased.

It is the bold departure from the orthodox scheme of things which makes the new British policy so sensational and so interesting as an experiment to be watched. The idea of imposing taxes on people who are able to pay them and spending them for the well-being of the multitude is reprehensible and alarming to the conservative mind. If a nation once starts on such a course as that no fellow can predict how far it may go. It might even arrive at an attempt to establish something like equality before the law.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer may be said to have added insult to injury, when, in reply to the wrathful attacks of the property owners who wanted to know if he was trying to drive industry out of the United Kingdom for good and all, he asked his critics where industry would go to escape its impending doom. It would be good news for the human race if it could be announced that the new taxes taking effect in the nations of Continental Europe, and the new protective tariff in the United States, would in fact hit property as the British budget inevitably must. Unhappily they won't. They are of the orthodox kind. The new German taxes fall directly upon the "ultimate consumer." For example, ten boxes of matches which hitherto have cost ten cents in Germany will now cost six. In the same country coffee, which has been twenty-five cents a pound, will cost fifty cents. Tea is advanced forty per cent, tobacco twenty to twenty-five per cent., and beer a cent a glass. In the United States new taxation, as always, will fall upon the ultimate consumer, not directly but ultimately.

Whatever may happen in England, in the rest of the western world we are going to see for a long time to come not any tendency toward an equalizing of economic conditions and well-being. Under rising prices and rising taxes a marked increase of disparity will continue. The wealth of the wealthy will pile up. The deprivations and economies of the poor will afford them abundant exercise of the economic and moral virtues. Inasmuch as the poor and the relatively poor—the wage-earners and the middle class—greatly outnumber the inordinately rich, we suppose that it is legitimate to conclude that the present orthodox policy of taxation is maintained because the bearers of the burden fear that somehow or other they would go to the bad if, betrayed by a gleam of intelligence, they should shift it to other shoulders.

—The Independent.



WHY ARE WE SO LEAN?

The cartoonists habitually represent "Uncle Sam" as a tall, lean person, whereas "John Bull" is stout and hearty. That this distinction has a basis in fact, and that there are more lean Americans than fat ones, is the opinion of an editorial writer in Good Health (Battle Creek, August). Leanness, he says, is so much less incapacitating than obesity in its immediate effects, that it has received far less attention. This, he thinks, is unfortunate, for a decided deficiency in weight is of far greater moment than a slight excess. He goes on:

"A slight or even a considerable excess of fat generally means nothing more than that the individual has been accustomed to eating too much and exercising too little, whereas an inquiry into the habits of the man who is too lean generally shows that he is eating as much as he ought to eat and that he is not taking more exercise than is necessary for health. In fact, in by far the majority

of cases, it will be found that the lean man is exercising too little and that he is eating even more than the amount required to maintain an individual of his height at normal weight.

"This observation brings at once to light the fact that the import of leanness is a matter of much more serious import than overfatness. Chronic emaciation is, in fact, in by far the great majority of cases, a positive indication of disease, and one that should receive prompt and thoroughgoing attention. The lean man or woman who says, 'I can not gain an ounce of flesh, no matter how much I eat,' has good reason to feel concerned about his condition. There is evidently a serious defect in his nutritive processes. . . .

"Modern investigations have thrown great light upon this question. One of the most important facts established by modern inquiry is the relation of intestinal bacteria to this common though generally ignored condition of defective nutrition. Combe and others have called attention to the general presence of emaciation in connection with intestinal autointoxication. They have shown that the development of putrefactive processes in the intestine and particularly in the colon, which Metchnikoff and his school have so thoroughly studied and to which they attribute premature old age, arteriosclerosis, and a long list of ills through the poisons which are engendered, produce derangements in the activity of the liver and in the general metabolic processes whereby tissue-building is interfered with and emaciation is the natural result."

Meat, the writer goes on to say, is by no means the proper diet for a thin person, as is popularly supposed. Beefsteak and lean meat in general are quite incapable of increasing fat, and, in fact, a meat diet is the worst thing possible for a lean person, since flesh foods encourage the intestinal putrefactions to which leanness is very commonly due. To quote further:

"Meat contains the bacteria which produce putrefaction and at the same time furnishes the best possible material for promoting the growth of these parasitic organisms. . . . On the other hand, a fruit and farinaceous dietary consisting chiefly of fruits, nuts, and cereals, with care to include at each meal a certain amount of uncooked food-stuffs such as tomatoes, apples, or other fresh fruit, simple salads prepared with lemon-juice—not vinegar, which as everybody knows promotes leanness—and care to masticate the food thoroughly, are in the highest degree calculated to secure a gain of flesh.

"Starch is one of the most easily digested of all food-stuffs. It is quickly absorbed and easily converted into fat. The saccharin juices of fruits are also fattening. These are directly absorbed, requiring no digestive action. The easily digestible fats of nuts are also highly fattening. They are more easily digestible than animal fats and may be taken in larger quantity, being less likely to disturb digestion and promote intestinal autointoxication, two faults which are highly characteristic of animal fats.

"Thus a non-flesh regimen may be looked upon as almost a sine qua non for the putting on of flesh . . . [and] the diet should be made to consist as largely as possible of laxative foodstuffs. Fortunately those foodstuffs which are most highly laxative are also fattening. Most prominent in the list are to be found vegetable fats, natural sugars and acids, especially such as are found in figs, prunes, oranges, and other fresh fruits. If necessary, other natural means should be employed to secure intestinal activity."—Literary Digest.

CHARACTER-LEAKAGE.

The first step I have to suggest for training in self-control may, to the ambitious, seem trivial, but I have found it extremely practical.

The game of self-control is like that of golf—it takes many years of training and practice to accomplish even fair results. Only the genius becomes adept. But in any event, the aspirant for the long drive must first learn to hold the club.

I have become convinced that no one can achieve mental tranquillity who cannot learn to keep his body still,—to refrain from the habit movements called by Professor Wenley of Michigan University signs of "Character-leakage." Among these movements the most familiar are drumming and tapping with the fingers and toes, clearing the throat, and walking restlessly about. This is the sort of thing our mother taught us to avoid in childhood, but it did not make the impression it ought because we thought she was only trying her voice. If one can refrain from a single movement of this kind on the first day, he has begun to learn to "hold the club." The hand may be easily arrested, for example, on its way to massaging the countenance, by having in readiness this reminder: "Push not thy face!"

Elbert Hubbard says of a successful trainer, formerly of athletes, now of nervous invalids: "When he sits he does not cross his legs, play the devil's tattoo with his hands, twist his mustache, stroke his hair, scratch his nose, adjust his necktie, nor examine his fingernails. He completes his toilet in his room."

Some time when impatiently waiting for your train cease that restless pacing up and down, and try the following experiment: Stand at attention with your back against the wall, and say to yourself, "I will see how long I can stand in this position without moving hand or foot." Do not be afraid of attracting notice—no one will cast a glance in your direction; all are too preoccupied to note surroundings. If you succeed in becoming interested, you will find yourself rather disappointed than otherwise to have the experiment interrupted by the arrival of your train.—George Lincoln Walton, M. D., in September Lippincott's.



WARS STARTED BY TRIFLES.

THE Marquise de Fontenoy, in a recent statement published in the New York *Tribune*, gives some most interesting details of the great wars which have been started by trifles. The real causes of these wars were not, as the Marquise makes clear, the trifles, but the ill feelings and irritation which had been aroused by irresponsible politicians and certain sections of the press. The world will certainly some day be overwhelmed with shame at remembrance of the fact that such things as the following were ever allowed to result in the furies of conflict and the slaughter of men by tens of thousands. The Marquise says:

"Most of the great wars of the Old World have been started by mere trifles. That between Germany and France was brought about by a snappish remark of old Emperor William to the French Ambassador, Count Benedetti, at Ems, at a moment when it was believed that a satisfactory settlement of all differences between the two nations had been reached.

"Popular tradition attributes the Turko-Russian War to the blow of a Balkan blacksmith's hammer upon the head of an Ottoman tax collector.

"The famous War of Succession in the eighteenth century, which retarded the development of civilization, not only of Spain, but also of all Europe, for about a hundred years, resulted from a quarrel at the Court of Versailles about a glass of water.

"The most terrible and sanguinary war in the annals of China is known by the name of 'The Teapot War,' and was caused by the smashing of a valuable teapot belonging to a member of the reigning family while traveling in the northwestern provinces. More than a million lives were sacrificed in this conflict.

"Two of the minor states of Germany are on historic record as having gone to war in the thirteenth century to settle the momentous question as to the citizens of which monarchy could drink the most beer; while a bloody fight between Rome and Naples in the sixteenth century arose from a quarrel about a dog.

"Possibly the Moors might still be established in Spain had it not been for the theft of a Castilian lady's Sunday-go-to-meeting petticoat by a Moorish dandy, who imagined that it would look well on his own person, and who was stabbed for his act, his death giving rise to the war between the Cross and the Crescent in the Iberian peninsula which resulted in the expulsion from Europe of the Moorish creators of the Alhambra.

"The most terrible civil war in Afghanistan, which affected the whole of Central Asia, was caused by a petty quarrel about a pipe; and scores of other instances could be cited to show that when once two nations have been brought by specious means to such a condition of bitterness against one another that they may be described as being, in American parlance, 'on the ragged edge,' the slightest trifle suffices to start the fateful hostilities."—*Advocate of Peace.*

Between Whiles

A boarder complained to the proprietor of a Lanark hotel that he had found hair in the ice cream, hair in the honey and hair in the apple-sauce. "That is queer," said the proprietor. "The hair in the ice cream must have come from shaving the ice; the hair in the honey must have come from the comb; but I can't understand how the hair got in the apple sauce for I picked the apples myself and they were all Baldwins.

Some Fine Property.

Stranger (to Kansas City citizen)—"Those three corner lots of yours are fine property, captain."

Citizen (enthusiastically)—"Fine property? Why, great Scott, man, there ain't nothing like 'em west of the Illinois River! Two years from now they'll be in the heart of the

city, an' people will fairly howl for 'em. They ought to come under the head of jewelry, not real estate. If you want to buy that property, stranger, you've got to buy it by the inch."

Stranger—"I'm not buying property this morning. I'm the new tax assessor."

The citizen falls in a fit.

Up-to-Date.—Lady—"But poverty is no excuse for being dirty! Do you *never* wash your face?"

Tramp (with an injured air)—"Pardon me, Lady, but I've adopted this 'ere dry-cleanin' process as bein' more 'ealthy and 'i-geenic.'"—Punch.

"One way to make your wife's biscuits taste like mother's did is to buy a bucksaw and saw wood an hour before supper."

Reformed.—"My lazy son has at last decided on a profession that he thinks he'll like."

"Good. What has he chosen?"

"He wants to be a lineman for a wireless telegraph company."—Cleveland Leader.

Dead and Forgotten.

"Pa, what's a dead language?"

"The language in which baseball reports were written five years ago."

The Miraculous Box.

Luther Burbank, at a dinner in Santa Rosa, replied modestly with an anecdote to a eulogy of his new creation, the spineless cactus.

"Really, you know," said the plant wizard, "the spineless cactus is nothing like so marvelous as the strawberry box that the fashionable fruiterer of the East uses. That is a creation indeed!"

He smiled.

"A fashionable fruiterer," he said, "told his new boy one June morning to go to the back of his shop and fill a box with two-dollar grade strawberries for Mrs. Van Golde.

"The boy a moment later called from the rear.

"'Hey, there ain't enough berries here to fill this box.'

"The fruiterer hurried back himself. He looked at the box, then he sneered at the boy.

"'Why, you young greenhorn,' he said, 'you've got it upside down.'"—Washington Star.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—An eight room house. Closets, Cement Cellar, Cistern, Well, Cement Walks, beautiful shade trees, including Evergreens. Barn 18x24—12 foot frame. Other necessary buildings. Three 25 ft. lots facing the S. W. Corner of McPherson, Brethren College Campus.—Address, J. C. Coover, McPherson, Kans., College Hill.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.



FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing runoff for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

"It is confidently predicted that land under this ditch will meet with ready sale and rapid settlement and that a prosperous community will result."

Full Particulars May be Obtained
by Addressing

**GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY,
Big Timber, Montana**

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

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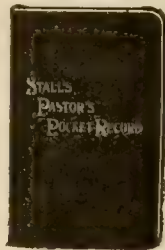
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This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members; over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms; 84 marriages; 105 funerals; 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.



Ministers will find this an excellent little volume to carry with them at all times. It contains nearly 200 pages and is bound in black leather, size 3 3/8 x 5 1/8 inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket. Price, prepaid, only50 cents

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made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

The Saloon Under the Searchlight

By George R. Stuart.

A book of sixty-four pages. The best thing we have seen on this subject. A new book, dealing with an old question.

Simple, Practical and True.

"I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail to do good."—Eld. P. J. Blough, Member of Temperance Committee.

Bright, Breezy—Not a Dull Line.

"A bright, breezy, thought-compelling little book with not a dull line in it. Full of suggestion and inspiration for one who would have a part in the fight against the saloon, a fight that grows in strength and popularity every day."—United Presbyterian.

Every minister of the Gospel will have occasion to use some of the arguments presented by Mr. Stuart, who turns the light on in full force and lets the reader see what a monster evil the liquor traffic is.

There is enough in the book, if people can be induced to read it, to drive the saloon out of every village, town and city in the United States.

Prices and Bindings

Paper,20 cents
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NEFF'S CORNER

So far as an investment in city property is concerned I am looking for nothing better than what we have in Clovis, but I have been looking for a real good proposition in way of agricultural lands, and I have found it on the Pacific coast of Old Mexico. Think of it! A winter without frost or fogs or clouds, a rich, deep alluvial soil with perpetual water right for irrigation for \$25 per acre, such land as sells in California at \$2,500 per acre, a soil and climate where you can grow three crops of corn per year, raise 40 bushels per acre each crop and find ready market for it at 50 cents to \$1 per bushel gold. Six good cuttings of alfalfa per year and a ready market at \$15 per ton. A fine country for raising hogs, cattle, horses, mules and poultry, and where you can grow your own oranges, bananas, pineapples, coconuts and other good things too numerous to name.

I expect to go early in November. I'd like to correspond with some teacher who would consider spending the winter in one of the most salubrious climates in the world and making expenses by teaching a private school in English. If you can go with us in November, if interested in excursion rates, or if you want printed matter descriptive of that country, write

JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, New Mexico

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Illustrating the Journeys of the Apostle Paul based on recent explorations of Ramsay, Sterrett and others. Size, 36x58 inches. Lithographed in Four Colors on Muslin of Superior Quality.

Distances from Jerusalem are indicated by radial circles, which will enable the student to approximately estimate the number of miles between given points.

Clear, Bold Outlines have been sought after. Names of countries and places are in as **LARGE TYPE** as the size of sheet would permit.

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The Price.

Single copy, prepaid,\$1.00
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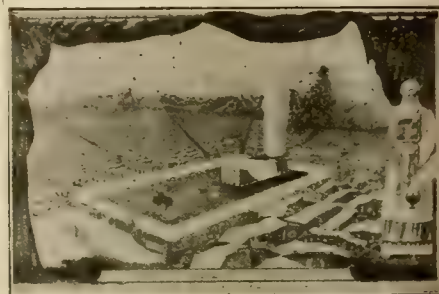
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linen hangings of the Court, suspended from silver tipped pillars, set in copper sockets. Within the court are found the Brazen Altar, the Laver and the Tabernacle. On either side may be seen the tents of Israel, the location of each tribe being designated by a banner. Size of illustration is 6 x 9 inches. Printed on heavy calendered paper.

Price, single picture, ...15 cents
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New and revised edition. Contains 2 pages for report of each Sunday of the year besides 2 pages for the Annual Report and each of the Quarterly summaries. Bound in paper with reinforced back. Size 4x7 inches. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

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An appropriate remembrance from a Sunday-school superintendent to his teachers and coworkers.

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"To My Bible,"A Sermonette in Verse
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ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition.

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you on a subject that I think you will find of interest. I am writing you about a tract of land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised

derful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

Ho! for Canada

It is not the purpose of the CO-OPERATIVE COLONIZATION COMPANY to slacken interest in its Colony at EMPIRE, California. This colony is now well under way; colonists are moving in and are well pleased and the work is moving along satisfactorily. But as the policy of this company is,—“CHURCH EXTENSION BY COLONIZATION,” steps are being taken to locate a colony in the Northwest.

After considering the various sections offered for settlement, the Directors at a recent meeting decided to locate

Colony Number Two Near Portage la
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This location was selected for a number of reasons and considerations:

1. Its situation in the heart of the great wheat Belt of Manitoba.
2. Its rich, alluvial productive soil.
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5. Its favorable climatic conditions, modified by its proximity to Lake Manitoba.
6. The Low price of land, when quality and location is considered. These lands are now ready for settlement, are low in price and will soon be taken.

Join our Colony Number Two, secure a good farm in a prosperous section with good, nearby markets, excellent transportation facilities, where School and Church privileges are assured, and among people with whom you are acquainted. For fuller information, dates of Land Seekers' Excursions, etc., address:

Co-operative Colonization Company
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or

W. Scott Garrioch,
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Refer to C. H. Hawbecker,
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Each page contains the full text of one of the lessons, the Golden Text, the Home Readings, Three Teaching Points, Subject and Scripture references. If hung on the wall at convenient place, it will stimulate Bible study, stir up new interest in the Sunday school and create a healthy spiritual atmosphere in the home.

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Red Morocco, embossed and stamped in gold.

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IN ORDER TO CENTER OUR EFFORTS UPON THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR TOWN OF MIAMI AND IRRIGATED LANDS IN MAIN PORTION OF MIAMI VALLEY, WE HAVE DECIDED TO OFFER FOR SALE OUR FAMOUS OLD RANCH HEADQUARTERS AWAY UNDER THE CURRENT PRICE OF SUCH LANDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

The ranch contains about 750 acres of fine, deep, rich agricultural land—forty acres reservoir water right from Farmers' Development Company mammoth irrigation reservoir, 20 acres alfalfa and natural hay land, about 100 acres in all under cultivation; natural hay land watered from floods and by underflow. A large portion of the balance could be placed under irrigation, but is capable of producing as good crops as any lands in the southwest through the natural rainfall. Entire tract fenced with substantial wire fences; crossed by three streams, one of which is the Rayado River. Abundance of fine water all over the tract for domestic purposes and for stock water. An ideal fancy sheep, cattle, mule or horse ranch.

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A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. Our new stock has just arrived from the factory in Germany and we are prepared to give your orders prompt attention.

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A Wonderful Success

Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

Read What Prof. Holden of Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, Has to Say:

"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

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"One man told me that he raised 18 bushels of clover seed on one acre of ground during the past year, and I found that the clover seed crop runs 8 to 15 bushels per acre.

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ANOTHER AMERICAN PROBLEM

O. H. KIMMEL

In Two Parts. Part I.

FROM the time of the founding of the American Republic to the present day the most enduring public question has been the tariff question. This is the question that has caused political strife and dissension, more than any other of the momentous questions that have attracted the attention of our representatives in Congress. It is the question which, when brought before Congress, has always been settled temporarily, and with increased difficulty each time that the question has come up for consideration. It has never been settled satisfactorily to a large portion of our citizens, and as the interests of the nation increase, each settlement is, if anything, less satisfactory.

As time passes, and the nation grows in wealth and resources, and develops in all its interests, and as the interests of the world change and develop, the question becomes larger and larger and more difficult of solution. This is why the results of the most patient deliberations of an able Congress are not entirely satisfactory to the nation. The present Congress, just closed, has struggled manfully with this great question, and has acquitted itself as well as it could, and it has found the question far more perplexing than any Congress that has ever considered the tariff because of the new and intricate problems that came up for consideration.

In the consideration of this question the nation has been fortunate in having men in both branches of Congress who have a world-wide experience in the affairs of the world and who have an expert knowledge of this great question,—made expert by study and contact,—for men of ability and liberal learning who have for years been agents of the government, or who have served in some of the functions of the government, which work took them to Europe and the Orient and the islands of the sea where the intricate question of the world's trade came before them to claim their attention and consideration, are now in Congress where

their knowledge and experience is of greatest value to the nation. These men could give their ideas to the committees who were gravely considering the question, and thus be of inestimable worth to all concerned.

The country was also fortunate in having a chief executive who, from personal contact at home and abroad, knew well the task that he, through the call of the people, must lay before the American Congress. The question was not sifted out and brought to a settlement until a period of five and one-half months of time had elapsed. In this stormy time of deliberation and debate, Congress and the people became aware that new things were rising in the horizon, which would make a satisfactory settlement of the question at this time almost impossible. This newer epoch of the world's history now dawning presented the advance problems that it is soon to usher in. About the first sign of this that reached the people through the deliberations of Congress was the fact that the representatives of the great Democratic party were beginning to waver from their traditional stand in favor of a tariff for revenue only. They began to waver, and even favor the protective ideas of the party in power. This indicates to us that the tariff question has grown in proportions until it has become too large for a party question, and that it has become a great national question that will demand, in the future, the most careful consideration of the brainiest men of all parties, that it will no longer be a party question and that it will be taken out of politics. It will, however, be broader in its scope than it has ever been before, and it will mean much to us as a nation. The idea of protection will, from the ushering in of these new questions, not mean protection to American Manufacture, but also to American Commerce, American Merchants, American Labor and American Merchant Marine.

In order to explain why this great question has, in recent years, grown to be so momentous, we must look

out into the events of the world as they have transpired in the past twenty or twenty-five years, and relate these events to their effects upon the nations of the earth, especially the civilized nations—the powerful nations.

It has been the custom, since the founding of this government, for our statesmen to formulate our tariff schedules in such a way that American factories could compete with European factories and maintain a wage scale purely American. So long as only Europe was considered, and so long as our nation could consume the greater part of her products, there could be a reason for doubting the advisability of imposing high tariff rates, hence the two party ideas on this question. Two ideas were natural. In Europe much of the manufacturing remained in its primitive state, while in America the latest improved machinery was used, and if only Europe were considered, the question would, in all probability, remain one of party principle. But the new era now coming is changing this condition, and giving the question a new complexion.

Over on the other side of the world, along the Asiatic coast of the Pacific Ocean lies a great Island Empire. This Island Empire is located on a group of volcanic islands up and down the coast of Asia, and it is rapidly filling up with people. As only a small percentage of its territory will permit of cultivation, its fifty odd millions of people must begin to look out into other territory in which to send its surplus population. As these Japanese looked out into the islands adjacent, they looked favorably upon Korea, as a resting place for their emigrants. So they began going into Korea in great numbers. Because of this a very natural thing happened. The native Chinese inhabitants became restless, they appealed to the government at Peking and the Chinese government appealed to the Japanese government. But Japan was desperate, she had to be. She put on a brave front, and war—"The Yellow War,"—ensued. In this war Japan was victorious—the little Island Empire surprised the world by whipping the great and populous Chinese Empire. She would have taken possession of Korea but for the intervention of European powers. They stepped in and defeated Japan in her purpose.

Just here Japan showed her statesmanship. She, to all appearances was satisfied with the outcome, and became quiet, very quiet. But like the traditional Reuben who "keeps still and saws wood" she "sawed wood" too. She wondered why Europe should have the power to throttle her in her undertaking. She sent her best sons into Europe and America, some to school, some to the colleges, and military schools and naval academies, some to the factories and mills, and some into every line of endeavor, and instructed them, like Peter the Great, to learn the arts and ways of the

western world, and then come home and teach it to her people. So when she had her sons thoroughly "steeped" in the arts and civilization of the western world, she was ready to call them home.

Now, while she was engaged in doing this, she was busy in another undertaking, what a less brave people would have felt to be an impossible undertaking. She had again looked over the ground for emigration purposes, and finally decided to send her people to Manchuria. She felt that this was a very hazardous undertaking because of the claims of Russia, but trusting in her sons in the western world, and knowing her desperate straits for land she bravely undertook it. She relied in the belief that Russia had slumbered long, since the days of Peter the Great, and believing that her own people could, within a very short time, equip themselves with the safety appliances of western civilization, she kept going into Manchuria. All this time she was calling her sons home to teach her people the arts of the West. Her population was alert, awake and ready to learn. They, aided by the government built factories, built a merchant marine, built a navy and organized and drilled an army. By the time she had done this Russia was raving because of the Japanese invasion into Manchuria, and soon war was inevitable, and war came.

When this war came, the world was astounded to think that little Japan would dare to fight the great nation of Russia. But when Japan whipped Russia the world sat up and took notice. This event is of such recent happening that it is unnecessary to tell of it here, but it is well to speak of the significance of this great triumph for Japan. How did she do it? was the question of the world. How was such a thing possible for little, unresourceful Japan to go to war and defeat the largest and most resourceful nation on the face of the globe? But when we had faithfully looked into the question the reason was apparent. We learned that Japan had, in a few short years, possessed herself with the best arts of western civilization, and had become expert in using them. She had, in a measure, renounced her own civilization and had appropriated the arts of the civilization of the western world, a thing that no nation and no people have ever before done voluntarily. Then the question came to the world: How is it that a nation and a people as a whole can be induced to work so harmoniously in discarding their own practices that have been common to them from times traditional and take up the new arts of a civilization, new and largely unknown to the great masses of her citizenship? For an answer to this question the astounding fact came that Japan's government is the best organized and most effective government of any government in all the world. The Emperor and his advisers seek out what is the best for the nation and the people and they bring into execution

these things. The people, unlike the white races, have unlimited faith in the government, and always bow to the decrees of the government, and do it gracefully and effectually. Hence, when the wise men of this great

Island Empire decide that the newer and better arts of the western world are the things needed for the greater success of Japan as a nation the people believe in the wisdom of their leaders and rapidly fall into line.

UNCLE SAM'S "BIG STICK": WHAT IT COSTS

JOHN WOODARD

THE United States has never been a military nation like Germany. We Americans take pride in the fact that our energies are almost exclusively devoted to peaceful pursuits. We pity the English and Germans who are burdened by large armies and navies. But, while we are quietly patting ourselves on the back and congratulating ourselves that we are not like the nations across the sea, Congress is, at the same time, steadily increasing the appropriations for army and navy purposes. Other misguided patriots are urging them to go ahead. A large standing army, a bigger navy, is the cry. If this keeps up very long, we will soon be in as bad a condition as the European nations. In fact, we are not so very far behind at present.

The appropriations made by the last Congress for war preparations were enormous. Over ninety-five millions for the support of the army, over one hundred and twenty-two millions for the naval service, the Indian service received over nine millions and a slightly larger sum was given for forts and fortifications, and a little less than a million for the Military Academy. Just think of it, about two hundred and thirty-six million dollars to overawe other nations and keep them from making war on us! Rather a costly "big stick," isn't it? Besides this, we must add over one hundred and sixty millions for pensions, the interest we are paying on former wars. This raises the taxes for war purposes up to three hundred and ninety-six millions. The total appropriations of this Congress, for all purposes, amounted to a little less than six hundred and twenty-eight millions. Over sixty per cent of the expenditures were for war purposes and less than forty per cent for all other purposes, including maintenance of the government and the support of the operations of the Department of Agriculture.

How much more good this three hundred million would do if used for constructive instead of destructive work! How many schoolhouses it would build, how many colleges and universities! If it were used to reclaim desert and swamp land, it would result in a vast increase in the nation's wealth. There are many ways in which it could be used to make the people more intelligent and prosperous, but we prefer to spend it for

a "big stick." The big battleships which cost from five to ten million dollars a piece soon become worthless. In one or two decades they are fit only for the scrap heap. Besides this, there is the waste in taking soldiers and sailors from productive industries. They produce absolutely nothing and yet the nations must support them.

"Well, what's the difference?" some one says, "I don't have to pay the bill." Let us see. Who *does* pay the bill? It doesn't come out of direct taxes. If it did, the people would object. It comes out of the customs and excises and the manufacturer and importer pay the duties and add the amount to the price of the goods. So the man who drinks the whiskey pays the excise duty on whiskey and the one who uses imported goods pays the tariff on the goods. So, after all, the people pay the tax just the same as they would if it were a direct tax. But the most of the people do not know that they are paying the tax. They don't even give it a thought. That is the advantage of a tariff. It is easy to collect and the people do not object. But the people pay more than the tariff. About three-fourths of the goods on which there is a tariff are produced in this country. These goods are sold at just as high a price as the imported goods. So we pay a tariff on the domestic goods as well as on the imported. The government gets the tariff on the imported goods, and the manufacturers get the tariff on the domestic goods. But we consume three times as much of the domestic goods as of the imported, so we pay the manufacturers three times as much tariff as we pay the government. Is that fair? Well, what are we going to do about it? How are we going to get the three hundred millions for war purposes? The people would object to a direct tax and the judges have declared an income tax unconstitutional. Suppose we throw away the "big stick" and then we will not need the tax. Can we do it? Not all at once, but we can whittle off a little at a time and, perhaps, finally whittle it away entirely. To do this, we must conduct a campaign of education. We must teach people that war is unnecessary and show them that the United States can get along without fighting.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXIV.

WE sailed through the long Suez Canal, then across the Red Sea where the waters once parted for the oncoming hosts of the Israelites, only to come together again in time to drown all of the pursuing enemy.

In the Indian Ocean I saw more flying fish than I ever dreamed were in all of the sea. They were flying all around our boat, some of them flying across the prow of the vessel, and so skillful were many of them, and so like birds, that they flew a half mile before dropping into the water. Though they were many, my eyes never tired at seeing them, so strange are they,—fish with wings, and birds that swim through the ocean and live there, the two so strangely united in the one as to make a most interesting and fascinating study of animal science.

One day a Chinaman came up from the big refrigerator of the boat,—for Chinamen were employed on the vessel,—and asked me to

follow him. I followed him, not because he asked me to do so, but because I believed that he had something that I wanted. Away down at the very bottom of the boat, five or six stories down, we entered a huge cellar-like room with high ceiling, as cold as ice. It was the ship's refrigerator. In here the Chinaman had been preparing several huge freezers for ice cream and sherbet, and when these were ready to churn, we brought them outside, closed the thick doors to keep

the cold air in and the warm air out, and sat down to our tasks in an alleyway near by.

From the very first I understood that I was to receive no pay in cash for my work, and so whenever I looked at the cream to see if it had been frozen into good ice cream, I had to taste it, of course, to see if it was all right. When it was ready, we took the insides out and whatever ices and ice cream adhered to these went to me, besides some additional dishes of the real stuff from the inside. When I came up on deck again I had eaten fully a quart of delicious ice cream and I

felt like a refrigerator myself.

The climate is very hot, but I am in the most fascinating place of my tour. It is more like paradise than anything I had conceived before of that place. I do not much blame the American tourist here who recently went insane in this country and thought he was Adam in the Garden of Eden and that his wife was Eve. A man could remain normally minded and still



The Grave Is Being Digged While the Mourners Wait. The Queer Hearse Sits at the End of the Line.

believe that here at last was Eden. The gorgeous palms, rising everywhere, of all kinds and shapes and sizes, some of them thick and short, some of them slender and long, and all of them tinged with the most delicate of pretty greens, with the bower-like homes, the big lawns filled with strange looking and scented plants and flowers, make the eyes bright with admiration for creation. The very streets on which I rode my wheel were artistically tinted in a quiet but de-

lightful red, for the clay has something in it to give it the color that every artist admires.

It was my first glimpse of Hindoo-land, although Ceylon is only a little island lying near the mainland of India. Countless throngs were coming and going on the streets. There were no sidewalks about town but everybody took to the streets. And they moved so rapidly, so unlike London. So different from Rome, where the people stop and stand and look and wonder where they will go next. Life, life, life, life everywhere, and moving incessantly and brightly, for every man had either a red or a blue parasol, or wore brightly-colored pieces of cloth, or none at all.

Each country has its peculiar thrill for the tourist in strange sights and sounds. This is the climax thus far. I am in a wonderful country where nobody knows me and where not the slightest thing I see around me is like anything I ever saw before.

Big bare-legged men, with only a breechcloth, run wildly about pulling behind them two-wheeled buggies they call rickshaws in which one or more people ride. It is laughable to see one man pulling another about the city, for it seems as if they are only playing like children.

In the first picture above I discovered a funeral procession, headed by a band of natives, the corpse, a woman, being carried in a sitting posture on the shoulders of four young men. This woman was the wife of a man who followed, carrying his little child, behind all the others. The hearse or chariot thus containing the body of the woman was covered all over with cloth and flowers, while strings of popcorn hung from the four corners. The native band was of young men of sixteen to eighteen years of age, young men who were handsome and athletic. These danced in a circle, playing their various rude instruments of music as they did so, and singing or yelling at intervals.

I was so struck with the oddness of the procession that I followed the funeral, which was already out in the country, to the jungle graveyard.

Though I had just landed I had no great fear from

the natives, for the loveliness and softness of the scenery and atmosphere made me believe in everybody. Yet as I was the only European or one in the funeral who looked so different, the eyes of all were upon me, and I wondered whether or not outsiders were given the privilege of being present in such a scene as this. By gestures and signs, I learned that it was all right for me and that I was welcome.

The men took their turn in digging the grave to a depth of about five feet, and when I wanted to take a picture of any part of the proceedings I had but to give the slightest hint when every last one of the party would move this way or that way, at my suggestion. Think of a stranger coming over from India to America and following a procession to one of our country graveyards, and then, with all the authority of a king, and more, assuming charge of the program, and acting

as master of ceremonies, breaking in on the service, interrupting the speaker and taking a half dozen different photographs of the burial scene, and be treated as the "whole thing"! That is impossible to think of here. But it happened there. Why? That is a *heathen* country. "Their idols are silver and gold, the work of men's hands. . .

They that make them are like unto them, so is every one that trusteth



Then Two Men Took Up the Body and Carefully Laid It into the Grave Wrapped in Much Cloth. There Was No "Rough Box" or Coffin. The Husband, with Long Hair and Breechcloth, Stands Stooping Near the Grave, While a Third Native in the Grave Is Ready to Receive the Body.

in them."

Though the boat I came in on was still unloading its passengers, I was able to take my cue from this country scene, to which place my good wheel had so easily brought me over the perfect roads, that my relation with the natives here and in India would be about the same everywhere as it had been here.

They called me "master," and so I was. I was master, because for hundreds of years my ancestors had been following the Master of life, or if not following him, had been hanging on to the gospel chariot drawn by others, and so while not noble enough to admit it, were basking in the sunshine of a Christian civilization that these wretched natives knew little or nothing of.

After the grave was digged a fire was made by the grave and some incense and fruits burned. Then the house in which the corpse was borne was carried, empty, to the grave, and with one man at each end of the grave holding the house or box, it was swung back and forth over the grave, a number of times, then tossed to the opposite side from which it had been brought up. I was standing so close to the grave, looking in and at the men who were doing this, they called out something to me which I did not understand. Then they yelled more impatiently. But I didn't know what they were saying, and so rather than do the wrong thing I stood still. They were trying to tell me to get out of the way. They wanted to throw the thing they were swinging over the grave and let it land right where I was standing. Well, they threw it, and it struck me, but it was hardly their fault, and I did not feel that it was my fault. Some of the "friends" and "mourners" smiled, but the officials looked "kinder" mad at me, and I got a little scared and moved back, then went up again when they had deposited the body in the grave. A relative of the woman then jumped into the grave and found the wrist and fingers of the woman from which he removed several rings and ornaments. A few pennies were then tossed in on the body and some candy and fruit, when the grave was filled up, much as it is in our country.

By this time some of the bolder natives came forward to me and my wheel and were inquisitive. In everything they were polite and gentle, and though many of them looked fiercely brutal and all were nearly black as negroes, I rode back to the city that afternoon wild with raptures over my sight-seeing in the land of strange idols.

At supper that evening, three waiters, old men in long white dresses, with hair done up on the top of their heads exactly like a woman, waited upon me at the table in the big dining hall of the Grand Hotel of Colombo, where I ate my first curry and rice, and wanted more, and where pepsin was served me in its pure state. The pepsin was a melon just like our muskmelon,—oblong, and eaten in the same way,—that is like ours, and most delicious. No matter how much I ate, or how indigestible, I always found that on eating a half of one of these pepsin melons immediately after my meal, my food was instantly digested. It was like chewing a thousand sticks of pepsin gum at once, only the pepsin melon was a thousand times better. These pepsin melons grow here on trees, about the size of peach trees, only the trees are more the shape of a chokecherry tree, with but little top to them.

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THERE is no time like the present for achievement.

HINTS FOR THE JOURNALIST.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

THE best size of paper for copy is about six by nine inches. Write lengthwise and be sure to indent your paragraphs.

Have your copy typewritten if possible. Otherwise write with ink in a legible hand. Illegible copy is an imposition upon the editor and a puzzle to the compositor.

Write your copy clearly. Editors dislike dim writing.

Don't be stingy with your paper. Leave a margin of about one inch at top and bottom of page, and about one-half inch at left-hand side.

Be sure to number your pages. Put the folio figure in middle at top of page.

Try to get about the same number of words on all the pages so the editor can estimate the length of your article. But what is better, count your words and put number in top, right-hand corner of the first page.

Draw a dash under the end of your article to show that there is no more to follow.

Send your sheets in flat. Folding makes them inconvenient to handle. Never roll your sheets.

If a letter to the editor is enclosed it should be on a separate sheet and very brief. Don't urge the editor to buy your article. His position depends upon the merit of the articles he prints.

If you wish your copy returned enclose stamps for postage.

If your article is to be illustrated leave a space in the manuscript and write the word "cut."

Do not use abbreviations. Spell your words out and it will save the editor the trouble of semicircling.

If you have canceled a word, or sentence, and afterwards wish to restore it, put a line of dots under it and write in the margin "stet," which means, "Let it stand."

When writing in a dialect that you wish printed as written write in margin "Follow copy."

Divide words only at end of syllables, and avoid dividing a word at the bottom of a page.

One line drawn under a word shows that it is to be set in *italics*, two lines, SMALL CAPS, and three lines, CAPS.

If you have in your copy some hard name, or unusual word, better spell it out so typesetter will not make mistake.

Never write on both sides of the sheet—not even if you have to use a new sheet for the last half dozen words.

Don't use hard and obsolete words; express your idea clearly, and stop when you are through. A clear and easy style gains success best in journalism.

Every office has rules of its own regarding punctua-

tion, italics and capitalization. The editor will change your copy according to the style of the office.

Follow these rules and you will save the editor from using so many blue pencils.



POOR PEOPLE.

J. I. MILLER.

THERE are poor people and poor people everywhere, no end to them. In thinking over this subject I have often been made to wonder how many classes of poor people there are. We will not say anything about the poor in our large cities, from the fact we have never had any experience along that line and know nothing about it. We shall speak only of the poor in the country and villages. The first class of poor that attracts our attention most is the extravagant poor. They usually have large families and about nine times out of every ten are lazy and shiftless.

I was once told that a poor man with a herd of small children told his neighbor that "his wife had never sewed on a button for him in her life," and she was a large, strong woman, too. I wonder what a man wants with that kind of a wife. If I had one like that I would be ashamed to tell it. The woman that raises a flock of children, especially girls, and is too trifling to sew on a button and patch wearing apparel and teach her children to do work of that kind, is not worthy of the name WOMAN and should never take the responsibility of motherhood on herself. When the mother of a poor family will not sew on buttons and patches but as soon as garments get torn throws them aside and goes to the store and buys new ones, there is no better way in the world to stay poor and keep the husband's "nose on the grindstone" as long as he is able to work.

Stephen H. Girard once said: "When I see a man with neatly-patched clothes and children with patches on their clothes, no matter how many, so the work is neatly executed, I know that man has an industrious wife and the children an industrious mother."

Then there are what we might call the independent poor. They raise families that are only half clad and half fed, and often when the children get large and old enough to work they want to go and work away from home as there is not enough at home to keep them busy half of the time, but oh my, how the parents, especially the father, will revolt, and won't let them go, preferring to bring them up in laziness. Supposing such a father or mother should be taken away by death and the children have to be cared for by some one else, they might see hard times before they would learn to work. But in the event the children should grow up untaught to work and must go to do for themselves, what then?

Young men who are looking for life companions,

"helpmeets," are not looking among that class of girls and they become a drug on the market, and when they do marry must take whom they can get and that is usually some lazy nobody that is rejected by the better class of girls. Then the boys from such families are refused by all the best society, and they likewise are left to the mercy of some lazy women who are their equals and they get married, rear another family just like their father's and so history repeats itself without end.

We remember once a man went fishing, made a good catch, and stopping at a poor man's house that had a large family, he offered the man some fish. The children stood expectant by, but the man declined the offer by saying he had not time to dress them. The first man went home and an hour later went to the store and found the busy man that had no time to dress a mess of fish holding down a drygoods box, and taking part in the gossip of the day, and when night came he went home to a supper which was perhaps little more than nothing. Wonder what a woman wants with a man like that. There are lots of poor people who are so on account of misfortune overtaking them over which they had no control and they are to be pitied indeed.

Roanoke, La., Aug. 15.



THE WIND MAKES THE WEATHER.

WIND is the force of atmosphere or air in motion. The force of the wind is produced by the weight of the atmosphere set in motion by solar heat. The atmosphere or air is a fluid, a little different in composition from water and much lighter in weight. As the temperature of the air lowers the weight increases. The colder the air becomes the less capable it is to contain moistures or the humidity which produces the rain. A rising temperature increases the capacity of the atmosphere, by expansion, to take up moisture and to retain it. This warm and vapor-laden air only gives up its burden of moisture when coming in contact with the colder air, high above the earth or with wind currents, coming from an opposite direction.

It must be remembered that in our latitude or in the north temperate zone the warm and hot winds come from a southerly direction and the cool or cold winds come from a northerly source. We stated in the title of this article that the "wind makes the weather," which means the changeable and shifting currents of wind which move on the surface of the earth. These shifting winds often carry light fog clouds which move with and are carried by them. Above this disturbing and variable air motion on the earth's surface is another wind current which invariably moves from a westerly and in an easterly direction. Upon this upper current are carried the rain and storm clouds which necessarily come from a westerly direction, also. All rain

clouds move in an easterly direction, regardless of the direction the wind may blow, on the earth's surface.

The great oceans and seas which lie along the equator furnish the water and moisture which are poured out over the great continents spread alongside to make them productive and habitable. Under the force of the solar heat in those tropical countries, evaporation goes on rapidly and while those great reservoirs of water are giving up their contents they are replenished by the innumerable rivers which return the surplus, after the forests and fields of the earth have been watered.

It is now evident from what has been stated, that only a southerly wind is capable of producing conditions favorable to rain. A south wind is warm and is then able to take up and retain the moisture and it comes from a country where evaporation is rapid.

Southeast and southwest winds, we include in the term southerly. A southeast wind is the most certain to bring rain. In fact it never fails if it blows for twenty-four hours continuously at a speed of at least twenty miles an hour. A south wind is certain to bring storm but requires a little longer time and more force of current to insure conditions favorable to precipitation. A southwest wind usually produces precipitation, if it prevails for two or three days with considerable force, say from twenty to thirty miles per hour.

A northeast wind is the driest wind that blows and is noticeable owing to its prevalence or continuance for many days in succession. It must not be forgotten however that continued and soaking rains sometimes occur in a northeast wind. These rains seldom prevail beyond twenty-four hours and stop much sooner if the cooling reaches the minimum temperature, or a point at which the warmth begins to rise.

Currents of air moving in a southerly direction always cause expansion and an increased capacity for retaining the little humidity left, while southerly winds moving in a northerly direction naturally meet the cooling conditions which cause precipitation from an over-charged atmosphere.

Many people carry umbrellas because the sky is obscured by clouds, while a clear sky and a south wind are often surer signs of rain, than is dark, gloomy weather. Much is gained by observing meteorological conditions made manifest in the direction and force of the wind, in the temperature, the appearance of the sky and other manifestations, not easily explained. With a high southerly wind and temperature and a clear sky, the foliage of trees and other vegetation loses moisture rapidly by evaporation and wilt or droop, though many trees owing to loss of sap, show the under side of the leaves which rise by force of the wind and which gives the foliage a white appearance. These indications with others are a pretty sure sign of a storm. Aquatic fowls will mimic in playful mood on dry land all actions per-

formed in water; and domestic animals will manifest the same joyful pleasure, breathing the humid atmosphere of the approaching storm.

The Weather Bureau officials do not base their predictions of climatic changes upon conclusions derived from a study of the natural laws governing the weather problem. The Signal Service at Washington only hoists its flag of warning of the approach of something which has already taken place a long way off. The moving atmospheric conditions of high or low barometric pressure, temperature and force of the wind are announced to the central office by telegraph. The movement of these conditions is always from a westerly direction and if the forces are positive in high winds the government authorities predict with approximate correctness. If the winds are passive or moderate in force, predictions made by the Weather Bureau often go wide of the mark.

In fact, predictions based on observation of local atmospheric conditions if carefully studied, are a much safer problem upon which to base a conjecture, than to say that a storm located one or two thousand miles distant will arrive at a given point within a stated time. Much depends upon the force of the southerly wind which precedes to produce the storm and if high, reaction takes place with similar force from a westerly direction, in wind and heavy rainfall. If the wind is light and variable, precipitation also will be light and uncertain.

Light winds are generally local and variable. The high winds are the prevailing winds and move in the same direction over a large extent of country and are favorable to stormy weather.—*Milton George, in Glenwood Boy.*

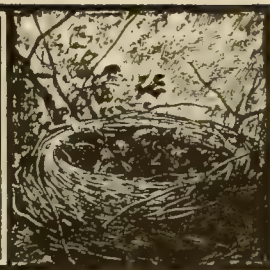


WHAT IS A KNOT?

IN referring to the speed of vessels, we speak of the number of knots traveled. A knot is a measure of speed, not of distance, and the term comes from the old method of finding the speed of a vessel by means of a three-cornered piece of wood with a weight attached to one side to hold it upright in the water. To each corner was fastened a cord and to the junction of these cords was attached the log line. This log and line with a small sandglass completed the apparatus for reckoning a vessel's speed. The log, when dropped into the water, remained where it fell. The log line was divided off by knots, the distance between the knots being the same fractional part of a nautical mile as the time measured by the sandglass was of an hour. Therefore the number of knots which ran out in the time measured by the sandglass represented the number of nautical miles an hour that the vessel was running. For example, if six knots ran out during the time, the vessel's speed was said to be six knots.—*Scientific American.*



NATURE STUDIES



HOW THE WOODPECKER KNOWS.

"How does he know where to dig his hole,
The woodpecker there, on the elm tree bole?
How does he know what kind of a limb
To use for a drum, or to burrow in?
How does he find where the young grubs grow?—
I'd like to know."

The woodpecker flew to a maple limb,
And drummed a tattoo that was fun for him,
"No breakfast here! It's too hard for that,"
He said, as down on his tail he sat,
"Just listen to this: rrrr rat-tat-tat."

Away to the pear tree, out of sight,
With a cheery call and a jumping flight!
He hopped around till he found a stub.
"Ah, here's the place to look for a grub!
'Tis moist and dead—rrrr rub-dub-dub."

To a branch of the apple tree Downy hied,
And hung by his toes on the under side.
"Twill be sunny here in this hollow trunk;
It's dry and soft, with a heart of punk.
Just the place for a nest!—rrrr runk-tunk-tunk."

"I see," said the boy, "just a tap or two,
Then listen, as any bright boy might do.
You can tell ripe melons and garden stuff
In the very same way—it's easy enough."

—Youth's Companion.



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter V.—Propagation of Plants and Farm Crops.

WHEN the farmer has a plant he looks upon with favor he wishes to propagate it. There are two ways by which he can do this: by small pieces cut from the parent plant, and by seeds.

Many plants, as for example the grape and those cultivated for the flowers only, as the geranium, are easily grown from cuttings. Care should be taken in the selection of the cuttings or slips, as a good plant cannot be grown from a weak bud.

The part of the plant used varies—in some cases portions of the leaf being used. As the part of the plant, size of cutting, and depth of planting depend on the plant used you will be more apt to succeed if you consult some one acquainted with the particular one you wish to propagate.

Another method is known as layering. A bough is bent down and covered with earth. When the buried

bud develops roots the stem is cut. The blackberry and gooseberry often form layers naturally and the strawberry develops runners which root themselves.

Some do not develop roots readily and such are propagated by grafting or budding; articles on these subjects having been published in previous issues of the INGLENOOK.

The Irish potato is an underground stem and the usual way of reproducing them is really a kind of cutting. The eye is the bud from which we develop the new plant. As it will be like the parent, seedmen select their seed potatoes in the field. It is not enough to know that the potato used is large, for it may have been the only one in the hill. It is equally as important, if not more so, that the hill from which it is taken be a prolific one. Small potatoes are often undeveloped and yet make a fine crop, while large ones may produce only a few large ones.

In some plants, however, you may see a bud that differs from all the others. If the branch growing from it is superior to the others do not let it be lost, as you may get a valuable new plant. For instance, if you see a branch of a grapevine that has finer fruit than the remainder of the vine, make a cutting from it. Should a branch of that be superior, repeat the process, and so on till you have secured a vine that is better than the original. This is one method by which we get new varieties.

Some plants do not "come true to seed." The seeds from such are sometimes planted and among the many plants sometimes one will be valuable, while all the others, perhaps thousands, will resemble their wild ancestors. The unusual products of bud variation are called sports, and the same term is sometimes applied to seed variants.

Other plants "come true" very accurately. Such may be improved by care. Often in a field some plants may be found that are better than the average, while some will be poorer. If all grow together till the harvest and the planter then selects his seed from the crop he will plant some of each; and as the inferior usually outnumber the better ones his crop will soon "run out."

If, on the other hand, seed from the better ones be saved and used as the foundation of a breeding plat the stock will be improved. The selection must not be

made because of superior grain only, but from the standard of the perfect plant. Repeated selection of the plants nearest the ideal will in a few generations fix the variety and it will come true.

It was by the saving of the three beardless heads in a field of bearded wheat that Abraham Fulz originated the variety now bearing his name.

Many changes have been made in the crops in their transition from a wild to a cultivated state. The number of cultivated plants is very large and is being added to from year to year by the discovery of hitherto almost unknown plants; yet the greater portion of the cultivated area of the world is occupied by only a few.

The most valuable crop and the one that occupies the greatest area is the grass crop. In this are included all grasses and clovers used for pasture or for hay. Next in order are corn, wheat, cotton, oats, potatoes, and tobacco.

To be successful with a crop the environments must be the best. Mainly, these are soil and climate. Two plants may succeed in the same climate but may require a different soil. Thus we have tobacco soils, corn soils, and so forth.

The farmer should study his farm and plant crops to suit the soil or bring the soil to a state to suit the crop he wishes to plant.

Cotton is sometimes classed as a product of the eastern continent but it was cultivated in widely-separated regions of America when this continent was discovered. It was originally a perennial tropical plant but makes its best yield in the temperate regions. It is a deep feeder, but as only the lint is sold from the land if the residue is returned to the soil it is not an exhaustive crop.

Tobacco is strictly an American crop. It is one of the most exhaustive crops known, and is influenced by its surroundings more than any other crop known.

Wheat is one of the earliest domesticated plants, and is still one of the chief crops of the temperate zone.

There are many varieties of wheat: some are bearded; some smooth; some are winter and others spring. The variety to be used depends upon the climate. In some parts of our country where the rainfall is scanty durum wheat, a new variety to this country, is being grown.

In the wheatfield is a good place to study the needs of the soil. If the stem is short, nitrogen is lacking; but on the other hand if the straw makes a rank growth and the heads are poorly filled, phosphoric acid and potash are lacking.

Corn is another American crop and disputes with cotton for the title of "king." Many of you no doubt saw the statue of King Cotton at the Louisiana Purchase Exposition. At the same place was shown the pyramid of corn grown by the farmer boys of Illinois, and which called forth comments from newspapers as

far away as Australia and New Zealand. It is at least king of cereals and is used by more human beings than any other grain except rice; also it is extending its kingdom to lands unknown. When we consider the animal life it supports we readily admit it to be the chief cereal.

Farmers' Bulletins.

- 157. Propagation of Plants.
- 110. Rice Culture.
- 82. Culture of Tobacco.
- 83. Tobacco Soils.
- 199. Corn Growing.
- 214. Beneficial Bacteria for Leguminous Crops.
- 89. Cowpeas.
- 194. Alfalfa Seed.
- 215. Alfalfa Growing.
- 289. Practices of Crop Rotation.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



THE THURINGIAN FOREST.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

OUR government could learn some valuable lessons from the Germans in the preservation of our great forests. The Germans take particular pride in their great forests, one of which I will speak of in particular. This one is called the Thuringian Forest. It is one of the most beautiful, best known, most frequently visited, and most loved of all parts of the German Empire. The range of hills is about seventy miles long and from eight to twenty-five miles wide, and is almost entirely covered with forests of pine, birch, spruce, fir, beech, etc. This mountain range incloses many romantic valleys and glens. Villages and little cities nestle in the valleys, beautiful streams wind their way around the hills, and begin their journey to the sea; and in the midst of these forests are found some of the most charming watering places in all Europe.

The German teachers take the children for trips through this beautiful forest and teach them many valuable lessons fresh from nature. The country is also rich in historic interest and many intensely interesting lessons in history are taught as the teacher points out in the distance the ruins of some old castle, and tells the story of some illustrious landgrave or margrave of the twelfth or thirteenth century.

The government carefully preserves these forests, cuts roads and footpaths through them, and intelligently protects the wild game and fish. Foresters, educated at the school of Forestry in Eisenach, are placed in charge of this great tract to enforce the law, remove the dead trees and underbrush, and plant new trees, study the insect life to prevent destruction, and act as gamekeepers and guardians of these beneficent gifts of Nature. It is one of the most beautiful and

well-kept forests in the world. Besides the government care, there is a great association of citizens whose members are found in every city and village whose duty it is to assist in providing means for the protection and preservation of the beautiful land which God has given to them, and also to exercise an oversight of those who have charge of this noble forest.

May the time soon come when we as Americans shall respond to the voice of Nature and protect more of our great, beautiful forests, that our glorious land may remain beautiful as it was when God gave it.

Shippensburg, Pa.



HOW SPIDERS CLEAN HOUSE.

LIKE all careful housekeepers, Mrs. Spider has her cleaning days, but, unlike other careful housekeepers, she wears her fine clothes when she works.

Maybe you have seen her all rigged out in her yellow and black velvet gown, sweeping and dusting her web, but just remember she is not as extravagant as she seems. Clothes never bother her. She doesn't have to go to a dressmaker when she needs a new gown. She has only to step out of her old one, and lo! just under it is a fresh one already made and a perfect fit.

No, Mrs. Spider is not extravagant. She is very economical in fact, for, instead of throwing aside her old dresses, she rolls them into a ball and eats them.

There are no old clothes men in the spider world.

Well, to tell about Mrs. Spider's house-cleaning. She has neither brushes nor brooms nor dusters, so she begins her work by raising one of her eight claws and giving her house a shake that reaches to every corner. She is careful, however, not to injure it, but she makes the dust fly. When this is done to her satisfaction, she looks her web over, first from the top, then from the bottom, and then from both sides. If the walls sag, or are the least bit broken, she rolls them into a ball, and eats them, just as she does her old clothes. Then she replaces them by new ones.

When everything is in thorough order she sits down for a rest and to make her own toilet, and to watch for her prey.—*Selected.*



THE BUSY CHIMNEY SWALLOW.

BEFORE all parts of the country were settled the chimney swift resorted to hollow trees for rest, shelter and nesting. But now it seldom occupies any other retreat than a chimney. The sight of swifts pausing in their flight over the chimney-tops, to throw up wings, and drop into the flue with a noise like distant thunder, is a familiar one. In the autumn, when flocking preparatory to the southward migration, I have seen assemblages at dusk drop into some selected chimney in a steady stream, until thousands must have been cling-

ing inside, occupying every available inch of brick surface. Even to this day they are known to occasionally revert to their ancient custom and use some large hollow tree for a roost. Such roosts are said to have been seen very recently.

They return to us about the last of April, but do not lay their eggs, ordinarily, until July. During June they may be seen darting over the tops of dead trees, pausing hardly an instant in their flight as they wrench off the twig, which is carried down the chimney and stuck to the brick wall with a gummy saliva the female swift exudes until the curious basket-like structure has been completed, and then four or five elongated pure white eggs are laid. The brood, and the old birds in feeding them, make considerable disturbance, but they make amends by killing off the mosquitoes and the flies.—*Outing Magazine.*



LARGEST OLIVE RANCH IN THE WORLD.

VERY few eastern people, comparatively, know that the largest olive ranch in the world is located within 25 miles of Los Angeles, Cal.

This wonderful orchard, situated at Sylmar, is ten times larger than the biggest olive ranch in Spain. There are over 120,000 olive-bearing trees, and they average 50 pounds of olives to the tree. The Sylmar ranch consists of 12,000 acres, and each acre contains 110 trees, which produce 2,000 gallons of olives each season. This quantity of fruit makes 250 gallons of pure olive oil—valued at \$2 per gallon—thus equaling \$500 per acre profit.

The olive wood is highly prized by cabinet makers, as it is very hard and takes a high polish. The Italians consider an olive orchard as a perpetual source of wealth, as the older it grows the more valuable it becomes. The trees are supposed to live about 4,000 years, under favorable conditions. There are some olive trees now on the Mount of Olives, in Palestine, which are computed to be not less than 3,000 years old.

The olive industry has been growing steadily in California since its first introduction by the early Spanish mission fathers; and the olive culture in that State can never be overdone, since the olive can be produced on the American continent with any degree of success only in central and southern California, New Mexico, and Arizona.—*Scientific American.*



THE largest known species of orchids grows in Ceylon. The leaves measure up to ten feet in length, and a single plant will have as many as 3,000 blossoms in one year.



NATURE is busy mixing her colors for the richest paintings of the season. The "laying in" process is already under way and soon we shall see the pictures in perfection.

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"WHERE there's a will there's a way," as a rule, and the way always harmonizes with the will. If in the former one seeks happiness and satisfaction the latter must be of the kind that makes for only such results.

WE get the greatest enjoyment out of those things that are honestly paid for and enjoyment of the highest kind out of those things paid for from our own labor. Toil has many rewards for the faithful worker and not the least of them is the joy of ownership.

IN this issue O. H. Kimmel lays the ground argument for an intelligent discussion of a problem that is just now occupying the attention of a majority of the people of our land. We all need to know all there is to be known about it, and we can best secure this knowledge through open and unprejudiced minds.

WE were mistaken in thinking that people would not be greatly interested in the discovery of the North Pole. However, much of the interest is due to the fact that the Pole has again been discovered,—this time by Commander Robert E. Peary, who has spent years in the effort, and who expresses doubt in Dr. Cook's claims. Whatever good may result from the discovery is likely to receive scant attention for some time because of the contention between the friends of the two men. Commander Peary "nailed the stars and stripes to the North Pole" April 6, 1909, nearly a year after Dr. Cook had stood on the same spot, which has been eagerly sought by civilized men for three hundred years. To come to sharp contention over the rights of discovery in the case of some portion of the earth that is inhabitable and that would add material wealth to the world, while not Christian, would seem to have

some degree of reason in it, but to contend over a portion of our planet that is as desolate and void of real value as is the North Pole region seems little short of childish. But men will go to great lengths for the sake of a name, even though that name rests on achievements that exert no influence toward a better world and better people.

DARIUS GREEN is having his innings now. Rapid progress is being made in the heavier-than-air-machines, almost every day witnessing some improvement or new accomplishment. Only a few years ago the joker found a big field and many amused listeners when he leveled his guns on the would-be "man-bird," but his mouth is shut now and he is afraid to open it, for his guns are likely to be turned against himself. And so it goes. If you just keep abreast of the crowd you are all right,—apparently harmless anyhow,—but if you get a little ahead or drop out, no matter if common sense justifies the dropping out, people will lift their eyebrows or point to their foreheads and smile. But who are the people, anyhow? Experience proves, as in the above case, that their judgment is often at fault. So let us pursue our way regardless of what "they" say.

RECOVERING FROM VACATION.

"IT requires fully two weeks for me to get down to solid work again after vacation," said a young man recently who attends one of our colleges. So far as their influence extends over one's work he does not believe that vacations are the wonderful recuperative power they are generally considered to be. More than this he does not believe they are altogether harmless in their influence upon one's regular occupation.

In both these opinions the young man voiced the belief we have held for some time and to which we have given expression at different times in these pages. We do not believe a vacation is a bad thing in every respect,—unless it is spent in a bad way,—but we do not believe its good effects have any appreciable influence over one's regular work. Let one take a vacation for the sake of visiting friends, or for the purpose of seeing certain parts of the country and he will most likely find much to pay him for the time thus spent. But if he takes two or more weeks off for the purpose of recuperating, when no disease or illness has a hold on him, and in order that he may increase his efficiency in his work, in the majority of cases he will be disappointed.

We do not wish to be understood as advocating the ceaseless grind. Far from it. Rather, we advocate a daily turning aside from one's regular occupation into other channels of thought and action especially attractive to the worker. But let us correct the expression, "ceaseless grind." It is not found in the

vocabulary of the earnest, faithful worker who finds the joy in his work that every one should find. And both figuratively and literally there can be no ceaseless grind where one provides himself with recreative work in which he can spend some time every day.

We have no thought that the preaching of this plan will have any direct, perceptible influence on even that portion of the army of vacationists that belongs to the INGLENOOK family, but if we can set our readers to thinking on the subject something worthy the effort shall be accomplished, and if along with the thinking some regular and systematic work is laid out that is calculated to divert the mind and invigorate the faculties for greater effort in one's principal calling, we shall be richly rewarded.



"THE SUMMER IS ENDED."

"WHILE the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease." This is one of the promises that has comforted men through all the years of the postdiluvian age. Resting in this promise, men have laid great plans, have perfected means, for pushing out into every line of progress, that depended wholly on the truth of the above words. And they have not been disappointed. Through all the years the great clock of the universe has counted off every change announced at the beginning of time with an accuracy which man has never been able to duplicate.

But while we can rely fully on the regular return of the seasons, there is not the least encouragement to be found for the one who delays taking advantage of each season in its turn. It is this fact that called forth the expression—a wail of remorse—which we have used for our subject. "To everything there is a season," but when the season is past the opportunity for doing that thing is gone.

Just now many of us are repeating the words of our subject with a great deal of regret. We are thinking of material things,—of the fruit or flowers that are not ours because we did not take advantage of sowing time, of various plans that need to be laid in their season if they are to bring the natural results. "The summer is ended" and our harvest is scant because we sowed sparingly. "The summer is ended" and we have failed to carry out our plans for getting out often into God's out-of-doors where are numberless opportunities for learning to know him better. "The summer is ended" and we have let slip the single opportunity for entertaining a friend who has few joys in this life.

Yes, there are many reasons for the ache in the heart that causes us to draw our breath quickly in thinking over the months that have been snatched from us forever. But many, many times sadder than any feeling these thoughts can call up is the one that

first gave voice to the words, "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved." Each year brings a return of the sowing season and in some degree we have a chance to make up for what we failed to do during a previous season. But in many things,—and these the most vital to our lasting happiness,—there is only one season in a lifetime, only one opportunity. May we recognize it and use it wisely when it comes!



THE AFTERGLOW.

How hushed the air is. All the world is still;
The winds have ceased their winging;
Faintly I hear the tinkle of a rill,
And distant cowbells ringing.

How bright the sky is! 'Tis the afterglow,
That depth of rose,
Floods all the west, and, duplicate, below,
Reddens the silvery Sandy where it flows.

The shoreward birches, mirrowed in the flood,
Are touched with tints of fire;
The leaping rapids quicken the blood
Of passionate Day's desire.

Soon to the primrose by the river's brim
The sphinx moth comes;
The veery chants her weird, mysterious hymn,
And Twilight comes.

Over the shadowed stream the bats are flying,
With eerie sweep and swoop;
The nighthawks through the mellow dusk are plying
With dive and hollow whoop.

Over the hills I hear the herd-call ringing,
"Co' Bos! Co' Bos!! Co' Bos!!!"
In fancy, see the barefoot boy a-swinging
The upland knolls across.

And soon the hollow rumble and the rattle
Of teams across the bridge;
The drumbeat of old Gus, who dreams of battle,
Like echo, from the ridge.

Come the clear, mellow hum of hive-bee, homing
Swift through the painted gloom;
And on the dew-breath of the summer gloaming,
The smell of clover bloom.

Still in the western sky the glory lingers
With softer radiance bright,
For there the Twilight, with her dusky fingers,
Still holds the torch alight.

Till paler fades the dim, fenestral glory,
Into the gloom and gray,
And Evening, crooning o'er the old, old story,
Sings to the sleeping Day.

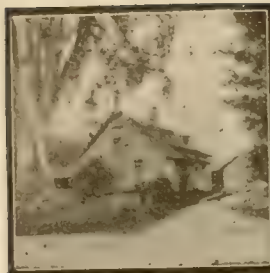
—New York Herald.



"THE way of doing a favor is half the deed. If you try to help another, adorn the deed with grace and pleasantness. Let the other see that your kindness is real, expresses your true purpose."



THE habit of viewing things cheerfully and thinking about life hopefully may be made to grow up in us like any other habit.—*Samuel Smiles.*



THE HOME WORLD



A FAMILY MISUNDERSTANDING

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

THERE is just one little thing I wanted to speak about in good time. Not that I fear that one of you will object, but then it is well to make sure. Aunt Polly intended the four-tester beadstead for me," and Mrs. Lavina Swartley delicately wiped her eyes with a black-bordered handkerchief. "You all know it used to belong to Grandfather Kepler and I have a room all ready for it."

The foregoing remark was made in the first cab following the remains of Aunt Polly Kepler to the cemetery. The mourners had been talking over the last illness of Uncle Isaac who had been buried just two years before; and of the lovable traits of Aunt Polly who had devoted herself to her numerous nieces and nephews unreservedly, never having had any children of her own. But Mrs. Lavina Swartley was not prepared for the protests which came from the other occupants of the cab. "Aunt Polly's tester bedstead? Why, I am sure she must have intended that for us," said Mrs. Emma Kline; "our Mary was named for her and she always said Mary should have something handsome for bearing her name."

There was another occupant of the carriage, an old lady who had been weeping silently during this drive to the cemetery, but she was roused at last to a knowledge of passing events. In a voice trembling with emotion she said: "I don't see what you all can be thinking about! Here am I, the only sister of Polly's; ain't it reasonable to suppose that she wanted me to have that tester bedstead?"

"Aunt Kitty, where in the world could you put that bed in your little house?" asked Mrs. Lavina Swartley, excitedly.

"Why, it'll go nicely in my south bedroom if I take all the other furniture out. I haven't got long for this world—I'll be seventy-eight on my next birthday—and I am sure Polly would want me to have the bedstead while I stay in this world;" and Aunt Kitty put her

handkerchief to her eyes, for the procession had almost reached the cemetery by this time.

"Well!" exclaimed Mrs. Lavina Swartley.

"I never expected this!" said Mrs. Emma Kline.

And then the cab stopped at the Kepler family lot, where all the family were buried, and Aunt Polly was reverently laid away to rest. The mourners returned to the carriages and started back to Aunt Polly's home.

Mrs. Lavina Swartley drew her veil closely about her, and sat in the corner of the cab as far from Mrs. Emma Kline as possible. "I am sorry that there is a difference of opinion as to the one who should have the tester bedstead. I can not easily give up my claim, I wish to warn you," said Mrs. Emma Kline.

"I have had some old fashioned wall-paper made to order for my spare room so that it would harmonize with Aunt Polly's tester bedstead," said Mrs. Lavina Swartley with great dignity.

"I wisht that I'd 'a' had Polly send the bedstead to my house before she died," said Aunt Kitty with streaming eyes.

In the carriage just behind, the conversation had been of a very different nature. The generally peaceable disposition of the Kepler family was the topic of all-absorbing interest. "They have never had a family quarrel, always come together every Thanksgiving and never have any small grievances to relate to their friends about each other; of course there will be no trouble about Aunt Polly's will,—they will agree to whatever she says," said Uncle Henry.

The carriages drew up before Aunt Polly's cottage, and the mourners went into the house. They followed the old-time custom of reading the will directly after the funeral. Accordingly all were assembled for that purpose. Aunt Polly had not a large estate, and she remembered them all even to the third generation, and there was no fault found with any of her numerous bequests,—all were satisfied with the will.

But when Aunt Kitty said, "I want the big tester bedstead, I know Polly would give it to me if she was here to say who should take it," Mrs. Lavina said with freezing dignity, "You have no greater claim on it than I have. Aunt Polly said the bed was just the thing for our spare room which we are now fitting up with colonial furniture."

Mrs. Emma Kline looked angry but said nothing and they left Aunt Polly's house without the customary goodbys. Each of the three was determined to have that bed if strategy could effect anything and all felt afraid of Mrs. Lavina, who was one of the wealthiest women of the village.

There was more quarreling over several little things; it seemed as if the spirit of dissatisfaction had come to other members of this family. Two of the nieces quarreled over the possession of a vase of wax flowers which neither really cared for. "I would put it in a closet out of sight," said one niece, "but I do not want Maria to have it, I have as good a right to it as she has."

And when all Aunt Polly's household articles had been divided among her heirs it was hard to find a more bitter family, one toward another, than the Kepler family. And there stood the large tester bedstead with its valance and high posts all alone in the house after everything else had been disposed of, like a very genius of strife and ill feeling.

But one day something happened. An old lady came into the lawyer's office and handed him a note. He read it through and then glanced at her suspiciously, and yet hopefully. "Who are you?" he asked.

"You can get any of the Keplers to identify me; they'll remember me, Lavina or Emma or Aunt Kitty, and one of them'll know me."

"Well, you call here at this office at one o'clock this afternoon. And I am very glad you have come. I see my way clear towards settling up Aunt Polly's estate at last."

At one o'clock the several heirs were assembled in the lawyer's office and the old lady walked in. As she threw back her veil, Mrs. Lavina was visibly perturbed, while Mrs. Emma exclaimed "Why, Aunt Ellan, when in the world did you get here?"

"I haven't been very far away, only in Lititz" (a small city about thirty miles distant), "but I was kind of anxious to see how you all would get the tester bedstead, for Aunt Polly had told me that some of you was a-hinting for it and as it was made by my husband she wanted me to have it back again, and here is a letter she wrote about it."

Consternation was depicted on every countenance there, when the lawyer read: "Dear Ellan:—I always wanted you to have my tester bedstead, but I see that the other nieces are casting covetous eyes upon it. I sincerely wish I had a bed apiece for them but as it is, you have the best claim on this one."

Mrs. Lavina was the first to recover from her surprise. "I am sure you are quite welcome to it, Ellan," she said, "since it does not belong to the Kepler side of the family, I do not want it, I am very glad to have found this out in time." And she sailed majestically from the room.

"Why didn't you come sooner and get the old bed?" said Mrs. Emma, spitefully.

"I've been sick," answered Ellan, briefly.

"You can finish settling up the estate now but you can't heal up the hard feelings that was made by that bedstead," said Aunt Kitty. But some way the habit of being peaceable and loving helped the Kepler family to get over their trouble far more speedily than is usually the case. And today Mrs. Lavina laughs at the remembrance of the old bedstead. "I have a far prettier one and I don't see why I ever wanted that one," she exclaimed one day to Mrs. Emma. "I am glad the thing was settled peaceably at last," answered Mrs. Emma, and she echoed the sentiments of all the Keplers.

AN EVENING LULLABY

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Round, open, violet eyes,
Filled with mute surprise,
Oft by tears impearled,
What seest thou in space;
Or is thy little world
Found in thy mother's face?

The little arms outpress,
Pleading their helplessness.
The gray-hooded years roll on
Fulfilling the mystery of life,

Then shall I lean upon,
Those arms in closing strife.

But now upon my breast
Shall be thy own warm nest,
Thou fledgeling, caught in time's mesh,
Thou flower of future to unfold,
Thou bud of Christ's sweet flesh!

Slowly the eyelids close
Like petals of a rose,
When from the mantle's fold

Eve shakes her purple dust,
And through the veiling gold
The eye of love is thrust.

See! to the lips there creeps
A smile that gently sleeps.
Thine angel bends o'er thee
In arch his plumed wings,
Guarding so tenderly,
More soft than mist he sings,
"Sleep, baby, sleep."

BETTER UNSAID.

"How tired you are, Esmerald! It even gets into your poor foot; you limp more tonight." These words, uttered "tenderly," a well-known modern writer puts into the mouth of a young wife who is essaying to soothe her husband, a physician, after his exacting day's work. It is needless to say that he is not soothed. "He rises and walks irritably through the room." One can hardly wonder, for we have here, surely, an extreme example of tactlessness.

"I always stand up for you," asseverates a school girl to another in a burst of friendliness. "I was not aware that I needed standing up for," was the cool response. The first speaker's feelings are hurt, the second speaker's "rubbed the wrong way." Where lies the trouble? Merely in the lack of tact again.

"Do you get any more work to do than you used to?" inquired an acquaintance of a young writer in the tone one uses at the bedside of a sick friend. "First let me ask you," was the quick response, "does the doctor give you any more medicine than he used to?" The acquaintance was nonplused. She could not see the point. Can you?

"How funny you look in your new hat!" "It seems to me you have to work so hard for everything you learn." "What matter if you are homely if you only do your best?" People who say such things without malice, but with a "hearty good will," have no idea that they are in the slightest degree remiss in that subtle quality—tact. Do you see it? Or are you, perchance, unfortunately like them, lacking in this essential?—*Exchange*.

**A WARBLER'S STORY.**

I AM only a wee Warbler, and my coat of feathers is gray, like the twigs and reeds I live amongst. The story I am going to tell you isn't about myself—it's about a pair of robin-chats I loved very dearly.

Oh! how happy those two were—not a care, not a sorrow. They were happy, really and truly happy, with their little cosy home and their unselfish passionate love for each other. All day long they flitted backwards and forwards, only lingering at the nest long enough to drop a fat grub into the gaping mouth of one of the little featherless babes. Everywhere that loving pair searched for grubs, worms, flies, caterpillars, beetles, and the other insects which are such a pest to our gardeners and our farmers.

My heart aches, and I grow cold and shudder when I think of it. One day when I was hunting for grubs for my own little children, three laughing, happy, thoughtless boys came along, when suddenly one said, "I say, Jack, look at that bird with a worm in its mouth." Jack looked, and next instant pulled out, from his pocket, a thing called a "sling" or "catal-pult." He quickly took aim, and next instant I heard

a gasping noise near me. I looked, and oh! horror! I saw my friend the robin-chat swaying to and fro in agony. He essayed to fly, but tumbling over, he fell to the ground, his little breast rising and falling in agonizing gasps. He called for his mate, once, twice. The brutal boy rushed forward to secure his prize, and I fled in mortal terror.

When night came and he did not return, his mate grew very restless. She called loud and long, but no answering call came. Tired and exhausted she crouched over her babies—poor little orphans. At dawn I could hear her piteous, plaintive cries all over the park, calling and seeking, but alas! in vain, for her loving mate had been wantonly and cruelly murdered, and his wings and his tail were being preserved to adorn the hat of the slayer's sister.

Hard and desperately did that mother robin-chat work to provide enough food for her hungry children, but the task was too great, besides her heart was slowly and surely breaking—she was pining for her mate whom she loved dearer than life. On the third evening after the tragedy I knew the end was approaching for her eyes were dim, her feathers ruffled, and her wings drooped. She sat on the nest beside her children and feebly chirped, in a heart-breaking way, whilst the youngsters craned their long slender necks up to her, and gaped for food.

During the night I heard her calling, calling, piteously and long for her mate. The calls died away into a murmur; then I heard a flutter, the rustling of leaves, and the thud of something falling on the ground. Next morning I saw her dead body lying on the earth, cold and stiff.

All that day the orphan children chirped and chirped—but alas! they called in vain for both mother and father were dead. Their cries grew feebler. Whenever there was a rustle in the leaves they eagerly craned their necks and gaped their jaws to receive the accustomed morsel. Slowly but surely starvation gripped them, and they died one by one, until all had perished miserably—of starvation, brought about by the hand of a wanton, thoughtless boy.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

**SELECTED RECIPES AND HELPS.**

ROCKS.—This is a cooky which calls for one and a half cups of seeded raisins, one and a half cups of sugar, one scant cup of butter, three eggs, a pinch of salt, one pound English walnuts (one pound in the shells); remove shells and break kernels into small pieces, one teaspoonful of soda dissolved in the least bit of boiling water and three cups of sifted flour. The dough should be stiff and difficult to beat, and when dropped from a spoon each cake should stand firm and not flatten out in the pan. Grease the pans and bake in a hot oven.

WHEN salt corrodes the tops of salt shakers, wash the parts and rub briskly with precipitated whiting. This is whiting over which water is poured and the settled chalk when dried is used as a polish which does the work nicely and will not scratch the silver.

WHEN the corners of rugs insist on curling upward, the next wash day take some thick flour starch, mix with it a good quantity of gelatine and apply this to the back of the rug and work the mixture into the backing. When partially dry, cover with a cloth and press with a hot iron. It will make the corners firm and, what is more, they will remain so.

THERE is more speedy relief from hot wet cloths than the dry heat from a hot water bottle, but it is a tedious task to keep cloths hot. If you wring a soft cloth out of warm water and place it over a hot water bag filled with hot water, it will cause a steaming cloth which gives almost instant relief to severe attacks of earache, toothache or neuralgia. It is quite an improvement over the dry heat.

GREEN CORN OMLET.—Cut and scrape the corn from four large ears of green sweet corn, mix with four well-beaten eggs, two tablespoonfuls of cream and salt and pepper. Put a tablespoonful of butter into a frying pan and heat, then pour in the mixture; shake and tip the pan till it is evenly cooked, then roll and serve at once on a hot platter.

FOR re-silvering mirrors, pour upon a sheet of tin-foil three drams of quicksilver, allowing this quantity to a square foot of the foil. Rub with a piece of buckskin (or chamois skin) until the foil becomes brilliant. Place the glass to be renovated upon a table face downward, lay the foil on the damaged part of the glass, place a sheet of paper over the foil, put on it a block of wood having a flat surface, and lay a weight on it to press it down tightly. Let it remain in this position a few hours, and the foil will adhere to the glass."

The Children's Corner

AN ORIGINAL FABLE.

As life wears on, one often fails to see the benefits which are the outcome of present drudgery. This fable shows that labor, though sometimes weary and monotonous, has its ultimate reward.

"Put the young horse in plough," said the farmer; and very much pleased he was to be in a team with Dobbin and the gray mare. It was a long field, and gaily he walked across it, his nose upon Dobbin's haunches, having hard work to keep at so slow a pace.

"Where are we going now?" he said, when he got to the top. "This is very pleasant."

"Back again," said Dobbin.

"What for?" said the young horse, rather surprised; but Dobbin had gone to sleep, for he could plough as well asleep as awake.

"What are we going back for?" he asked, turning round to the old gray mare.

"Keep on," said the gray mare, "or we shall never get to the bottom, and you'll have the whip at your heels."

"Very odd indeed," said the young horse, who thought he had had enough of it, and was not sorry he was coming to the bottom of the field. Great was his astonishment when Dobbin, just opening his eyes, again turned, and proceeded at the same pace up the field again.

"How long is this going on?" asked the young horse.

Dobbin just glanced across the field as his eyes closed, and fell asleep again, as he began to calculate how long it would take to plough it.

"How long *will* this go on?" he asked turning to the gray mare.

"Keep up, I tell you," she said, "or you'll have me on your heels."

When the top came, and another turn, and the bottom, and another turn, the poor young horse was in despair; he grew quite dizzy, and was glad, like Dobbin, to shut his eyes, that he might get rid of the sight of the same ground so continually.

"Well," he said, when the gears were taken off, "if this is your ploughing, I hope I shall have no more of it." But his hopes were vain; for many days he ploughed, till he got—not reconciled to it—but tired of complaining of the weary, monotonous work.

In the hard winter, when comfortably housed in the warm stable, he cried out to Dobbin, as he was eating some delicious oats, "I say, Dobbin, this is better than ploughing; do you remember that field? I hope I shall never have anything to do with that business again. What in the world could be the use of walking up a field just for the sake of walking down again? It's enough to make one laugh to think of it."

"How do you like your oats?" said Dobbin.

"Delicious!" said the young horse.

"Then please to remember, if there were no ploughing, there would be no oats."—*Our Dumb Animals*.



THE QUIET HOUR



PRAYER.

I do not undertake to say
That literal answers 'come from heaven,
But I know this—that when I pray,
A comfort, a support is given
That helps me rise o'er earthly things
As larks soar on airy wings.

In vain the wise philosopher
Points out to me my fabric's flaws,
In vain the scientists aver
That "all things are controlled by laws."
My life has taught me day by day
That it availeth much to pray.

I do not stop to reason out
The why and how. I do not care,
Since I know this, that when I doubt,
Life seems a blackness of despair,
The world a tomb, and when I trust,
Sweet blossoms spring up in the dust.

Since I know in the darkest hour,
If I lift my soul up in prayer,
Some sympathetic loving Power
Sends hope and comfort to me there.
Since balm is sent to ease my pain,
What need to argue or explain?

Prayer has a sweet refining grace,
It educates the soul and heart.
It lends a luster to the face,
And by its elevating art
It gives the mind an inner sight
That brings it near the Infinite.

From our gross selves it helps us rise
To something which we yet may be.
And so I ask not to be wise,
If thus my faith is lost to me,
Faith that with angels' voice and touch,
Says, "Pray, for prayer availeth much."

—Selected.

PERFECT PEACE.

CLARENCE E. SCHROCK.

ONE evening at the close of a very busy day, Jesus, accompanied by his disciples, got into a boat and started across the Sea of Galilee. As they sailed out across the water, a storm gathered, the wind arose, and the waves beat high and into the boat. No wonder the disciples became frightened as the boat was rapidly filling with water. It was then they thought of Jesus being in the ship and began looking for him and found him in the stern asleep. They immediately awoke him and no doubt very quickly and anxiously said to him,

"Master, carest thou not that we perish?" And Jesus rebuked the wind and said unto the sea, "Peace, be still," and the wind ceased and there was a great calm.

Jesus then reproved the disciples for their fear and lack of faith. After all they had no cause to fear, for Jesus, who has power to calm the mightiest storm, was with them.

Even so with us, as we sail o'er life's rough sea, if we take Jesus with us we have nothing to fear. For he can calm the storms, dispel our fears and bring sweet peace into our lives. As we go on through life we meet many difficulties, trials, sorrows and things we cannot understand. The storms gather, the dark clouds conceal the brightness, the thunder roars and if we are not very careful we become afraid and disheartened.

But even in times of deepest sorrow, or greatest trials, we have a refuge, one to whom we can flee for help. O dear fellow-Christian, when your way seems darkest, the storms of life most violent, do not give up, do not become discouraged, do not lose hope and let the winds toss your hither and thither, but with a firm faith and trust, come to Jesus, tell him all your cares, for he really cares for you. He alone can understand all and fully sympathize with you. Come to him and ask him to calm the storms, and grant you peace. And he will scatter the darkness and dispel your fears and whisper quietly and tenderly those soothing words, "Peace, be still."

We cannot have perfect peace of mind and quiet calmness of soul, unless we trust wholly in Jesus. There is a deep peace that comes into our lives, if we surrender them entirely into the Master's hands, striving ever to fully do his will, obeying his commands and trusting in his promises, that cannot be obtained any other way. He alone can give perfect peace. Let us trust him fully. Let us have more faith in him. Let us consecrate our lives wholly to his service and work earnestly for him until he says, "It is enough." Then earth's struggles will be o'er and Jesus will call us home to the perfect peace of heaven.

Whitten, Iowa.

SACRIFICE for Christ is one of the strongest proofs of faith in him; and one of the most influential means of spreading his religion.—*Zion's Watchman*.

TEN WAYS OF PRAYING.

1. THE formal way—when prayer is a mere form of words, with little or no heart; or when it is simply due to the force of habit which has lost its real motive power.

2. The hurried way—hastening through it as a disagreeable and irksome duty—a duty indeed, but not a delight, and to be dismissed as quickly as may be.

3. The selfish way—when the real motive is to consume the coveted blessing upon ourselves—in some way to promote our own selfish advantage or pleasure.

4. The impulsive way—praying as the feeling prompts, and when we feel so inclined—without any definite plan of prayer in our lives, or devout habit.

5. The faithless way—with no real dependence on the promises of God, or confident expectation of receiving what we ask or seek.

6. On the contrary, there is the thoughtful way, seeking to meditate upon God and intelligently understand both the nature of prayer and the good we seek.

7. The earnest way—with the attention of the mind and the desire of the heart absorbed in asking, with a determination to persevere.

8. The trustful way—coming in the spirit of a child, first believing that God's promises justify prayer, and then that we are coming to the Father, both able and willing.

9. The consistent way—that is, living as we pray, and so walking with God as to be in the way of blessing, and by fellowship with God inviting it.

10. The spiritual way—so cultivating acquaintance with the Holy Spirit that he can and does breathe in us first the desires we breathe in prayer.

It is easy to see why we so often fail, and how we may succeed.—*Missionary Review.*



GETTING ABOVE PRIDE.

MORTAL man doesn't know exactly why he should be proud. He knows he is. There is a sense in which high regard for one's self and his work is not only permissible but necessary.—The bad element of pride is to be unduly puffed up over accomplishment or possession. One of this kind is never capable of treating other people in a civil manner. He stands on a pedestal higher than some, in imagination or in fact, and keeps an eye of contempt turned toward those he thinks beneath him. Doubtless they are far more on a higher plane than he occupies; but looking at these does not add much fuel to the fire of his pride, so he turns his head the other way.

The proud feeling is always nursed by comparison of self with somebody believed to be lower than self. The difference in possessions or in position is a pretty good index of the amount of pride in such a life. But there is such a thing as rising above pride, of getting

beyond the place of envy. The young man starting to college envies the one who is just getting through. After he has reached the freshman year, he may have a good stock of educational pride of his own when he looks down upon the preparatory student. By the time a college course has passed into history by three or four years, the graduate is no longer proud of his diploma. Of course its possession gives him a certain kind of satisfaction, but being proud of having completed a college course, using pride in the puffed up sense, is a sure evidence that the man touched his studies very lightly. He who has gone deep enough into his textbooks to ascertain what they mean, as well as what they say, is humiliated rather than proud when he looks at his accomplishments. After a man has passed the position at which pride is supposed to reach its zenith he is a man of better sense.

The Wright brothers are now under the gaze of the entire world. Those who know them best know they are entirely devoid of pride in its general meaning. In fact they are among the commonest of all in life and in conduct. This is genuine worth and real exaltation. They are beyond the place where pride takes root. Kepler, and Newton, and Edison, and Jenner, and Harvey, and Howe, and Whitney, and Morse are great men in the estimation of everybody, but they were small in their own minds. They do not need pride to pass at a self-assessed value. The proud man of today is not current in the public mind at his desired value, and consequently tries to puff himself up to meet his self-inflated worth. He should remember that all that cometh is vanity. He should see that earthly fame will disappear like a morning mist, that the gap of social distinction will soon be closed, and that a man can take no more wealth out of a world that he brought into it. Then he will have reached a place to which pride cannot come.—*Religious Telescope.*



WHY DON'T YOU GO TO CHURCH?

YOU are "too tired to go to church." That's sheer nonsense. There isn't a place on this continent so restful as the church. You are going to lie around the house all day; doze in a hammock; loll in a rocking chair; go to sleep over a book. That isn't resting; that's loafing. Tell yourself, honestly—did you ever in your life see a loafer who looked rested? Did you ever see a loafer who didn't look tired all the time? The people who try to rest are always tired. Resting is the hardest work in the world when you make work of it. Two hours in church, two hours in the quiet; the music, the sermon, the reading, the uplift which comes from the new channels into which your mind is led, will rest you more physically, morally, intellectually, than all the day spent in trying to rest. Why don't you go to church?—*Bob Burdette.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The first crop of cotton ever raised in California is now being harvested. About 1,500 acres were planted as an experiment, and so satisfactory are the results that it is predicted that cotton will become one of the staple products of the Imperial Valley.

The woman astronomer at Harvard, Mrs. Wilhelmina Patten Flemming, who is the head of the photographic department, has discovered the largest meteor ever noted by any observatory in the world. This meteor is five times larger than the largest previously photographed.

In order to compete more effectively with the gas company, which lets kitchen and other stoves, the municipal electric light plant of Aberdeen, Scotland, has laid in a stock of electric heating and cooking apparatus, which it proposes to offer for hire at proportionately low rates.

On August 12 Michael Lawless of St. Louis was stabbed in a fight and taken to the city hospital, where Dr. W. G. C. Kirchner took twelve stitches in his heart. Lawless is now able to sit up, and when an X-ray examination shows his ribs have healed up he will be dismissed. Statistics do not record a patient similarly treated who survived.

Cable messages received at New York from Paris, London and Berlin indicate that the rival claims of Cook and Peary are being made the subject of international controversy in Europe. In Germany and Denmark the feeling is entirely pro-Cook. France is remaining neutral and demanding proof from both Cook and Peary, while English scientists as a whole refuse to accept Cook's story and hail Peary as a hero. German scientists, on the other hand, are equally loud in denouncing Peary for his charges, and in declaring that Cook, as the first man to reach the pole, should receive all the honor.

Unlike conditions prevailing in the case of most catastrophes the loss of life and material damage caused by the floods in northern Mexico were greatly underestimated in the first reports. This, no doubt, is due to the isolation caused by the fury of the Santa Catarina River. Miles and miles of telegraph and telephone lines were simply wiped out and hundreds of miles of railroad track have been as completely destroyed as if they had never existed. It is improbable that the number of lives lost will ever be fixed accurately, even within a thousand. In Monterey alone between 6,000 and 7,500 people are missing, while in the villages along the banks of the Santa Catarina River the deaths are estimated at from 1,800 to 2,500. The loss of property in Monterey is not less than \$18,000,000. The damage done by the floods to the railroad will exceed \$2,750,000, and at least \$5,000,000 has been lost by the destruction of crops and the drowning of cattle.

A hearing will be held at the Department of Agriculture on Sept. 30 by the board of food and drug inspection, respecting the weight or volume of prepared packages of foods and drugs. It has been found that the weight and volume of such packages often is lower than that stated on the labels.

A gas-driven street car is now under construction in Philadelphia, which is to be tested on the line of the Metropolitan Street Railway Company of New York in competition with the electric cars of the company. It will be driven by two 4-cylinder motors, each of 24-horsepower. These will be water-cooled, and piping will be led from the motor jackets around the interior of the car to heat the latter during winter service.

The claim of the Orinoco Corporation against the Venezuelan government has been settled. Venezuela will pay the company \$385,000 in eight annual installments. The settlement was signed Sept. 9 by W. W. Russell, the American minister, who thus scored another triumph for American diplomacy. The Orinoco Corporation relinquishes all its rights under the Fitzgerald concession to Venezuela. A controversy of twenty-six years' standing is thus brought to a close.

Double the amount of corn was exported from the United States in August over that month a year ago, while less than one-half of the amount of wheat and a little more than one-half the amount of wheat flour was exported as compared with August a year ago, according to a statement of the bureau of statistics of the Department of Commerce and Labor. There was a decrease of more than \$10,000,000 in the value of exports of domestic breadstuffs, meat and dairy products, food animals, cotton and mineral oils from the United States this August over August a year ago, and a decrease of \$94,000,000 for the eight months ending Aug. 31 over the corresponding period of last year.

A bronze statue of Secretary of War William H. Seward, the "father of Alaska," who bought for a trifling sum the richest colonial possession of Russia, was unveiled Sept. 10 on the lawn in front of the Seward mansion on Seward Avenue at the Alaska Yukon Pacific Exposition. The mansion, copied after the Seward home in Auburn, N. Y., is New York's building at the fair. Secretary Seward said that a generation would pass before his purchase of Alaska was appreciated. His son, General William H. Seward of Auburn, N. Y., delivered the oration at the unveiling and his grandson was present. The statue, which is to stand permanently in the grounds of the University of Washington, was cast in Paris, and exhibited in the Paris Salon. The figure is nine feet in height and rests on a pedestal ten feet high. On the pedestal are engraved Seward's memorable words, "Let us make the treaty tonight."

The soja bean, which is such a mainstay of the Japanese and Chinese diet, it is found can be made to yield a kind of artificial vegetable milk. The process is a recent Japanese discovery. The beans are soaked, boiled soft in water, and by special treatment reduced to a liquid state closely resembling cow's milk. The new preparation is especially useful in hot countries, where it is difficult to keep cow's milk.

Marconi, the wireless telegraph inventor, is now trying to get the British government interested in a scheme which he has worked out for linking the British Empire around the world with wireless stations. His first plan is to establish 11 stations between England and Australia, the stations being placed at England, Malta, Cairo, Aden, Bombay, Colombo, Singapore, Perth, Adelaide, Sydney, and Wellington, in New Zealand.

The express companies charge such high rates for transporting and delivering documents of great value that one concern recently found it feasible to do the work itself. It had more than \$16,000,000 worth of bonds in the West to send to New York, but the rate was so high by express that it found it cheaper to charter a special train and hire two competent detectives to attend one of the managers, who promptly delivered the bonds.

Prof. Charles Richet of Paris has devised a means for purifying the air in rooms. According to press dispatches, his apparatus is an air filter which mechanically sterilizes air. Very fine drops of glycerine are scattered along the walls of a cylinder containing a suction fan. Each particle of air drawn in by the fan is freighted with glycerine, and hence tends to drop, thereby carrying with it the germs, dust, and microbes with which it may be laden.

The Swedish federation of labor has finally called off the general strike which has been causing so much trouble for several months. The strikers had declared that they would never give in, but the government had energetically protected those who wanted to work, and at length the strike leaders, who were largely anarchists and other political agitators, found themselves without either jobs or supporters and decided it was best to declare the war on industry at an end.

The postoffice department has given the contract for more than three billion new postal cards to the government printing office at Washington. This card is to be made of better, though lighter material. It will be more suited to writing, but neater, more ornamental, possess snappiness, and will cost the government less than the ones which it has had prepared heretofore. The government has to pay all transportation charges on the postal cards, and as the new ones will be a great deal lighter than the old ones, there will be a saving of about 13 per cent to the department in weight.

The new rulers in Persia are determined not to be bothered with their old enemies, and all the principal officers of the old government have been sentenced into exile; or, if they prefer, they can have their heads taken off. The deposed Shah says that rather than be sent out of his dear country he will seek the protection of religion and become a wandering dervish. He is naturally much incensed at England and Russia for setting him off his throne—but then, he should have behaved better. Ahmed Mirza, the new boy Shah, has very little actual authority, being subject to the "advice" of the council.

A human hair of average thickness can support a load of 6¼ ounces, and the average number of hairs on the head is about 30,000. A woman's long hair has a total tensile strength of more than five tons, and this strength can be increased one-third by twisting the hair. The ancients made practical use of the strength of human hair. The cords of the Roman catapults were made of the hair of slaves, and it is recorded that the free women of Carthage offered their luxuriant tresses for the same use when their city was besieged by the Romans.

Glenn H. Curtiss, the American aviator who won the international cup at Rheims, added further honors to his brilliant record by capturing the grand prize in the aviation meet at Brescia, Italy. Curtiss made his flight for the grand prize Sept. 11, covering fifty kilometers (31.05 miles), or five times around the course, in 49 minutes, 24 seconds. His share of the \$10,000 prize is \$6,000. Rougier, the French aviator, also competed for the grand prize, making a flight of fifty kilometers in 1 hour, 10 minutes, 18 seconds. He was awarded the second prize. Curtiss also won the prize for quick starting, his time being 8 1-5 seconds. Leblanc was second in this contest in 9 3-5 seconds.

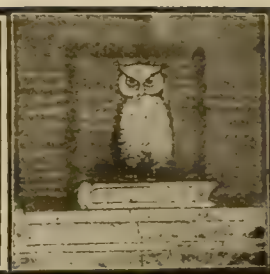
An important report has just been made by the British lunacy commission. This report is to the effect that, so far as the figures show, the ratio of insanity in the British Isles has increased 250 per cent in the last 50 years. The excessive use of strong tea, which breaks down the nervous system, is assigned as one of the main reasons for the increase. Life is becoming more strenuous at all points and the strain on people constantly becoming more severe. The use of alcoholic drinks, the commission says, accounts for one-fifth of the total number of insane. Better methods of caring for the insane and feeble-minded are suggested, including the separation of mild cases in villages or colonies of their own.

Canada claims all land directly north of the American continent as far as the pole upon which it would be possible to nail a flag. This position will be taken, it is semi-officially stated, in reply to a question asked in the British House of Commons as to the ownership of the north pole, soon after the result of Cook's and Peary's explorations became known. The question was referred to Canada for reply. Canada's answer in effect will be that all the territory between the North American boundary and the north pole must be recognized as Canada's hinterland. The islands, it is maintained, have been formally taken possession of by Captain Bernier, Canada's arctic explorer, who is now lost in the far north.

The first drawing under the new Cuban national lottery was held this week. Great excitement over the matter prevailed among the people, the tickets soon being all sold. The Latin peoples are all devoted to lotteries, having been accustomed for centuries to spend a regular part of their earnings on them. Though the Cuban government tried, at the urgent suggestion of the United States, to discourage them, it was found that many private ones were still being conducted, and the government decided that it would be better to have an established public lottery, conducted fairly by the government, than a host of these catchpenny affairs. The laws in the United States forbid the sending of lottery matter of any sort through the mails, and the Cuban and U. S. governments will work together to keep tickets of the new lottery from being sold in American territory.



Among the Magazines



FINDING THE WAY BY INSTINCT.

The explanation of the readiness with which certain animals, birds, and insects find their way home from great distances, has always bothered naturalists, and they are not yet agreed upon it. Some seem inclined to believe that only the ordinary senses are involved, though with unusual acuteness, while others postulate a special "sense of direction," whose mechanism they can not very well explain. A writer in *Cosmos* (Paris, July 24) quotes some recent observations in the Sahara to show that man may possess a similar faculty. He says:

"It is well known that from distances of $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles, the bee will return directly to its hive. Mr. Gaston Bonnier has recently shown that this remarkable sense of direction depends neither on the sight nor on the smell of the bee.

"This sense has also, in certain cases, existed in man. In support of this affirmation, Mr. V. Cornetz describes, in the *Revue des Idées*, some observations made on a Saharan chasseur of the tribe of the Adaras.

"The faculty of orientation of the chasseur was exercised very surely, but only when he was required to indicate, at great distances, the direction of places where he had often gone, and particularly that of his home, Ghelitia, even when he was in the open Tunisian areg (region of great dunes) in the midst of a group of dunes, without possible sight of landmarks. The error in the indicated direction seldom exceeded 5 to 6 degrees; if the party returned directly to Ghelitia, the chasseur always kept his direction remarkably well; Mr. Cornetz says that he could not have done better himself aided by compass and chart. Like the homing bee, the Adari chasseur had the sense of orientation that enabled him to return home. In other respects this semi-nomad, who possessed in a very high degree an instinct so useful in the desert, was of infantile intelligence, and was regarded in his tribe as mentally inferior.

"Other Saharans and shepherds possess to a variable degree the same faculties of instinctive orientation. It is not so with merchants and horsemen of the oases, who only traverse the desert in caravans. In the evening the Saharans say these: 'You beldi (city-dwellers) there; if you leave the camp, don't lose sight of the fire, if you do, we shall have to look for you!' A current bit of pleasantry is to lead a beldi out of sight of the camp-fire and let him wander about in the night; it is an extraordinary chance if he finds the fire alone. A French beldi, or rather a good peasant, an orderly in an African regiment, who had strayed away in broad daylight, walked here and there, and became so confused that he was found seated on the ground, in despair, only about 400 yards away from the morning's halting-place.

"In the case of the Saharan, it can not be pretended that he is guided by sight or hearing. In the sandy plain... the horizon is often not more than a hundred feet away, be-

cause of the thousands of little sand-heaps about four feet high, formed by accumulation against tufts of grass.

"Mr. Cornetz made the following experiment: He left the bivouac in the company of a Saharan after the halt. The camels remained in camp. After proceeding about an hour, going to and fro and making many turns, he asked his companion to return. The man did so at once without hesitation. There could be no question of seeing or hearing at $1\frac{1}{2}$ to 2 miles' distance. The Saharan did not look at the stars. Whenever asked, he said: 'The camp is over there,' and one could get nothing else out of him.

"A trial made with a chambi, a Saharan Algerian who was traversing this plain for the first time, gave the same result."—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.



TAKING TIME BY THE FORELOCK.

Proverbs in our day are generally despised, or at best received with non-committal toleration. To use one of these very proverbs, the lessons which are embodied in these homely old sayings "go in at one ear and out at the other." But nevertheless about all the wisdom of the world is boiled down in just such condensed popular saws, and no doubt we would live better lives if we paid more attention to this "tabloid philosophy," as the modern phrase would term it.

"A stitch in time saves nine." Why, in this plain Anglo-Saxon statement of six words is epitomized a whole system of economics, whether applied to personal or family conditions or to the finances of a big corporation or a nation. Sociologists, political economists, and a whole host of other "ists" are racking their poor brains to find out what's the matter with us in this country, but if we may be allowed modestly to tender our diagnosis of the case we will submit that a very large share of the trouble is due to ignorance and neglect of this simple wisdom, that "a stitch in time saves nine." We have a country which is a veritable horn of plenty in the matter of resources; wages here are the highest in the world, luxuries are so common and cheap that our workmen can and do live better than kings lived a few generations ago. Yet everyone complains that he can't live on his income, there is little contentment, and in the midst of plenty we are as a whole a discontented and misanthropic people.

Of course, it's no one single thing that's the matter with us, and it's no one single remedy that will set us right. But there is no doubt that we need to get down closer to first principles. We want more of the stitch-in-time principle applied at every point. Many men will not wear a darned sock (and we mean it in no profane sense); as soon as a hole appears they buy new. If this way of doing things was confined to socks it wouldn't matter much, but it dominates the whole scheme of living—and what wonder that so many find it hard to make ends meet.

The temptation is to let little holes and leaks go. There is a bad shingle on your roof; by sticking a piece

of tin under it you head off trouble at once, whereas by letting it go the trouble increases, the leak becomes serious, and the neglect may mean a ceiling replastered. Going back to the darning and mending question, if people would take pains to repair the little gaps when they were little, there would seldom be any big ones to contend with. The home owner who neglects to paint his house when it needs it, on the ground that he can't afford the expense, is paying nine prices where he needed to pay but one; the fact is he can't afford not to paint the house, for it's the neglect that costs.

The same idea fits in everywhere. The gardener who swears an eternal vendetta against weeds and will not let one show its head in his patch avoids the bulk of the drudgery of gardening. The orchardist who sprays his trees before the pests get a foothold discounts his troubles for cash by about a thousand per cent. The house-mother who brings business methods to bear on domestic problems and is forehanded instead of always behind finds legitimate satisfaction instead of hopeless despair in housework. The parents who see that their boys and girls are started right and that they have no chance to get started wrong are rewarded for their early efforts by children who prove a blessing instead of a curse to them.

Where is there a condition to which this philosophy of the stitch in time will not bring help and solace? We want more sock-ology and less sociology applied to our everyday problems.—The Pathfinder.



WHAT A REAL FARMER CAN DO.

A northern man who has traveled through the eastern central part of South Carolina will not be surprised at a description of one of the ancient farms of that district as it is first given in a bulletin of the Agricultural Department at Washington. He can see the poor corn that yields from five to eight bushels to the acre, the inferior cotton, the gullies and swamp holes, the brush, the tumble-down tenements, the border of pine woods. There are many such farms in the older cultivated regions of the South, and they have a most depressing effect upon the beholder.

But note the change that has been wrought in this very piece of land. After nearly eighty years of continuous cultivation of a sort which closed with the operations of divers thriftless tenants a real farmer appeared upon the scene. He had ideas, practical knowledge of his business, energy, a decent pride in appearances, the determination to succeed and to live well amid pleasant surroundings. The reforms he introduced were the rotation of crops, deep plowing, proper drainage, fertilization, the planting of cotton and grain on the parcels of land that were best suited to them. It would be useless to go into particulars that would have little significance except for other practical farmers. We emphasize only the two important factors of intelligence and industry, and turn to the results.

The total cost of production in 1908 on sixty-six acres of arable land was \$2,855.04. That looks like a large sum of money to add to the capital account after several years of hard work on improvements, but the total receipts were \$6,557.75 and the net value of the crops produced was \$3,702.71, while the net proceeds from the farm came to \$3,862.71. Speaking of the independence of the farmer, of which we hear so much, this shows that our real farmer has secured the real thing. But we have no doubt that in his neighborhood there are still many farms which bear a striking resemblance to his farm in its old state of gen-

eral dilapidation, and there are others in divers parts of the country.

The city man who is thinking of returning to the soil should give due attention to the lesson. He may succeed with cotton, corn, wheat or oranges if he has the qualities of the real farmer. He may pay a very high price for a profitless experience if, after he returns, he is not alert and industrious, intensely interested in and wholly devoted to the new work.—Chicago Record-Herald.



PRODUCING POSSIBILITIES OF OUR FARM LANDS.

From the standpoint of the most reliable and recent investigations and information, our land, handled in accordance with certain natural laws that determine its proper utilization, will not only furnish food and clothing for an immensely greater population for ages, but will supply fuel and light and power when coal and petroleum shall have been exhausted. But we must look to better methods of soil usage, for the alternative of bringing under cultivation unused and abandoned lands and lands reclaimable from arid or swampy conditions, although adding a vast total to our cultivable fields, will not always suffice to meet the growing demand. Already many sections of congested population are calling upon outside sources for food and many of the large cities at times actually suffer from vegetable famine. Such shortages are due to more or less local and abnormal conditions, but might become general and permanent unless wise foresight should make provision for the feeding of our rapidly increasing population.

The producing possibility of our cultivable lands becomes almost inconceivable to the mind when we consider that only a small proportion of the land nominally in farms is actually under cultivation and that our acreage yields are ridiculously low in comparison with those of highly developed agricultural countries like Germany, France, and England, notwithstanding that our soils are naturally as productive.

At the average rate of twenty bushels of wheat per acre (which is much less than the average yield of either Germany or England), the State of Illinois, with a few Indiana counties thrown in for good measure, cultivated exclusively to wheat would produce annually more of this product than does the entire country. If Ohio and Iowa's 76,784 square miles of improved land (Census, 1900), with a 17,658-square-mile-strip of Kansas, should be planted in corn, there would be harvested, with an acreage yield of fifty bushels, 3,022,144,000 bushels, an amount practically equal to the total 1906 corn crop of the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

With the 10,615,644 acres of Georgia's improved land producing a bale of cotton per acre, the yield would amount to nearly as much as the total annual cotton crop of the country; and yet a large part of the 15,776,413 acres of so-called "unimproved farm land" in Georgia can be made to produce as well as the best land in the State, with still a balance of 11,191,943 acres of unclassified land, of which a portion only is irreclaimable to agriculture.—From "Making Better Use of Our Soils," by Hugh Hammond Bennett, in the American Review of Reviews for September.



What He Said.

"Botsford never has much to say."

"Why, I thought he talked a great deal?"

"I said he never has much to say."

BIG ANCIENT ARMIES.

THERE is doubtless a very general impression that in the matter of big armies Russia, Germany, Austria, France, and England have under their colors the biggest bodies of fighting men that the world has ever known. This is a mistake, as may be readily seen when a comparison of the strength of ancient and modern armies is made.

The standing army of the Russian Empire in time of peace consists of 1,036,000 men, while its war strength is 76,564 officers and 4,627,000 men.

While the war strength of Germany is estimated at 70,015 officers and 5,334,094 men, it maintains a standing army of only 594,088 officers and men.

France, with a war strength of 4,695,760 officers and men, maintains a peace army of 613,117 officers and men.

The armies of other nations in time of peace are as follows: Japan, 348,300; Austro-Hungary, 303,660; Great Britain, 270,128; Italy 260,454; Turkey, 217,960.

In the United States the enlisted strength of the regular army is limited by law to 100,000, but this at the present time amounts to only 60,380, to which is to be added a provisional force of about 5,116 officers and men in the Philippines and Porto Rico. Besides these, however, we have an organized militia of 117,144.

So much for the armed strength of modern nations. Now let us compare with these some of the armies of antiquity.

The city of Thebes had a hundred gates, and could send out at each gate 10,000 fighting men and 200 chariots—in all, 1,000,000 men and 2,000 chariots.

The army of Terah, King of Ethiopia, consisted of 1,000,000 men and 300 chariots of war.

Sesostris, King of Egypt, led against his enemies 600,000 men, 24,000 cavalry, and 27 scythe-armed chariots. 1491 B. C.

Hamilcar went from Carthage and landed near Palermo. He had a fleet of 2,000 ships and 3,000 small vessels, and a land force of 300,000 men. At the battle in which he was defeated 150,000 were slain.

A Roman fleet led by Regulus against Carthage consisted of 330 vessels with 140,000 men. The Carthaginian fleet numbered 350 vessels, with 150,000 men.

At the battle of Cannæ there were of the Romans, including allies, 80,000 foot and 6,000 horse; of the Carthaginians, 40,000 foot and 10,000 horse. Of these 70,000 were slain in all and 10,000 taken prisoners—more than half slain.

Hannibal, during his campaign in Italy and Spain, plundered 400 towns and destroyed 300,000 men.

Ninus, the Assyrian King, about 2200 B. C., led against the Bactrians his army consisting of 1,700,000 foot soldiers, 200,000 horse, and 16,000 chariots armed with scythes.

Italy, a little before Hannibal's time, was able to send into the field nearly 1,000,000 men.

A short time after the taking of Babylon the forces of Cyrus consisted of 600,000 foot, 120,000 horse, and 2,000 chariots armed with scythes.

An army of Cambyses, 50,000 strong, was buried in the desert sands of Africa by a south wind.

When Xerxes arrived at Thermopylæ, his land and sea forces amounted to 2,641,610, exclusive of servants, eunuchs, women, sutlers, etc., in all numbering 5,283,220. So say Herodotus, Plutarch, and Isocrates.

The army of Artaxerxes, before the battle of Cunaxa, amounted to about 1,200,000.

Ten thousand horse and 100,000 foot fell on the fatal field of Issus.

The forces of Darius at Arbela numbered more than 1,000,000. The Persians lost 90,000 men in this battle; Alexander about 500 men. So says Diodorus. Other authorities say the Persians in this battle lost 300,000; the Greeks 1,200.

The army of Tamerlane is said to have amounted to 1,600,000, and that of his antagonist, Bajaret, 1,400,000.—*The Scrap Book* (August 1906).



Returning from school the other afternoon little Edith proudly informed her mother that she had learned to "punctuate."

"Well, dear," said mama, "and how is it done?"

"You see, mama," explained Edith, "when you write 'Scat,' you put a hatpin after it, and when you ask a question then you put down a button hook."



Disillusioned.—They were in the thick of their first quarrel.

"I thought your tastes were simple," said the husband. "I didn't expect to find you such a high flier."

"Yes, you did," she answered; "you knew all about my being a high flier, as you call it, but you thought I'd be dirigible!"—*Chicago Tribune*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

FOR SALE—An eight room house. Closets, Cement Cellar, Cistern, Well, Cement Walks, beautiful shade trees, including Evergreens. Barn 18x24—12 foot frame. Other necessary buildings. Three 25 ft. lots facing the S. W. Corner of McPherson, Brethren College Campus.—Address, J. C. Coover, McPherson, Kans., College Hill.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.

FOR SALE OR TRADE—I have filed on 80 acres in Eden, Valley, Wyo., which I will relinquish for some one cheap. It don't suit me to see after it. Write me.—D. Hostetler, Chambersburg, Pa.



FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass-Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing run-off for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

"It is confidently predicted that land under this ditch will meet with ready sale and rapid settlement and that a prosperous community will result."

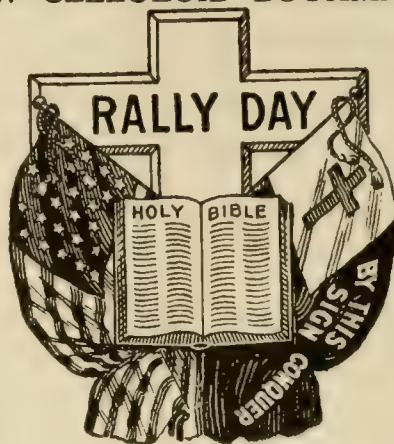
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PRACTICAL HELPS FOR RALLY DAY

NEW CELLULOID BOOKMARK

With the words "Rally Day" lithographed on one side of the bookmark; and with a reproduction of the Conquest and United States flags. These souvenirs may be given to members of the school as a constant reminder of the recipient's duties to and



Actual Size

privileges in the school. Many will use them in the Bible in connection with the daily readings and the study of the lesson. Each bookmark has a double silk cord and tassel. Price, 4 cents each; 40 cents a dozen, or \$3.00 a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID RALLY DAY BUTTON IN COLORS



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2

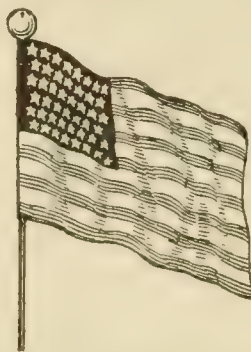


3

Price of either numbers 1, 2 or 3, 20 cents a dozen; or \$1.50 a 100, postpaid.

RALLY DAY INVITATION IN WIRELESS TELEGRAM FORM

Contains a short, crisp, businesslike message, prepared in such a manner as to secure the presence of every teacher or officer, and pupil in addition to the parents and visitors. TELEGRAM FORMS, price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid. SPECIAL TELEGRAM FORM ENVELOPES. Price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid.



NEW CELLULOID FLAG PINS

These pins may be used to stimulate attendance on Rally Day. Distribute them in quantities to all members of the school who will promise to give one to each friend who agrees to attend the Rally Day services, wearing the pins. Organize all those who undertake to give out the pins into two divisions; then see which division succeeds in bringing out the largest number. Let one division use the Conquest flag pins, and the other the United States flag pins.

Price, 30 cents a dozen, or \$2.00 a 100, postpaid.



NEW ILLUSTRATED RALLY DAY INVITATION POST CARDS

For the use of Superintendents and Teachers
Designed to help increasing the attendance

to be sent previous to Rally Day to the members of every class or department, including the CRADLE ROLL AND HOME DEPARTMENT, and especially to those who have been irregular in attendance. Space is provided for filling in the date of Rally Day, and for the signature of the superintendent of any of the various departments, or of the teacher.

ORDER BY FORM AND LETTER.

FORM A. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark, in colors, containing a printed invitation; but without the name of Teacher or Superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM B. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of Rally Day bookmark in colors. Without any printed matter whatever, so that you can have your own invitation printed on this form.

FORM C. **Plain Card**, same size as forms A and B, but not in Post Card Form. For distribution in the school or by messenger service. With the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark in colors; containing the printed invitation; but without the

printed name of teacher or superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM D. **Post Card**, Printed in colors, with an original design of an American boy Announcing Rally Day through the megaphone. The wording is brief and to the point; a space is left for the signature of the teacher or superintendent. This would be an excellent card to send to every member of the school, particularly to the Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments.

Price of either Form A, B, C or D, 60 cents a 100; \$2.75 for 500; or \$5.00 a 1,000, postpaid.

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CLASS COLLECTION ENVELOPE.

A tough manilla envelope, on which may be recorded the amount of class offering for entire year, with totals for each quarter. Price, each, 2 cents. Price, per dozen, 15 cents.

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Teacher's Class Book.

A neat folder with blanks for one year. Can be carried in Bible. Very complete yet simple and compact. Price, per dozen, 35 cents.

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NEFF'S CORNER

I left my business in Clovis in charge of a good foreman recently and went on a tour of investigation. Friends advised that I seek a winter climate better suited to my health. Besides I wanted to find some cheap land in a good climate and another suitable location to establish a missionary colony. There is not a Brethren mission in all the Republic of Mexico, but I have found a good place to start one near Culiacan, the capital of Sinaloa, about 35 miles from the Pacific Coast, a little north of the Tropic of Cancer in the same latitude with Key West, Florida. Here you can buy land with perpetual water right for irrigation, a good rich loam soil about 30 feet deep, for \$25.00 per acre, one fourth down and balance in one, two and three years at 6 per cent interest. You can buy tracts as small as ten acres, which would require a down payment of but \$62.50, and I believe it can be developed at little expense to where it will be worth \$500.00 per acre in three years. I bought 130 acres and had some reserved adjoining mine for a Brethren colony. The location is especially desirable, fronting on the railroad where a station and postoffice are promised as soon as we are ready for them. I want a number of you to buy adjoining me. I expect to locate there in November and everyone who can go with me at that time should write me at once. Literature giving full information sent on request.

Address
JAMES M. NEFF,
Clovis, N. M.

Battle of Gettysburg

made plain by Brother F. Williams. A drive of twenty-two miles over the field for \$1.00 each. Have been a Guide since July '63. Also Guide for autos. Send a card when you will come. Frank Williams, 312 York St., Gettysburg, Pa.

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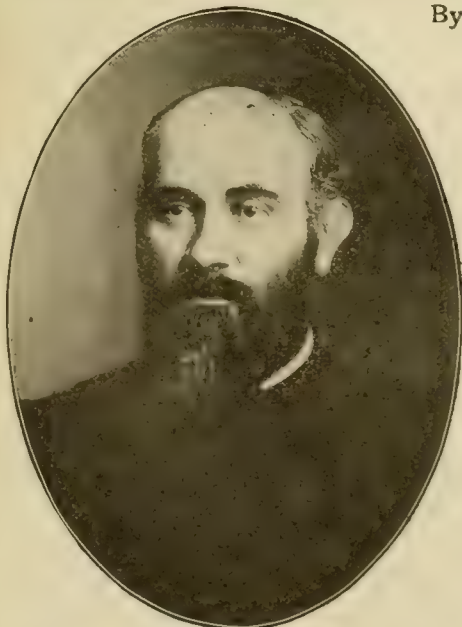
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The Late Geo. B. Holsinger, Author of
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Hymnal," etc., etc.

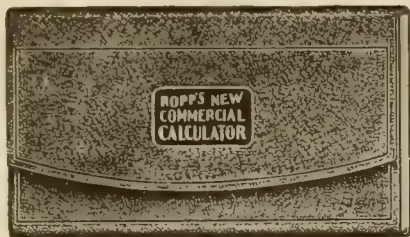
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THE STANDARD FOR STORE, FARM, BANK OR FACTORY



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Greatly improved, enlarged and thoroughly revised.
Contains an entirely new system of unique Tables,
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Unquestionably the most complete and comprehensive
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I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

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I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

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or

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September 28, 1909

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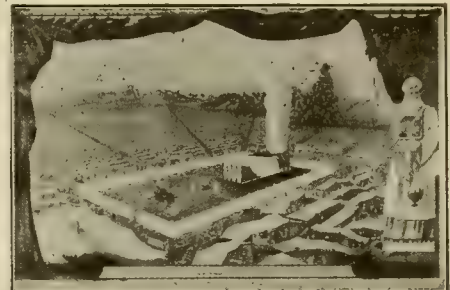
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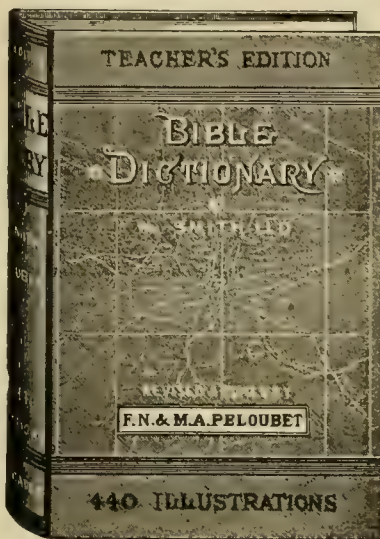
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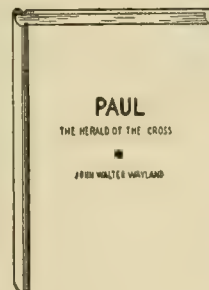
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THE INGLENOOK

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No. 39.

MY FIRST DAY AS TEACHER

J. G. ROYER

It was at the Spring Creek schoolhouse, in Buffalo Valley, Union County, Pa., on the eleventh day of January, 1854, that I first entered the schoolroom as teacher. In doing so I found forty-two pairs of eyes looking at me, while I had but one pair to return the look of the forty-two. There were present, also, three directors and a Mr. Orwig in whose family I was to have my home while I was teaching at Spring Creek. You would not be surprised to have me tell you that the scene was an embarrassing one to a country boy not yet sixteen. Ten days before I was attending the country school in my home district about four miles across the valley from Spring Creek, not dreaming of teaching school. My attempting to do so came about in the following manner:

To one side of the valley, and partly on the mountain side, there was a school district in which lived a Mr. John Snyder whose son Emanuel was known to be in advance of the other boys of the district in arithmetic. Mr. Snyder and his relatives—who made up nearly half of the district—conceived the idea that it would be but right to keep the public money in their own district. And as Emanuel was ahead in ciphering, and the money would come very handy to the Snyder family, the father suggested to his neighbor relatives that if they would let him and his son have the school, he would go there and keep order and teach the beginners, and Emanuel should instruct the boys in ciphering. A meeting was called and after some discussion and deliberation, John Snyder and his son were elected master and teacher of the Spring Creek school for a term of four months at \$17.00 per month of twenty-four days each.

School opened about the 10th of December, and things went fairly well for a few weeks; but a number of the larger boys found that they could make things unpleasant for Emanuel, and it was not long until they were after him, determined to “tree” him, as they called it, in ciphering. They were not long in

accomplishing their purpose. This led to a second meeting of the patrons, which resulted in requesting Mr. Snyder and son to stop at the close of the first month.

The day following, Mr. Mench, president of the board of directors, came over and spent the afternoon visiting our school. At recess he told our teacher the result of their meeting the night before and asked if he had some one in his school that could teach for them the remaining part of the term. I presume our teacher must have named me, for I was asked to remain when the school was dismissed. After an informal greeting Mr. Mench said: “I have come to get you to teach our school three months.” I replied that I did not think I could do that. “Your teacher thinks you can,” said Mr. Mench, “and I think so too, and we want you to come.” The teacher then made a little speech in which he also urged me to go. After further urging by both of them and hesitation on my part, Mr. Mench suggested that I go to “Dick” Lincoln, two miles up the valley, next morning, be examined, and report the result to him the day following. This I agreed to do and started to go home.

That evening there was considerable discussion in our home. My father feared I should not be able to manage those big boys, and he was quite sure the Snyders and their friends would all be against me. Concerning the Snyder faction he was not mistaken. He thought, too, I would not be likely to get a certificate. My older brothers were decidedly opposed to the undertaking. They based their objections on my lack of years and boyish appearance. My mother believed I would succeed, and was in favor of letting me try the examination to see how I would come out. So next morning I started to find Mr. Lincoln, who, though a graduate of Harvard, was also a practical farmer, quite prominent throughout the valley. For years he had examined and licensed the teachers of that part of the valley. He was not a county official,

and there was no money consideration connected with his examinations. It was before the time of county examiners. The people of that part of the valley looked to Mr. Lincoln to examine their teachers because he was qualified to do it, and because he took a deep interest in their schools.

On arriving at his house I found him reading a newspaper. I told him what I came for, and he asked me where I meant to teach. I told him, and related the experience the Snyders were having, and how Mr. Mench wanted me to come and finish the unexpired part of the term.

After giving me a scrutinizing look, his first question was, "Do you think you can manage those big boys over there?" I answered, "I think I can." He then handed me his paper and requested me to read for him. After reading a paragraph from each of several articles, he placed on the table a copy book in which he had each applicant for examination give a specimen of his handwriting. He requested me to write on the line next to the specimen last given. It was, "Harrisburg is the capitol of Pennsylvania—

Jas. Weirich."

Knowing Mr. Weirich to be an old teacher I felt safe in copying him and I wrote the same words, spelling "capital," "tol," as Mr. Weirich had done. Mr. Lincoln looked at my writing, then kindly pointed out my mistake in spelling, and said, "My boy, you would not have made that mistake if you had not copied Mr. Weirich. You knew better. Never follow another, right or wrong, because he is older than yourself." Again he asked, "Do you think you can manage those big boys?" Again I said, "I believe I can."

He picked up his pen and wrote out a certificate, dated Jan. 4, 1854, certifying that I was qualified to teach the Spring Creek school. Thus began and ended my first examination.

I thanked Mr. Lincoln for the certificate, put it into my pocket, and went away a happy boy, confident that I would be able to line up the Spring Creek boys. I tell you, my friends, it is a wonderful inspiration to a boy like I then was to receive a paper from a graduate of Harvard, certifying that he is qualified to teach school. It was such to me, I assure you.

Next day I reported to my friend Mr. Mench. After looking at the certificate he said, "The Snyders will close on the 10th, and you will be on hand to begin on the 11th. The directors will meet with you and help you start." He also suggested that I call upon a Mr. Orwig who lived near the schoolhouse and engage board. I did so, and found Mr. Orwig willing to give me a home from Monday till Friday for \$5 a month. After Mr. Orwig and I had agreed upon terms for my staying in his home, and I was about to leave, his good wife in a kind and motherly way said, "And do you think you can manage the big boys and girls?

There are a good many of them." The good woman was not mistaken as to the number, for I learned later on, that fully one-third of the pupils were older than their teacher. Her question seemed to be a leading one, yes, *the* leading one in my case. It was the question with my father; Mr. Lincoln put it at the beginning and at the close of his examination; and my good friend, Mrs. Orwig, repeated it. Indeed, as I look back now, I do not wonder that it was the leading question.

On Wednesday morning, January 11, I made my way to Spring Creek. As already stated, I was greeted by forty-two pupils, three directors and my host Mr. Orwig. All eyes were upon me, expecting me to lead off. I shall never forget how much I wished just then, the directors would go home that I might be alone with the school. Presently Mr. Mench got up and went to the door by the side of which was tacked against the wall a large paper containing seventeen rules written in bold round hand. He read the rules to the school, then turning to me, said, "We want you to read these rules to the school each day before you dismiss, both noon and evening, and hold all the boys and girls strictly to them." Then saying to me, "Now, stand up and be a man," they bade me good morning, and went away.

I was alone with the school with all eyes upon me, waiting for something to happen. As for myself, I could not think of what should happen first. My beginning as a teacher was before normal training and books on "How to teach" were common; and all I ever knew about first things done by my teachers, seemed to have left me forever. I could not think of what should be done first. In a moment or two, like a flash, it came to me that the first thing my teachers did was to go from pupil to pupil and register their names. With paper and pencil in hand I started for the upper tier of seats where the big boys and girls were seated. I put my paper on a desk by a tall young man and asked for his name. "Manuel Snyder," spoke he out loud enough to be heard all over the room. With hand as steady as I could just then command, I proceeded to write the name, spelling it as he pronounced it, "Manuel." Before I had finished he spoke out as loud as before, "That's not the way to spell my name." "Oh, yes, Emanuel," said I, as I corrected my mistake. I need not tell you that it was humiliating to the boy teacher to receive his first lesson from yesterday's teacher in that manner. I examined my pencil point a moment, picked up my paper, went to my desk, got my knife and began whittling the point of my pencil. In a few moments I called from my desk for the name of the boy next to Emanuel, and then the next, thus heading off opportunity for further criticism on the part of the big boys at that time.

The enrollment completed, I proceeded to assign

work and hear them "say their lessons," as it was then and there called. Next above the abcdarians, I had a large class in Cobb's Speller. Then came a class in the New Testament, followed by a class in Porter's Rhetorical Reader. One of the girls of about twenty-three had the life of Washington from which she read to me four times a day; and another read Daniel Webster's speeches to me. In those days classes had to have four lessons a day. Patrons expected it—demanded it. I remember of hearing of one teacher whose school had grown very small. Figuring on the basis of four lessons a day, he gave his few pupils eight lessons a day, and attempted to collect pay for two days. Most of the big boys did not read at all. They seemingly cared little for anything outside of writing and ciphering—"practicing figures." There was no classification in arithmetic. Each one for himself pushed to get through the book.

Days, weeks, months, came and went. On the 11th of April, eleven days before I was sixteen I closed my first term of school, and a week later entered school for the summer as a student. The three months' teaching or rather "school-keeping," proved a wakening up to me. I remained in school all summer; taught four months the next winter, and was in school two ("quarters") terms again in the summer. This was kept up six years, after which the teaching term ranged from six to eleven months a year.

Such may be said to be the story of my first day as a teacher—the beginning of a teaching career which closed at Mt. Morris, Ill., May 31, 1904.

Space forbids the noting of lessons I should be glad to give the junior readers of this paper. Suffice it to say that Mr. Mench, my own dear mother, and Mr. Lincoln were helpful, not only in bringing me to the first day as a teacher, but during my first six years they were inspirers of faith in myself and my work. I would not give much for a boy or a girl that can not be waked up and inspired to believe in God, in himself, and in his work.



KEEPING THE "OLD MAN" ON THE FARM.

D. Z. ANGLE.

HARDLY an agricultural paper comes from the press but what it contains an article or some reference as to the best means to "Keep the Boy on the Farm," or how to secure and retain competent farm hands. Subjects they are, too, that are always timely and of interest to farmers. But did you ever see our subject as above stated heading an article? Possible you have, but it isn't so commonly written that way. But it occurs to us that if we could keep the old men on the farm, then their example would serve better than their precepts in keeping the boys on the farm. Boys, you know, are so liable to follow in the footsteps of their

fathers, and if town seems to be the best place for the father, the son argues that he might do better there too. Of course, there are many instances where old men, and boys, too, are justified in leaving the farm, whereby the one secures the more contentment in a more suitable and congenial environment, and the youth may better prepare for and pursue the calling to which he is best adapted. We often observe elderly farmers who own farms, make sale of their farms or sometimes just the accumulated personal property, then buy or build a home in town or city and leave the farm to strangers or to one of the sons.

And sometimes this is for the best, but often for the worse. If a man of small or no income, he soon consumes the savings of years made on the farm, or if he finds employment the work may not last or soon grows distasteful, as a settled daily task often does, then he will hunt another job, possibly with a move thrown in so as to be near his new work or, disgusted with town and its hurries, and countless expenses and demands upon purse and peace of mind, he decides to go to the farm again and buys a new outfit at an added expense above the tools and goods which he had sold, much of which would have proved just as serviceable as the new goods. A few men we have observed like that, who typified the "rolling stone" to perfection, and the moss they gathered was a mighty poor stand.

Some of the real old men who move to town, so their son or son-in-law will have lots of room to farm the place, you may observe on fine days standing around in the streets, or some friendly shopman's store with their hands in their pockets, apparently not knowing what to do with themselves, and their interest in life gone or at a standstill. Had they stayed on the farm amid the scenes of their early trials and triumphs, then they still might keep up interest in life by feeding and watching the pigs, calves, and colts grow. Why not lengthen and enjoy their declining years in the home of a dutiful son or daughter, or if that is not agreeable, and we know many times it is not, could not the old folks as well build another house on the farm as one in town? For on the farm they will find greater peace, quietness and contentment, among the flowers, in the fields, or shady woodland, than in the city with its smoke-laden air, with its bustle and noise and its sin-laden people, where idleness is so liable to breed mischief, and where society is so often so much worse than solitude.

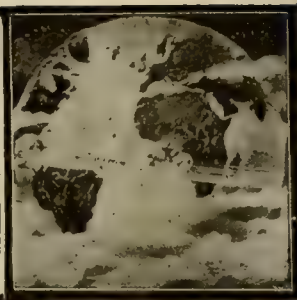
Mt. Vernon, Ill. * * *

WORDS OF GEORGE WASHINGTON.

"My first wish is to see this plague to mankind (war) banished from the earth, and the sons and daughters of this world employed in more pleasing and innocent amusements than in *preparing implements and exercising them for the destruction of mankind.*"



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXV.—In India, the Strangest Country.

I LANDED in India from a steamer,—landed at the extreme southern point, and began at once to ride my wheel over the bad roads. The heavy rains had washed away the bridges and most of the roads and with the blistering sun beating its fierce wrath upon me, I found travel overland intolerable. No man could have endured it, alone. So, inasmuch as I was now going north and out of the path of my "around the world," which was eastward, I could use the trains and still not impair my bicycle trip.

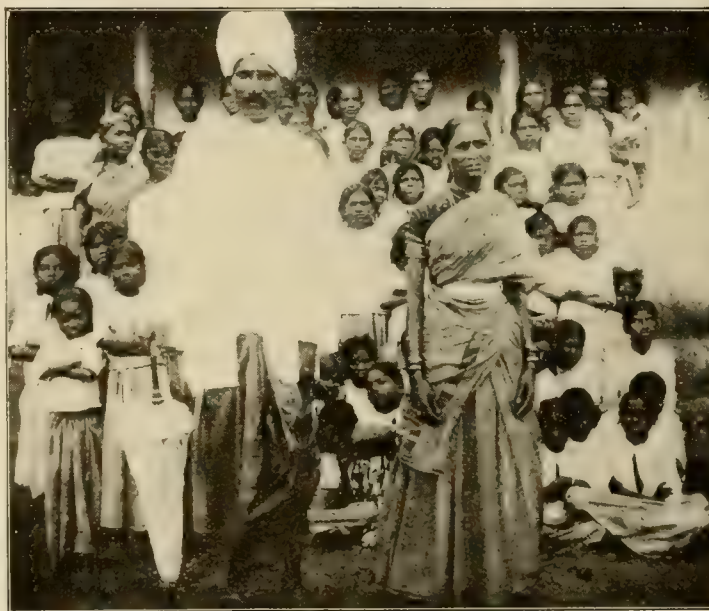
On the way to Madras I stopped at various cities, studying the queerest of peoples, and the poorest I had seen. Natives stood in their doors or peeped out from the edges, or ran away from me as I rode along on my wheel.

North of Madras I visited the great Telugu Baptist mission field, famous the world around for its wonderful work. Dr. Clough was the chief of the missionaries here, and gave me great pleasure in meeting him. He is one of the few real missionaries, just as Henry Ward Beecher was one of the few real preachers. I found the missionaries here, as elsewhere, worthy of the greatest of appreciation by us at home, but there were a few, only two or three, over the whole country, that seemed to need a little more of the honor of common manhood. One of these had gone to seed. The other had dry rot at the heart. A third, well, he was probably all right. And it may be that the others were all right. It might have been myself that was at fault. For who of us

would live in a country long and keep our normal qualities, where the sun is a curse, where twenty minutes of pure sunshine at noon will kill the average American, where to cross the street bareheaded, on a cloudy day, is to suffer evil consequences and possibly death? All honor to God's messengers of mercy to this dark land! I think I would like the work, and I would go there and work if I thought that God wanted me to do so, but I hope I may have so much work here at home as to take me to India only as a sight-seeing,

lazy tourist, for of all climates I have endured, this one is the most intolerable. You can't think to yourself in the coldest evening, much less think out loud through the heat of the day. Life is so enervating. Every puff of wind pulsates with death. Microbes as deadly as the plague bacillus fill every drink of water.

While stopping here for a few days, a native man walked in from the jungle ten miles away, to be married. He chose



Marriage Ceremony Witnessed by the Writer in India.

his wife after he arrived. Well, he had known of her, slightly, for she went to school in the Baptist college. So when he came into town, with headdress all so pure and clean and white, sixty yards more or less, and white coat and broad sash and six yards of skirt flowing to his ankles, he, together with a big umbrella which he had bought all for the purpose of the marriage, called at the school and asked for his dear Matilda. Though a girl of about eighteen, she looked sixty-five, and was skinny and angular. He was a handsome Hindoo, with black moustache and broad face, and will

make her a splendid husband, for the people here know him very well. Both of them are Christians, have been immersed and therefore baptized, and so that will help to make them well-mated. The girl, proud as they all are in India for jewelry, wore bracelets, fingerlets, anklets, necklets, earlets and noselets. The noselet hung just over her lips and is irremovable, so that when he kisses her, he must *lift up the "latch,"* as the photograph taken by me will show.

Behind them, as a background, were gathered the children and the older girls and matrons of the mission schools at Ongole. The little girl in the center, on the ground between the couple, is picking her nose. The only difference between this child and us is that while she picks her nose when the picture is taken, we pick our nose when we think no one is looking.

That evening, after the wedding ceremony, the new husband took his new wife along back with him into the jungle, afoot, to live there, the Christian life, so far as he had been taught it, by the Baptist people, among his own kind, where he will meet with temptations to fall away from the faith that we know nothing of in our homes.

He will return home to teach the very opposite of what he has been taught by his fathers. These are some of the things he will find being taught by his people all around him:

A wife must eat only after her husband has eaten.

She must never look another man in the face.

That it is a mark of respect for a woman to turn her back to a man.

No matter how debauched and cruel towards her or her children, she must always love and reverence her husband.

She must not study or sing or play games. Only girls living the lives of prostitutes may do that.

Hindoo never kiss, not even a son or mother. Cousins, after long absence, may pull each other by the chin.

In some provinces, if the teeth are cleansed on Tuesday, the sinner so doing will surely go to hell.

When washing the mouth, to spit the water out on the right side is to incur the dreadful penalty of going to hell.

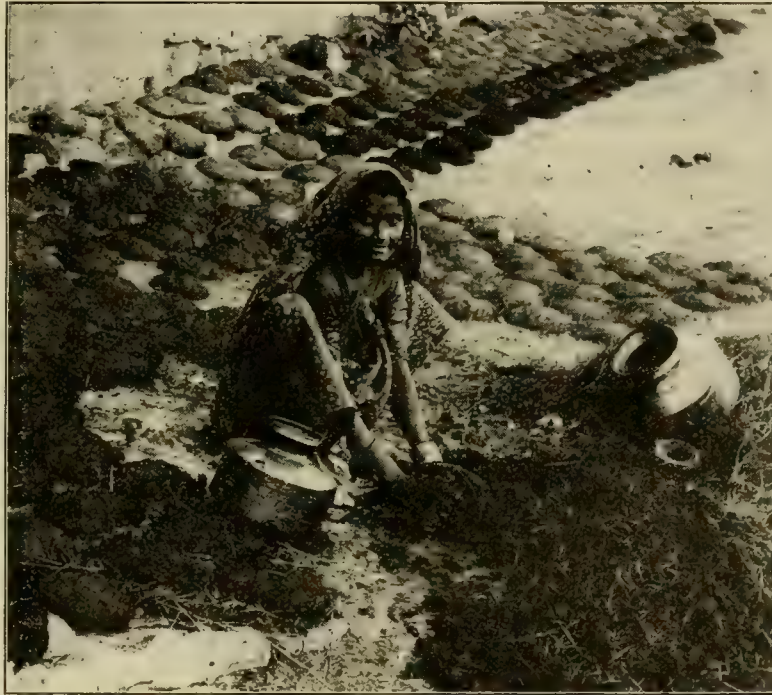
Every Hindoo must bathe at least once each day.

No Brahmin under eighteen years of age should look in the mirror.

In some parts of India fuel is very scarce. Here the women with big pans go about the roads and fields and gather up the droppings from cows. This is then kneaded with straw and other like material into flat cakes about eight inches in diameter, when they are laid out upon the hot, dry ground and left to bake very hard. Then they are piled up and used as needed just as other people use cobs or cord-wood.

At first thought the idea of burning this material seems crude and utterly distasteful. But cow dung in

India is sacred. It is used to purify nearly every house and temple. It is spread all over the floor, and plastered in the doorway, and shaped into steps in front of the door. When this is all done, the housewife believes that she is ready to receive guests. It is exactly the same as if an American woman had scrubbed her floors and porches and sidewalks, or dusted them until they were spotlessly clean. These people put so much faith in the purify-



This Woman Is Preparing the Fuel from Cow Dung.

ing sacredness of this material that when an American or other foreigner or caste than their own enters the house, the women must immediately, on the departure of such stranger, go out and get fresh paint of the same kind and daub it all around over such parts of the house where the intruder walked or laid his hands or sat down. Like everything else that seems strange to a novice, these women are skillful in their use of this offal, and when the foreign visitor once becomes used to the slight odor remaining after a fresh treatment has been thoroughly dried, and has learned how healthy it helps to keep the inmates of the home that would otherwise be overrun by vermin and microbes, he comes to look upon the process as really sensible and partaking of a real spirit of refinement.

A home in India is a sacred place. Chalk marks and characters are written over the threshold and over these chalk marks no one but those belonging to the same caste are ever expected to enter. Each morning as I walked or rode along through the villages I would see the women sweeping out and cleaning up, none of

them considering the job complete until the doorstep had been chalked in white or other colors. Some of these chalkings were very artistic and pleasing to look at, and together with the queer odors of the cooking, smoking and dirty living, combine to make a picture of real oriental life.

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ANOTHER AMERICAN PROBLEM

O. H. KIMMEL

In Two Parts. Part Two.

Now the Japanese did not come into the West and get the general ideas of our civilization, and then return home and try to evolutionize a new "yellow" civilization. Not at all. Their own civilization was as good as they wanted, only they desired to add to it the best essentials and arts that centuries of study and experiment had given to the white people of the western world. Hence, when Japan wanted to begin schooling her sons she learned the arts of schooling in America and Europe, and bought our books and apparatus as models, took them home, and from them translated the contents into her own language and had textbooks strictly up to date with the best in the western world. She also manufactured her school apparatus after the models bought in the West, and fitted her schools with the latest and best. When she wanted to manufacture shoes, she came to America, and bought a few of the latest machines, and went home and made her own shoe-making machines. She did the same with plows, with reapers, with all kinds of latest machinery, with guns and ammunition, and with all the improved machinery known to us. Her people were skilful in making these things, because many of them had learned the art of making them in Europe and America. They organized and disciplined an army which was equipped with the latest fighting equipment of the West. They did the same with a navy, so when Russia was ready to fight her, she fought a Mongolian people fully equipped with the arts of the western world, and who had the confidence in their government worked to the key that they were willing to fight to the death that the Emperor might win. As a result, great Russia, the nation of greatest resources in all the world, was soon bowed at the feet of little Japan, suing for peace.

While this war was in progress, the Japanese were busily engaged, of course, in the pursuits of war, but not so busily engaged in this that they could not plan for the future. The representatives of the United States in Japan during this strife with Russia were told that the Japanese government was planning to

return its men from the field at the conclusion of the war and put them to building and manning factories, to building and manning merchant ships, and go into the world seeking market for Japanese-made goods.

Whether they have done this we shall see. An electrical supply manufacturer in an eastern city said recently: "A few years ago an agent of the Japanese government came into my storeroom and bought a few of the finest electrical light fixtures that I manufacture." Within a short time after that event the man noticed that his sales on these special articles were materially decreasing. Inquiry showed that on the market was the very same pattern and model of his fixtures for retail trade at less than half the price that he could make them. Looking farther into the matter he discovered that the fixtures were being made in Japan and sent to the markets of the United States, and that they were made from the original models that the agent of the Japanese government had bought at his store.

An American brush manufacturer sold some brushes to some Japanese in the same way. His trade soon became less and less. On investigation it was learned that the Japanese had begun to extensively supply the demand of the American trade in just the kind of brushes he manufactured. The manufacturer complained that he would have to go out of business. Further investigations followed, and it developed that the clothes brushes used in the vestibules at the national Congress rooms were made in Japan.

An American in Japan was offered a Fairbanks scale of certain quality at fifty per cent of what it costs the factory in this country. Though the name "Fairbanks" was stamped on the beam, and to all appearances it was a perfect Fairbanks scale, investigation showed that it was purely of Japanese manufacture. A typewriter, the exact duplicate of any American \$100 model with the American name stamped on it, may be bought for fifteen dollars. A bicycle like our best machines of American manufacture may be bought for five or six dollars, and they are knocking at our doors with American school textbooks of Jap-

anese manufacture asking to sell them at a good profit at eleven cents a copy.

Japan is doing this now, and the "Portland Peace Conference" is still fresh in our minds. What will she be doing within a few decades? Also, it is being heralded around over the world that China is waking up and that already this great nation that has been slumbering for thousands of years is coming into our ports and selling iron ore that has been dug and smelted in the interior of China, sent thousands of miles to the coast by river, then reloaded and sent away around the world and sold in an American harbor for a dollar a ton less than the cost of production in America, and realizing China a handsome profit. If these nations continue in this trend as they have started, and they engage their countless millions of subjects in this class of labor and trade, we can easily see why the present Congress could see difficulties ahead which would make the future tariff reformers trouble galore.

But, one asks, how can Japan and China do this? How can they manufacture goods so much cheaper than we can in America?

This is easily answered. In the first place Japan pays her laborers only about two dollars a month for their work. A common laborer will work for two cents a day, while the best of skilled labor receives only five or six cents a day. In the second place, Japan recognizes no patent. In our country, many of our machines are not only patented as a whole, but many of the parts are patented, so that the expense of building is considerably more than it otherwise would be. Japan does not look to her people for the originals in the machinery she uses, therefore her citizens are not encouraged by patent rights. So the only cost to the manufacture of these machines in Japan is the bare cost of material and labor. This explains why any machine can be produced in that country for from one-fifth to one-third of the cost of production in this country. Then again the country subsidizes its merchant marine. It also lends money to those of its citizens who desire to build factories, and permits them to pay the money back by the installment plan on the easiest of terms. With this kind of support and encouragement, and with all the precautions of the government that have been put into effect it is plainly seen that the Japanese are given every opportunity and encouragement to excel.

The government of Japan is one of the best organized and most effectual business organizations known to the world. Because of this it has almost unlimited credit, and is able to borrow money at any time that it desires to do so. With this in its favor, its borrowing power largely takes the place of its lack of national resources. And it seems that the government has, under its present wise management, come to realize its true

great powers, and that its developments are truly marvelous. When we think of what it has accomplished within such a short period of time, of what her development has been, I am sure that with us, in comparison, the "ingenuity of the Yankee" will sink into nothingness, for this people are, after only a few short years, with the appropriated arts of the "Yankee" knocking at the doors of the world's commerce and rapidly gaining admission, while we are only looking on, and doing little to prevent it. We stand in our amazement and cry "Yellow Peril," but as the echo of the cry dies out, other subsidized cargoes of their goods are landed at our shores, and they are disposing of them in our markets. The cry will not be effective. The nation is called upon to act, and to act wisely. She must meet the question that is new to her. She must readjust her tariff laws as the occasion demands, and she must do other things that will be necessary to meet this new competition and to meet it fairly. It is not wise to stand still and cry "Yellow Peril" for the yellow race has as undisputed a right to its share of the trade of the world as has the white race. We cannot meet the question in that way, and we should not.

Congress has, in the late session, inaugurated the beginning of a campaign to meet this question by making it legal for the chief executive to have a Congressional Commission whose duty shall be to recommend tariff schedules and tariff changes to the national Congress. It will, however, be necessary for Congress to do other things. The subsidized merchant marine will be necessary to reestablish American commerce on the oceans. The rivers and harbors will have to be deepened, and the great towns along the inland arteries of commerce must be directly exposed to ocean trade.

When this has been done the nation will stand in a favorable light to compete with any nation of the earth for trade. And as we are no longer a consuming nation only, it will be necessary for us to go into the markets of the world with our goods, more and more as the years pass. While we will not be able to meet those nations in price, still we have an advantage that they can never possess. We manufacture a superior article, we manufacture the original and not an infringement, which fact will always retain for us a prestige that those nations cannot attain, so if the time comes when we can go out into the markets directly under our own flag, and in our own merchant ships, then we can meet this competition successfully. At home we will be able to maintain the American standard of wage by being alert to the tariff changes that will be necessary to maintain this wage.

So it is essential that we realize now that the old things have passed away and that new ones greater in their scope have been ushered in to take their places. We cannot live longer under the traditional old policies

and maintain our standard in the world. The new decade in the history of the world is upon us. Tomorrow the great ocean of commerce will not be the Atlantic, but the Pacific. And on the dawn of tomorrow, imagine the United States, with its great Panama Canal, and its almost continuous stretch of Pacific coast from the Panama Canal to the last of the Aleutian Islands—around two sides of this great ocean—I say imagine the United States under these conditions as she is today, without a merchant marine. Then who shall seize the trade of that ocean? The United States controls the American side of the ocean, and Japan the Oriental side. America cannot compete without the support given her merchant men that the Japanese government gives to hers. No nation is able to compete for the ocean transportation trade without the support of the government, so it will be necessary for our nation to give this support.

This condition has come upon us and upon the world so suddenly that old methods of delay and slumber will have to give way to action in order to meet the condition. It is since the death of the late martyr President, Wm. McKinley, that Japanese statesmen have told American statesmen that they felt the stigma of having their labors restricted in America, and that soon they would invade this country, and other countries, not only with laborers who would work cheaper than the American, but that they would make the goods that our laborers make and sell it in our markets at a price that would net them a fair profit from the Japanese wage scale standpoint, and in that way would be able to be independent of America or any nation that is unfriendly to Japanese labor. That they would go into the markets with the goods simply as a business in friendly competition, and ask their share of the world's trade. This statement was given out less than a dozen years ago, and now they are in the markets, and are figuring strongly in competition.

This is the problem that the American people must meet. This is the problem that has made the tariff question a greater question than it has ever before been, and it is the problem that will take the question out of politics. It is the problem that will help bring the extreme protectionist and the extreme "free trader" together. It is the problem that will minimize the powers of the "interests" over our national legislature, and bring the representatives back to their work for which they are chosen,—the interests of the people at large.

That the present Congress did not grapple so extensively with this greater phase of the question is a certainty, yet it has come to the realization that in the future it must grapple with it. It has given power to the commission which will go to work on this and all other problems that this perplexing question will bring forth. It is needless to speak of party rule or power

in connection with this problem because, if the party that is now in the saddle fails to look after the interests of the people, it will be wrested from its throne by those who gave it power, and the people will be represented by those who will look after their welfare without regard for party affiliation.

This is a great problem, and it is far reaching. It means that the American standard of manufacture and wage must be maintained, that the American earner must be taken care of, and that the American home must remain secure. It is a problem of trade and commerce which is thrust upon us in the transcendence of affairs, when the balance of trade is slipping from the Atlantic to the Pacific, where we, because of our location, geographically, hold a great key to the situation. It is the question that the awakening of the "Little Men of the Orient" has brought to us by their sudden awakening. The situation is new and must be met from a new premise. It presents difficulties that must be met from the new base of view which must attract the attention and unprejudiced consideration of our thinking representatives in Congress for many a day. In the attempt at its solution we must not underestimate the "yellow race" nor the "Jap," for an underestimation of them will mean disaster. It means a true apprehension of the facts and a brave stand for the interests of the nation. It means that the National Congress must not "cater" to special interests nor waver in any of its functions and that it must act with zeal and willingness and promptness. It means that this nation must either remain supreme in its traditional stand for the American standard or it must sink in the new sea of perplexities that the new questions of the world are heaping upon us.



THE BEAUTIFUL.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

Lift your heads, ye earthborn creatures!
 Let your gaze observant be!
 Cast alert your glance about you,
 That rare beauties you may see!
 Hark you now! Give ear intently!
 Heed some grand, soul-thrilling sound!
 List, as soft, and sweet, and low,
 Gentle tones in air abound!

Now perceive the richly laden
 Breezes from yon nature knoll
 Waft its sweet aroma o'er you,
 Permeate your passive soul.

Cleansed is your heart from rudeness;
 Pure and happy is your mind,
 As your soul drinks in the richness
 Of God's clear, absolvent wine.

Turn your gaze with me to eastward
 As the night fast wanes away,
 And the blind, enshrouding darkness
 Fast veers into light of day;
 As a glorious, golden pavement

Swells across the eastern sky,
And the sun, his great disc blazing,
Mounts his chariot up on high.
Or again, while shades of evening
Hover 'round at his behest,
Note the purple veil close round the
Sanctuary of his rest;
The soft, hazy blue that fills the
Depth of distance with its bloom,
And the flush that creeps o'er mountain,
Feebly struggling to illume.

Our beings are transported
By a magic, artful hand,
And we stroll in Nature's garden
Of Utopia for man:
The lovely earth is vested
In a robe of gorgeous green;
O'er stump, and rock, and footlog,
With woodbines twined between,
Creep mosses soft and varied,
While tendrils to them cling;
As, stretching o'er, great, giant
Boughs a sure protection fling.
Osiris turns his glaring eye
Full on the foliage deep,
Which, quaking under constant gloat,
His gleams in shadows peep.
The carol of a tinkling brook
Gives music soft and clear;
The sky's serene, eternal blue
Tells us that God is near;
His breath plays gently on a cheek,
It soothes a fevered brain,
It sounds forth on the faint heart's strings
A dulcet, warbling strain.

"The heavens declare the glory of God,
And the earth his handiwork showeth."

From the source of all creation,
By a Maker's will divine,
Towering high above all forms else,
Man was fashioned superfine;
As a sage of fair creation
By divine intent is he,
To him worthy talents given,
Many will requirements be.

We behold a noble figure
As he gallantly responds,
With cavalier-like tread advances,
Semblance of a fairy's wand;
Through the windows of his spirit
Gleams a light of high resolve;
In the hand-grasp that next greets you,
Fervency of mind involve.

Lo! A modest female figure
Now appears,—a lady fair;
Graceful is her every movement,
Dignity her manners bear;
Eyes reveal pure, wholesome living,
Features delicate and fine,
And the noble, heaving bosom,
Halos precious her enshrine.

Each is perfectly conversant
With the lore of every age:
With the beauty of the Grecian
Art, the scientific sage,

With religious reformations,
With the world's choicest and best
Literary erudition,
Of our present era blest
By our great inventive genius;
And the vast untrodden ground
Beckons temptingly to searchers
After truth and wisdom sound.

Yet the true, decorous models
Yield a better, grander part
Than all learning can accomplish,
Or all culture can impart:
For the music of their souls peals
Forth in accents pure and true,
Its strains are sweet and joyous,
And melodious its tunes;
It peals forth to the needy
A tune of speedy aid,
It mans the weak with vigor,
And strengthens the dismayed;
The entrancing spell and magic
Of the charm cast by the strain,
Changes many a jealous onslaught
To a pure and chaste refrain.

Once your hands are cleansed from vileness,
Once your feet on true paths urged,
Once your tongue is freed from venom,
Once your heart from sin is purged,—

Lift your heads. Ye earth-born creatures!
Let your gaze observant be,
As your spirit leaps within you,
And a purer world you see,
Clothed in a celestial beauty
Pure and spotless, undefiled,
Lily-white, with all intactness,
Fitly genial and mild.
Whispers back a small and still voice
To your richly feasting soul—
"Seest thou the chaste Creator
In the things thou dost extol?"

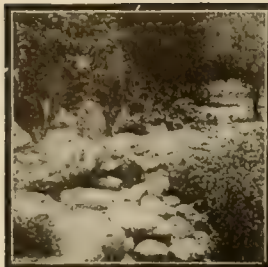
Yea, his visage forms a halo
Round the hushed and quiet spot
Where we steal to muse a moment
On the grandness of our lot;
From the grass's silken finish,
From the dainty, modest flower,
Peeps and peers an Eye of magic,
Is dispatched a Kingly Power.

On the freshness of the breezes,
And the rippling of the brooks,
Comes a whisper and a quiver,
Luring one to tranquil nooks.

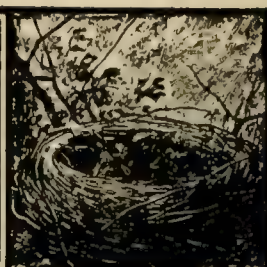
From the depths of a meek spirit
Beams he forth serene and bright,
Reveals matchless love and favor,
Leads from darkness into Light.

Grandeur than all gorgeous service
Here below, more beauteous far,
Are the tidings wafted to us
On the breezes from afar:

"In the beauty of the lilies
Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom,
That transfigures you and me."



NATURE STUDIES



SEPTEMBER'S LATER GIFTS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

NATURE, the greatest of all painters, holds back her masterpiece until the last. Throughout the summer we have seen one beautiful flower after another until it requires something really extraordinary to attract our attention, and once more we see a most gorgeous display. An American autumn landscape with its goldenrod and asters is one of the wonders of the world.

If the goldenrod were a rare foreign plant, it would quickly become a popular flower. But it is not one whit less beautiful because it is common. Go out in the fields and pick a spray, examine it carefully, and then ask yourself if you know any garden plant so truly beautiful as this wonderful flower of gold. This plant makes a pretty screen for hiding unsightly objects. I am not usually in favor of uprooting our wild flowers, but as we have some eighty-five or more species of goldenrod, and as the plants fairly carpet the earth in autumn, the few bunches taken for hedges will never be missed.

There is greater variety in the one hundred and fifty species of wild asters than there is in the goldenrods. Our native asters are distinctively flowers of autumn. They do not begin blooming until mid-September, and, as late as December 1, can often be found in some protected nook, one of the last wild flowers of the dying year. The asters vary in color from a pure white to a deep blue, while one of the tallest species is a deep purple, but none are red or yellow. Our sunflowers and goldenrods furnish sufficient of the latter color; while the scarlet leaves of the maple, black gum and dogwood, together with many of our wild fruits, paint amply red the autumn landscape. The more common sorts of asters line the roadsides, fill the fence rows and flourish in the open woods. The tall purple aster varies in color, some specimens being a clear pink. The small white one with its full center of bright yellow stamens, is the most common in this part of the country. The still smaller and more delicate blue aster nestles in the hedgerows or blooms in the shadow of the open woods. The asters, too, we may pick or transplant without fear of extinction.

But there are two autumn flowers which we should carefully guard from being plucked out of existence.

These are the fringed and closed gentians. So very beautiful are these flowers that the temptation to pick them is natural enough; but when we learn that they are rapidly becoming rare, we who love the flowers should take the chance to prove our love not only by staying our own hands, but by persuading others to do the same.

Poets love the gentians, but they differ as to the color of the flowers. Bryant says:

"Blue, blue, as if the sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall."

And another says:

"There came a purple creature
Which ravished all the hill."

These two poets were writing of the fringed gentian. The color, to me, seems to be that of a very blue sky. And I have never found it growing anywhere except in wet meadows and swamps. It is perhaps the one flower that seems to be too beautiful for its surroundings. Its deep fringes, from which it takes its name, look as if they might have been made with a pair of sharp scissors.

The closed or bottle gentian also grows in moist soil. It is of a wonderful deep blue color, and as its name implies, it is closed at the end, suggesting a bud which is about to open rather than a flower in full bloom. It is amusing to watch a bumblebee when he goes to suck the nectar from a closed gentian. No other insect but he seems strong enough to break in: he alights on a flower, works away with his tongue until he forces an opening at the point where the five lobes of the flower overlap each other, and then in goes his head and most of his body. But he isn't foolish enough to go quite inside; he seems to know that if he did the valve would close on him and he would be a prisoner. When he has secured the nectar he backs out, assisted by his hind legs, which were left on the outside perhaps for this very purpose.

In the same wet meadows where we find the gentians we are apt to come across the grass-of-Parnassus, with its creamy, green-veined flowers perched on top of a tall, slender stem, which is clasped by a single little, heart-shaped leaf. Here, too, we may find the last orchid of the year, the lady's-tresses, with their little white flowers growing around the stem in a

spiral. These plants, however, are not confined to wet places, but may be found growing on hillsides far from water. The curious turtle-head will often be found as a companion to the gentians and grass-of-Parnassus. This plant is aptly named. When a bee is forcing his way into a flower the lips of the latter move up and down, and the insect looks as if it were being chewed up.

Of course the grandeur of the autumn flowers can only be appreciated by daylight, but still it is most interesting to go out and see them all on a moonlight night. Go out into the fields, where the crickets are chirping in the grass, and see the goldenrod with the dew upon it. And note the purple asters, their broad heads covered with glistening spiders' webs. Go also to the open woods when the moonlight falls on the delicate blue asters and upon the pale evening primroses, whose flowers attract the fairy-like pink moths you may see hovering about them. You may get your feet wet, but you will see beauty which exists only for those who go out when most people are in bed. Surely the reward is worth the price you pay.



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter VI. Seeds—Vitality and Purity.

IN planting any crop great care should be exercised in the selection of seed. It makes no difference whether you grow your own seeds or purchase them of a dealer, you should keep two things in view—purity and vitality.

Seed should be pure. Often we find barley mixed with oats, cheat or rye with wheat, and red rice with rice; to say nothing about the weed seeds, as ragweed in oats, and buckhorn or dodder in clover.

While some of these impurities make but little if any difference in the market price, on the other hand others are a source of great loss. If the dealer purchases such seeds at all it will be at such a price as will enable him to remove the impurities and still not increase the cost of pure seed.

Though the seed may be pure it may lack the power to grow. The only way to learn this is by testing.

Vitality is usually expressed in per cents. If eighty seeds in one hundred sprout the vitality is said to be eighty per cent.

Many things will affect the vitality of seeds. The stage of ripeness, dampness or dryness of the place where kept, heat and cold, and the age of the seeds all affect the vitality.

In most cases the power to germinate diminishes with age, and in the case of cultivated plants the term of life is usually short. Parsnips are said to be practically dead in one year, while radishes may live five years and cucumbers ten or more.

The seeds of some trees will not germinate after they once become dry, while some others, if sealed and kept from the air, preserve their vitality almost indefinitely. I have read that peas that were buried with a mummy for 3,000 years grew when planted. Generally the period of germination lengthens with age.

A farmer can readily test samples of the seeds he wishes to plant, and in the case of corn he can test each ear, and reject any that show signs of weakness.

The best place to select seed is in the field while the crop is growing. A typical plant may be kept in view and those selected that nearest fill the requirements. For example, suppose we wish to select corn.

Choose strains suited to the locality. Continued growing of the same strain on the same or similar land does not cause the seed to deteriorate, but actually improves it if proper care is taken. Like animals seeds must be acclimated.

Characteristics of plants are transmitted just as surely as those of animals. Seed should therefore be selected from standing stalks in order that the desired characteristics may be fixed.

The stalk should have a good root system, thick base, be free from suckers, taper toward the top, and not too tall. It should be free from disease and the ear attached by an ear stalk not too long. The ear should be cylindrical with the tip completely filled and the rows of kernels should extend in regular rows over the butt, leaving a deep impression when the shank is removed. The kernels should be long and wedge-shaped. These will fit on the cob without loss of space. The germ should be large, smooth, and unshrunk. If the cob be large the ear may not dry readily.

If the ears are selected only from stalks bearing two ears this may become a fixed habit and the yield of the field be much increased.

The seed thus chosen may be planted in a small plat by themselves. Select seed for your entire field from this plat next year, and save the very best for your breeding plat and so continue from year to year.

In almost every neighborhood there is at least one man who is noted for the production of a better grade of crops than the average and his grain is in demand for seed. Make up your mind to be that man.

Watch carefully for weed seeds. Not only are our common weeds often present in great numbers, in the seed we sow, but in the case of imported seeds, we may introduce a new noxious weed. Some of these weed seeds are so like the seeds among which they are found that they are very difficult to detect.

Farmers' Bulletins.

- 111. The Farmer's Interest in Good Seed.
- 229. Production of Good Seed Corn.
- 253. Germination of Seed Corn.

(Continued on Page 949)

THE INGLENOOK

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WE urge a wide reading of the article, "Keeping the 'Old Man' on the Farm," which appears in this issue. It contains a thought that we dare not pass by when we are considering the important question of keeping the boys and girls on the farm. If the farm is the best place to rear boys and girls and to spend the active years of one's life, what is to hinder it from giving the greatest happiness and contentment to the old people whose interests are bound up in it?

✽

ON the first page appears the second article on the reminiscences of a veteran schoolteacher. This author's fifty years of experience in the schoolroom have only served to keep fresh in his memory the experiences of the first day spent as a teacher, and he has given us a very interesting account of it. We hope to give our readers at least one more of these articles on early experiences in schoolteaching; we would be glad to have several, as there are to be found in them not only glimpses of the conditions of other times, but inspiring lessons in courage and perseverance.

✽

ACCORDING to previous plans, President Taft visited Chicago Sept. 16 and began in that city his tour through the West during which he has engagements to make at least fifty-four speeches. The cartoonists have been making a good deal of this speech-making because of the difficulty the speaker may have in explaining some features of the tariff bill satisfactorily. However, if the visit to Chicago is in any way a forecaster of the remainder of the tour, it is not likely that any one will have a chance to enjoy the anticipated "fun." The Taft smile and the optimism it represents may be able to dissipate all the unpleasant things that shrewd diplomacy cannot avoid. The enthusiastic meeting in Chicago seems to promise a continuous ovation from the crowds and well-accepted speeches

from the President. Even if the people do not agree with all that is said, at least their patriotism will lead them to make the President glad that he came among them.

✽ ✽ ✽

"THE SCULPTURED FIGURES OF SOCIETY."

THE following quoted paragraphs appeared under the above heading in the *Cosmopolitan* of June, 1907. They were handed to us by a friend of the INGLENOOK who knows that we desire material of this kind for our readers,—something that will lead them to think and act along right lines, and to estimate things at their true value:

"Over the doorway of one of New York's skyscraping office-buildings four great sculptured figures are posed in crouching attitudes. With bowed heads, tense features, and muscles strained like whipcords they seem to carry on their broad shoulders the terrific weight of twenty or more stories of masonry. Theirs is really only a pose, the pretense of the strenuous. They are really supporting no weight; they were put in after the building was completed; they could be removed without affecting its safety in the slightest. They have no more real responsibility than a wandering fly, tarrying a moment on the flagpole on the roof.

"There are thousands of these sculptured figures in the world today—men whose pretense is measured in tons and whose performance is counted in ounces. It is the colossal effort to seem rather than to be, the heroic never-ending attempt to appear important.

"There are men who always seek to impress you with the idea that they are terrifically busy; if they receive three letters in a week they assure you they are 'deluged' with correspondence; their social engagements are 'positively tiresome'; prominent men of the day they refer to by their first names to show how close is their association with the great. These men are constantly polishing their halos, hypnotizing themselves into believing in their own importance. They assume the airs of an automobile life on a bicycle income.

"Another type of the sculptured figure is the man who poses as an intellectual Atlas holding up the firmament of thought. All the great problems of life that have baffled the sages for years are as luminant to him as an electric light sign on a dark street. He has read, perhaps, partially through one volume of Spencer, Darwin, or Huxley, and talks elaborately, with a heavy, orotund voice of finality, on evolution. Every weak spot in religion is known to him, and where he cannot find a leak he makes one. Though he has never accomplished anything in life, he feels absolutely sure that he could run this mighty government of ours and bring justice in on schedule time on every issue.

"The man who talks as if the whole responsibility

of a great business rests on him and who keeps people waiting in his outer office while he idly turns over the pages of the morning paper and performs similar petty artifices to intensify his importance is not the real brains of the business. If he were he would have no time for parade. The real inspiration is hidden away in some quiet office, known to but few, and saying little but doing much.

"True importance is always simple. The large duties, cares, and responsibilities of the men who do great things give them natural dignity and ease. They have the simple grace of the burden-bearers of India, who carry heavy loads on their heads and in the carrying learn how to carry them erect with fearless step. There is in them no trace of the pose of the strenuous. Men of real importance think too much of their work to think much of themselves. Their great interest, enthusiasm, and absorption in their world of effort eclipse all pettiness. They are 'living their life, not playing a part. They are burning incense at the shrine of a great purpose, not to their own vanity. They ever have poise—not pose."

The reader will call to mind persons with whom he has come in contact who exactly fill the descriptions given above. In some cases the posing is not so exaggerated, or the poser condescends to do a part of the real work, but in almost every line of endeavor,—in church, in business, in science,—this character is found. He is a person of only average ability with the exception that his faculty for posing or pretending is abnormally developed. No work is worth doing if there is not an audience present that can be deeply impressed with the importance of the worker.

Are we merely posing, or are we so lost in our work that we never give a thought to what the world may say or think of it or of us?



THE WEARING OF THE DEAD.

THE corpses of birds, or the parts that tell the tale of their slaughter, on women's headgear should be repellant to all normal and healthy minds. The suggestion of death for the purpose of adornment is as uncivilized as the display of scalps by the people who originally occupied this country. The ostrich feather and the plume de coq can be obtained without injury to the birds, or at least without slaughter for the purpose of robbing them of their plumage. But the sacrifice of animal life in response to an insatiate demand does not stop at the hats. According to the latest announcement it extends to the hat pins. An Illinois metallic reproduction company has started the enterprise of metallizing horned toads for this purpose, after first chloroforming them. The experiment is being made with 2,000, and if it is successful will probably be extended to many thousands, perhaps to millions. It relieves the prospect somewhat, perhaps, to know that

a horned toad is not a toad at all but a lizard of the iguanidae family, and of less benefit than the honest, harmless and industrious little reptile whose name it borrows. The genuine toad is of hardly less value to the horticulturist than the insect-eating bird. But even dead lizards or any other dead things that represent the restless exploitation of fashion show the demoralization that has overtaken its standards.—*Boston Transcript*.



TWO VIEWS.

Ti'ed ob de cabin wah de chiluns play,
Sick ob seein' nuffin all de liblong day,
Nuffin' 'cept de co'n-fiel' whah you' come an' go
In the blazin' sunshine, hoein' ob de row.
Weary ob de mock bird callin' frum de tree,
Longin' fer a suppin dat yo' nevah see;
Weary ob de ol' mule, weary ob de plow,
Wonderin' why de Lord made poo' folks anyhow—
Sick ob daily drudgin' wishin' fer to roam
Hyar an' dar, anywhah, anywhah but home.
Tinkin' ob de wide worl', longin' ebery day,
Plannin' an' a-schemin' fer to git away—
Watchin' ob de ol' sun snailin' fru de sky,
Nuffin seems to please yo' while de days go by.
Jes' a life ob longin' fer de busy whirl!
Out ob de stagnation, out into de worl'
Whah de folks am happy all de liblong day,
Den de longin' takes yo' an' yo' breaks away.

* * * * *

Out into de great worl'—Whut a worl' we see!
No one keers fer no one, dat am whut it be—
Nuffin' 'cept his own self does de great worl' know,
Dat am how he's acted since de long ago.
"Do de great worl' lub yo'?" Doan yo' tink it, chile;
Dis hyar worl' am busy, busy all de while;
Dat am why I'm longin', wishin' ebery day,
Longin' fer de cabin whah de chiluns play,
Longin' fer de mock bird callin' frum de tree,
Wishin' fer a suppin dat I nevah see—
Longin' fer de ol' mule, longin' fer de plow,
Wonderin' why the Lord made wanderers anyhow—
Ti'ed ob de great worl', longin' fer to roam
Hyar an' dar, anywhah, anywhah toward home.

—Floyd D. Raze.



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

(Continued from Page 947.)

The following table shows proportion of fertilizing material in farm crops:

Ounces per Bushel.

Crop.	Nitrogen.	Phosphoric acid.	Potash.
Wheat,	20	8	5
Corn,	17	9	5
Oats,	10	3	2
Potatoes,	3	1	4

Pounds per Ton.

Crop.	Nitrogen.	Phosphoric acid.	Potash.
Timothy or redtop,	20	9	30
Clover,	40	10	40
Tobacco,	60	13	80
Sugar beets,	3	1-5	5

(Adapted from Hatch and Haselwood.)



THE HOME WORLD



THE MAN IN OVERALLS

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

MRS. CURTIS got up, laying her sewing in a white heap in the nearest chair, as there came a vigorous rap at the side door. A man in rough working clothes stood on the step. He touched his cap, though a trifle awkwardly, as she bade him good afternoon.

"May I use you 'phone, please, lady?" he inquired, briskly.

"Certainly," Mrs. Curtis answered, in the pleasant tone that always makes a stranger feel like an old friend. She stepped aside without an instant's hesitation to let him pass, indicating the location of the instrument in the next room. The man did his errand, some questions and orders addressed to the office of his employers, and concerning his work on a near-by building in process of erection. Then he left, after hearty acknowledgment of the favor done him; and Mrs. Curtis went back to her sewing and her friend.

"Do you let entire strangers into your house like that?" queried the latter in astonishment. "Why, he may be a burglar or a footpad or a cutthroat! You never even saw him before, did you?"

Mrs. Curtis laughed.

"Footpads are an outgrowth," she corrected. "What a funny idea! I never thought of being afraid. Besides, burglars and cutthroats do not wear the badge he did."

"Badge?" echoed the visitor; "I did not see anything of that sort on him, and I looked him over pretty thoroughly, through the open door. What was it like?"

Mrs. Curtis laughed again.

"If you ever would observe below the surface, Nettie Chase," she said, "you would save your friends a great deal of explaining. Why, reliability was written all over that man's clothing, to say nothing of his face. He had not one badge, really, but a score of them. In the first place, light-fingered people do not go around dressed up in jumper and overalls stained with lime or machine-oil. Neither do they have a memorandum book and stubby pencil sticking out of

their breast pocket, or a streak of grime decorating nose and cheek. But, my dear unreasoning woman, there is something even more dependable than dress, in judging the honesty of a stranger; it is the *personal atmosphere of self-respect*, of being about some legitimate business, a sort of *aura*, as the students of psychology would say. The tramp and the sneak-thief do not carry it; they are loth even to look you in the face. The workingman's glance is as convincing of his honest purpose as is the dog-eared memorandum or the stubby pencil he carries."

"Lots of cheats that come to the door seem nice and honest though," Mrs. Chase demurred. "A real pleasant-looking man stopped at my house once, trying to sell some patent medicine, and the next week he was arrested for burglary over in Hancock. Dozens of women identified him. I'm sure he had a businesslike way, as far as that goes."

"No doubt," Mrs. Curtis answered, quickly, "and there is just the point. He was *putting on* the businesslike air, for a purpose, trying to *make* you believe in him, and to convince you that you wished to buy what in truth you did not care for. It was a purely external and artificial atmosphere, not an *aura* at all. An honest man brings wares or service that you really do want, and so he does not need to 'talk you blind,' as some people say. Of course there are a great many honest agents, and it is perfectly proper that they should go about the country disposing of their wares. Yet I should be very unwilling to let a smooth-tongued, well-dressed stranger into my house on such a pretext as using my telephone. I think it would be infinitely wiser to refer him to the nearest public instrument. For the man we trust, whose word we take and on whose sincerity we rely, say what we will, there is no one like the plain, honest, everyday worker in shop, store, office, or on the farm. The jumper and overalls, the soiled or inkstained fingers, do not fit in with schemes of fraud and dishonesty; none of us need fear to trust their owners."

And she was right. The man who works, looks one squarely in the face. He is not afraid to have his business or his errand investigated, and his appearance proclaims that willingness. He knows that the respect of the whole world is his by right, a king who possesses his crown unchallenged by nature or God, since he has *earned it*.

In like manner, we all display our characters in our look and bearing. Did you ever watch a child asking some information among a crowd of strangers? He chooses almost unerringly the man or woman whom the granting of a favor does not "bother." A good-natured person is as easy to select from a miscellaneous company as a ripe strawberry from a box of green gooseberries.

Likewise, there is many a self-righteous hypocrite who tells his white fibs and then, after the fashion of the silly ostrich which fancies itself safe from danger when its head is hidden in the sand, shuts sanctimonious eyes and so imagines that all mankind see him as he wishes to be seen. But he deceives only himself. After all, the world takes us for just about our par value. If we are frauds, we are very sure to be found out sooner or later; if we are *worth something* to the world, we are equally certain to become known to that same world and respected as such. The man who is trustworthy may safely count upon *being trusted*.



WHERE'S MOTHER?

Bursting in from school or play,
This is what the children say;
Trooping, crowding, big or small,
On the threshold, in the hall,
Joining in the constant cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's mother?"

From the weary bed of pain
This same question comes again:
From the boy with sparkling eyes,
Bearing home his earliest prize:
From the bronzed and bearded son
Perils past and honors won—
"Where's mother?"

Mother with untiring hands
At the post of duty stands:
Patient, seeking not her own,
Anxious for the good alone
Of the children as they cry,
Ever as the days go by—
"Where's mother?"

—Selected.



A GENTLE HINT TO HUSBANDS.

AN intelligent woman recently remarked in our presence that the situation of men and women is very different; that a man finds his life in business, out in the world, where he comes in touch with a thousand things that interest him; that a woman must find her

life in the home, busying herself about making the home good and sweet, seeing that the meals are wholesome and inviting, seeing that the children are sweet and tidy when papa comes home. "Now," said this woman, "suppose the husband never says a word to the wife indicating his appreciation of what she does to make his home good and sweet and restful? She has invested her all in that one enterprise, and has—lost it! How can she be other than an unhappy woman?"

It is more than worth while to consider this sentiment. No man has a right to marry a woman and then crucify her upon a cross of indifference to the needs of her nature. It is the first duty of every good woman to make a home for her husband and children, to make it sweet as she can, to make it a refuge from a rough and often heartless world, into which her husband can come and be at rest. The husband is often worn and weary and buffeted, has been severely tried, maybe has been misjudged, has been jostled, and at times even hustled by the outside world. Happy for him if he knows that when he gets home he will there find love and confidence and rest. If he so finds his home, he will recover there from all the shocks that the rough world has given him, and will go out again on the morrow to face his tasks with new strength and with a new courage in his heart. If he finds it otherwise, if complaining and whimpering meet him at the door, if fussing and growling among the children or between the mother and the children or between himself and the mother be his portion, he will be a Samson shorn of his strength, a spiritless and a hopeless man amid the tasks of his life; his life must be for him one long tempestuous voyage, with no sheltering haven anywhere. It will be no wonder if he fails in all the higher ends of life; it will be no wonder if he goes wrong in life, goes to pieces.

But suppose a man comes home and settles down somewhere, with no recognition of the efforts of his wife to make a sweet home? She has made it as tidy as she could; she has the children looking as sweet as she can; she has a nice evening meal, as good as their circumstances will allow; and has put her life into her home that day. She also is weary, has been vexed in many petty ways; but she makes no complaint; she meets her husband with a smile and a welcome; he shows no sign of appreciation for her efforts, utters no word of cheer. What will the like of this do for the life of a woman? And how much of a man is that husband, who, having vowed at the altar of God to love and cherish his wife, will now crush out of her heart all of its sweetness and light and doom her to a living tomb?

It were well for both husbands and wives to remember that neither can be independent of the other. They are married; they are one, not in mere theory and

assertion of the Scriptures; but they are, as a matter of fact and verity, two lives merged into one life; and they cannot make it otherwise, even by being divorced. So it is for the most part. Therefore they ought not to try to be independent of one another. Seeing that they will ever be thrown back upon one another for their happiness and for all that is highest in the life of each, let them learn to lean upon each other, to look to one another for support and confidence and strength. Let them be heart-to-heart friends; many a husband and wife are not friends, many who get on peacefully and without jars. But let them be friends. Friends trust one another, lean upon one another, confide in one another, love and support one another.—*The Western Methodist.*



TRAINING CHILDREN TO REFINEMENT.

I CANNOT insist too strongly upon the necessity of refinement in all dealings with the child. Even refined mothers and good nurses are too prone to disregard the personal reserve which is usually strong in the children of educated parents. This feeling, on the contrary, should be carefully cherished, and trained to control the expression and gestures of the little child. I am far, however, from wishing to make it prudish; we need not lead it to think the beauty of its little body something disgraceful, because it is the custom in civilized communities to wear clothes; but it is right for the adults surrounding it, and for the little one itself, that it should be trained in all ways of personal decorum and perfect modesty.

The same refined watchfulness should be exercised over the child's eating. When it begins to take food, it should be taught to wait patiently for its bread and milk to get cool; it should expect it by slow mouthfuls, and pause between them. All eagerness and greediness should be checked by the mother, who sees that the little one has the food proper for it, nicely prepared, while gentle words present pleasant images to its mind. The best lesson in manners is to banish all nursery meals as soon as possible. As soon as the child can sit up to the table of its parents in its high chair, it should take its food with them, become accustomed to see delicacies it is not to have, or even ask for, and behave with the refined quietness and reserve of those about it. It is true, the mother will be more taxed by the presence of her child at meals, for she cannot relax her watchfulness while it is very young. I have seen mothers, at table with their children, attending to everything but them, and the little ones behaving in consequence more like a set of young puppies than children of decent parents. The mother has to contrive to carry on many threads of life together, but the consequent strain will be repaid in this direction by the good manners of her children.—*From Early Training of Children.*

GENERAL ANTIDOTE.

THE following prescription is recommended as a general antidote for poisons. It can be put up by any druggist. A saturated solution of sulphate of iron, two ounces; calcined magnesia, two ounces; washed animal charcoal, one ounce. Keep the iron in one bottle and the magnesia and charcoal in another. When used, add the contents of the two bottles to a pint of water, shake thoroughly and take from three to six tablespoonfuls.

The chemical antidote for an alkali is an acid. Vinegar is always at hand. Give two or three tablespoonfuls in half a glass of water, or the juice of two or three lemons may be used. Then give three or four tablespoonfuls of olive oil and a large draft of milk. Do not give emetics in these cases. Acid poisons are to be combated with alkalies. Give a tablespoonful of cooking soda in a glass of milk or water, or give a teaspoonful of soft soap, or shave up hard soap and give it, or give whitewash, chalk, moist ashes in water, tooth powder. Give white of egg and plenty of milk. Carboic acid is a very dangerous poison. Try to arouse vomiting. Give white of egg, magnesia and water or milk. Give strong tea. Keep the patient warm.

In cases of arsenic poisoning give large quantities of milk, white of egg, limewater or oil. In cases of corrosive sublimate give strong tea followed by eggs and milk.

Children may chew matches and so become poisoned. Limewater, powdered charcoal or magnesia may be given. Vomiting should be secured; sulphate of copper is the best emetic. Turpentine is also an antidote.

Opium, laudanum, morphine, paregoric, must be combated by prompt emetics. Give strong coffee. Watch the breathing; if it falls below ten breaths a minute rouse the patient by slapping the spine. If breathing fails employ artificial respiration.

In all cases of poisoning the first requisite is that the attendants shall be cool and collected, the next thing is promptness of action. A moment spent in collecting the thoughts and deciding upon the best method of procedure may save time in the end.—*Farm and Home.*



USES OF SALT.

THE number of things besides seasoning for which common salt can be used is astonishing.

Salt and water make a good gargle for a sore throat and an emetic in cases of poisoning.

It is a "mordant" for many colors, especially black, and should be used in washing black dress goods, stockings, etc., to keep from fading.

There is no better skin stimulant than a brisk rubbing with salt and water.

Wet salt applied to a bee sting will quickly give relief.

Soap, starch and salt, should be rubbed into spots of mildew on cloth, which can then be restored by placing in the sun for an hour or two.

Salt is a splendid polisher for brass; mixed with vinegar it is a fine polish for mica stove windows; with lemon or cream of tartar it will remove rust from iron or steel.

It aids other solvents, such as benzine, ammonia, or alcohol, in removing grease spots, and gives a brilliant white light if a little is dissolved in the kerosene.—*D. H., in the Home.*



ROAST CHICKEN A LA COWBOY.

OF course you must have the chicken—a fat yellow-legged pullet is best; dress carefully, dust the inside with salt, pepper and flour, adding a thin slice of sweet bacon. Treat the outside in the same manner, putting a slice of bacon under each wing and across the breast, tie the wings down, wrap the whole fowl in a napkin made of flour-sack muslin very tightly and tie well.

Now dash in into a bucket of cold water, wrap another towel around it, dipping it in the same manner. Wrap again in many thicknesses of newspaper, wetting thoroughly each time.

Rake the coals of your camp-fire aside (dusting over cold ashes to prevent live coals from touching the fowl), put the chicken in, covering first with a shower of cold ashes, then piling on hot embers and live coals, precisely as you have roasted eggs in the ashes when a child.

Leave it undisturbed about an hour, then remove the coals carefully, take out the charred paper, have your dish ready, and from the inner napkin deftly turn upon it the most appetizing baked chicken that was ever seen, browned to the queen's taste, dripping with gravy, and of delicious flavor.

Try this recipe when you go camping and you will find out that the cowboy is possessed of culinary lore, which proves that he can handle domestic science with the same ease and grace that he does the lariat or the bronco.—*The Delineator for October.*

The Children's Corner

FOR THE MOTHER.

THE sun beat warm against the outside of the little house, and almost persuaded the bird swinging in his cage that it was spring, instead of autumn. At least, he broke into so cheerful a song that Berta looked up from her knitting, and Karl from the little ship he was fitting with sails. The two children had been working silently, an upturned tub serving the one for a seat, and the other for a carpenter's bench, but now Berta

held up the long stocking that had busied her and viewed it approvingly.

"I am nearly done," she said.

"So am I," answered Karl.

Berta bestowed a careless glance upon the carefully-made, prettily-rigged little vessel, and then looked back at her knitting.

"But mine is real work, useful work, to help our mother," she remarked, "and that toy is only play."

"Maybe—maybe not," replied Karl briefly. Berta's self-satisfaction was exasperating; she need not be so sure that no one but herself thought of helping the mother, or that no plans but her own were of any use. When the father had gone away to the far country across the sea the children had talked it over together—that while he was making a new home for them, they must help to earn bread in the old one. Berta was doing her best, but Karl thought, with a sigh, it was easier for big girls to find work than for little boys. When he had tried two or three times and failed, Berta seemed to think he had forgotten.

"The stockings will bring money," said Berta. "I shall sell them at the store, and then I shall have something to give mother." She rolled up her work and went indoors and never once noticed how skillfully the little boat had been made, nor how patiently the boyish fingers had toiled at it; she only wondered how Karl could be content to idle over such things.

The stockings were finished and sold the next day, but even with the price, burning as a delightful secret in her pocket, Berta did not at once tell her mother; she was waiting for Karl to come home. So it was evening, and they all were together around the little table, when she drew forth her tiny hoard.

"I earned, with the knitting, for you, mother."

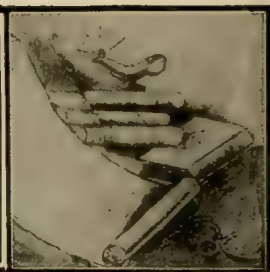
Karl's eyes were shining, his hand was in his pocket; he, too, had a delightful secret, and in a moment a second pile of coins lay beside Berta's.

"I sold the little ship," exclaimed Karl. "One day when I was in the small shop down by the water, where so many things are kept for the sailors, I heard a little boy asking for such a boat. It made me think, and I made one and took it there. The man said he did not have calls enough for such things to buy it, but he told me of a toy shop where he thought they might want it. They did, and I am to make more for them—as many more as I can make this winter."

The glad mother praised both her children, but Berta's eyes were thoughtful, for that little boat, of which she had been so scornful, had brought more than the stockings. But she was an honest young soul, and when she next wrote one of her painstaking letters to her father, she put under the head of the things she was learning, "Not to be too sure my work is more important than other people's work."—*The Morning Star.*



THE QUIET HOUR



THE CLAY AND THE POTTER.

D. L. FORNEY.

We are the clay, and thou our potter.—Isa. 64: 8.

IN the orient the picture of the clay and the potter is a common one. His methods of work in preparation of his materials and the forming and finishing of his work are suggestive of some excellent lessons. The clay when dug from the ground is not in condition to be used in its natural state. It is hard and unyielding. It is moistened and then the potter, or some of his family, tramp and work it for long hours till it is thoroughly mixed and tempered. After it is of proper consistency the potter places a lump of it on the potter's wheel which resembles an ordinary wheel lying on the ground. With his hand he begins to press and shape a portion of the lump on his wheel as it revolves until his trained and experienced hand brings forth a vessel of the shape and size desired. The next is the drying process. After some days of drying it is then placed in the kiln to be hardened or burned. But the better class of vessels is not ready for use until they undergo the polishing process.

All these various steps require the time, the patience and skill of the master workman to bring forth a vessel of honor and beauty.

How like the clay are we in the hands of the Master Workman, our heavenly Father. In our crude state we cannot be used, we must be softened and tempered. Though hard and unyielding our natures may be when we are placed in the mortar bed, if we are willing to be humbled, tramped under foot, willing to submit ourselves under the mighty hand of God then in due time he will exalt us. Afflictions, trials and disappointments may be necessary. But these light afflictions which are for a moment may work for us "a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory." After this we are ready for the shaping process. God's hand is able and he knows how we may best serve his purpose. He is willing to make of us a vessel of honor if we yield ourselves to him. It may be hard to say, "Thy will be done," but only when his will is ours can we attain the highest end he has for us.

The drying process is a time of waiting that may be necessary to our greater usefulness. Moses, Joseph, Christ, all had the years of waiting. Then the hardening by the heat or fire, the furnace of affliction if need

be to bring out the best in our natures. Without this we would be weak and fragile, able to endure but little. But after we pass the test of fire we are able to stand all he may require of us. Then that we may appear beautiful, burnishing and polishing is necessary.

How beautiful the Christian in old age! As the coin after leaving the mint is polished by being shaken together with many others, so also the Christian. Then he becomes a vessel meet for the Master's use.

Reedley, Cal.



THE POSSESSION OF HAPPINESS.

WE think that if we possessed great wealth we would get happiness; but "a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things he possesseth." Ecclesiastes, the preacher, has a good deal to say on that subject. We think by travel to find it, but return as disappointed as King Arthur's knights from their quest of the Holy Grail. Jesus and his Galilean band and St. Francis of Assisi show how men may be happy on little. Burns sang with a true note:

"It's no in titles nor in rank;
It's no in wealth like Lon'on bank,
To purchase peace and rest.
It's no in makin' muckle mair;
It's no in books, it's no in lear,
To make us truly blest.

"If happiness hae not her seat
And center in the breast,
We may be wise, or rich, or great,
But never can be blest.

"Nae treasures, nor pleasures,
Could make us happy lang;
The heart ay's the part ay
That makes us right or wrang."

It is those things that belong exclusively to nobody, and are for everybody, that hold the secret of joy: to be alive—to see, hear, feel, smell, taste—to use the mind—to be human and know one's self a child of God; to cultivate manliness and womanliness, to have a steady and limitless flow of sympathy; to rejoice in one's youth, to be the ruler and not the slave of one's powers, to realize individuality, personality, to experience the delight of struggle, the bittersweet in suffering, the heroic mind in persecution, the victory in death—these will bring truest joy.

To love nature and commune with her in healthy

outdoor life; to breathe the air, to have an appreciative eye for the glory of sun, moon, flying clouds, mountain, sea, flower, and forest; to look out into space and up into the midnight sky; to exercise in all simple, healthful recreations—these will furnish the real satisfactions.

To have the love light of home, to meet about the table, to engage in cheerful talk; to know the love of father and mother, wife, children, brothers, and sisters; to possess true friends and give friendship, to mingle in elevating and pure society, to have companionship with the best—these will foster abiding enjoyments.

To revel in thought, to sit pensively in memory, to converse on high themes, to wander through choicest literature, to listen to poetry and music, to gaze on painting or marble—these have in them sweetest delights.

To give one's self to his daily labor, to serve the needy, to glow with pride because of citizenship in a great country, to be moved by a mighty past and go forward with a mightier present and future—these will constitute the loftiest pleasures.

To be a sincere Christian and have the benediction of a pure life; to be in touch with the spirits of all the good; to hear the Master say, "My joy give I unto you"; to be conscious of redemption, to thrill at the spreading of God's kingdom, the salvation of humanity, and the glorious prospect of a regenerated earth; to be sensitive to the powers of the age to come—the uplifting thoughts of eternity and immortality—these contain the secret of a noble rapture.

"Sing to thyself, O heart, my heart!

Through light and shade as the days go on,

'What though the glory of dawn depart?

Stars arise with the waning sun.'

"Sing to thyself, as the bird on the bough

Rocks, and is trustful with perfect faith,

'There's much of blessing and sweetness now,

And the future is his—as his message saith.'

—From "The Hereafter and Heaven."



"WENT AND TOLD JESUS."

"AND his disciples came and took up the body (of John the Baptist) and buried it, and went and told Jesus." Then the disciples of John went and told Jesus. What the Master said to them, we do not know. There are many sacred conferences between Christ and his own over which the Bible narrative gently, but inexorably draws the veil; and surely this was one of them, when John's bereaved disciples turned to the Master for comfort. Perhaps it was in this hour that their former jealousy died, and they passed through the gate of sorrow into deep communion with the compassionate Christ.

It was the wisest thing they ever did, when they went to tell Jesus. He is always waiting to hear. The

sacred trysting-place with Christ is always open to the heart that seeks him, and each one of us may go beyond the veil, into the peace of his presence. The old promise of the Psalms still holds true: "Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence."

How many heavy hearts in the Bible went to tell Jesus all their woe? And not a one did he ever turn away empty. This is the secret of all strength, of all consolation—the meeting-place with Christ. Go to him alone, for "the one thing needful" is "Jesus only." Go to him often, for the one thing you need constantly is Jesus always. Oh, weary and heavy-laden, turn to him for rest. Whatever it may be that is breaking your heart, go and tell Jesus, and in the communion with the Savior you will receive strength beyond the telling.

If I could, I would not utter

What he says when thus we meet.

—Unknown.



DOES DEATH END ALL?

AN old man sat on his veranda one autumn evening with the son of a former schoolmate. The visitor was a flippant young fellow, and talked much of his doubts about religion. The old man did not argue with him. "It isn't worth while, Robert," he said; "you are only repeating what other men have suggested to you. You have not begun to think or feel for yourself."

Robert was insistent, and finally asserted that the doctrine of a future life was all a dream. "Death is death," he said. "When the breath goes out of the body, the soul comes to an end."

His aged host led him into his library, and showed him a portrait on the wall—a noble, saintly face. "Do you see her?" he said. "Can you guess what she was from her face—how high her intellect, how tender her nature, how near to God? I was her son. She was—and as I have never married, she always will be—the only woman in the world to me. Well, she is dead. And you say there is nothing of her left in the world—nothing? Why look here, Bob do you see that bush in the yard? A common weed with coarse leaves and colorless flowers, of no special use or beauty. But that weed grows in every country. It grew centuries ago; it grew before the flood. It is the same now as it was then. It has come down through the countless ages, seed after seed, the same flower, the same thorns, unaltered. And if God," he said, rising in his earnestness, "if God has kept that little weed unaltered since the beginning of time, shall he extinguish the soul of my mother—the souls of all mothers—full of his love and truth, made of his likeness, who have done his work in the world? Shall the poor matter in its meanest type last, and the soul, which represents his intelligence and his spirit, come to an end?"—*Youth's Companion*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



According to the scholastic census there are 949,006 children in Texas between the ages of 7 and 17 years. The negro scholastic population is 192,236.

By order of Postmaster General Hitchcock the fee for registration of mail will be raised on November 1 from 8 to 10 cents. The maximum indemnity for loss of registered article will be increased from \$25 to \$50.

The assessed value of the property of saloons and eating houses in the entire State of Illinois is only \$281,479. In Cook County, including Chicago, it is only \$18,586. This includes bar fixtures, liquors, glassware, food, tables, chairs, etc. Buildings, of course, are taxed as real estate.

Having passed the American medical examination 47 Chinese students have sailed for the United States in charge of Tong Kai Son, a graduate of Yale. They are sent under the arrangement that part of the Boxer indemnity that was returned by America was to be expended in education.

Orville Wright, flying in his aeroplane at Berlin Sept. 17, in the presence of the empress, Princess Louise, Prince Adelbert and Prince August and a large party from the court, broke the record for high flying. He attained a height of 233 meters (765 feet). The best previous record for height, 155 meters, was made by Hubert Latham.

Percolating through even unto the affairs of the Chicago street railway employes, the era of good feeling which came to town with President W. H. Taft, Sept. 16, was followed by the announcement that the vote of the street railway employes last week was overwhelmingly in favor of accepting the new scale proposed by International President Mahon and Presidents Mitten and Roach.

Through investigations made by a federal statistician it was discovered that a law passed in Missouri in 1891 gave the schools 60 per cent of the ad valorem tax from saloons. The law, which has never been enforced, requires all saloon men to pay an ad valorem tax each six months on the value of liquors sold. It is estimated the public schools have lost over \$3,000,000 by non-enforcement of the law.

During the early part of September two breweries, the largest in Alabama, located at Mobile, were raided. In one were found and seized 60 casks of bottled beer and 100 dozen bottles of beer in boxes. In the other three immense vats of lager were seized. The goods seized are valued at \$6,000. Besides the brewery raids liquors worth \$5,000 were seized in blind tigers. One house had a carload of liquors. The two leading hotels, to avoid seizure, shipped their stocks of wines and liquors to Pensacola, Fla.

Mount Robson, the highest peak on Canadian soil, has at last been ascended. Rev. Geo. Kinney of Victoria, B. C., reports that he has succeeded in reaching the summit, which is 14,000 feet above sea-level. Hundreds of unsuccessful attempts have been made to scale this peak.

According to reports from Sebastopol, the health of the Czar of Russia is very bad. The emperor and empress intend to remain some time in the south. They will make a long sojourn in the vicinity of Malta. An imperial cruise in the Mediterranean is also spoken of. Their majesties are traveling incognito, and will probably visit Italy. During his sojourn in the south the emperor will inspect the Black Sea fleet.

The conversion of Greece into a republic is one of the possibilities of the ultimatum sent to the military league and the army Sept. 14 by King George, stating that he would resign unless the crown prince was restored to his army command. The king declares that he has already secured pledges that the powers will not permit a member from any other European royal family to assume the throne in the event that he abdicates, and as he will not permit any of his children to succeed him his abdication would force the establishment of a republic for which Greeks are admittedly unprepared.

Prices of butter are advancing and dealers expect the market to go much higher. For some time past butter has been shipped to Omaha, where it is being stored. Compared with a year ago prices are materially higher. The same money that bought five pounds last September now purchases only four pounds. A man who buys great quantities of butter says he expects to see the price of creamery quoted at 40 cents a pound. He says: "The only reason I know of is that associated dairying interests have gobbled up most of the output and are storing what isn't needed for immediate use in big warehouses at Omaha. It practically is impossible to buy butter except from these interests, and they are in a position to control the situation."

With aeroplanists turning their attention to speed now more than to anything else, French aviators expect the "mile-a-minute" record to be made within a short time. The flight Sept. 13, of Santos Dumont, from St. Cyr to Buc, more than five miles, at the rate of nearly 56 miles an hour, has proved, according to the French experts, that the machine capable of flying at the rate of a mile a minute is already invented, and all that is needed is some daring aviator to have good luck in the use of his machine and for some motor to work well, and this speed, or even better, will be attained. The machine used by Santos Dumont the "Demoiselle," is but a trifle larger than Glenn Curtiss' "Golden Flyer," and in its record-breaking flight, it carried 260 pounds, including the aviator and surface weights.

What was evidently intended to be a stinging rebuke to the New Orleans Taft reception committee which asked permission to use foreign vessels during the reception to President Taft and delegates to the waterways convention, was received in a letter from the secretary of commerce and labor. It says in part: "I am reluctant to believe that at our principal Gulf ports American shipping has so dwindled that to enable the President of the United States and a relatively small body of representative Americans to spend a few hours in America's greatest river with a view to its improvement, they must make the trip under a foreign flag."

Thirteen State capitals are now "dry." The last of these to join the swelling ranks was Charleston, W. Va., whose council decided on June 7, by a vote of twenty-four to fourteen, to rout liquor and thereby sounded the death-knell of fifty saloons. A short time before that, Lincoln, Nebr., decided by popular vote to oust liquor. Concord, N. H., and Montpelier, Vt., are "dry." The other "dry" capitals are the seats of government in the States having State-wide prohibition, namely: Augusta, Me.; Topeka, Kans.; Bismarck, N. D.; Atlanta, Ga.; Jackson, Miss.; Nashville, Tenn.; Raleigh, N. C.; Montgomery, Ala.; Oklahoma City, Okla.

The terrific autumnal hurricanes which have recently overswept eastern Mexico caused untold damage and loss of life. A tidal wave inundated the coast for 200 miles south of the Rio Grande, and sent a wall of water as much as 10 feet high up the rivers and 50 to 80 miles inland. These waves, in addition to the deluges of rain, destroyed, according to government reports, over 50 towns and drowned over 4,000 people. Tens of thousands of others are left without homes or crops and are living on roots or relief supplies sent in from the United States and elsewhere. The damage was most severe at Monterey, where the Santa Catarina River wreaked awful havoc.

Headed by four of the most prominent members of the New York Yacht club, a combination of yacht clubs is forming to fight the new tariff laws which impose a duty of 45 per cent on foreign-built yachts. Roy K. Raney, W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., W. S. Kilmer and L. V. Harkness are the four most active opponents of the law and each owns an English-built steam yacht. Francis O. Allen, head of the law department of the custom house, said he would be able to prove the unconstitutionality of the measure, in that it is a direct violation of a treaty made with England in 1815 to cover that very point, and that if necessary the matter would be taken into the courts.

A report has just been made to the parliament of the state of Queensland, Australia, showing that the fight against the rabbit pest in that State has cost the government already \$6,000,000. It was about fifty years ago that a man living in Australia imported a pair of rabbits with the idea of breeding them for hunting and food purposes. Up to that time the rabbit was unknown in that part of the world, but from that single pair a progeny amounting to countless millions has resulted, so that the whole country is overrun with them. In some sections the plague has become so serious that the human inhabitants have resigned in favor of the rabbits. Thousands of settlers have been ruined by these little pests, who eat up every sprig of vegetation. The government has a prize offer of \$25,000 out for any plan that will exterminate them, but though some of the greatest scientists in the world have submitted schemes the prize for a successful one has never been awarded.

Eugene W. Chafin, Prohibition candidate for President in 1908, in a speech delivered last week in Chicago, predicted that saloons would be driven from that city in two years. The enemy, he declared, is on the run now, and a vote on license next spring would greatly frighten the liquor men.

In an opinion delivered to Gov. Hadley of Missouri, at his request, Attorney General E. W. Major passed upon the disputed points in the new law taxing brewers and wholesale liquor dealers. The attorney general declares that the power of the legislature to impose license tax upon the manufacture and sale of liquor is a well-settled proposition. As the maximum tax under the new law is \$1,000, a big revenue is expected, if the State officials demand its enforcement in accordance with the attorney general's ruling.

England's pride, stirred to its depths, by the North Pole being won by Americans, has taken material form, and within a few hours from the time Capt. Robert Scott, the discoverer, announced that he would find the South Pole, if \$200,000 be subscribed to equip the expedition, the money was forthcoming. It is said Capt. Scott will start in July with two supply bases, one at MacMurdo sound and the other, if possible, in King Edward VIII land. He will attempt to reach the pole by using ponies, motor sledges and dogs. Lieut. Shackelton, who holds the record of being the nearest to the South Pole, will not accompany him on this expedition, but other explorers will go.

The annual conference of the German Socialist party opened its business sessions at Leipsic, Sept. 13, Paul Singer, a member of the reichstag, presiding. Four hundred delegates were present in the big hall surrounded by flags and revolutionary mottoes. The representatives of the reception committee gave favorable accounts of the movements in Germany for the past year. The number of Socialist deputies in the reichstag has been increased to 44 in a total of 397. The report also showed that in each of the State legislatures throughout Germany there were many Socialist delegates. In this way the Socialists declare their representation in the imperial and State legislatures is sufficient to make the voice of these Socialists heard in the councils of the nation. There are in town and district councils, 1,791 Socialists. The entire party in Germany numbers 633,309 paying members, of whom 62,259 are women. The average contributions of these members is 2 cents a week. The Socialist daily paper in Berlin, the Vorwaerb, has a circulation of 15,000 and makes money. There are several successful publishing houses, comic papers and weekly papers published by the party. The deliberations of the council lasted for one week.

Engineer Green, who is placing dynamite under the cribs which supported the old bridge of the Chicago and Northwestern railway, at Clinton, Iowa, recently wrecked, has discovered that myriads of worms attached themselves to the timbers far below the low water line, and had eaten into the wood. The worm is half an inch long and white. Specimens have been sent to the company's offices in Chicago and probably will go to the university there for examination. It is believed by Engineer Frank Bainbridge, in charge of the construction company's new bridge across the Mississippi, that the discovery will attract national attention and may revolutionize the method of under-water construction, as no worm of the kind was ever before known to exist in fresh water.



Among the Magazines



WHAT THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS NEED.

Theodore Dreiser, editor of *The Delineator*, asked fifty superintendents of public schools in various parts of the United States to write on the topic "Improvements I Would Make in the Public Schools." Here are some of the answers that he received:

For every new subject introduced, some subject now taught should be curtailed or omitted.

Supt. Martindale of Detroit.

A manual-training shop is a much-needed adjunct to the truant school as a means of developing the power of concentration, which is so evidently lacking in habitual truants.

Supt. Cole of Albany.

I believe that the coöperation of the manufacturers of our city can be secured in the establishment of industrial schools.

Supt. Warriner of Saginaw.

I believe the system of free lectures to be one of the most important and far-reaching socializing forces that the Board of Education could possibly foster.

Supt. Brumbaugh of Philadelphia.

I am urging each principal to plan some evening program that would attract a large attendance of parents, and on that occasion have the law read, etc.

Supt. Emerson of Buffalo.

I am convinced that a profitable and practical work can be found for a well-organized Mothers' Club in every city, village or country school in Texas.

Supt. Horn of Houston.

The medical profession could find no better field for usefulness than by giving public lectures in various parts of the city to parents and teachers, on the health of children and how it may be preserved.

Supt. Whitford of St. Joseph.

Personally, I think that some provision should be made that boys of proper physique and age be permitted to work in vacation.

Supt. Foos of Reading.

The maximum number possible without serious loss in efficiency is different in different schools, but appears to vary from sixteen to eighteen.

Supt. Brooks of Boston.

Sound business policy would require—that substantial increase of accommodations for the elementary schools should be made each successive year, with the growth of the city.

Supt. Kendall of Indianapolis.

It would be far better to pay the fare for conveying children to certain schools than to maintain some small schools at an enormous expense.

Supt. Greenwood of Kansas City.

In my judgment it would be far more beneficial to add one year to the compulsory day-school law. Compulsory evening attendance should not then be required.

Supt. Benedict of Utica.

Out-of-door games properly supervised afford one of the cheapest and best means for education.

Supt. Poland of Newark.

I wish to suggest that school sweeping never be done dry—that a germicidal preparation be used.

Supt. Beede of New Haven.

1.—Equipment of all school yards with play apparatus.

2.—Open all yards after school under efficient supervision.

3.—Provide in each large district, grounds properly equipped and supervised, where children can play those great group games to which all youth naturally tend as they approach adolescence.

Supt. Elson of Cleveland.

A teacher's salary should constitute a living wage. In the case of a teacher a living wage ought to be understood to mean a salary sufficient to enable the teacher to live in respectable society and to take advantage of reasonable means of culture and recreation. On this ground I recommend that as soon as money is available the salaries of women principals be equalized with those of men.

Supt. Maxwell of New York.



THE POSTOFFICE DEFICIT.

Postmaster General Hitchcock and President Taft have recently held a conference for the purpose of deciding on ways and means of overcoming the postal deficit. This deficit last year was \$20,000,000, the largest in the history of the department. In two years it has amounted to \$36,000,000. The increase of the 1908-09 deficit over that of 1907-8 is attributed by the Postmaster General, if he is correctly reported in the Washington dispatches, "in part to the extensions of the service, to the business depression during the first part of the fiscal year and to cumbersome and expensive methods of handling the mail and conducting the affairs of other departments of the work." We are informed, however, that the administration is going to the bottom of the matter and as evidence of its good faith the announcement is made that 40 experts are even now at work in Washington on the postoffice department records. These experts are giving their attention to the registry division, "which has been showing a growing deficit year after year." Next, a similar inquiry will be made into the business of the money order department, which also shows a deficit, and finally the rural free delivery system is to be investigated.

These explanations almost tempt one to laugh outright. While it is quite possible that the experts will be able to suggest methods of curtailing expenses in certain divisions of the department, it is safe to assume that the investigation will not extend to the VITAL DEFECTS in the American postal system. We are not informed that there is to be an inquiry into the possibility of the government entirely wiping out the postal deficit by raising the 4-lb. limit that is now placed by law on packages that

will be carried through the mails. We are not informed that there is to be any investigation of the unbusiness-like methods employed in contracting with railroads for carrying mail. We are not informed that there is to be an inquiry that is at all likely to result in even one vital reform. Instead, we are informed that there is a possibility of an increase of 2 cents being made in the charge for registering letters and other registerable mail and that steps will probably be taken to place the money order division "on a self-supporting basis."

If the government really wishes to wipe out postal deficits, it can do so. The way has been pointed out by hundreds of American newspapers and numerous magazines. With us of *The Daily*, who have made the post-office department a subject of careful study during the past several years, there has never been any doubt as to what methods of a reform nature should be pursued. The money that the express companies are now getting, through robbery of the people, would be sufficient in itself to wipe out the present deficit and the money that is wrongfully going to the railroads, who are paid for hauling vastly more mail than is handled in this country, would be sufficient, if diverted and added to parcels post revenue, to give the government a handsome profit on its postoffice business. If the pending investigation is being sincerely made why is there such criminal neglect of these salient features of the business?—*Woman's National Daily*.



WOMAN AND THE BALLOT.

Woman suffrage in the United States is not so much a question of "if" as of "when." When the women want the ballot badly enough to demand it with any approach to unanimity the voting population will grant it to them. President Taft says that when that time does come he hopes they will get it. But they will not be worthy of it until they shall have fought for it, determinedly but peacefully.

The probability is that woman suffrage will come in this country more gradually but in a better way than in England. There is no likelihood of a resort here to the tempestuous methods of the suffragettes. One State at a time will grant the ballot to its female citizens after they shall have convinced the male electorate that they are in deadly earnest. Some States—mostly those of the South—will be slow to act.

Women should not ask for the ballot out of mere gayety of heart. Those among them who are opposed to woman suffrage are the ones who have considered most seriously its advantages. If it confers privileges it also imposes responsibilities. Almost every additional right that woman gains from man involves some sacrifice by her. When she shall become the industrial and political equal of man he will not deal with her in quite the same chivalrous spirit that he does now.

So, before the women of a State formulate a demand for the ballot they ought to discuss the pros and cons thoroughly among themselves and weigh the losses against the gains. When they shall have made up their minds that they will be better off with the ballot than without it persistent agitation will give it to them. But when will the women of Illinois, for instance, come to that conclusion?—*Chicago Tribune*.



THE SCHOOL "FRATS" IN DENVER.

Denver is the latest city in which the high school fraternities have been defying the school authorities. On

the opening day of school 100 members of fraternities and sororities chose to be suspended rather than give up their membership in the societies. Some of them have gone back to school in the hope that legal proceedings will compel the school board to cease "interference" with them. Enough of the others will stay outside to furnish exhibits of "victims of tyranny" for use in the trial of the cases.

Such a demonstration of revolt as this gives merely one further proof that the "kid frats" are vicious through and through. The children show thus in wholesale way that they regard their fraternities as more important than their education. This is the culminating proof coming on top of other proof that they regard their fraternities as more important than scholarship, than any social privileges the schools offer or even than common decency between child and child.

Whether the Denver school board wins its lawsuit or not will depend on the State laws as interpreted by the Supreme Court. If it does not win it should at once urge the legislature to give it full powers to control the situation. As much may be said of other cities. Indeed, the time has come when it would be well if every State Legislature at once put complete powers in the hands of the school boards for the extermination of all of these "frats." The quicker the pests are forced to disappear the better it will be, because so much the less energy will be wasted in the long run that ought to be devoted to better things. —*Chicago Record-Herald*.



EDUCATION.

EDUCATION in literature is not so reliable a means of support as a good mechanical trade, for while the products of the mechanical trades are always in demand, those of the intellect are variable and often poorly paid. The mind should be cultivated, and the moral faculties developed, but with these advantages there should be a well-developed body and physical powers trained to do well some one thing. A man with nothing but his intellectual resources finds himself severely handicapped in this utilitarian age, but if he have a good handicraft to fall back on, he is doubly equipped for the battle of life. It is well to keep the boys and girls in school, but mere book learning is never education in its broad sense. The eye, the ear, the hand, the foot must all be educated, if one would have the best success in life. If every boy and girl knew some one trade by which they could support themselves if necessary, the temptation to sacrifice the moral character to secure favor would be greatly lessened. Not the least of Paul's qualifications to preach the Gospel was his ability to make tents; in this knowledge and skill he was independent of the people among whom he found himself, and this independence gave moral strength, which is always a source of spiritual power with others. In America everything else is an outgrowth of the three productive activities—trade, manufactures and agriculture; there is no limit to the development of any one of these; the learned professions can enlarge only as fast as these three primary activities have use for them. As this truth is recognized, in-

dustrial schools are being established more and more, and in nearly all institutions of learning in these days, some show is given to the teaching of the manual arts.—*The Commoner*.



WHAT IS A BOY WORTH?

DURING a county local option campaign in Ohio for the prohibition of the liquor traffic an incident occurred that created a good deal of amusement and at the same time taught a valuable lesson. At a temperance meeting a speaker was comparing the worth of a boy with money, because so many people in the county were afraid that the banishing of the saloon would injure business and increase the taxes.

After the speaker had dilated on the peril coming to the boys through the open saloon and the liquor traffic in general he declared that the boys were worth a great deal more than business or any money value whatever. In order to make his argument all the more forcible by means of a concrete example, he stepped forward to the front seat, and laid his hand on the head of a bright lad, saying: "What, for example, is this boy worth?"

There was a moment of impressive silence, while the speaker looked earnestly over his audience. Then a mischievous lad some distance away called out: "He's worth ten cents!"

For a moment there was an uproar of merriment. The laugh was on the speaker. It was a question how he should recover his poise and save his argument on the value of a boy from utter defeat. You know how that is—in a promiscuous crowd the fellow who gets off the laugh on his opponent almost always has the best of the contest, whether the argument is on his side or not. The temperance orator had to save the day in some way, for, after all, the truth was on his side. So, after the laughter had subsided, he took advantage of the situation in this way:

"Yes, that is just the way a good many people look upon this matter. They put a high money value on a horse, or a cow, or sheep, or even a hog, but when they come to estimating the value of a boy, think he is worth about ten cents!"

That was a pretty apt reply, and many in the audience caught the point and applauded loudly.

However, another thing happened to save the day for the temperance cause. As the speaker ended the foregoing sentence a man on the other side of the room rose, and spoke as follows: "Mr. Speaker, the boy you have been referring to is *my* boy, and I want to say before this whole audience that there isn't enough money in the county or the State to buy him."

Then a storm of applause that almost "raised the roof" broke from the delighted auditors, who appreciated the noble way in which the true worth of a boy had been vindicated. It is a good thing to be as quick-

witted in the cause of truth as other people are in the cause of error.—*Selected*.

•

Between Whiles

More Howwible.

"I was weading an—aw—account of a woman being gored to death by a beastly cow, doncher-know," remarked young Dudleigh. "Weally, I cawn't imagine a more howwible affair, can you, Miss Caustique?"

"No, Mr. Dudleigh," replied Miss Caustique, with a mighty yawn, "unless it is being bored to death by a calf."



A country minister in the course of his dining out on the circuit came to a house where a roast chicken was served for dinner. He had previously encountered a series of rib corned beef dinners and the chicken looked good to him.

"Well," he facetiously remarked, "here's where that chicken enters the ministry."

"Hope it does better there than in lay-work," rejoined the small boy of the family.—*Boston Record*.



The Appreciative Husband.

"I declare," complained Mrs. Duzzit, "I certainly shall have to punish the children."

"What have they been up to now?" asked Mr. Duzzit.

"They have simply upset my sewing room. Nothing is where it should be. Needles, spools of thread, scissors, darning balls, and everything have been poked away into the most unexpected corners. I had to search all afternoon to find a card of buttons. It is perfectly exasperating."

"My dear, the children didn't do that. I did it."

"You? What possessed you?"

"I thought I was doing you a kindness. After you straightened up the papers and books in my desk so beautifully, I thought it was no more than right that I should return the compliment by putting your sewing room in similar shape."—*Life*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—1,000 Sisters to send for sample of Bonnet Braids and Cap Goods. Satisfaction Guaranteed.—J. P. Holsinger, Mt. Morris, Ill.

WANTED—Partner to take \$1,000 interest in and manage large dairy farm in Michigan. Also 80 acres wild land for sale \$10 per acre. J. L. Garrison, 361 E. 69th St., Chicago, Ill.



FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing run-off for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

"It is confidently predicted that land under this ditch will meet with ready sale and rapid settlement and that a prosperous community will result."

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The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Bye Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful



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56. Looking Unto Jesus.
57. Ye belong to Christ.
58. God is a Refuge for Us.
59. Seek and Ye Shall Find.
60. God is Our Refuge and Strength.
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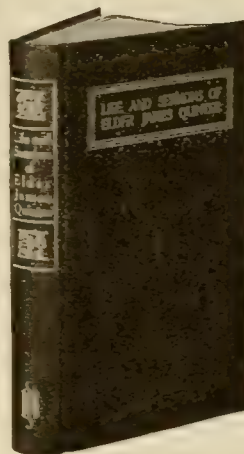
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We have just completed the second book and are filling orders every day. We feel certain that several of our customers neglected to place an order in advance, and have printed a few hundred copies besides those needed to fill the advance orders.

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The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

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ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

J. A. WEAVER

For Further Particulars, Address:

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YOUR CHOICE OF LOCATION

"Church Extension by Colonization" is our Motto. We are locating our second Colony, with others to follow in other states in the near future.

COLONY NUMBER ONE

of California, adjoining the new town of EMPIRE. An organized Church of the Brethren is

This location was selected because of its fine climate; snows and thunder storms are unknown there; because of its rich soil and fine irrigation system enable a great variety of crops to be grown; and because the excellent transportation facilities to the nearby markets make it easy to dispose of the products to good advantage.

which sells from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per ton. All kinds of stock, dairying and poultry are handled with profit. The alfalfa remains green all winter.

All kinds of California fruits, nuts, berries and in be grown here, yielding good in-



WHAT OTHERS SAY

prices are a

COLONY NUMBER TWO

This colony is being located near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, in the great wheat Belt of

excellent transportation to nearby markets. The raising of stock, wheat, oats, barley and grass are the principal pursuits here. Immense crops are grown annually of these cereals, wheat yielding from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. Lands are little higher here than in the newer sections; wheat brings from 10 to 15 cents per bushel more than in the western provinces. Homeseekers will find it advantageous to investigate our colony propositions here and elsewhere. Write us for fuller information about prices, terms and special rates for homeseekers.

Co-operative Colonization Company North Manchester, Indiana

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THE INGLENOOK

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SINALOA, "The California of Mexico"



Banana Field and Sugar Cane, Redo Ranch, Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

History

From Sinaloa, Mexico, in the year 1542, sailed Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, landing on the California coast and exploring the regions where Los Angeles now stands. Two hundred thirty-nine years later, out of Sinaloa also came the eleven families who formed the first settlement of California, and founded, near where Los Angeles now stands, the "Sinaloa of the United States." This colony survived for two years only and with their entire number left the desolate sage plains of Southern California and returned to "Sinaloa, The California of Mexico." The whole world knows what colonization and progress has done for the great empire of California of the United States, and now "The Sinaloa Colonization Company" purposes to assist the young men of our day to cause history to repeat itself, and to reclaim, from its centuries of isolation, the parent country, "Sinaloa, the California of Mexico."

Location

The State of Sinaloa is situated on the western coast of the Republic of Mexico, in the same longitude as El Paso, Texas, and Denver, Colorado, and in the same latitude as Florida, and borders on the beautiful Vermillion Sea—the Gulf of California. It has a coast line of 400 miles, and Culiacan, the capital, lies, by rail, 500 miles southeast of Nogales on the United States border, and closer to Chicago than either San Francisco or Portland.

Physical Features

Sinaloa is from 350 to 400 miles long and has an average width of about 80 miles. Naturally it is divided into lowlands, about forty miles wide, and comparatively level, into rolling foothills about forty

miles in width, and the highlands, with an altitude from a few hundred to a few thousand feet. In the first there are fine agricultural lands, in the second, agricultural, grazing and timber lands, and, in the third, rich mining, timber, and grazing lands.

General Characteristics

Except in the highlands, occasionally, there are positively no frosts. No earthquake tremor was ever registered by the seismograph, North of Guadalajara or south of Nogales. There is a deep rich soil of granitic character. In all the wars and rumors of wars of Mexico, Sinaloa has never had a part, as it is surrounded by mountains on the North, East and South, and the Ocean on the West, and, therefore, is, and has always been, a peaceful little empire within itself, knowing little of, and caring little for the outside world. The coming of the railroads has put new life into the people of the State, and a new era has dawned. There are no strong winds, at any time of the year, but nearly always a gentle breeze, and there is scarcely a night in the eight months outside of the rainy season when blankets are not very comfortable. During the four months of rainy season it is warmer but the thermometer does not register so high as in the Imperial valley of California, nor is the humidity so great as at Chicago or New York. The rainy season is between the planting and the harvest, hence the crops get the benefit of the rains. The Japanese current does much to effect a perfect climate. Pests and vermin, so common to this latitude, are, therefore, seldom found.

Water

There is an abundance of good water. The State is well supplied with a number of good rivers, and



Redo Sugar Factory, Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

good wells. Irrigation by gravity canals and by the pumping system are both practicable and feasible and comparatively inexpensive. This land is all susceptible of irrigation. The main ditch is constructed and ready for water, and laterals to carry it onto each tract purchased will be constructed when necessary. Remember that a *Free* water right goes with the title to the land, and that the annual charge for water is so low (50c per acre foot per annum) as to be scarcely worthy of consideration. Farming can be begun immediately after taking possession of land. No alkali is found in the State. The soil is from 10 to 40 feet deep, and, being of granitic formation, is not susceptible to wash. This, with the abundance of good water easily obtained, will change the State to a thriving community of fine haciendas, ranches and farms. Artesian water has been found in Sonora to the North, and in Tepic to the South. It has never been drilled for here and, in all probability, would be found if sought for.

Products

Sinaloa is a tropical State without the disagreeable characteristics of a tropical country. The absence of frosts and the constant season of sunshine make the cultivation of the tropical fruits successful. General farming is possible throughout the entire year. Among the most important crops are the following:

Corn, beans, cotton, cow-peas, broomcorn, wheat, buckwheat, barley, rye, alfalfa, rice, clover, Bermuda grass, Kaffir corn, milo-maize, oats, sugar-cane, tobacco, apples, limes, bananas, pineapples, melons, blackberries, dates, figs, grapes, cauliflower, cabbage, peas, garbanza (yellow chick peas), cucumbers, egg plant, celery, ginger, peanuts, horseradish, kale, pumpkins, leek, lettuce, mangoes, mulberries, oranges, peaches, plums, pomegranates, olives, strawberries, asparagus, beets, artichokes, mustard, cress, onions, parsley, parsnips, rutabagas, radishes, sweet potatoes, squash, spinach, tomatoes, turnips, indigo, coffee, dye woods, and sisal fibre (known as the "Millionaire-Maker of Mexico"), from which ropes and binder twine are made. There is an abundance of wild game, fish, oysters, shrimp, etc. Great deposits of cement rock and var-

ious sorts of clay, employed in the manufacture of vitrified earthenware, may be found in the State by those who are interested in that industry.

Health

Sinaloa has quarantined against the United States much more frequently than the States have quarantined against it, as records will show. Contagious diseases are very rare, and diphtheria, asthma, pneumonia and the like, are practically unknown.

Timber

Sinaloa is not heavily timbered, but along the coast there are some good maple, willow, *Lignum vitae*, ebony and mahogany. In the hills and mountains are to be found sycamore, cypress, spruce, pine, madrona, elm, walnut, cedar and oak, all similar to the species found in the United States. Such a thing as a forest fire is absolutely unknown in the State. It is practically impossible. One can hardly burn a brush pile until the brush has been piled for a time in the sun and dried out.

Live Stock

For years to come the raising of live stock will be a very profitable industry as no attention has been paid to it, and the time has now come when there will have to be a better and larger grade of horses used than there has been heretofore. Prices are better than in the United States, and it will be a long period of years before the supply will exceed the demand. This applies to cattle raising also.

Minerals

Sinaloa is conceded to be one of the richest in minerals of the Mexican states. The advent of the great railroad systems means a revolution of the present mining operations. Gold, silver, copper, lead, zinc, antimony, coal and china clays are found in several localities. Practically all the mining engineers of the State of California are more or less acquainted with the mineral conditions in Sinaloa and are prepared to answer any interested inquirer on these points.



Fiber Plant, Colonia, Culiacan.

Transportation

The Southern Pacific of Mexico has a trunk line from Benson, Arizona, to Culiacan, the capital of the State of Sinaloa and is fast pushing southward toward Guadalajara. This system means much to the State, as it places the cities of Sinaloa within a comparatively few hours of Los Angeles and San Francisco, and fewer to Kansas City.

The Kansas City, Mexico & Orient R'y has its own line operating from Topolobampo east to the eastern border of the State of Sinaloa, and are working as fast as possible to connect with the other end of the system at the U. S. border, which will bring Sinaloa 500 miles nearer than California to the great markets of the United States.

The Sinaloa & Durango Railway connects Culiacan, the capital of the State, with the port of Altata and furnishes an outlet to the coast, and the many and varied products of the soil in the vicinity of Culiacan are transported to the steamship lines which carry them to the outside markets. The Pacific Coast Steamship Company. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company, and The Naviera Steamship Co., serving



Dates, Bananas, Oranges, Tay's Ranch, Sinaloa.

the harbors of Altata, Topolobampo and Mazatlan, furnish a gateway to the world. The Mexican Government is spending \$10,000,000 in harbor work at Mazatlan, and has a similar project in contemplation at the harbor of Topolobampo.

The Colony

We have set aside several thousand acres, less than a dozen miles from the State capital, alongside the great Culiacan river, known as the Culiacan Colony, where we purpose to offer to colonists from the United States an unparalleled offer as to soil, water rights, transportation, fuel, *perfect titles*, and a healthful climate, the most reasonable terms, and lowest prices, combined, to be found in the Republic of Mexico. If you are at all interested in the development of *one of the best propositions in the world*, write to us for particulars not mentioned in this brief survey of the fundamental facts, and such information will be fully and cheerfully given. Write to us TODAY.

THE SINALOA COLONIZATION COMPANY,
418 Bee Building,
Omaha, Nebraska.

[Mention Inglenook when writing.]



Cocoanut Trees, Altata, Sinaloa, Mexico.

A Wonderful Success

Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

Read What Prof. Holden of Ames Agri- cultural College, Ames, Iowa, Has to Say:

"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

"The diversity of crops appealed to me as strongly as anything I saw. The irrigation farmer for instance, is not dependent upon any one crop. He doesn't have to wait until the end of the season to get his money because there is something seasonable and saleable at all times during the year. He raises fruit, wheat, alfalfa, oats, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, in fact everything grown in the temperate zone.

"One man told me that he raised 18 bushels of clover seed on one acre of ground during the past year, and I found that the clover seed crop runs 8 to 15 bushels per acre."

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

Colonization Agent

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.

Salt Lake City, Utah

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THE STARS AND BARS

JOHN W. WAYLAND

IN the INGLENOOK for July 13 is the third number in an interesting series of "Impressions," contributed by the editor, and written out of her experiences and observations on her recent trip to the Annual Meeting of the Church of the Brethren. From Harrisonburg, Va., where the meeting was held, she went to the national capital, where she saw much of which all Americans should be proud, as well as a few things that deserved her good-natured criticism. Her observations in Virginia on Memorial Day were just a little disturbing to her; and it is upon this point that I am writing now, with her kind permission.

In keeping alive the memory of their dead, the people of Virginia and other Southern States make profuse use of Confederate flags—the "Stars and Bars"; and it was the sight of these flags, the banners of a "lost cause," that was strange to her eyes, and that very naturally caused her to wonder whether they were employed merely as memorials of things passed away, or whether they expressed a thought traitorous to the beloved Union, whose blessings we all enjoy. It occurred to me that others of our friends beyond the Alleghanies and the Ohio might like to know how we of Virginia look upon the situation; and so I asked leave to speak.

If any one expects now a sectional or partisan exhibition of feeling, an attack upon Lincoln or a defence of Lee, I beg to forestall his disappointment. Lee and the cause for which he stood need no defence, when they are understood; Lincoln did a great man's great work, and all intelligent patriots must acknowledge it; if the whole country in 1861 could have submitted their differences to Lincoln and Lee as arbiters, there would have been no secession in the South, no disruption of the Union; and today there would be no slavery in the land, and no memorial day would be needed for thousands slain in bloody war.

In April, 1874, L. Q. C. Lamar delivered in the halls of Congress his masterful eulogy on Charles Sumner. Sumner was of Massachusetts, and ten years earlier

had been hated, I imagine, almost as widely in the South as John Brown. Lamar was of Mississippi, and had taken a prominent part in the struggle and the sufferings of that cause that many called accursed. In 1874 children remembered Chancellorsville and Gettysburg, and reconstruction was not yet over. These facts give the orator's words a glorious meaning, and I quote the final paragraph. They are the words of Lamar, but they might have been spoken with equal sincerity by any great man on either side, and they have ever since expressed the sentiment of all true patriots on both sides:

"Would that the spirit of the illustrious dead whom we lament today could speak from the grave to both parties to this deplorable discord, in tones which should reach each and every heart throughout this broad territory: 'My countrymen! **Know** one another, and you will love one another.'"

This is my text in this paper. It expresses in a word all that we need for the clearing up of many clouds and the curing of many pains. Better acquaintance is what we need now; and better acquaintance from 1840 to 1860 might have prevented 1860 to 1865. It is in the hope that a small contribution may be made to better acquaintance that this paper is submitted. My subject, "The Stars and Bars," is only incidental; the great text is fundamental.

It is my deliberate opinion, based upon considerable study and observation, that hardly ever at this time are the Stars and Bars used with any malign intent toward the Union or the national government. There are a few people in the South today—there have always been some such in all parts of the country—who still think it would have been better if the secession movement of 1860-1861 had succeeded. Some give as reasons for this view that two federations of States would be better than one; others, that if secession had succeeded, a more perfect union could have been established by the two powers uniting upon equal terms afterward. A few persons still wish that the Confed-

eracy had lived, not because of any rational scheme of statecraft, but because they themselves suffered for it and their loved ones died for it. But altogether, those who regret that the Union was maintained are today comparatively few, and they are becoming fewer every year. If a great crisis were to arise in which the life of the nation were in peril, there would be a great multitude rallying about Old Glory; and so far as valor and loyalty are concerned, those countless thousands would know no South, no North, no East or West.

I could name some men who held prominent positions in the civil and military service of the Confederacy who have since declared that they were glad the cause failed. Why? Not because they ever ceased to believe that they once contended for rights and principles, but because they loved the Union. They loved the Union in 1861; they love it today; and they rejoice in its strength and glorious opportunities. They also see now that if the Confederacy had succeeded, the almost inevitable result by this time would be not a more perfect union, not two great unions, but an indefinite number of petty confederacies, struggling with one another, and lying a helpless prey before the first great invader.

Nullification and secession had raised its head in practically every section of the land prior to 1860; and the success of the Confederacy would have established a precedent that other sections would have followed. As it was, when the test was made, the precedent was firmly established against secession, and no serious attempt has been made since to accomplish it. In the great sacrifice of '61 to '65, the sins of earlier transgressors were consumed and forgotten; and at the same time the mightiest champion of secession was slain.

The statement above, that men who fought against the Union at the same time loved it, may sound strange; but I am certain that it was true in many instances. It is no stranger than the fact that friends and brothers were arrayed against one another in the opposing armies. Such are the tragedies of war. In all great national movements there are conflicting sentiments that often rend men's souls; and it was so in the case before us. To illustrate great things by small, suppose that ten men form a company for certain benevolent and beneficent tasks; all agree in desiring the ends aimed at, and soon come to love the work. In time, however, four of the men feel that their personal rights are being infringed, and after protracted efforts at adjustment they conclude that adjustment is impossible. Then, with heavy hearts, they decide to withdraw from the common enterprise. It is a sad step, because they love the work and desire its blessings, and yet they feel that they must sacrifice either their allegiance to it or their own personal rights.

This, I think, is a fair illustration of the conflicting emotions that tried many souls in our land a half century ago.

Not only individuals, but States as well, experienced such an internal struggle. Virginia, for example, was one of the last States to pass an ordinance of secession, and she did so only when it became apparent that she would be compelled to fight on one side or the other. Virginia loved the Union, of which she was a part. She had been one of the leaders in forming it, and she had given more to it than any other State. No wonder, therefore, that Virginia and thousands of her sons entered the struggle with bleeding hearts; for they loved the Union; they loved only liberty, or what seemed to them liberty, more.

Slavery, of course, was at the bottom of the difficulty. It was the starting-point for sectional differences, because it had interrupted mutual acquaintance and prevented mutual understanding and sympathy. This difference grew wider and wider, and suspicion grew continually stronger. For it was a difference of feeling and sympathy, rather than a difference of interests and principles, that led to secession and war, as well as to the blunders of reconstruction. If those words of Lamar, "My countrymen! *know* one another, and you will *love* one another," could have been the motto of all loyal Americans from 1820 to 1860, and could have been a living conviction in each heart, the saddest pages of our history would not be those dealing with the years from 1860 to 1870.

If the men of the North had known the men of the South, they would have known that the greatest southern leaders were opposed to slavery, and were laboring to get rid of it as soon as possible. They would not have called the Southerners so many hard names, and the latter, on their side, would not have felt constrained, in a spirit of wrath and defiance, to manufacture cudgels to defend slavery. If the men of the South had known the men of the North, they would have known that the greatest northern leaders were attacking an antiquated and paralyzing form of social organization, and not individuals, property, or political rights. They would not have called the Northerners so many hard names, and the latter, in angry zeal, would not have resorted to such hasty and radical measures. Mutual acquaintance and sympathy would have solved the problem in good time; but those virtues were lacking. Mutual acquaintance and sympathy now can and must and will make the nation more a Union than it ever was. "My countrymen! *know* one another, and you will *love* one another."

I have thus attempted, at some length, to justify and explain my proposition that the present-day use of Confederate flags in the South does not indicate any considerable degree of hostility either to the Union or to the national government. It may now be in place

to point out some of the reasons why these flags are still employed.

This may be almost an unnecessary task, since some reasons have been indicated already, and others may readily be found.

In the first place, I should say that they are preserved as a matter of history. The men of '61 to '65 made a good deal of history on both sides, and the world is going to preserve it. It is hardly fitting that the successive generations of our own people should cast it away. It cannot be cast away, though every old flag and every new flag, though every old gray coat and every old blue coat should be given to moth and fire. A fact of history, be it great enough, will live forever. I am told that a certain great man's name, placed with others upon a massive structure erected near Washington City while he was Secretary of War, was cut off afterward because he fell into disfavor with the government he had served. How foolish and childish! As if destroying a record would annihilate a fact. I should regard it as a distinct loss to historical material and historical sentiment, as well as to historical study and the historical spirit, if every Confederate flag and every representation of one, in cloth and on paper, were destroyed. We cannot destroy facts, but we can destroy the things that help us to understand and appreciate them.

In the second place, there are all over this land of ours, North, South, East, and West, thousands of graves in which were buried tens of thousands of hearts: hearts of strong men slain in battle or starved in prison; hearts of mothers; hearts of widows; hearts of orphans; hearts of virgins, pure as snow; all these hearts, whether literally or figuratively, were buried in soldiers' graves:

"Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray."

Beside these graves those come and kneel sometimes whose hearts are buried there. They bring flowers, because flowers speak of peace; they bring what is left of themselves, because they have nothing to withhold; and they bring the old flags of red, white, and blue, whether starred and striped or starred and barred, because the lifeblood of the dead fell upon them.

It may be merely a sentiment, it may be only a superstition; we may have borrowed the habit from the red men of the forest and prairie, who place beside the dead hero the things he used in life; but it seems fitting that upon the soldier's grave should be placed the flag he bore. Whether the cause was just or whether war is ever to be justified, is altogether another question: The women that plant a flag on graves do so because they love the dead and honor them, and because the dead loved the flag.

"Stoop, angels, hither from the skies!
There is no holier spot or ground
Than where defeated valor lies,
By mourning beauty crowned."

Finally, although most of the flags used for purposes of decoration are cheap and recent products, a few are not, but are the actual flags under which deeds of valor were performed and history was made. In such instances each particular flag has a unique and lasting interest, and could be used with enthusiasm by any loyal American a few years hence; "when the mists have rolled away," and when the brave men of all sections will be recognized as fellow-countrymen.

A few days ago there died in Baltimore a woman who was in the city of Columbia, S. C., when Sherman's army entered it in 1865. As the city was burning and the inhabitants were fleeing for safety a Confederate officer handed her the flag under which the city had made its last stand, asking her to save it if she could. She draped it about her as an underskirt, and thus carried it through the Federal lines; and it now is kept at the State house at Annapolis, Md., as a precious possession. In a hundred years from now it would be given a place and kept as a treasured relic in any State house of the nation. This flag, like many others, has a history, and its destruction would be a national loss. And yet its colors are laid in stars and bars.

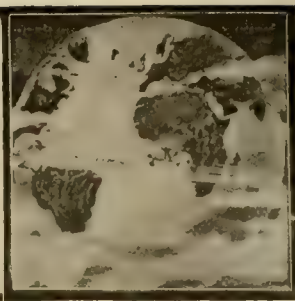
Does the use of Confederate flags on memorial days and in reunions of old soldiers hurt national patriotism? I think not, for the stars and bars are always entwined with the stars and stripes, and the hearts of the thinning gray lines in Blue and Gray are linked together also. A few months ago an old Federal general was given an honored place and hearing on the platform of a Confederate reunion here in Virginia; and since then, in the far South, dozens of old men in faded gray, half blinded by dust and tears, rushed out of the line of procession to shake the hand of the son of General Grant. The men who fought together got acquainted and understood one another years ago; and we, the sons and daughters, the grandsons and granddaughters, of those men, as we know one another better will love one another more.

I should like to repeat, in closing this paper, that I am writing this by the special courtesy of the editor, and with no intention, whatever, of being controversial. I also wish it clearly understood that I am not criticising in any degree the editorial article referred to at the beginning. The remarks in that article merely gave me the ideas that I have tried to develop here, and suggested to me that a discussion of the matter alluded to, by a Virginian, might be of interest to the readers of the INGLENOOK.

University, Va.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXVI. The Brethren Missions.

THE man-eating tiger in India is a frightful foe to natives and tourists. During the season of my travels here fourteen hundred and six people were carried away and devoured by these ferocious beasts. Night after night a tiger had visited a jungle village and carried away one of its inhabitants. The railroad company, knowing the terror that such a beast incites in natives, offered a big reward to the brave hunters who would capture the man-eater.

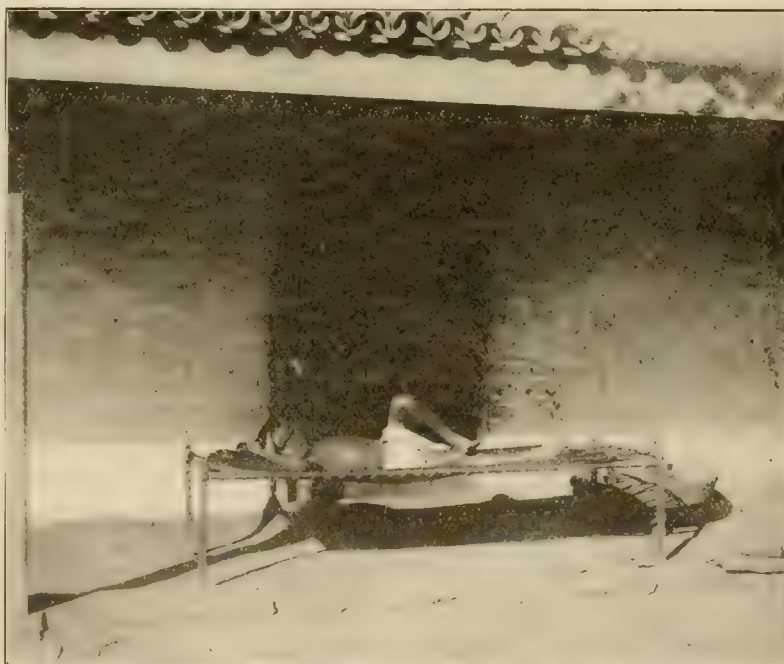
Three bold English hunters, armed with Winchester and knives, accepted the offer and were carried by the railroad to the jungle village. Here the car was side-tracked and used as a house by day and as a fort at night. The men therefore slept during the day and with cocked rifles leveled out of the wide-open windows of the English-model cars waited for the tiger from the inside.

Two of the men watched on the jungle side of the car. The rifle of the other guarded the people as they slept in their shapeless shacks.

The second day had come, but no tiger. The natives gathered around the car and began to circulate the report that the tiger had gone. No one had seen it go. No one knew where it had gone. But it had *gone*. And when a thing is *gone*, why,—it's *gone*! But when night came the watch was kept as usual.

The stars came out and flooded the jungle with

ghostly glimmering of light. The full moon rose shimmering over the coast of Malabar. The natives as usual were sleeping behind barred doors. At ten o'clock all was well. At twelve the tiger had not come. The men had been drinking some of the spirits they had carried with them, to keep off the fever, they said, and half believing the tiger had gone away, they allowed themselves to fill up on bad whiskey until they were now about half full. But they were trying to keep the watch as usual.



Bed.

At one o'clock, one of the men on the jungle side of the car said he thought he saw the tiger looking out from some rice bushes, and he got down from the car, saying that as the tiger would not come to him, he, like Mahomet, would go to it. After an hour or so he returned from his dare-devil jaunt.

In the meantime, the man on the village side had fallen asleep with drink and weariness. The two men therefore

decided that the tiger had certainly gone away,—that it was foolish to watch for something that would never show up. They wouldn't give up the watch exactly, but would take turns at watching and sleeping. This game of now you sleep and I watch, and then I *watch* and you sleep, was kept up until some time between three and four o'clock, when all three men were sound asleep in their drunken snooze.

And when they slept the tiger came. He sprang through the open window of the car, seized one of the

men and was off with him, cocked rifle and all, the fellow screaming for his companions and struggling for his life,—*just as the moon sank behind the cocoanut palms!*

That was the night, the hour, the second, when the tiger walked right into their muzzle. All those men needed to do was to pull the trusty trigger of their forty-eight calibre rifles, and there, at the wheels of their car, the spotted terror would have spat out his lifeblood.

That day their names would have been telegraphed all over the land. Their names would have been in all the papers. They would have been worshiped as heroes. Children would have stopped on their way to school to admire their brave defenders. Receptions at court and obeisance in the streets awaited their victorious return. The loveliest women of the Empire would have been their partners at banquets.

But instead of killing the tiger they throw one of their own number into his jaws and increase the peril.

That day when the train carried the car containing the two men back to their city, the idling natives jeered them as they passed through their villages, and the men meditated the death of a suicide,—the coward's last act.

Through something like seventy-five miles of this jungle country I had been riding on my wheel, stopping at various places not on the map for my meals and sleeping out in tents or at the railway stations or in dak bungalows, drinking as I went along, of the same kind of water used by the natives, and preparing for a long and dangerous illness that was soon to overtake me from my terrible exposures. Through the day I rode and nearly fell from my wheel from sunstroke, without an umbrella as is necessary here, and then at night chilling from the fall of the temperature. Though I knew nothing of the poisons I was eating and drinking into my system in both water and food, or of the peculiarly disastrous effects of the sun upon a stranger here, I began to feel the effects of depression in my vitality and hints of an oncoming fever.

At last, learning too of the danger from tigers and cobras that filled the country, I took the train for the mission fields in the vicinity of the Brethren. On Sunday I took dinner with some kind missionaries by the name of Ward, who were doing a good work apparently on a new field. Then I called at Brother and Sister Eby's who were the first of the Brethren up from Bombay. With both of these I had gone to school at the Mount, and it seemed so queer to sit down to their table off in India, in the very jungle, and eat of the peculiar food prepared in a peculiar way, and also to eat of the same kind of food prepared in exactly the same kind of way as we prepare it here. But when night came. I'll never forget that night. The rats would hardly allow me to sleep. They were running

all about me, and above me. I couldn't have seen any of them, possibly, if I had used a light, but still they were there, many of them, and all night long. Now as I had already learned that rats carry the awful disease of the Bubonic plague, and as the plague was raging over the country just then, I just thought that these rats were pouring Bubonic plague all over my bed and me all night long. I had prayed for protection during the



Hut in Bulsar Where Mr. Spickler Talked with the Native Man and Woman. Eliza B. Miller in Chair.

night, and I know now that I had it, all night long, but you could hardly make me believe it at the time. I think it was too bad that the people in our country allowed these earnest and sincere and hardworking souls to suffer like this during the first years of their work there. They should have been more ably supported. Their house was so cheap, so poor, though immeasurably better than the average native's hut. Perhaps I did them good when I came, for it seemed a taste of paradise to meet with schoolmates in such a strange country.

Then I went to Bulsar. Ah, Bulsar! That place will always be on my map!

Wilbur B. Stover! Why, he used to be an Amphitryon, and he it was who always sung for us, with three

others, and he it was who kept the ball rolling in the Literary Society:

"Up the stairs, around the bend,
Pressing toward the eastern end,
Where they chant the happy name, 'Amphictyon!'
"Tis the same united band
That has furnished for our land
Men who manage well the mighty ship of state;
And before you leave the hall
We will bid to one and all
An old-fashioned 'Come again!' and fond 'Good night.'"

And when W. B. greeted me upon my arrival I saw not the naked Hindus thronging us. I saw Mount Morris in his eyes. I saw W. B. with springing step, flying quietly, but *flying*, up the steps in Old Sandstone, or to the society hall in the east end, and then in the new hall, but still the east,—the sun-rising side of the universe. I saw him coming to me, and I knew what he wanted. Some one on the program had failed to appear. He wanted me to give a recitation or debate or write a story. Well there was never anyone more eager to do that, and so, just as soon as I saw him here at Bulsar I was ready to write a whole book and speak a whole volume and argue *ad infinitum*.

Just as W. B. took me in at the Mount, so he took me in here! And I soon found that he was the "whole thing" in the town. His house was the magnetic pole of the Bulsar world.

Emmert Stover, W. B. and Mary's little son, rides a velocipede, and he with his machine and I with mine, went out together around the town. It was hard work for him to keep up, but as I had so much more to see than he had to see, I used all the spare time in rubbering at the dirty children and flirting with the sweet-faced girls, most of whom were dressed on both sides, but a few of whom, like lumber, were dressed only on one side. It was very dusty and so we two kicked up a big dust around there.

Several nights I slept on the bed in the picture and in the room entered by the door, and one morning, early, W. B. awoke us to show me the Southern Cross, which although I had already seen while in the Indian Ocean from the ship's deck, was well worth looking at again in this part of the earth. The constellations forming this cross are in the south, and hang low in the heavens, the stars forming it being at such an angle of position as to give the cross it seems to form a romantic and natural slant of say twenty degrees. My bed was rather hard and narrow and short, but it was free from vermin and I knew it was free from disease. It was much better than the sleep I had in a town farther south where there were no Europeans at all. In that town, I shudder as I tell it, I dared to go out into the wilds of the woods to visit a cave temple with some natives. I had been half afraid to start with these men,—three of them,—for fear they might

be leading me off into a lonely spot, as they did do, in order to murder and rob me. And when I got to the underground temple, it took unusual daring to follow those unknown men down into the darkness. But I wish to think of them that they were all right and meant me no harm, for I am alive now after it all, and am telling about the little hard bed whose picture I show in this letter. Few missionaries, if any, have as good beds as the readers of the INGLENOOK enjoy every night in the year. They must often sleep on the hard ground where scorpions and cobras and tigers are known to be.

One day W. B. took me to the house of one of his friends, a picture of which I send with the letter. Miss Eliza B. Miller, also an old—I mean *young*—student at the Mount, brought sunshine into this house, even though it had no dormer windows or side windows. She was to this humble straw-hut what a faithful pastor is to a humble member of his church. Often she came here to tell the gospel story.

I went to the door myself and sat down here in the cool of the evening, and talked with both the man and his wife. I was able to talk to them without danger because these missionaries before me had gone to them with the story of the Christ. In other villages where I found no mission station, the people in homes like this one here, ran away when I approached, the children going wild and flying before my oncoming wheel like wild animals,—running from me because I was different from them, and therefore as they thought, and as a good many Christian people still think of people who are different,—an enemy.

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POETRY: WHAT IT IS.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

THE question which agitated Pope and Dryden equally with Coleridge and Wordsworth still seems to go unanswered. What is poetry? In a lyric like the "Ode to a Nightingale" there is evident to the philosophic reader that metaphysical inquiry concerning the "to be or not to be" which his eye is in search of; for the emotional reader there is sentiment and passion—more refined than he may be accustomed to in prose romances—but still warm and luxurious; for the religious reader there is abundant yearning after the life that is not, and the ethically inclined may discover the honesty of purpose and high morality of tone which are the objects of his inquiry. But if we attempt to define the charm of this poem, which has been called the most exquisite production of English lyrical verse, do we look at it from either of these sides? Do we feel the impress of its philosophic more than its emotional element? Is the ethical the thing which makes it forever a joy? Have we got from it nothing but

religious inspiration, the longing for a better existence beyond the "world unseen"? Evidently there is something else than these which constitutes the pleasure and benefit of reading such a song. It is the beauty, the summing up of all the constituents; the pervading atmosphere formed of *nature*, *art* and *thought* which make it a poem; and it is the intensity of these three which makes it a *great* poem. Poetry, then, would seem to be an expression of the beautiful poetically—that is in rhythm—with no thought of the moral or philosophical or emotional; because if any one of those elements, where all are equally represented, predominates over the other, the work produced ceases to be poetry, and becomes an expression of philosophic or moral, or some other truth. "Infinite symbolism be-

longs to all nature," says George Eliot, and if the poet recreates something beautiful out of the abounding life of nature he performs at the same time the office of moral, philosophic and emotional teacher. His part in the great scheme is the seizure of new beauty, interpretable in song, out of the ever-thronging images of truth which nature presents to his eye. Miracles are not the infractions of law,—they are not combinations of its material, and these, having been the medium of interpretation from the earliest times, the poet continues to perform and exhibit them, only with the clearer exposition with which the verse avails him.

He must be a seer but his seeing is concerned with the mystery of beauty, which is his only avenue of approach to the infinite.

THE COMET

T. H. FERNALD

THE comets are by far the most fascinating class of bodies in the study of astronomy. The suddenness with which they flame out in the sky, the large dimensions of their fiery train, the swiftness of their flight, the strange and mysterious forms they take, their suddenness of departure—all seem to defy the laws, and parfake of the marvelous.

The dictionaries tell us that they "are luminous heavenly bodies, which in general, consist of a nucleus or 'head,' with, or less frequently, without, a 'tail,' the whole moving in the heavens, first toward, then around, and finally away from, the sun, like a planet at one part of its elliptical orbit."

Thompson has written:

"So from the dread immensity of space
Returning with accelerated course,
The rushing comet to the sun descends."

The term comet really means a hairy body, consisting generally of three parts: the *nucleus*, a bright point in the center of the *head*; the *coma* (hair), the cloud-like mass surrounding the nucleus; and the *tail*, a luminous train which extends generally in the direction of the sun. Some, however, have no tails, and others have many. Comets appear in all parts of the heavens, and move in every conceivable direction.

When first seen the comet is a mere speck of light upon the dark background of the heavens, but increases in brightness as it nears the sun, and the tail comes to view. It is brightest near perihelion, and gradually fades away as it came, and at last is lost to view even to the telescope.

In every age the comet has excited great attention,

and has inspired superstitious terror in the general public. They have been considered as

"Threatening the world with famine, plague, and war;
To princes, death; to kingdoms, many curses;
To all estates, inevitable losses;
To herdsman, rot; to ploughmen, hapless season;
To sailors, storms; to cities, civil treason."

Milton in his "Paradise Lost" expresses the fear of the people in these words:

"On the other side,
Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified; and like a comet burn'd,
That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the Arctic skies, and from his horrid hair
Shakes pestilence and war."

Josephus tells of one of the omens foretelling the destruction of Jerusalem, as a "star resembling a sword which stood over the city, and a comet which continued a whole year."

From these ideas has science had to feel its way forward. Aristotle thought that the comet was an "igneous vapor not higher than our own atmosphere." Seneca taught that they were a kind of a planet. In 1668 one astronomer ascertained that the orbit of a comet was concave and not a straight line, as had been held previous to that date. In 1681, another believed them to move in parabolas. In 1704 Sir Isaac Newton proved that comets obeyed the laws of gravity, and held their orbits to be elliptical.

At the present time knowledge and opinions in regard to comets have advanced greatly, and we find the following as the result of study and observation.

According to Mr. Hind, more than six hundred comets have been noted, but at present it is believed

that about 17,500,000 exist in connection with the solar system.

In 1832 Sir John Herschel "saw a group of stars, of the sixteenth magnitude only," almost in the center of the Biela comet. "When such a body might be expected to exercise gravitation its influence is too small to be perceptible."

Comets are now divided into two very distinct classes as to their orbits: First, those whose orbits are so long that they are usually regarded as parabolas (cone-shaped); the second, those whose orbits and periods are both short. Of this last class about twelve or fifteen are known. The first class seem to come to us from outside space; while the other, which are supposed to have originally been a part of the first, seem to have their direction changed so as to produce their present short elliptical orbits, being acted upon by some planet. Prof. Schiaparelli, of Milan, in 1866, discovered that the orbit of the Tuttle comet, which was the third which appeared in 1862, was nearly "identical with that of the August meteors, and Temple's comet, the first of 1866, with that of the November meteor system." Prof. P. G. Tait, consequently, published the view that the sudden development of the tails of the comets, many million miles in length, and the occurrence of comets with many tails, and also the fact that there is no definite relation of direction between a comet's tail and its solar radius vector, may be accounted for on the supposition "that a comet is a cloud of small masses, such as stones are fragments of meteoric iron, shining by reflected light alone, except where these masses strike against each other, or on other matter circulating around the sun, and thus produce luminous gases along with considerable modification of their relative motion." We are told that the differences of motion of the meteoric fragments relatively to the earth, present appearances similar to those of a flock of sea-birds flying in one plane and only seem as one long line when the plane passes approximately through the spectator's eye." The so-called envelopes that surround them are also compared to the "curling wreath of tobacco smoke emitted from a pipe." William Huggins, Esq., examined the bright comet, which was visible June 24, 1881, with a spectroscope, and assuming that this one was composed of similar matter as other comets, decided that part of the light is "reflected sunlight, and part original light, and further that carbon is present in cometary matter."

The four largest and best-known comets are:

The Biela's comet which was named from M. Biela, an Austrian officer, who discovered it at Prague, February 27 or 28, 1862. This comet appeared about every six and one-half years. It made its appearance in September, 1832, in 1839, and in 1845; but between December, 1845, and January, 1846, it separated into

two comets, which went off in company, but returned in 1852 together, since which time they have never been seen. It has been discovered that when toward the end of November the earth intersects the path of a double comet, there is generally a meteoric display. This was seen on November 30, 1867, and again on November 27, 1872. This comet is sometimes called Gambart's comet.

Donati's comet, which was named for its discoverer, Dr. Donati, of Florence, was seen June 2, 1858, and appears about every 2,000 years.

Encke's comet, which was discovered by Johann Franz Encke, director of the Berlin Observatory, in 1819, bears the name of its discoverer. This comet he proved to be the one seen by Mechain and Messier in 1786, and Herschel in 1795, and Pons in 1805, and which also appeared in 1822, 1828, and after at intervals of about 3.29 years, or 1,210 days, and appeared on August 20, 1881.

Halley's comet which we are told is to appear during the latter part of 1909 and beginning of 1910, was named after the celebrated Edmund Halley, who was English Astronomer Royal, from 1720 to 1741-42. This comet has a periodic time of about twenty-five years, and is the first comet whose periodic time has been ascertained. It is the same as appeared in 1531, 1607, 1759, and 1835, and is sometimes called Apian's comet. It is by some supposed to be the "Star of Bethlehem." It will be visible to the naked eye in October "about midway between the Pleiades and Hyades on the west, and Castor and Pollux in Gemini on the east, or about seven degrees to the right, or west, of the bright star Alhena in Gemini." It has been observed at intervals of seventy-five years since the fifteenth century, and records show that it probably appeared many centuries earlier. Its last appearance was in 1835, when its tail was about twenty degrees in length, and its nucleus like the red star Antares. It will increase in brightness during the remainder of 1909, and continue well into 1910.

While it may be possible for a comet to collide with the earth, such cases, must necessarily, be rare. Babinet calculated that it might occur once in 15,000,000 years, and should such an event take place, the particles composing the comet are so very small, no serious result could possibly occur, and all we should see would be a splendid shower of shooting stars.



VAST ETHEREAL OCEAN OF INFINITE SPACE.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

O INFINITE space! When was sounded the anthem of thy existence? Born in the past forever and alive to a never-ending eternity! How shall we speak of thy extent—how extol thy beauty and grandeur? Where is thy top or bottom? Shall man, a pigmy isolated in space on a tiny globe, whirling in infinite

void, attempt to measure thy vast celestial immensity? As well might an ant attempt to drink the ocean! Yea, the visible universe, with its hundred millions of suns, represents an infinitesimal part of thy eternal void!

Millions of ages with thee are but seconds of the eternal clock! The age of man's creation is but a moment to thy past eternity! Millions of worlds may live and die and their long career will have endured but the "space of a morning" in thy eternal duration! O deep immensity, where comets the volume of a sun can steer their course and not molest the millions of shining worlds which inhabit thee!

Let us rush with the velocity of light through this space. In a few seconds we reach the moon. We do not stop. In about eight minutes we reach the sun—that great orb so far away that if we could reach out our arm and touch it, and burn the tips of our fingers, it would take one hundred sixty-seven years for the sensation to reach our brain. But let us continue our flight. Here is Mars. Here is Jupiter. But let us fly! We continue our flight until we are past Neptune, the last known world. But on we fly! At 186,000 miles per second in four years we reach the nearest star. If a terrible explosion occurred in this star, and if the sound could traverse the void which separates us, it would take more than 3,000,000 of years for it to reach us. But let us hasten. For a thousand years we pass innumerable distant worlds. Another ten thousand, another hundred thousand years without slackening we behold worlds in ever-yawning space. We are going 11,000,000 miles per minute and have sailed for 120,000 years yet we are only among the stars which compose the Milky Way. And there are stars five hundred times more remote! What an overwhelming idea! It is too vast even for comprehension. We go on and on until we have sailed for 1,000,000 years. Are we at the confines of space? No! Yonder in the distance new stars light up. We press on to reach them. Another million of years and yet more stars. What! Never an end? Nothing to stop us? Forever space? Where then, are we? We are only at the vestibule of infinite void!

Though we fall, fall for ages, fall forever, fall through eternity, never, never would we reach the bottom! We look this way, and that way; that way and this way, and see nothing but a yawning abyss of infinite space.

O philosophers, scientists, and thinkers of all ages! How dare you speak? Be dumb before the "vast ethereal ocean of infinite space"!



MY PLATFORM.

DURING the coming year I shall try to adhere to these rules of self-conduct in the schoolroom:

1. Each morning I shall make an honest effort to

find Joy and take her with me. If, as has happened and may again, she eludes my patient search, I shall keep the secret of my failure, so that the children may never guess.

2. I shall throw wide open the portals of my soul, with the children, in the morning prayer and allow the Divine Spirit to enter and leave an inspiration for the day.

3. I shall try to keep firmly in mind that the chief end of education is *not* reading, writing, and arithmetic—but that it *is* the preparation for a worthy life among the living, and that the greatest aim of all is the formation of a noble character.

4. I shall make the children feel that there is a place for them in my heart—if they care to take it; and shall strive daily, hourly, to win and hold my place in theirs.

5. When I find the stress oppressive, or the struggle for a calm control too great, I shall quietly close the door upon my class, and, taking myself well in hand, "have it out" alone—just as I would with any other irritable or refractory pupil.

6. I shall cultivate assiduously the "muscular smile" so that the mental state may follow; and shall keep on hand a stock of pleasant subjects, either memories or anticipations, that may tide over the unpleasant phases of a school day.

7. Above all, I shall keep fast hold of these two facts: I am here for the sole purpose of "giving myself" to the children—for their sakes, not for mine—for what joy and hope and help I can bring, not for what ease of pleasure or comfort I can take; also, that the more I bring the more I take away—the greater portion of myself I give, the richer do I become—the stronger in helpfulness, the more beautiful in character, and the more blessed in living.—*Bertha Schoen.*



THE TOBACCO HANDICAP.

I WROTE to the clerk of the school board of each high school town and city of this State [Minn.], asking two questions.

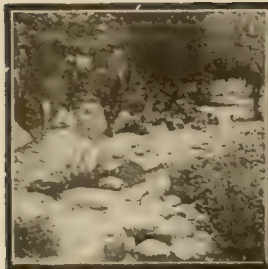
1st. If you were now electing a superintendent, would a candidate's use of tobacco tend to discredit him with the board?

2d. Would it be a conclusive objection to him?

I have received one hundred and twenty-three replies. Eighty, or nearly two out of three, answer yes to both questions: it would tend to discredit him with the board and it would be a conclusive objection to him. Only 18, about one-seventh, answer no to both questions. The rest answer yes to the first and no to the second, or—in the case of three or four—are non-committal.—*J. H. McBroom.*



"The best lesson of life we ever learn is that one which teaches us our limited capacity."



NATURE STUDIES



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter VII. Fruits.

THE apple, as previously stated, does not come true to seed. If you want good fruit you must resort to other means. Raise some seedling apple trees of any variety—crab apples are as good as any. Then onto these you can graft or bud any variety you want. Directions for grafting were given in the INGLENOOK of Dec. 18, 1906, and for budding in March 24, 1908, so they need not be repeated here.

Whatever the method of propagation employed, you will have need to watch the growth of the tree. In transplanting the tree make a large, roomy hole, spread the roots out carefully, and pack the earth firmly around them. In windy localities lean the tree toward the direction of the prevailing wind.

Prune your tree during the period of its growth instead of waiting till it is large. A branch can be removed when small and no injury be done to the tree, while if a large one be cut off, decay may set in and ruin the tree.

You can train a tree to the shape that suits your taste with but little time or labor. If the terminal buds be cut out, the growth of the tree is forced into the side buds causing the tree to spread, while removing the side buds causes it to grow upward and make a cone-shaped tree.

The time for pruning depends upon the condition of the tree. One saying is, "Prune when the knife is sharp." Another says there are only fifty-two days in the year in which you should not prune. (Sundays.) However, winter pruning induces the development of leaf buds, while summer pruning favors the production of flower buds and hastens fruitage.

In no case leave a long stump. The wood can not grow over it before decay sets in, hence the tree will be weakened and perhaps ruined.

Sometimes a tree planted in rich soil continues to grow new wood and fails to set fruit buds. In that case a thorough root pruning checks the sap flow and causes fruit buds to form.

Gardens and Vegetables.

To be successful in the production of vegetables several things are necessary.

First, the land should be made and kept rich. Suc-

cess depends on getting vegetables to market ahead of the main crop, and as land suitably located for gardening is costly the greatest returns must be had from the smallest area.

Second, this land must be cultivated carefully and economically. The gardener must crowd his land and allow no fertility to go to waste. To do this he must cultivate thoroughly and in proper time.

Third, he should grow perfect vegetables. To do this he must have a knowledge of plant diseases and insect pests. This necessitates a knowledge of poisons and methods of applying them.

Producing goods is one thing, but disposing of them is another. To do so to the best advantage they must be put up in attractive shape. No one will buy wilted, dirty, or ill-shaped vegetables when he can get good ones at the same price. The writer knows from experience that it pays to take the time and trouble to do this, as he has known the appearance of the vegetables to determine which party was called upon to supply the merchant.

Be honest. Be sure that those on the top are no better than those in any other part of the box or basket. Put your card on it if you can, then live up to your reputation.

In some places hothouses are erected and kept at a uniform temperature by means of artificial heat. These are expensive to erect and maintain, but any gardener can and should have one or more hotbeds. You can get a bulletin telling how to make hotbeds by applying to the Department of Agriculture, or any gardener can give you the information.

The time of making the bed should be eight or ten weeks before the tender plants can be set out in the open air. When the thermometer stands at eighty-five degrees in the morning sow the seed. Tomato plants, egg plants, cabbage plants, and other vegetables that cannot endure exposure should be started in this way.

To do the best, you need one or more cold frames. They are made and cared for the same as hotbeds, except that you do not use the layer of manure beneath. Put the plants in it when a few inches high and gradually accustom them to the open air.

When to sow the seed is also a question of importance. Peas, parsnips, beets, and radishes may be

planted while the ground is quite cold and still do well, while corn, beans, squashes, and the like will decay if planted before the ground is warm.

The depth of planting is also an important factor. Peas may be planted six inches deep and do well, while other seeds would not get above the ground. A good rule for small seeds is to cover them three times the thickness of the seed. If the soil is dry firm well after planting by stepping on the row with the foot, but never tread the soil if it be damp.

Study the market you intend to supply and plant accordingly. Some of the more important market crops are asparagus, beans, cabbage, celery, cucumbers, cantaloupes, egg plants, onions, peas, tomatoes, and watermelons. If you think of growing any of the above send for free bulletins treating on the plants you wish.

If you are gardening for the home consumption only, see that the spot selected is near the house, so that the vegetables may be accessible on short notice. If for the market its proximity to the house is not important, as the crop will be loaded into wagons and a drive of a few rods extra is of no consequence.

Flowers.

Aside from the food and money value there is another use for plants—that is their use as beautifiers. In the mad race for gain we are apt to forget the beautiful. That which will cause us to feel better is apt to make us *do* better, and anything that will inspire noble thoughts is a benefit.

Raise flowers to beautify your home. Use them as borders, near steps, or against foundations. Thus they will hide the unsightly architecture.

If you raise them for the sake of the flowers to pluck and decorate your rooms why not utilize your back yard? Recently I saw a picture that impressed me forcibly. The title was "Shall your little one pluck flowers, or rattle tin cans in your back yard?"

Plants may be grown from seeds, bulbs, or cuttings. The latter is an interesting operation for the lover of flowers. Such plants as will root from cuttings may be stuck in a pan of wet sand placed in a sunny window and kept moist. In a few weeks such as have rooted may be transferred to pots.

Bulbs are the lower ends of leaves tightly wrapped and enclosing the bud of the embryo flower stalk. The disk at the base from which the roots project is the shortened stem of the plant. Between the base of the leaf and the flower stalk is a bud, just as there is a bud at the base of each leaf on a tree, only those in the bud often remain dormant.

Gardeners cut away the disk at the base of the hyacinth, thus exposing the buds, and then bury the bulbs in sand. The buds will then grow and make other bulbs. Some plants, as the potato onion, will make bulbs without this cutting.

Gladiolas and some other plants look like bulbs but are not—they are corms. They may be cut into pieces and planted like potatoes.

Many others can be raised from the seed.

Consult any reliable seed catalog, or send for free bulletin of Annual Flowering Plants.

Farmers' Bulletins.

- 33. Peach Growing.
- 80. The Peach Twig Borer.
- 113. The Apple and How to Grow It.
- 161. Suggestions for Fruit Growers.
- 38. Spraying for Fruit Diseases.



GENTIAN.

TOWARDS the end of September, before the severe frosts have come with their cruel, killing blight, and when all the wayside flowers are heavy with their seed, a lovely, sky-tinted flower, exquisite in form and rich in color, "bluer than the bluest sky," rises serene and beautiful from its moist, shady bank to smile a hope into our saddening hearts. Its name is the fringed gentian, and if we are fortunate enough to have some brought in, or, better still, to see them growing, we shall have a rare treat.

When we have looked into its "sweet and quiet eye," we shall surely wish to get acquainted with its relations—the closed gentian and the five flowered gentian; and so we shall ask the children to hunt for the hiding place, and go with them to the favored spot to study this interesting family.

The fringed gentian grows on a round, smooth stem, about two feet high. This stem bears the single, large, blue flower at its summit. The corolla has four spreading, daintily fringed lobes. The calyx is four-cleft with tapering points. There are four stamens, and one pistil with two stigmas. The lance-shaped leaves grow opposite. It is biennial; sometimes it lasts as late as October, but a severe frost blights it.

The closed gentian also has a smooth, erect stem about two feet high. The stem bears a cluster of flowers of a darker blue than the fringed gentian. There are also flowers in the axils of the leaves. The corolla is closed tight and folded like a fan—perhaps to protect the treasures inside from Jack Frost's cold bites. It never opens, but always looks like a bud, and it has not the graceful, fragile look of the fringed gentian. Its sharp-pointed leaves are almost oval in shape and they turn brown as they grow old.

The five-flowered gentian is rarer than the closed gentian, and its flowers are small. It grows in the woods on a slender, branching stem, which bears five pale blue, bell-shaped flowers in a cluster at the top. It has four or five stamens and one pistil. The calyx

(Continued on Page 973.)

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It is our opinion that the modest, unassuming Wright brothers who are bent on doing the world a real service and not on gaining notoriety, are grateful to the North Pole explorers for filling the public's eye so completely at this time. It leaves them free to go on with their work unhindered by admiring people who would have them forever parading before the public. Some people aspire to do great deeds in order that they may be called great, while others do great deeds in order that the deeds may add to man's happiness and betterment. In a good many cases it is not hard to determine "which is which."

IN the death of E. H. Harriman, Sept. 9, the railroad world has lost one of its greatest leaders. Mr. Harriman was especially successful in organizing the various systems which came under his control, thereby increasing the roads' efficiency and value. He is a convincing example of the man who succeeds because he bends every energy toward success in a particular line. He made the chief aim of his life the accumulation of money—largely through railroad manipulation—and he realized his ambition, as his hundreds of millions of dollars testify. We who have other, and let us hope nobler, ambitions will do well to use the same zeal and energy in bringing them to pass. The right kind of effort will work as well in one thing as another.

PRESIDENT TAFT has already found out that the way of the President of the United States is not an easy one. The fact that the way in this particular instance has been somewhat marked out, instead of making things easier for the traveler, has brought about complications that offer almost no end to the difficulties he must meet. While two people may fully agree that a certain work should be done, it is scarcely probable that they will employ the same means to accomplish

it. If a man cannot choose the method by which he is to do his work, or if he cannot do it in the way that seems best to him, he should not be measured altogether by its outcome. We may not always get the best results when each executive manages affairs within his sphere entirely according to his own judgment, but we shall at least be fair in allowing him that privilege and we shall know more of his real powers.

WHILE the newspapers were waiting for Dr. Cook and Commander Peary to arrive on American soil, when the quarrel of their friends could be carried on with greater interest and excitement, their representatives improved the enforced waiting by looking as closely as possible into the love affair of the Duke of the Abruzzi. The Italian nobleman has returned from his mountain-climbing trip, where he broke all records in scaling Himalayan peaks, and if the newspaper correspondents do not now succeed in marrying him off to the American girl they have picked out for him, they will have to be put down as the poorest sort of matchmakers. For the most part we may be thankful that we do not belong to the worldly great whose personal affairs, even of the most sacred character, are tossed about here and there for the public's pleasure, and yet if the above much-talked of marriage is consummated it will be a great temptation to many to try the fortunes of the great.

EXEMPLARY PHYSICIANS.

If the physicians who belong to the Chicago Homeopathic Medical Society live out the principles urged upon them by the president of the society, Dr. H. S. Aurand, the people of Chicago will not only receive careful, conscientious care while they are sick but at all times they will have in their physician the inspiration of a noble, upright life. Dr. Aurand believes that doctors should set examples of right living before their patients. This, of course, would bar the use of tobacco or harmful drinks in any form.

But he would go farther than personal habits that are a discredit to any one, he would have the physician give his time wholly to his profession and not "mix up in the speculative world and act as agents in business transactions for their patients."

In addition to this he "deplored the tendency to exact fancy fees, claiming that it was not ideal for the physician to base his charges on the benefits derived or on the wealth of patients." The individual physician would gain much by living up to these principles and the gain to the profession would be incalculable. People have a right to look to their physician for an example of right habits, and if there is added to this a clean, conscientious life, we would have not only many less weak and sickly bodies but very many less moral wrecks.

A FEW QUESTIONS.

A NUMBER of our readers are schoolteachers, a number are preparing to be teachers, or are thinking of that as their future profession, and a still greater number are interested, from one standpoint or another in the teacher's work. For these reasons we are publishing the following which appeared in the September number of the *Interstate Schoolman*:

You are about to begin, perhaps have begun your work as teacher for the school year of 1909-10. It may perhaps be the first time you have tried to teach. Whether it is, or is not, it will not hurt you to consider a few plain questions. It will do you good to try to frame honest answers to these questions.

1. Why have you engaged in the work of teaching? Is it because necessity compels you to earn money in some way? Is it because you have concluded that you can get more money by teaching than you could get at some other occupation? Is it because you are not physically strong enough to do some other sort of work? Or is it because you think you will like the work, and can make a success of it?

2. How full and complete is your preparation? Is it full enough—just full enough—in your judgment, that you can get along by leaning hard on the textbook? Are you afraid of nothing beyond the twisted sentences in grammar and the hard problems in arithmetic? Do you have a notion that daily preparation means simply to know what is found in the textbook? Or do you understand that adequate preparation includes as its chief element the best possible presentation of each lesson?

3. Of course you propose to have a quiet, orderly school; but why? Because noise and confusion would annoy you? Because you need to hold and want to hold your job? Because you desire to work up a reputation as one who CAN manage and govern? Or is it because you think it a part of the business of the school to train to habits of quiet industry and disposition toward self-government?

4. What does the word "teacher" mean to you? Does it mean a person whose business it is to hear lessons while keeping some sort of order? Does it mean one who can pass the necessary examination, get a certificate, and secure a school? Does it mean a person who manages a machine six hours a day, allaying probable friction? Or does it mean one who makes it his aim to lead boys and girls to desire and live toward strong intellectual, physical, and moral manhood and womanhood?

Very likely the preceding four questions are as many as you will care to consider at present; but here are a few others that you may consider at your leisure:

5. If you inflict some punishment, what will be its purpose?

6. How far do you propose to give instruction in good morals?

8. How much—or how little—do you know about children?

9. If your knowledge of children is insufficient, how do you propose to find out more about them?

10. To what extent do you realize the tremendous responsibility that rests upon every man or woman who assumes to be a teacher?



CHARACTER GROWS.

MANY people seem to forget that character grows; that it is not something to put on, ready made, with womanhood or manhood; but day by day, here a little and there a little, grows with the growth and strengthens with the strength until good, or bad, it becomes almost a coat of mail. Look at a man of business—prompt, reliable, conscientious, yet clear-headed and energetic. When do you suppose he developed all these admirable qualities? When he was a boy? Let us see the way in which a boy gets up in the morning, works, plays, studies, and we will tell you just what kind of a man he will make. The boy who neglects his duties, be they ever so small, and then excuses himself by saying, "I didn't think," will never be a reliable man. And the boy who finds pleasure in the suffering of weaker things will never be a noble, generous, kindly man—a gentleman.—*Exchange*.



GENTIAN.

(Continued from Page 971.)

is small and five-cleft. The lance-shaped leaves clasp the stem.

The Legend of the Gentian.

Once the Queen of the Fairies was caught in a shower. She ran to a Gentian and asked for shelter. "Who are you, that you disturb me so late at night?" asked the Gentian. "I am the Queen of the Fairies, and I only ask for shelter," said the little stranger. "Go and ask my sister over there to take you in, and leave me to sleep," said the cross Gentian. The poor Fairy Queen turned sadly away, but a sweet voice called to her, "Poor little lady, come in and I will shelter you till morning."

Looking around she found that it was another Gentian that called to her, so she gladly accepted the invitation. At early dawn the Fairy Queen rose and said to the friendly Gentian: "I am the Queen of the Fairies, and I can repay you for your kindness. You and your children shall hereafter have the power to open your pretty fringed eyes to the sunlight, but your selfish sister's shall remain forever closed."—*School Education*.



THE HOME WORLD



SPECTACLE WEARING AMONG THE YOUNG

DR. O. H. YEREMAN

IN the two previous articles (March 30 and July 26), we discussed the eye as a busy organ, and glasses as they are worn by elderly persons; but the use of glasses among young people is so common that we can not pass it by without consideration.

I have been asked hundreds of times, why it is that at present there are so many more children and young persons wearing glasses than there used to be years ago. The reasons for this are easily understood. We are living in a strenuous age for eyesight. Never before have the eyes been used for close work to the extent they are today. There were not half so many magazines, newspapers, and books coming into your home twenty-five years ago as there are today. This means more work for the eyes. Today we have many more schools, more scholars, and longer courses, with necessarily a larger per cent of eyestrain. Then, again, a great deal of our daily toil is being done by artificial light. Visit the large factories, plants, department stores, or any of the modern sky-scrapers, and see in what a large per cent of the rooms artificial lights are used. This has its effect upon the eyes of the many who have to labor in such places. Finally, visual defects are transmitted from parent to child, like any other physical characteristic; so that if you are nearsighted, your children are very liable to suffer from the same visual defect.

Two other important factors should also be recognized: viz., that the increasing nervousness of the present generation makes us feel the tension on the strained nerve and tired muscle of the eye, while the less civilized races of the world would not notice them at all. While in India I found many persons having visual errors, which did not trouble them so far as headache and blurring of print is concerned; but these same people do not feel pain so keenly as we do, neither is their joy so full as ours. This would make

it seem that the greater the civilization the greater the degree of nervousness; and the greater the nervousness, the more keenly the effects of eyestrain are felt. The other factor is that the doctors have learned to recognize and attribute these symptoms to the eye. Many a person who had been doped with all sorts of tablets for the headache has found the wearing of a pair of glasses to give him absolute comfort and freedom from the ever-recurring headaches. Hence the persons who formerly suffered from blinding headaches, considering them incurable, are now found among the army of spectacle wearers.

Among the young we must recognize two distinct phases of the usage of glasses; first for the improvement of vision, and second for the relief of eyestrain. Among the first are persons who have high degrees of nearsightedness or farsightedness; who need to wear glasses in order to see objects about them distinctly, to recognize faces, and to be able to go about and perform their duties. The second class are composed of those whose vision seems apparently normal but who, after reading awhile, suffer from headache, blurring of the print, drowsiness, nervousness, redness of eyes, and the various manifestations of eyestrain. The wearing of glasses does not improve the vision of these persons, and for this cause they are often unjustly accused of wearing them for style, but glasses relieve all of the above annoying symptoms and are a boon to these taunted sufferers.

The three principal visual defects requiring the use of glasses for distant vision are myopia or "nearsightedness," hypermetropia or "farsightedness," and astigmatism.

Myopia is an elongation of the antero-posterior diameter of the eyeball, which causes parallel rays to come to a focus before reaching the retina, or back part of the eye. Fig. 1. To overcome this, the myopic

person holds objects close to the eye, so as to make its rays reach the eye as divergent and thus meet on the retina. Fig 2.

Heredity is often responsible for myopia, and it tends to increase from generation to generation. Prolonged use of the eyes at near objects, such as engraving, watchmaking, fine sewing, reading, etc., causes a tension on the covering membranes of the eye, which

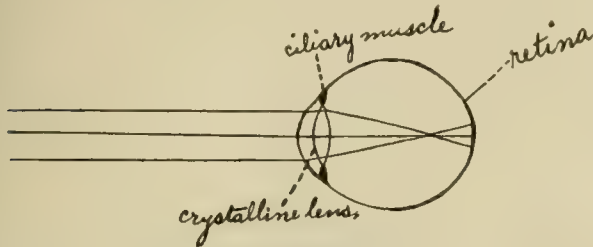


Fig. 1. Myopic Eye. Parallel Rays Meet Before Reaching the Retina.

finally leads to their stretching and the elongation of the eyeball. This error is usually found among the educated and literary classes. It is most prevalent among the Germans who are called the nation of myopics. The curls of the German type, and the great similarity of many of the letters of their alphabet is probably the cause of the great prevalence of myopia among them. Reading with insufficient light, small print, long lines, and narrow spaces between the lines are also among the causes of this trouble.

Not able to see distinctly, the person afflicted with myopia soon loses interest in society, becomes reticent, and to while away his time resorts to reading. This only aggravates matters as the worn-out muscles and nerves are forced to greater strain, which results in an increase of the myopia.

This visual error tends to increase with more or less rapidity. In high degrees of myopia there is danger of the rupture of the various important linings of the eye, resulting in blindness. Paralysis and death of

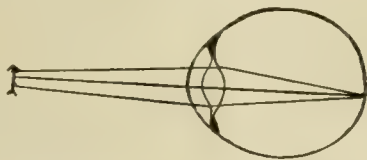


Fig. 2. Lens Contracted and Made More Convex by Ciliary, Bringing Rays to Focus on Retina.

the optic nerve, cataract, hemorrhages and other serious diseases are liable to develop in a myopic eye because of its weakness due to the strain upon it.

Although myopia can not be cured, glasses can be employed for its correction and various measures adopted to curtail its further development. As the trouble generally develops in early life, while the eyeball is plastic, preventive measures should be employed among the children. Only large objects should be given them for playthings, large type should be used in printing their schoolbooks, and the lighting and seating of the schoolroom should be scientifically ar-

ranged. At the first sign of myopia a competent oculist should be consulted, who will make a careful examination of the interior of the eye and prescribe not only the proper glasses, but also such measures as will prevent its increase as much as possible. The eyes should not be employed long at close work. Frequent interruptions in work or reading are advisable. Outdoor life and outdoor work are most advantageous.

Seeing that parallel rays meet before reaching the retina of a myopic eye, Fig. 1, it is necessary to employ concave spherical glasses to disperse the rays and make them reach the eye as divergent. This will cause them to focus on the retina. Fig. 3. Such eyes should be carefully examined by an oculist at least once a year, so as to discover any new development or increase in the course of the anomaly, and if possible check it.

Hypermetropia, which in commoner terms is known as "farsightedness," is the condition where the eyeball is shorter than normal, and parallel rays of light passing into it reach the retina before coming to a focus. Fig. 4. At birth the human eye is hypermetropic, but as the child grows, the eyeball continues to

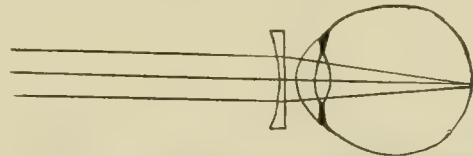


Fig. 3. A Concave Lens Disperses the Rays and Makes Them Come to a Focus on the Retina.

develop until it becomes normal in length, and may even go on until it becomes myopic. Therefore a hypermetropic eye is an undeveloped eye.

In the normal eye parallel rays come to a focus on the retina without any effort of the ciliary muscle, Fig. 5. But since these rays will not come to a focus in the hypermetropic eye, Fig. 4, the ciliary muscle goes to work and pushes in the ends of the lens, so it becomes thicker in the center and bends these parallel rays more than before and brings them to a focus on the retina. This gives clear vision, but at the expense of the ciliary muscle, for this muscle is supposed to work only when we look at close objects. So that in the hypermetropic eye the ciliary muscle is made to work all the time. It is on duty while you read, while you work, play, ride—as long as the eye is used this muscle has to work. Now, if the hypermetropia is slight in amount and the eyes are used mostly for distant objects, no inconvenience may be suffered. But as soon as the individual gives his eyes continuous close work, such as going to school, steady sewing, etc., the ciliary muscle begins to fail and pain in the temples and over the brow, headache, drowsiness and similar symptoms are the signs it uses in informing us of this fact. If unheeded, these symptoms continue, the strain increases, and serious diseases of the eye are liable to be provoked.

Although slight degrees of hypermetropia are overcome by the ciliary muscle and do not impair vision to any appreciable extent, higher degrees limit it very materially. I remember a patient in Illinois whose vision was so much decreased, that when walking on the street without his glasses, he mistook a hitching



Fig. 4. Hypermetropic Eye. Being Too Short. Parallel Rays Do Not Meet When They Reach the Retina.

post for a lady, and bowing, tipped his hat. Incidents of this sort were very common with him when he ventured out without his glasses.

The treatment of hypermetropia consists in wearing the convex spherical lens which will bring parallel rays to a focus on the retina without the aid of the ciliary muscle, Fig. 6. Since these persons are accustomed to using their ciliary muscles for distant vision, it is frequently necessary to dilate the pupils, which prevents the ciliary muscle from coming to the assistance of the eye. In this way an accurate test can be made, and the proper glasses prescribed which give complete relief from the annoying symptoms of eyestrain.

The third condition is astigmatism, which is really a form of the two foregoing. In hypermetropia and myopia the error is found in all the meridians of the visual field, while in astigmatism it is limited to certain angles. Thus we may find an eye to be hypermetropic in the horizontal meridian, and normal in all the other meridians. In another case we may find myopia in the

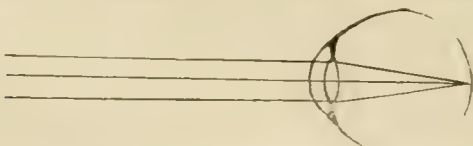


Fig. 5. Normal Eye. Parallel Rays Come to a Focus on the Retina Without the Help of the Ciliary Muscle.

perpendicular, and no error in the other angles. Again we may have hypermetropia in one meridian and myopia in the opposite meridian of the same eye. Or both meridians may be hypermetropic, but one of a higher degree than the other. This condition is due to an asymmetry of the cornea or crystalline lens of the eye.

Besides the general symptoms of eyestrain which it produces, astigmatism is distinguished by the individual tilting his head to one side, being nervous, irritable and discontented. There is often twitching of the muscles of the eye and face; in fact it is the cause of many cases of Saint Vitus' dance, vertigo and epilepsy. Often the slightest amount of astigmatism will produce the most troublesome train of symptoms.

A few months ago one of our ministers from Kansas brought to me his daughter who was suffering from twitching of the muscles of the face and general nervousness, as he termed it. His physician had advised him to get her eyes tested. A local optician who calls himself a doctor, had given the girl a pair of concave myopic lenses to wear. This aggravated the nervous symptoms instead of relieving them. The patient was taken back to this optician several times, but as he could not relieve her, she was brought to me. A very careful examination revealed that she was suffering from hypermetropic astigmatism, and a convex cylinder was prescribed which completely corrected the error of refraction and the annoying nervous symptoms which it was producing. This is very much like the man who took his watch to the blacksmith for repairs. He discovered that it is best to go to a watchmaker.

For the correction of astigmatism special cylindrical

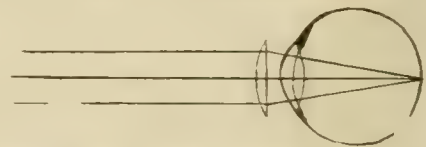


Fig. 6. Convex Lens Bending Parallel Rays and Bringing Them to a Focus on the Retina of a Hypermetropic Eye.

lenses are ground, so as to rectify the meridian at fault, and not interfere with the action of the other meridians which are normal. In using such glasses care should be exercised to have them securely adjusted, as the least change of their position, forward, backward or from side to side will cause blurring of vision.

417 Portsmouth Bldg., Kansas City, Kans.



A STUDY IN CORN BREAD.

SINCE bread is the staff of life it is important that it be a strong, dependable staff, and the better the meal used the more dependable it is. Then, of course, the bread should be properly mixed and properly baked.

In the quality of meal used in the making of corn bread the farmer has much the advantage of the city man who buys his meal from a grocer. The corn out of which meal is made by the roller mill and sold in grocery stores is shelled by machinery, and of course a great amount of care in the selection of the ears can not be exercised; therefore, the corn is not so free from damaged grains as when shelled by hand. Corn for making meal should be carefully selected, and only good, sound ears used. All faulty, rotten grains on the small ends and elsewhere should be shelled off.

After the corn is shelled it should be run through a fanning mill, then ground, not too fine, on a slow-moving mill, preferably a water mill. The coarser the meal the more of the corn taste there will be, and the sweeter the flavor. It is noticeable that fresh grits have more

of the nutty, "corny" taste than finely ground meal. Then the corn should be ground in small quantities, just enough to last a week or two, and the meal kept in a closed cask, as nearly air-tight as possible. Meal made by a rolled mill and sacked up in a store for five or six months, subject to atmospheric changes, is not so good as when fresh from an old-fashioned grist mill.

When corn bread is well made, out of good meal, it is more nutritious than wheat bread, and more suitable for a winter diet, because more heating. And it is better for the farmer and his boys, who stay much in the open air, than for the town dweller who spends most of his time in the store or office.

To make old-fashioned "egg bread," as the farmer's wife calls it, take from three to six cupfuls of fresh cornmeal, according to the size of the family, and sift it through a coarse sifter into the bread tray. Add salt, soda and cream of tartar or pure baking powder, using more soda if the milk to be used is sour, and more baking powder if it is sweet. Just the exact quantity of soda will have to be determined by experiment, as some brands are stronger than others, but better use too little than too much. If you use six cupfuls of meal and expect to use sour milk, I should say use a level teaspoonful of soda and one heaping teaspoonful of baking powder; but if you use sweet milk put in a scant level teaspoonful of soda and two heaping teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Never use sugar in corn bread.

Stir the salt, soda and baking powder well into the meal, then pour in a half-teacupful of melted butter (if somewhat strong it does not matter), or melted lard, or clean, clear bacon grease. Stir this into the meal thoroughly, in order to allow it to strike into the grains of meal before the dough is flooded with milk. Then break in it at least one egg for each cupful of meal, and stir several minutes. Now add barely enough warm sweet or sour milk to moisten the meal—not enough to wash out and dissipate the flavor of the eggs and butter or grease—and stir it thoroughly for five or six minutes. The more air bubbles you stir into it the better the dough will rise. It will be very thick, but smooth, and of a pale-gold color.

Now reduce it to the proper consistency with more warm milk, stirring it slightly, and spoon the batter into hissing-hot, buttered muffin-tins, and put them on the top rack of a very hot oven. The intense heat should quickly sear over the surface, confining the moisture inside, which will make the dough rise all the better. After a minute or so set the pan on the bottom of the oven, and let it stay until the muffins are a light golden brown. The coarser the meal the longer and slower the muffins should cook, after they have first been seared over by the intense heat.—*Farm Journal*.

DIFFERENT KINDS OF BOYS.

I SAW a small boy stealing a ride on the back of a street car, says a writer in an exchange. "Not much harm in that?" Well, it is cheating.

One boy I have seen I would not recommend for any position whatever. He is bright and energetic, he has winning manners, but he is dishonest.

What does he do? He cheats in little, mean ways—and thinks it's smart. He writes a note on the corner of a newspaper, and mails it at newspaper rates; he holds his railway ticket in such a way that when the conductor punches it, the boy gets three rides where he should have but two, and then boasts of "getting the better" of the railway; he borrowed a pencil when he entered an office on trial, and the pencil went away in his pocket. He has no *keen sense* of honor; he has lost his self-respect, and, worse still, he does not know it.

"John," said a lady in the office where John was employed, "don't you live near the corner of Fifth Street and West Avenue?"

"Yes," he said.

"Then will you take this parcel around there on your way home?"

John did not dare to say "No," but he grumbled out after the lady had turned away, "There's no money in working overtime." He never knew that one listener might have recommended him for a better position, nor that his surly remarks lost him the chance.

"Across the lake? Take you over for one cent. Just as cheap as the bridge."

"No, thank you. I want to go down to the pavilion."

"Take you down there for five cents."

"All right! That's cheaper than walking," and I stepped into the boat, leaned back at my ease on the cushioned seat, and watched the young oarsman. He couldn't have been more than twelve years old. He had a frank, clear face, and he managed the oars as if used to them.

The camera in my hand gave the clue for opening conversation, and I soon learned that he owned one, and could use it, too. But he had discovered that "it cost a great deal to keep up a camera," and being fond of music he had agreed to a proposal by his mother to change it for a mandolin.

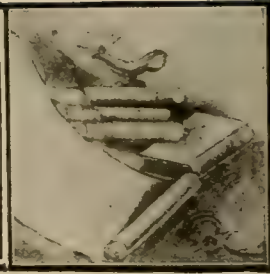
"Can you swim?" I asked.

"Oh, yes! Mother wouldn't let me out with the boat if I couldn't."

Our ride was all too short for the talk with the active young American who had an eye for business, who believed in his mother, and whose mother trusted him.—*Selected*.



THE QUIET HOUR



GOD NEVER FORSAKES US.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

"WHATSOEVER ye shall ask the Father in my name he will give it you." These words, spoken by our Savior in his last meeting with his disciples before his crucifixion, and recorded for us in John 16:23, are the key-stone which supports the whole structure of our faith. Resting on this never-failing promise we may search the Scriptures and there find many passages, chapters, and even whole books that show us that God never forsakes those who put their trust in him. Though we may murmur at his dealings with us, and at times almost be led to believe that he has forsaken us, we may turn to his Word and there find hope, even in the darkest hour.

The twenty-second and twenty-third Psalms, taken together, show how David was troubled and cast down, and how his faith led him to victory, for which he gave God the praise. Prophetically we find, in the same chapters, the greater trials and suffering and the correspondingly greater victory of our Redeemer, Christ. In our own small sphere we may also apply the same lessons, and whatever trials or afflictions may come upon us we may rest secure in the faith that all things work together for good to them that love God.—Rom. 8:28.

The Bible, from Genesis to Revelation, abounds in examples, prophecies and promises of God's overruling of the trials, temptations and other ills of life to the good of his followers. Joseph was sold as a slave in a hostile country, but was made the instrument, in God's hands, of bringing the needed help to his people. The children of Israel endured the most galling kind of slavery in Egypt, but were led through the Red Sea and through years of trial and hardship in the wilderness into the Promised Land. Job suffered long and grievously, but his faith led him to victory. Daniel and his coworkers braved the lions and the tortures of the fiery furnace, but God upheld them. Jonah rebelled against God and was taught by trials the lessons he needed. David gives us, in the Psalms, many illustrations of his trials, temptations, trespasses and afflictions, his murmurings and backslidings, but all are coupled with the most trustful prayers for God's help and followed by hymns of thanksgiving and praise for the deliverance and blessings which resulted. The

writings of Solomon and the prophets are pervaded with the thought that God never forsakes those who trust him.

Among the many passages containing this comforting thought we find the idea best expressed, perhaps, in Isaiah 54:7, 8: "For a small moment have I forsaken thee; but with great mercies will I gather thee. In a little wrath I hid my face from thee for a moment, but with everlasting kindness will I have mercy on thee, saith the Lord thy Redeemer."

In the New Testament we find the same hope expressed in Romans 8:28; 2 Cor. 4:17; the whole of the 12th chapter of Hebrews; 1 Peter 1:6-7; 2 Peter 2:9 and in many other places, and in 1 Cor. 10:13 we have the promise: "There hath no temptation taken you but such as is common to man; but God is faithful, who will not suffer you to be tempted above that ye are able, but will, with the temptation also make a way of escape that ye may be able to bear it."



THE FRIENDS OF JESUS.

How comforting to us as Christians that we have a Friend above all other friends to whom we can tell all our cares and sorrows, all our trials and temptations, knowing that he will hear and comfort us.

We may have a great many friends; but if we have not Jesus for our best Friend, we can not be truly happy in this life, and have no promise of eternal life.

He says, "Ye are my friends if ye do whatsoever I command you." If we obey all his commandments, we are his friends. But we of ourselves can not obey his will; we need the Holy Spirit to guide and direct us, or we would soon become disobedient. If we have friends we truly love, it is not hard for us to please them. So if we love God we will also try to please him. But can we ever repay him for all he has done for us? Never, no never! But we can serve him and show our love to him by keeping his commandments and by doing all we can to his glory.

Obedying him and doing good should not be a task, but a pleasure. There are many ways of doing good. How often a few kind and encouraging words are the means of cheering a heavy-laden soul. Those only who have experienced the help they have received know the worth of sympathy and encouragement. Let

us not neglect to see the goodness which God daily bestows upon us.

Our bodies may be burdened with pain and suffering, trials and afflictions may be our lot. But through his grace we can keep praising and trusting him. May he give us grace to be faithful to the end, that we may receive a crown of life. "Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city." (Rev. 22: 14.)—Gospel Herald.



WHY CHRIST'S YOKE IS LIGHT.

MARK GUY PEARSE gives an incident occurring in connection with a sermon of his on Christ's invitation to the weary and heavy-laden. I had finished my sermon when a good man came to me and said: "I wish I had known what you were going to preach about. I could have told you something." "Well, my friend," I said, "may I have it still?" "Do you know why his yoke is light, sir?" "Well, because the good Lord helps us to carry it, I suppose." "No, sir," said he, shaking his head. "I think I know better than that. You see, when I was a boy at home, I used to drive the oxen, and the yoke was never made to balance as you said. Father's yokes were always made heavier on one side than the other. Then, you see, we would put a weak bullock in alongside of a strong bullock; the light end would come on the weak ox, the heavier end on the stronger one. That's why the yoke is easy and the burden is light, because the Lord's yoke is made after the same pattern, and the heavy end is upon his shoulder."—*The S. S. Times*.



THE SHEPHERD'S PSALM.

"The Lord is my shepherd; I shall not want."

I shall not want rest. "He maketh me to lie down in green pastures."

I shall not want drink. "He leadeth me beside the still waters."

I shall not want forgiveness. "He restoreth my soul."

I shall not want guidance. "He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake."

I shall not want companionship. "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for thou art with me."

I shall not want comfort. "Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

I shall not want food. "Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies."

I shall not want joy. "Thou anointest my head with oil."

I shall not want anything. "My cup runneth over."

I shall not want anything in this life. "Surely

goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life."

I shall not want anything in eternity. "And I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."—*Selected*.



LUKEWARMNESS AND INDIFFERENCE.

It is coming to be seen with sorrow, by more and more intelligent and consecrated Christians, that we have generally throughout Christendom a lukewarm church and an indifferent world. Some people believe that the prophetic apostasy of the last days is coming in, and that the coming of the Lord is very nigh. Sad and startling reports come from both city and country, and many good pastors are discouraged.

This apostasy is clearly prophetic, yet the prophecy does not cause it. I pass over the causes, and will speak of the cure, so far as it possibly can be applied.

The remedy must begin at the head, in the leadership, where the defection began. Ministers must wake up and sober up to awaken the churches. They must abandon their destructive criticism, believe and preach the Word as they have vowed to do, turn away from the bargain counter, study to save rather than to please, and be willing to be heirs of the cross as well as of the crown.

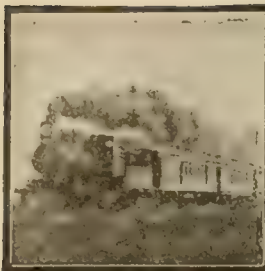
They must ring out in the power of the Holy Ghost, ruin, redemption, regeneration, the Lord's coming, heaven and hell. They must appeal to both hope and fear, or none will be converted. They may preach love alone until sensible people are love-sick, but God says, in Ezekiel, that unless sinners are solemnly warned, they will perish, and he will send the unfaithful watchman to hell with them. They must not cry "Peace, peace," when there is no peace.

In order to wake up the church they must preach in trumpet tones the sinfulness of sin and its awful doom, to impress both saints and sinners as the old prophets and the former evangelists did. Then, when the preachers are waked up, they will wake up the world.

The church must pray for power from on high, and go forward in faith and faithfulness to fulfill the Great Commission. She must come out from the world, and show a contrast instead of conformity, break up her worldly clubs and trumpery societies, and move forward in a consolidated body as a specialistic society under a special commission.—*E. P. Marvin in Living Water*.



THE small college furnishes education at a lower cost than the larger institution, it keeps the boy nearer home, thus enabling him to visit home and his parents to visit him; it brings the teacher and student closer together and gives the student the benefit of the teacher's ideals. The small college, if under Christian influences, also gives more attention to ethical culture.—*Commoner*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



A phenomenal rain of meteors filling the skies over Honolulu, Sept. 26, caused much excitement and alarm among the people. The fall began at 10:55. Although most of the heavenly visitors fell into the ocean, it is believed some of them struck on the island and an investigation will be made. Observers counted over 40 meteors which fell into the sea.

Standpat Republicans are incensed over the personnel of the new tariff board, and at the next session of Congress will attempt to have it wiped out or at least to prevent any appropriation being made for its maintenance. It is claimed President Taft, who favors a downward revision of the tariff, has placed men on the board who are not in favor of high protection.

The highest telephone line in the world, running to the Queen Marguerita observatory on Monte Rosa, Italy, more than 15,000 feet high, was recently placed in operation. The observatory and the telephone line which has been constructed at the expense of the Queen took six years to complete. The new line will be of great help to Alpinists in distress on Monte Rosa.

Reports from as many districts as can be reached show that the crop damage throughout the South caused by the recent storm is probably the greatest in the history of the country. The total damage from the storm, according to present estimates, will be more than \$10,000,000.

The electric power station of the government buildings at Washington is nearing completion. It is located in Garfield Park, near the Capitol, and connected with the legislative buildings by 7,000 feet of tunnels through which cables and steam pipes run. The tunnels are large enough for a man to walk through comfortably, so that breaks and other troubles can be quickly located and repaired.

Peace for at least three years was assured in the street car situation in Chicago by the signing by union officials, representing the employes of the Chicago Railways Company, which operates the North and West Side lines, of the wage scale offered by the street car officials. The scale is practically the same as that accepted a few days ago by employes of the South Side lines. Material concessions are granted the men.

Sequestered in the private office of the Secretary of the Treasury the new tariff board conferred over its plans at a first meeting Sept. 24. Professor Henry C. Emery, chairman, Acting Secretary of the Treasury Reynolds, and Alvin Sanders of Chicago were present. The board will assist the President in the administration of the law with a view to making what President Taft calls "a glossary or a small encyclopedia of the tariff."

An advance of from 5 to 10 per cent in the prices of watches to jobbers has been made by the Elgin and Waltham watch companies, according to announcement. It is stated that the advance is based purely on the new tariff bill, though both companies deny this. The advance in Elgin watches took place September 15, while the Waltham advance took effect September 20. Other watch manufacturers in this part of the country have either announced no advance or say definitely that there will be no advance in prices.

Both the Danish Houses of Parliament have adopted national defense bills which provide for the erection of forts north and south of Copenhagen and also at various points on the coast of Zeeland to prevent a possible landing and surprise by a hostile force. The existing land fortifications at Copenhagen will eventually be razed and the fleet will be further increased by the construction of torpedo boats and submarines. The garrisons of Zealand, Jutland and the island of Funen will also be strengthened. Now that the defense bills have been passed it is expected that J. C. Christensen, minister of war and marine, will yield to public sentiment and resign.

Between sixteen and eighteen hundred persons will be appointed as special agents of the census bureau about Jan. 1 next, and practical tests of the qualifications of applicants for such positions will be held on Nov. 3 next before the local board of civil service examiners in every State in the Union. The duties of such agents will be to collect statistics for the next census of manufactures, mines and quarries. As far as possible it is desired to obtain the services of persons who have taken college or university courses in statistics or economics, or persons who have had experience in the accounting departments of manufacturing or other business establishments. Applications will be accepted from women, but the opportunity for their appointment is slight. Chief special agents will receive \$4.50 to \$6 a day, while the assistants will receive from \$3 to \$4 a day. The chief special agents will be employed from six to fifteen months, and the assistants from three to six months. Following are the places in western States where tests may be taken by applicants for the positions:

- ILLINOIS—Cairo, Champaign, Chicago, East St. Louis, Freeport, Peoria, Quincy, Springfield.
- INDIANA—Bloomington, Evansville, Fort Wayne, Indianapolis, Lafayette, New Albany, Terre Haute, Valparaiso.
- IOWA—Ames, Burlington, Council Bluffs, Des Moines, Dubuque, Fort Dodge, Iowa City, Mason City, Sioux City.
- WISCONSIN—Appleton, Ashland, Chippewa Falls, La Crosse, Madison, Marinette, Milwaukee, Wausau.
- MICHIGAN—Ann Arbor, Detroit, Grand Rapids, Marquette, Saginaw, Sault Ste. Marie and Traverse City.

Judge Bullard, in convening a special grand jury at Collins, Miss., to investigate criminal cases, ruled from service several men said to be whisky drinkers. Under the Mississippi law men convicted of selling whisky in prohibition territory are ineligible for grand jury service. Judge Bullard held that the men who bought were equally improper jurors. The ruling is creating considerable comment. Many of the men not allowed to serve are prominent.

London has lately been enlightened through the "International Temperance Exhibit" displayed in Kensington Town Hall. Many political leaders and professors in scientific and medical schools were speakers and supporters. Germany showed 500 books in German upon the subject of alcohol and its effects. Russia exhibited diagrams picturing all phases of the subject. Austria, Sweden, Holland and even Argentina contributed notable displays, and altogether the exhibit marked a new departure in the progress of the reform.

At the Winnipeg meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science a model was exhibited by Mr. S. H. Schneider, which he claims will revolutionize the generation of electricity. It consists of a collapsible airtight box, which when closed sinks in water by its own weight. On reaching the bottom it is expanded by a magnet, when, being lighter than the water displaced, it rises to the surface, where it again folds up and sinks. The inventor states that a full-sized "generator," weighing 600,000 pounds and displacing 10,000 cubic feet, would generate 50,000 horsepower at practically no cost of operation.

Another evidence of the return of prosperity is given by the government returns showing the imports during the first seven months of the calendar year of material to be used by manufacturers. The statistics show that these imports increase in quantity from 25 to 150 per cent over the corresponding period of the previous year, while in value the increase was even greater. The value of crude materials for use in manufacturing imported in the seven months ending July, 1909, was \$294,500,000, against \$191,000,000 in the same months of last year, and that of manufactures for further use in manufacturing, \$139,000,000, against \$87,000,000 in the same months last year.

It is generally believed at Madrid that the complications which have arisen between Spain and Mulai Hafid, Sultan of Morocco, are likely to result in a Spanish-Moroccan war; that is, a war between Spain and the forces of the Sultan of Morocco in distinction to the fighting going on now, which is limited to the Moorish tribesmen inhabiting the Riff country. Spain has over 60,000 troops in northern Africa, with 11,000 more mobilizing for service there, and the government feels that only the brilliant completion of the work begun can defeat the plans of its political enemies at home. The situation at Barcelona is causing renewed anxiety. Bomb explosions on the streets are of almost daily occurrence, but newspapers that print even rumors of such occurrences are seized by the authorities. Mulai Hafid recently dispatched a note to the powers protesting against Spain's course in the Riff country, declaring it to be contrary to the terms of the Algeciras agreement, and asking for intervention by the powers. Spain has answered the note, but the contents of the reply are not known.

James B. Haggin, millionaire turfman, took issue with the Burley tobacco company and put in store his crop of between 300 and 400 acres of tobacco. It is the largest individual crop in the world. He refused to join last year because of night rider troubles. His action practically wins the fight for the tobacco society against the tobacco trust.

Sixty concerns in Cincinnati, St. Louis, San Francisco, New Orleans and other points recently had a hearing before the commissioner of internal revenue. These concerns manufacture raisin wine and claim they are not subject to government regulation; that no tax is collectable on such a product and that raisin wine is not a mash for distillation to which the internal revenue law applies. The existing law refers only to imitation wine and fortified sweet wine. The raisin wine fight dates back five years.

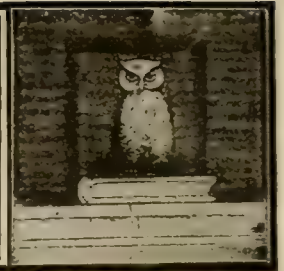
Representatives of hand-blown window glass works, involving plants to the amount of \$5,000,000, have effected a consolidation including 60 per cent of the total American production. The holding company will be known as the Imperial Glass Company and the formal capitalization is for \$250,000. The purpose of the combination is for an open fight against the American Window Glass Company's machine-made product and also to stop the price cutting war among hand-blown glass interests.

Washington is preparing to take the most important action looking to the security of the "open door" in China that has been called for since the Hay agreement ten years ago. If full information confirms reports recently received from Tokio and Peking the action will take the form of a protest, based on the Antung-Mukden Railroad controversy between Japan and China, which recently excited the diplomatic world. According to reports regarding the Japanese-Chinese agreement respecting the reconstruction of the Antung-Mukden Road, which have reached diplomatic circles here, Japan has obtained control of extensive mining concessions in South Manchuria—not for a limited but for an indeterminate period. This is to be regarded as a distinct menace to the open door, according to the exposition of that policy as given by the late Secretary Hay after the various powers with spheres of influence in China assented to the agreement embodied in the notes exchanged in 1899.

The dirigible army balloon *Republique* exploded near here while 500 feet in the air. Four aeronauts were killed and the balloon destroyed. The *Republique* had only recently been put in commission after an accident, in which it was blown from its moorings by a heavy wind and badly damaged. In the recent army maneuvers the *Republique* achieved distinction as a scout balloon. The aeronauts who lost their lives were Capt. Marchal and Lieuts. Chaure, Vincenot and Reux. The cause of the explosion has not been determined, as all the occupants were killed and the balloon badly smashed. The *Republique* is the second firstclass army dirigible that has been tested, the other being the *Patrie*, which broke away from 200 men who were trying to hold it during a storm and was carried to sea. The destruction of the *Republique* leaves the French army without a dirigible balloon worth the name, and places the country at a decided disadvantage with Germany in aeronautic experimentation, the latter country having the Zeppelin, Gros and Parseval types.



Among the Magazines



BREAD WITHOUT FLOUR.

Numerous ways of preparing the wheat grain for food without grinding it into flour are now in vogue, but the product is in all cases a so-called cereal of the "break-fast-food" variety, and does not take the place of bread. There are, however, little-used methods of preparing bread from the grain without previous grinding; and the improvements on those already introduced by two French inventors bid fair to make the resulting article of food familiar and popular. If this method becomes common, we shall hereafter, instead of buying flour, purchase wheat in the grain, soak it, and run it through a machine, from which it will issue as dough ready to be baked into bread. Whether the millers will approve of this flourless bread is another and a somewhat interesting question. Mr. Henri Blin, who describes this new process in *La Nature* (Paris, July 24), writes as follows:

"To transform, all at once, and without intermediary, the grains of wheat into a substantial and healthful bread would seem to be the ideal desideratum. But the practical solution of this interesting problem meets with serious mechanical difficulties, such as the complete trituration of the bran, the heating of the starch when treated in the dry state, and, above all, the routine and powerful interests of the flour trade."

A process intended to bring about the desired results, we are told, was devised some time ago by a Frenchman named Sézille, but it has not been successful in that his apparatus was not able to effect simultaneously the grinding of the wheat, the pulverization of the bran, and the kneading of the dough, with or without admixture of yeast and salt, with the water necessary to do this work in the closed space of one and the same machine. This very thing has now been accomplished by a process invented by Messrs. Desgoffe and Georges. Says the writer:

"These various functions, in spite of their lack of similarity, are practically united by the use of a special bread-maker called an 'antispire' whose use concentrates the work of the mill, of the bolter, and of kneading, in a light apparatus that may be operated by hand for small quantities of the product, or by any kind of motor with power proportionate to the desired output."

This machine, or "panificator," the writer goes on to say (we omit his detailed description), consists of a large screw turning loosely in a case on whose inner surface is also a screw thread running in the opposite direction. Between the main threads on the cylinder are smaller threads, and the depth of the groove between the main threads grows progressively smaller from one end to the other, so that it will hold the entire wheat grain, as it enters the machine, but at the exit will accommodate only the pulverized wheat. The grain is introduced through a funnel at one end of the machine, which may be mounted either horizontally or vertically. We read:

"To bring about direct panification on the Desgoffe-and-Georges process, the wheat must be previously pre-

pared; it is washed in much water to remove impurities, after which it is poured into another receptacle having twice the capacity necessary to hold it in its dry state. About a pint of water to a pound of wheat is added; with tepid water, six hours is sufficient to soak the grain so that it swells to double its volume. As soon as the grain has been soaked through it may be panified; it is then mixed with the necessary quantity of yeast and salt, or this mixture need not be made until the wheat has been passed through the machine.

"Thus prepared the wheat is poured into the funnel of the panificator, whence it penetrates automatically into the body of the machine, passing through a distributor whose output is regulated proportionally to the power available.

"From the distributor, the wheat falls between the threads of the moving screw and those of the fixed contrary screw, which crush simultaneously the envelope and the body of the grain, making of them a homogeneous mixture which, just before leaving the machine, already forms a smooth paste, but the work of kneading is terminated by the operation of a glider formed of two parallel surfaces whose distance apart is regulable. These surfaces are channeled in opposite directions; one is movable and is the extremity of the screw itself, while the other is fixed to the contrary screw and has a central hole through which the dough escapes in the form of a continuous roll. . . .

"To prevent all heating of the mass during the work, and to maintain the proper degree of moisture, a current of water is sent through the interior of the machine. . . .

"The dough, on issuing from the machine, is put into baskets, which are covered with woolen cloth and allowed to stand in a warm place. As soon as it begins to rise it is divided into long loaves and placed on wooden tables covered with warm cloth, until the moment when it is put into the oven. The latter, after the bread has been introduced, is sealed with clay.

"After baking 40 to 45 minutes, according to the degree of heat, the form of the loaves, and their size, they are removed and then a brush, slightly moistened, is passed over the smoking top of each loaf, to give to the crust an aspect more agreeable to the eye.

"Bread obtained by this process contains a succession of holes whose size increases as they approach the crust, which is very thin. The odor given off is very agreeable and much more pronounced than that of ordinary baker's bread.

"The Desgoffe-and-Georges process would appear to combine all the advantages of the direct panification of wheat—the amount of bread made from 100 pounds of ordinary wheat treated by this process is 150 pounds (180, in a state of dough). The inconvenience of bran in the dough is done away with by reducing the whole grain to a homogeneous mass. . . .

"This method enables us to obtain a dough containing

the wheat in its entirety, and consequently a so-called natural, total, or rational bread."—Translation made for *The Literary Digest*.



WAR AND THE GAME OF WAR.

There is a difference between the two. In real war the soldier is actually killed, or loses a leg or an arm; in the game of war, at the worst of it, he simply gets wet. At the end of the play he washes up, puts on clean and dry underclothes, and is an honest and useful and genuine citizen again. He has had his fun, such fun as it is, has given the generals and colonels of the regular army something to do for their money, and he may imagine that he has saved his country in some possible future invasion of Martians or other fabulous enemies.

Or very likely he carries home the pneumonia. In a real assault on Boston and a real defense, ten thousand soldiers would have been slain; in this mimic war only some hundreds are likely to die from the exposure to the inclement sky, while all endure minor suffering or incur serious sickness. Does it pay?

We see no proof of it. Of course, to those who are professional soldiers, it pays. It gives them experience in their hypothetical business, for it is their business to keep in patient, waiting preparation for what does not come off. They must magnify their profession. The war game makes their business popular and talked about. It fills columns of the newspapers. To them it is really something serious. It affects their business reputation. It pays.

But does it pay for the militiaman, who takes it out of his scant vacation, who gets no money or glory out of it, but to whom it is an expense and an exposure to storm and sickness and death? Perhaps it does. He thinks so or he would not do it. He takes it as a picnic and a lark, or, at best, as a service to the State whose regimental colors he follows.

And yet we imagine that the play-soldiers who, slept out in the rain and tramped through the mud about Assawompset Pond and the Bridgewater woods last week wished they were well out of it all. But they experienced none of the real hardships of war. What is a wet skin or what are blistered feet? There was no bloodshed; there were no ravaged homes, no widows and orphans, or are none yet. Their exposures to a summer rainstorm were nothing in comparison with the terrible scenes of a real battle, when leaden bullets and iron balls meet yielding flesh and crunching bones, nor even with the sufferings of a winter's campaign in genuine war.

Playing soldier is pleasant enough when one parades in line, under the cover of a spacious armory generously provided by the State. The regiment has the consciousness that it looks fine as it marches down Broadway in immaculate uniform, after a martial band, between lines of admiring spectators. It is a pretty play; a pretty play and nothing more. But the real soldiering—that is another thing. That is brutal; its business is killing. It is the lowest business one can get into, unless some extraordinary exigency should arise, such as can be and must be avoided by us for all future time. For that possible exigency we may still educate officers, we care not how many, if they will retire to civil life and do productive work until the exigency arises. If a war must come our people will meet it, and it will not take them much time to learn the new business. The blue militia did very well.

Such an experience as twenty thousand men have had in

a mimic attack on Boston may well teach them to love war less. They can get their amusement in better ways. They have learned a very little of the seriousness of war. They have found it is no fun. They started back to this city from Plymouth County wet, weary and hungry, if not sick of their experience, and with no great increment of glory. Some officers may have learned something in tactics, or as to the transport of commissary supplies, but the common soldier has learned absolutely nothing except how to obey and endure and suffer, all of which can be learned more profitably in other ways, for here there is no profit at all.

And yet we may suggest one possible lesson. Why not apply the rules of mimic war to real war? Let the armies meet. Let powder explode without shot. Let impartial judges after each engagement officially declare how many have been "killed" and "wounded," and send them home to their gainful vocations, without the bloodshed which in the past has been characteristic of war. War should be made a farce.—*The Independent*.



CASH VALUE OF A HUMAN BODY.

You have heard, perhaps, that human life is above valuation in mere money of the realm; that dollars and cents cannot recompense an injury to human existence. Sentimentally this is true, but practically it is largely untrue. A single human life, say the sentimentalists, is worth infinite millions of money; but human lives are being constantly sacrificed, often for the most commonplace ends. Think of the wars over small issues that have claimed their victims by the thousands. Think of the men that are working at dangerous trades, in which a percentage of lives must be sacrificed in order that business may go on. We know that a large number of railroad employees are killed every year that we may ride on the cars; a number of glassblowers ruin their lungs that we may have lamp-chimneys; men are being killed every day and lives taken by degrees that the world may eat and drink, wear clothes, and laugh. Who shall say, then, that human life has no money value?

In Japan a missionary hires a 'rickshaw man to pull him around in one of those quaint little gigs for six sen a day, or about \$12 a year in money. He runs with his passenger 40 miles a day if necessary. Five years of this cart-horse drudgery, according to best accounts, carries the poor fellow off with heart disease. He has sold his life for \$60; that is the estimate he himself puts on his existence.

Turning now to our more civilized land, we shall see that we rate our lives much higher. The life insurance companies value a man's life according to the premium he is willing to pay. Many rich men have earned \$50,000 for their families by dying. The Travelers' Insurance Company counts the loss of a man's leg at \$2,500; one eye, \$650; both eyes, both hands, or both feet, \$5,000. Death, in this policy, they reckon at \$5,000 also. Evidently they think a man may as well be dead as lose both eyes.

Uncle Sam gives a soldier who lost both eyes in the service of his country \$72 a month as long as he lives. For the loss of one eye the pensioner receives \$17, and for the loss of the sight of one eye \$12. Both hands the law recognizes as worth \$100 a month, the highest disability pension paid; both feet, \$72; an arm or a leg, \$45. But, of course, our government does not pretend to pay a veteran full recompense for his disabilities.

A man in New York last winter got a verdict of \$250 damages for the loss of half his whiskers which another man pulled out. Hence a nice full beard may be said to be worth \$500. This is the price set by a Minnesota man in a case for damages brought last week against an unskillful barber.

Arms and legs have been rated by juries all the way up to \$10,000. An Iowa man got a verdict of \$350 for an ear lost in a railroad accident. An English case gave the plaintiff \$500 for a broken nose, but an Ohio suitor received a consolation of only one cent damages for having his nose pulled and temporarily inflamed. The latter was a verdict for "nominal damages," as it is called. The legal right of the plaintiff was recognized, but the actual damages were too small for practical estimation.

A lady who had her false teeth stolen was only able to recover their market value, since they were decided to be merely personal property. Broken hearts are not quoted in the court records, nor are "lacerated feelings." Fair aspirants for matrimonial honors sometimes get damages for breach of promise of marriage, but such cases are no different from those arising out of broken business contracts.

Under an old common law of England if A ran over B's daughter or servant and killed her outright, B could not sue for damages. But if the daughter lingered for a time and then died B might put in a claim for the "lost services" of the victim and the jury might give him damages, which, however, were never adequate. With the introduction of railroads the injustice of this old common-law principle became so obvious that in 1846 Lord Campbell's act was passed, providing that where the death of one person is caused by the neglect or wrongful act of another the near relatives may sue and have adequate damages for the lost life. And this English law has been very generally followed in this country. Of course, the question of damages in these cases is entirely apart from that of criminal liability. The State prosecutes where a crime is charged, and the person directly injured may bring a private or civil suit for damages besides. Thus we see that, while the world has always hesitated to put a cash value on injuries to human life, it has been necessary for legislatures and courts to provide remedies for such injuries.—*The Pathfinder*.

Between Whiles

Johnny loved his papa, there was no doubt about that, and one morning, after he had listened to a long disquisition from the author of his being, addressed to his elders, on the general uselessness of the vermiform appendix, ending up with the broad statement that he hoped he'd see the day when every appendix in creation was cut out, the little boy resolved on an agreeable surprise for his daddy. He worked in secret for several days, and then sprang it.

"See what I have done for you, daddy!" he said, leading the wondering father into the library, and showing him a neat pile of many pages which he had accumulated. "I've cut the appendix out of every book in this library."

It was then that words failed, and Johnny's father's vocabulary made a general assignment for the benefit of its creditors.—Judge.

A Useful Remedy.

Little Jamie, aged three, was playing with his little friend, Jack. At the time Jamie chanced to have a rather heavy cold and was sneezing quite often. Jack's mother heard him several times and sympathetically asked: "Why, Jamie, what a cold you have! Doesn't your mother give you anything for it?" "Yes ma'am," Jamie very respectfully answered, "she gives me a clean handkerchief," whereupon he produced the prescribed "remedy."—*The Delineator* for October.

"Long introductions when a man has a speech to make are a bore," said former Senator John C. Spooner. "I have had all kinds, but the most satisfactory one in my career was that of a German mayor of a small town in my State, Wisconsin.

"I was to make a political address and the opera house was crowded. When it came time to begin the mayor got up.

"'Mine friends,' he said, 'I haf asked been to introduce Senator Spooner, who is to make a speech, yes. Vell, I haf dit so, and he vill now do so.'"—*Saturday Evening Post*.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

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FOR SALE—One set of 31 vols., Encyclopedia Britannica with Revised American Supplement. Late Edition. (New.) Publishers' price, \$120.00. My price with case, \$75.00 f. o. b. Girard.—Luther Petry, Girard, Ala.



FOLLOWING we give the Eleventh Report of the Bureau of Agriculture, Labor and Industry of the State of Montana for the year ending Nov. 30, 1908. One of the most substantial Irrigation projects in the State of Montana is located near Big Timber in Sweet Grass County, which will be settled in the very near future by the Church of the Brethren and their friends.

"The Big Timber project consists of 65,000 acres of land near the city of that name in Sweet Grass County. This was also one of the selections under the old commission and there were \$132,000 worth of bonds issued against the project. These bonds have been surrendered and destroyed. Under a new contract 28,500 acres of land have been reclaimed and will soon be placed on the market at \$50.00 an acre. The holdings are on the Yellowstone side of the watershed between that river and the Musselshell River. Eighteen thousand acres are first-class irrigable land suitable for intensive farming. The soil is in places a sandy loam, but mostly a deep fertile clay loam and generally underlaid with a clay-gravel subsoil. The water used for irrigating is absolutely free from alkali, and there is no alkali in the soil except in a few low spots. The lands lie from four to twenty miles from the city of Big Timber, and the same distance from the Northern Pacific Railroad. The climate is good and all kinds of crops mature to perfection in this locality.

"The water supply comes mainly from Sweet Grass Creek and Government measurements show that there is an abundant and never failing runoff for every acre in the project. The company also owns a large canal and water rights from Big Timber Creek which will be used on lands adjacent to that stream, besides two large and

convenient reservoirs on Otter Creek with a surveyed capacity of 31,000 acre feet of water. Fifty teams and one hundred and twenty-five men have been employed during the past summer on the north side of the river, and a two-mile tunnel is being driven from both ends on the south side. Expenditures for the season will aggregate \$200,000.

"Members of the State Board and others who have visited the site report the work as having been exceptionally well done, the soil deep and fertile and remarkably adapted for easy and thorough irrigation.

"As in all other Carey projects this land and water system will eventually pass into the ownership and management of those who settle upon and pay for it without any further expense than the initial price asked, \$50.00 an acre. This may be paid in installments so that it will be possible to make the land actually pay for itself, aside from the small first payment.

"The proximity of this project to the sugar factory at Billings—81 miles—makes it entirely practicable to raise sugar beets there for that market.

"It is confidently predicted that land under this ditch will meet with ready sale and rapid settlement and that a prosperous community will result."

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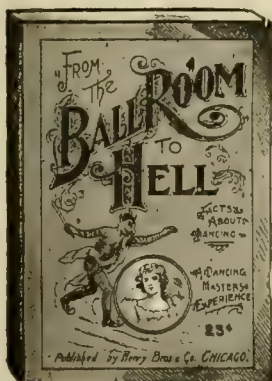
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All orders filled promptly, post-paid. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money refunded. Send us a sample order and be convinced. Write us for a booklet of unsolicited testimonials and new line of samples, which will be furnished free. Send at once to

R. E. ARNOLD, Elgin, Ill.

Pastor's Pocket Record

Arranged by Rev.
Sylvanus Stall, D. D.

This record affords space for the recording of 63 church officers; 714 members; over 6,000 pastoral calls; 42 communion services; 126 baptisms; 84 marriages; 105 funerals; 273 sermons; 63 addresses; 168 new members, besides ten other departments.



Ministers will find this an excellent little volume to carry with them at all times. It contains nearly 200 pages and is bound in black leather, size 3 3/8 x 5 1/2 inches. Very convenient to carry in pocket. Price, prepaid, only50 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Old Germantown Church

Post Card No. 26

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. We have just received from the importer a new lot of these popular cards and can fill orders promptly.

Price, per pack of six,15 cents
Two packs,25 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

CAP GOODS

SISTERS, when in need of Cap Goods remember you can be accommodated by the undersigned. Satisfaction guaranteed. Send for samples and Price List Free.

Mention the Inglenook.

Mary A. Brubaker

Box 331

Virden, Illinois

History of the Brethren

By M. G. Brumbaugh.

This book is written from the most valuable early records, and gives a list of many early members in Europe and America with biographies of the leaders, analyzes the influences that led to Alexander Mack's action at Schwarzenau in forming the Brethren church, and contains a



description of the Ephrata Society movement. Profusely illustrated with fine engravings. The work is authentic, thoroughly reliable and intensely interesting, is well printed in clear type, and substantially bound. 559 pages.
Our Price, Cloth,\$1.50
Our Price, Full Morocco, ... 2.50
(Postage extra, 25 cents.)

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE**
Elgin, Illinois

Girdling the Globe

By Eld. D. L. Miller.

The author tells of things seen in his travels around the world; and writes in such an interesting and impressive manner that the reading of the book will give one a better idea of things than would be received by many hundreds who would make the trip themselves. Profusely illustrated and elegantly and substantially bound. 602 pages.

Cloth Bound, Regular Price, \$2.00
Our Price,90
Leather Bound, Regular Price, 2.50
Our Price, 1.10
Full Morocco, Gilt Edge, ... 3.00
Our Price, 1.40
(Postage extra on each, 25 cents.)

**BRETHREN PUBLISHING
HOUSE,**
Elgin, Illinois.

ALBERTA

We have recently secured a tract of land for a Colony in Southern Alberta. This land is situated near Calgary. Read what J. A. Weaver thinks of the proposition:

Redcliffe Realty Co., Ltd.,

Minneapolis, Minn.

Gentlemen:

I am writing you the following letter which you may show to anyone who is interested in purchasing land in Southern Alberta, Canada, hoping that it may influence them in making their selection.

I was one of a party of Brethren who recently investigated a tract of land, situated northeast of Calgary, Alberta, Canada, which your company has set aside as the location for a colony of our people. I can truly say I was pleased with the selection.

We found these lands to be slightly rolling and the soil very productive. It is a deep, rich, black loam with a fine subsoil. I talked with farmers who lived near and they all reported that their wheat last year averaged 41 bu. per acre of No. 1 hard which weighed 61 lbs. and 62 lbs. per bu. Oats went from 80 to 100 bu. per acre, weighing from 40 to 43 lbs., and other crops yielded accordingly.

These lands are well located and are only about 25 miles from the city of Calgary, a growing city of over 25,000 people and destined to become a great railroad center in the near future, thus making a fine market close at hand. A number of railroads are being built, some of them this summer; one runs directly through these lands and others will be near, so that the railroad facilities will be the very best. There are settlers on all sides of these lands. They have a telephone system and other modern conveniences close at their doors. Water, generally, is good and can be reached at a depth of from 20 to 100 feet.

Another thing, these lands are mostly all under irrigation. This makes crops a sure thing each year. The farmer need not worry about crop failures because of dry summers, for he can make it rain when he most needs it. Some of the lands are non-irrigable. One can purchase either kind, or both, if he desires. I have traveled through California and Idaho and have seen the wonderful crops raised by irrigation and I can freely urge all to try and

secure some of these rich lands, for still more wonderful crops will be produced here if the land is irrigated.

The Irrigation System of the Canadian Pacific Ry. Co. is equally as good, and even better in some ways, than those I have inspected in the States. The water rental, 50 cents per acre, charged each year, is at a fixed price and cannot be changed or altered. At this price, the company agrees to maintain and keep in repair all ditches and put water on each tract purchased. One need not be afraid that this water rental will be raised in price in later years.

We are well pleased with our purchases, especially, because of the fine location and possibilities of home advantages, and we do not hesitate to urge others to join our settlement. Soon we will have a large congregation and Sunday school with all church privileges. The company has agreed to set aside 30,000 acres of these fine, rich lands exclusively for our people to settle upon and we, who have looked over these lands, feel very grateful to the company for treating us so kindly.

The climatic conditions here cannot be excelled. The winters are mild with no blizzards or snowdrifts to make them as unpleasant as those of some other parts of the North. There is some snow at times but the Chinook winds quickly melt all of it. Often it is quite warm and summer-like during the winter months; at times the thermometer runs down below zero, sometimes as low as 40 degrees below, but only for a few days at that. While there on March 4th, I saw farmers disking their ground so you see that the winters are often quite short. Almost all kinds of garden stuff do well here and will do even better under irrigation.

I will close by urging interested parties to come at once and purchase a nice, rich farm in a fine location in this colony. Do not delay. Those who wait get left in these days of big immigration. For further information, write me, enclosing stamp.

Yours very truly,

Bowbells, N. Dak., R. R. 1.

J. A. Weaver.

For Further Particulars, Address:

REDCLIFFE REALTY CO., Ltd.,

430 Temple Court, Minneapolis, Minn.

YOUR CHOICE OF LOCATION

"Church Extension by Colonization" is our Motto. We are locating our second Colony, with others to follow in other states in the near future.

COLONY NUMBER ONE

is located in the famous San Joaquin Valley, in "Sunny Stanislaus" county, near the center of California, adjoining the new town of EMPIRE. An organized Church of the Brethren is holding regular services and Sunday school in the new colony.

This location was selected because of its fine climate; snows and thunder storms are unknown there; because of its rich soil and fine irrigation system enable a great variety of crops to be grown; and because the excellent transportation facilities to the nearby markets make it easy to dispose of the products to good advantage.

Alfalfa is cut from four to six times a year, yielding from five to ten tons of hay annually, which sells from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per ton. All kinds of stock, dairying and poultry are handled with profit. The alfalfa remains green all winter.

All kinds of California fruits, nuts, berries and truck can be grown here, yielding good incomes.



A good Dairy Cow will yield about \$120.00 annually.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

A Pennsylvanian who has lived near Empire for five was one year old and over, yielded nine tons per acre this year. We have 90 acres in alfalfa and are preparing to seed 100 acres more."—J. M. Bombarger.

than any thing I ever saw, you should not have much trouble in locating people here, even if prices are a little high.

Personally I am partial to the land around Empire. After about three week's investigation I find the land almost faultless in location, soil, drainage, railroads to markets. It will stand the very closest inspection."

COLONY NUMBER TWO

This colony is being located near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, in the great wheat Belt of Canada, about sixty miles west of Winnipeg, the Chicago of Western Canada, a city of over 100,000 population.

Four trunk-line railroads pass through the section in which the colony is located, giving excellent transportation to nearby markets. The raising of stock, wheat, oats, barley and grass are the principal pursuits here. Immense crops are grown annually of these cereals, wheat yielding from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. Lands are little higher here than in the newer sections; wheat brings from 10 to 15 cents per bushel more than in the western provinces. Homeseekers will find it advantageous to investigate our colony propositions here and elsewhere. Write us for fuller information about prices, terms and special rates for homeseekers.

Co-operative Colonization Company North Manchester, Indiana

S. F. Sanger, President.
Dorsey Hodgden, Vice Pres.

S. Borough, Secy.
W. W. Barnhart, Treas.

THE INGLENOOK

October 12, 1909

One Dollar Per Year



A Brahmin.

Homeseekers

AND ALL OTHERS
WHO WANT INFORMATION

About the West

Improved or Un-
improved Lands

Railroad Routes
or Rates

SHOULD WRITE US TODAY

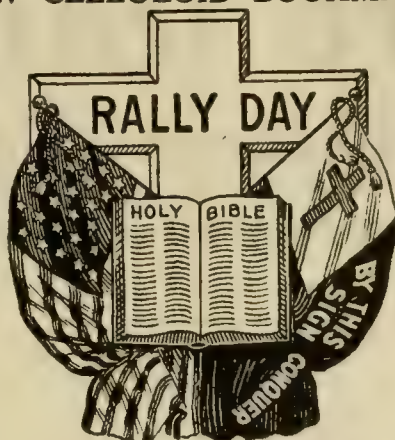
Homeseekers Information Bureau

214 Bee Building
Omaha, Nebraska

PRACTICAL HELPS FOR RALLY DAY

NEW CELLULOID BOOKMARK

With the words "Rally Day" lithographed on one side of the bookmark; and with a reproduction of the Conquest and United States flags. These souvenirs may be given to members of the school as a constant reminder of the recipient's duties to and



Actual Size

privileges in the school. Many will use them in the Bible in connection with the daily readings and the study of the lesson. Each bookmark has a double silk cord and tassel. Price, 4 cents each; 40 cents a dozen, or \$3.00 a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID RALLY DAY BUTTON IN COLORS



1



3

Price of either numbers 1, 2 or 3, 20 cents a dozen; or \$1.50 a 100, postpaid.

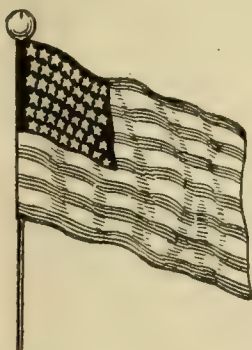
RALLY DAY INVITATION IN WIRELESS TELEGRAM FORM

Contains a short, crisp, businesslike message, prepared in such a manner as to secure the presence of every teacher or officer, and pupil in addition to the parents and visitors. TELEGRAM FORMS, price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid. SPECIAL TELEGRAM FORM ENVELOPES. Price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID FLAG PINS

These pins may be used to stimulate attendance on Rally Day. Distribute them in quantities to all members of the school who will promise to give one to each friend who agrees to attend the Rally Day services, wearing the pins. Organize all those who undertake to give out the pins into two divisions; then see which division succeeds in bringing out the largest number. Let one division use the Conquest flag pins, and the other the United States flag pins.

Price, 30 cents a dozen, or \$2.00 a 100, postpaid.



NEW ILLUSTRATED RALLY DAY INVITATION POST CARDS

For the use of Superintendents and Teachers
Designed to help increasing the attendance

to be sent previous to Rally Day to the members of every class or department, including the CRADLE ROLL AND HOME DEPARTMENT, and especially to those who have been irregular in attendance. Space is provided for filling in the date of Rally Day, and for the signature of the superintendent of any of the various departments, or of the teacher.

ORDER BY FORM AND LETTER.

FORM A. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark, in colors, containing a printed invitation; but without the name of Teacher or Superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM B. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of Rally Day bookmark in colors. Without any printed matter whatever, so that you can have your own invitation printed on this form.

FORM C. **Plain Card**, same size as forms A and B, but not in Post Card Form. For distribution in the school or by messenger service. With the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark in colors; containing the printed invitation; but without the

printed name of teacher or superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM D. **Post Card**, Printed in colors, with an original design of an American boy Announcing Rally Day through the megaphone. The wording is brief and to the point; a space is left for the signature of the teacher or superintendent. This would be an excellent card to send to every member of the school, particularly to the Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments.

Price of either Form A, B, C or D, 60 cents a 100; \$2.75 for 500; or \$5.00 a 1,000, postpaid.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE, Elgin, Illinois

Rare Ranch Bargain

IN ORDER TO CENTER OUR EFFORTS UPON THE DEVELOPMENT OF OUR TOWN OF MIAMI AND IRRIGATED LANDS IN MAIN PORTION OF MIAMI VALLEY, WE HAVE DECIDED TO OFFER FOR SALE OUR FAMOUS OLD RANCH HEADQUARTERS AWAY UNDER THE CURRENT PRICE OF SUCH LANDS IN THIS COUNTRY.

The ranch contains about 750 acres of fine, deep, rich agricultural land—forty acres reservoir water right from Farmers' Development Company mammoth irrigation reservoir, 20 acres alfalfa and natural hay land, about 100 acres in all under cultivation; natural hay land watered from floods and by underflow. A large portion of the balance could be placed under irrigation, but is capable of producing as good crops as any lands in the southwest through the natural rainfall. Entire tract fenced with substantial wire fences; crossed by three streams, one of which is the Rayado River. Abundance of fine water all over the tract for domestic purposes and for stock water. An ideal fancy sheep, cattle, mule or horse ranch.

Good well, large cistern, three substantial residences, large commissary house, two good stables, other out buildings and corrals.

Remember this land is a part of the famous MIAMI VALLEY, which is supplied with first-class church and school privileges, ideal climate, beautiful natural surroundings, the finest of people—in short the ranch is situated in the midst of an ideal home land.

\$11,000.00 FROM QUICK PURCHASER WILL TAKE ENTIRE TRACT WITH ALL IMPROVEMENTS, ONE-HALF CASH, BALANCE TO SUIT PURCHASER.

CATCH SPECIAL EXCURSION TO SPRINGER, NEW MEXICO, SEPTEMBER 21ST OR OCTOBER 5TH, VIA ATCHISON, TOPEKA & SANTA FE RWY.—\$30.00 FROM CHICAGO, \$25.00 FROM KANSAS CITY, \$11.65 FROM DENVER.

WRITE OR WIRE

Farmers Development Company
Springer, New Mexico

CRADLE ROLL BIRTHDAY POST CARDS

The phenomenal growth of the Cradle Roll Department of the Sunday School calls for constant activity on the part of the publisher to supply novelties and helps that will suit this peculiar field. Among the most useful helps are the birthday cards of which a new and beautiful line is just issued which may be mailed as post cards. The cards bear appropriate photographic reproductions embellished with exquisite floral designs and having greetings and verses in colored lettering; on the address side of the card is space that may be used for a personal message or invitation.



Form P. First Birthday—Boys.—A beautiful madonna with dainty decoration of trumpet border and lily of the valley.

Form Q. First Birthday—Girls.—Photograph of girl baby with border of snowdrops and colored leaves. One candle burns at top of card.

Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

Form U. Third Birthday—Girls.—The girl's picture on this card is bordered with delicate grasses and pansies; three candles are burning on shelf.

The cards sell at the rate of 2 for 5 cents or 25 cents per dozen, postpaid. Order any one form or assorted.

Ask about our "One Dollar Cradle Roll Outfit."

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

Revised Minutes

Contains the revised minutes of all the Annual Meetings up to and including 1896. Two hundred pages. Indexed under 1,200 subjects.

The Appendix.

This edition contains an appendix of almost one hundred pages, devoted to the minutes of the Conference held in 1897 and 1907 inclusive. A copy of this book should be in the hands of every minister and church worker in the Brotherhood. The book is printed on fine quality of paper and substantially bound in cloth

The Price.

Single copy, prepaid,\$1.00
Six copies to one address, prepaid, 5.00

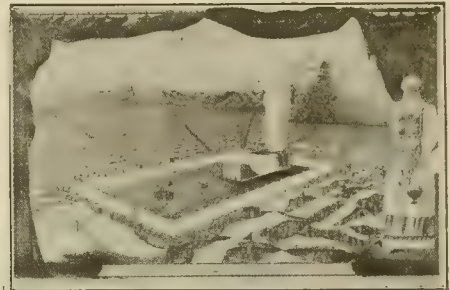
One Copy Free.

Our price is very low, considering the size of the book, contents, and binding, but if you will dispose of five copies among your friends, and have same sent to one address, we will mail you one extra copy for your own use.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE
Elgin, Illinois

The Tabernacle of Witness

Every teacher or Bible student who desires to have the proper conception of the tabernacle should have this picture. The price is so low that many will want one for each member of their class. This picture is taken from a model which cost thousands of dollars and years of study and research. Shows the



linen hangings of the Court, suspended from silver tipped pillars, set in copper sockets. Within the court are found the Brazen Altar, the Laver and the Tabernacle. On either side may be seen the tents of Israel, the location of each tribe being designated by a banner. Size of illustration is 6 x 9 inches. Printed on heavy calendered paper.

Price, single picture, ...15 cents

Two copies to one address,25 cents

Ten or more to one address, each,10 cents

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

Late and Early Card

FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL. On one side may be read the words "I am Late"; on the other "I am Early." Printed in three colors on heavy card board. Size, 5½x8½. Price, postpaid, 10 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE

Elgin, Illinois

BRETHREN SECRETARY'S MINUTE BOOK.

New and revised edition. Contains 2 pages for report of each Sunday of the year besides 2 pages for the Annual Report and each of the Quarterly summaries. Bound in paper with reinforced back. Size 4x7 inches. Price, postpaid, 15 cents.

BRETHREN PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Elgin, Illinois.

A Wonderful Success

Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

Read What Prof. Holden of Ames Agricultural College, Ames, Iowa, Has to Say:

"You may say for me that southern Idaho is THE IDEAL PLACE FOR THE YOUNG MAN who is looking to make a start in life. Every acre of irrigable land in this section is worth, in yield or income, three times as much as the best land in Illinois and Iowa. I am for Iowa, but if a man is to move, southern Idaho is the place to go, and for the young man, full of wonderful opportunities.

"The diversity of crops appealed to me as strongly as anything I saw. The irrigation farmer for instance, is not dependent upon any one crop. He doesn't have to wait until the end of the season to get his money because there is something seasonable and saleable at all times during the year. He raises fruit, wheat, alfalfa, oats, vegetables, hogs, cattle, sheep, in fact everything grown in the temperate zone.

"One man told me that he raised 18 bushels of clover seed on one acre of ground during the past year, and I found that the clover seed crop runs 8 to 15 bushels per acre."

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

Homeseekers' Round Trip Rates in Effect on First and Third Tuesdays of Each Month During the Year From Chicago

Blackfoot, Idaho,	\$42.50	Mount'n Home, Idaho,	\$53.90
Boise, Idaho,	57.50	Nampa, Idaho,	57.20
Butte, Mont.,	42.50	Ontario, Ore.,	57.50
Caldwell, Idaho,	57.50	Pocatello, Idaho,	42.50
Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
Huntington, Ore.,	57.50	Shoshone, Idaho,	49.00
Idaho Falls, Idaho,	42.50	Twin Falls, Idaho,	50.80
Ketchum, Idaho,	54.60	Weiser, Idaho,	57.50
Market Lake, Idaho,	42.50		

COLONISTS' ONE WAY CHEAP RATES will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct. 15 inclusive. Write at once for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions.

S. Bock

Colonization Agent

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.

Salt Lake City, Utah

THE INGLENOOK

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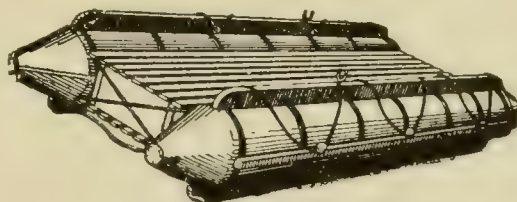
THE UNITED STATES LIFE SAVING SERVICE

JOHN S. FERNALD

THOSE who believe the world is growing better, that the bond of human brotherhood is growing stronger, and that the influences of the teachings of Jesus are being felt more and more as the decades roll around, have only to look at conditions today and compare them with those of the past to be materially strengthened in that belief. This is particularly noticeable in the attitude of the governments and of the people at large, in all civilized nations, towards the sick and wounded in war, shipwrecked seamen, and all who may be in poverty or suffering in any of the walks of life. The Red Cross movement in behalf of the sick and wounded soldier and the Life Saving service in behalf of the shipwrecked sailor are noticeable examples of this improved condition of affairs. Compare the condition of a wounded soldier on the field of battle in the early days of the nineteenth century with one of the present day; or, note the treatment accorded to a shipwrecked sailor, his craft and her cargo, a hundred years ago as compared with today.

In the early days the kind-hearted, well-meaning Christian people, living along the coasts where wrecks

arose for plundering a stranded vessel, under cover of the darkness, they allowed their greed to overcome their scruples and, in addition to stripping the vessel of her fittings, and taking the cargo, often neglected the helpless and suffering seamen, and sometimes even descended to murder by finishing on the unfortunates



Metallic Liferaft.

the work of death so nearly completed by cold and wave. Some of the more conscienceless of these wreckers have been known to lure vessels, by false lights and other means, upon dangerous rocks in order to give them the chance for plunder. And while the better-disposed people were powerless against these semi-pirates the governments stood aloof and interfered only in the most flagrant cases.

Today all this is changed. Every civilized nation having a seacoast and dangerous places now supports along with its lighthouse service [See INGLENOOK, March 24, 1908,] a life-saving service, for rescuing seamen in danger and for recovering for the rightful owners as much as possible of the endangered vessels and cargoes.

The United States life-saving service has two hundred and eighty stations, of which ninety-three are on the Atlantic coast, eight on the Gulf of Mexico, sixty-one on the Great Lakes and eighteen on the Pacific coast. Each of these stations has a superintendent and a crew of surfmen, all trained in the most effective methods of work, and fully provided with



Metallic Lifeboat, Showing Air Chambers Along the Sides and in Both Ends.

were wont to occur, were overpowered by a class of men known as "wreckers." Nominally these men were honest, law-abiding citizens—farmers, fishermen, mechanics, merchants, etc., but when the occasion

apparatus, medical and surgical supplies, food, clothing and other necessities.

The older surf boats are of wood, but those added recently are of metal, and are so built and equipped with air-chambers that they will right themselves when capsized, and will not sink even when filled with water and loaded to their utmost capacity. All the larger ones are propelled by gasoline engines, which relieves the crews of the arduous labor of rowing, besides saving much time in making the trips. The men are also in much better condition for their difficult and



Breeches Buoy with Trolley Attached to the Mast of a Vessel.

dangerous work, at wreck and shore, than if fatigued by a long hard pull at the oars through angry seas. Metallic life rafts, cork jackets and life preservers are also kept at the stations, and are carried on vessels, particularly on passenger steamers. The law provides that every vessel carrying passengers shall always have, easy of access, certain necessary equipment in this line, and fixes the minimum in proportion to the number of passengers the vessel is licensed to carry. The life raft consists of two cigar-shaped metal chambers, with a strong framework between them, making an oblong raft. The two surfaces are alike so that it makes no difference which comes uppermost when the raft is thrown into the sea. Both surfaces are provided with row-locks, oars, life lines, etc.

Next in importance to the boats and rafts come the "breeches buoys," but they can only be used when the wreck is within a comparatively short distance of the shore. In using this appliance a small line is thrown to the vessel if near enough, or if not a shot with a line attached is fired from a small cannon across the vessel. It was the hand throwing of this kind of a line that suggested the famous hymn, "Thrown out the life line." The men on the vessel, by use of this line, haul out a cable, which they make fast to a mast or other high place. The other end is securely anchored by the life savers on shore. A trolley runs on the cable and beneath it hangs the breeches buoy, a large ring into which the imperilled person is fastened and hauled by strong and willing hands along the trolley cable to the shore.

During the last fiscal year the endangered vessels on the coasts of the United States numbered 1,094,

were valued, with their cargoes at \$13,530,225, and had on board 5,712 persons. Of these totals, the number of lives lost was but twenty-two, of vessels totally lost fifty-six, and of property lost \$1,863,790. The value of property saved was \$11,666,435.

Since the service was established, in 1871, the number of vessels in disaster within the scope of the life-saving service was 18,411, of a value, with their cargoes, of \$265,046,509. The value of property saved was \$211,124,032. Of the 127,395 persons involved in these disasters but 1,194 lives were lost.

The pay of the superintendents of the stations is \$1,000 per year, and of No. 1 surfmen \$70 per month, with thirty cents per day additional for rations.

The U. S. Treasury Department awards gold and silver medals for bravery in effecting or attempting rescues from drowning, and the official reports of many cases show valor, courage and devotion to duty that will rival, in real life, the wild-

est dreams of the romancist.



A MONUMENT TO A MISER.

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER.

ON the twenty-ninth day of September, the school children of New Orleans lay garlands of flowers on a statue erected to a miser. This statue is the only one of its kind. It tells of the harsh judgment pronounced against the man whom New Orleans delights to honor since his death.

The story is one of romance, of adventure and tragedy. In the first year of this century there came to New Orleans a singularly handsome young man. Of Scotch-Irish parentage, he possessed business abilities of a high order, also a romantic nature which may account for some of his suffering. In his day New Orleans regarded herself the leading city of America, and John McDonough became a leading figure among the young men of the city. He fell in love with one of the belles of the city. She was beautiful and her father dreamed of a royal marriage for her. When John McDonough asked her father for the hand of his daughter, her father answered, "No." And he went on to say that she could not marry an American without money. "My daughter must marry into court life in the highest circles of Europe." Her father practically rebuilt New Orleans after the great fire. His word was undisputed. He made his daughter marry de Pontalba, page to the Emperor Napoleon. It was she who with her Louisiana millions, bought and demolished the great palace built by Louis XIV for the Duc de Maine, so that it might not be occupied by the enemy.

She reserved its treasures, and built a new palace which is now owned by a Rothschild at a price of 5,000,000 francs. She had all the glory and honor her ambitious old father craved for her.

And what of John McDonough? He found after awhile that he loved another woman far better than the one in a palace across the sea. The woman of his heart had come from his own State of Maryland. John McDonough went to her father, confident that as he had the girl's love, there was naught in his life to deserve him a "no" from her parents. What was his surprise when her father said he could marry her only if he became a Catholic. To this proposition McDonough answered "no" forever. He was a Presbyterian and he could not deny the faith of his fathers, not even for the girl he loved. He lived, as well-placed bachelors of his day lived, in a splendid house with dozens of slaves. He and the girl met constantly for many years; then he asked her father for the last time for his daughter's hand. "If you renounce your creed," said the father.

"I should not be worthy of your daughter if I did," said McDonough sadly.

Then the girl said if she could not marry McDonough, she would marry no other; she became a nun in the old Ursuline Chapel. And he—what did he do? Dropped the world away from him too. He gave up his house in town, his horses, his dinners, his brilliant sunshiny life, took all his slaves and went across the river to a country home. At first society took his departure with melancholy; they remembered his cavalier hospitality and his lovable nature, and they hoped his retirement was a whim—so romantic, but bound to pass over.

The years went by and McDonough came over to the city every day in his rowboat. He established a gloomy place of business and stayed there all day long; in the evening he went back to his home. After awhile his friends looked on him with suspicion; they said he was coining money for money's sake—he was a miser. And of all things, that particular gay society despised a miser. To make money to spend, ah! that was all right; but to make money to hoard was too contemptible to be tolerated. His clothes were threadbare and old, he grew gray and bent in his prime. They told stories of his stingy marketing, of two bits' worth of this and a picayune's worth of that. As he grew old and bent, he went every Sunday afternoon to visit the girl he had loved in his youth. Think of the pathos of this; they may have talked of their old hopes and plans when they were young; now they were both old and sad.

He knew what it was to be shunned by all of his old friends. At the end of thirty-five years of this life, he died and his slaves buried him. New Orleans cared little, her only curiosity was as to how much money he

had left. But when the will was read in the presence of distinguished persons, the city of New Orleans sat aghast, tear-stricken, repentant. The will was the talk of the business men of the town for weeks. He had left the sum of \$1,000,000, an enormous fortune for those days, to the children of the city. It was to build for them public schoolhouses, the first in the country. Attached to the will was the outline of a far-reaching scheme of education for his beloved children. And these children had shunned and feared him as the bugaboo of the nursery. His long will was the most pathetic document of its kind ever recorded. It told of his great schemes, of his loneliness, how he had shrunk more bitterly into himself when he was judged unjustly. At the end of it there was this one tragic note: "In return for this I ask that the little children shall come sometimes and plant a few flowers above my grave." So it is that the children of the city lay wreaths of flowers upon his monument.

It had been said he starved his slaves, and dozens of them ran off to sea to escape his cruel treatment. He worked them until long past midnight and then compelled them to begin again before daylight, said gossip; when they taunted him about it he said nothing. His will explained all. These slaves were working out their freedom. He said in his will, when people taunted him he wondered that they never asked, why when his slaves worked at midnight they always sang as they worked. He kept an account of their working hours and as each man worked out his price he was free and he went to the republic of Liberia. At his death eighty slaves were freed and sent to the Liberian Colony. The American Colonization Society has sent eighteen thousand colored people there. McDonough, the miser, was the founder of this society, of which Henry Clay was afterward president. His letters have been bound into a volume. In one of them he says that two things he had always dearly loved,—children and flowers. For us the lesson of his life is contained in the solemn warning, "Judge not that ye be not judged."



A CHILD OF GOD.

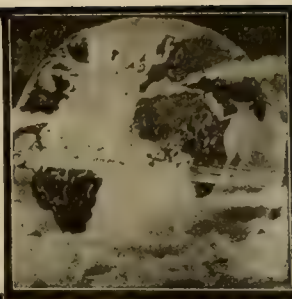
Do not dare to think that a child of God can worthily work out his career or worthily serve God's other children unless he does both in the love and fear of God, their Father. Be sure that ambition and charity themselves will grow mean unless they are both inspired and exalted by religion.—*Phillips Brooks*.



THE best college is that in which the student is brought into the closest contact with teachers of ability and of Christian character. Mere lectures, however able, do not greatly influence the character of the students. It is personal contact.—*Southern Presbyterian*.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXVII. In the House of His Friends.

ONE day Elder Stover took me out into the little graveyard they were starting in Bulsar, for no sooner do you stop long at any place than you have to start a cemetery. I wondered why he took such pains to show me about, and when he said, "How would you like to be buried here?" I began to look at myself from a decidedly earnest viewpoint. I was ill,—hadn't been well for some time, and in fact I was frightened at my physical condition. For no matter how much quinine I took, or how careful I was, the fever was

coming, and it was more than the malarial fever, too. Then Christmas dinner was served in the Bulsar mission house. I was unwise. I overate. To make it worse, I had gone next to Novsari, where D. L. Forney and wife treated me so kindly, and here they, too, made me a Christmas feast, two Christmas dinners in two

days. So when I came before my fine audience that night in Novsari, presided over by the mayor in state, and who also interpreted my speech for me as I proceeded, sentence by sentence, I found myself too weak to finish as I had expected.

I was decidedly ill.

I took the train back to Bombay, passing Bulsar on the way where Brother Stover had erected a tabernacle for me, or rather a platform over which hung a

big awning, and had gathered together the elect and the Aleck of Bulsar to hear me recite from Riley and Tennyson and Shakespeare, unable now to raise my head from the hard seat to cast even a glance at the spot where I had enjoyed such a triumph,—reaching the hospital late at night.

At once the servants carried me up the stone stairway in a sort of sedan chair and I was given a bed, a bed with sideboards on to keep delirious patients from jumping out.

When I was recovering from the typhoid, five weeks

later, they told me how sick I had been, for they had been fooling me all the time into believing that it was malaria and not typhoid that had me down. They should have told me the truth.

It was the most awful experience of my life, so far from home and so helpless. But angels of



The Graves of Adam and Alice Ebey's Two Children in the Beautiful Little Cemetery at Bulsar, India.

mercy hovered over that hospital and God was gracious to me. The nurses, most of them English, trained in their work, were like mothers. Besides, I was paying my way there, only thirty-three cents a day, for everything, but still paying my way, for I could have entered another ward as a free patient.

I do not believe that there is in all the United States such another hospital as the St. George's Hospital in Bombay.

I would take my chances there every time, but I didn't know it when I was most sick, as I do now, and so I was afraid.

The saddest sight in this world is to see a lost soul going into eternity as a derelict.

Let me draw you a lesson from my hospital experience in this country. I will tell it just as it happened in the simplest words. It was in this hospital.

While convalescing from the typhoid, one afternoon a tall, young, handsome, English naval officer entered the wide-open veranda and stood looking down upon the unused bed on my right. The strange bewilderment of every new hospital patient passed over his face as he finally surrendered to the inevitable. He first removed his heavy helmet, rattling with decoration and shining with metallic lustre. Then he took off his tie and unbuttoned his collar and laid them down, looking as if he were about to put them all on again. Then he came to his shoes. He was very long untying the laces. They wouldn't come loose. He was very weak and very sick but that wasn't the reason it took him so long. It was a hospital bed. People who never lie upon one get the idea that their occupants seldom rise again. Then he looked at his coat, blazing with medals of honor,—one of

them pinned there by Queen Victoria's own hand. But that had to come off,—that coat, squared with corded boxing and richly hung with lace. When ready, he put on the hospital pajamas and drew the light cover over him. On the other side of the room from me lay a young Irishman, ill with what was supposed to be, at the beginning, Bubonic Plague. He had been condemned to go to the pesthouse, where of course he would have caught the plague and probably died with it. His malady was only a severe boil under the arm. Next to me on my left was an Englishman, an official of Bombay, and down the line wan faces of Germans, Greeks and Hindus peeped from under white covers.

And the naval officer on my right looked just like the rest of us,—the Irishman, the Englishman, the American, for we all look alike under hospital covers and in graveyards.

Bibles and books had been furnished to the other patients. They were glad to get them. But this man on my right refused to take them from the hand of the nurse who had carried them to his bed one day.

His disease was peritonitis, so common in India, and also so incurable there. He was dying with it, and his sufferings were very great.

"Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he would cry, "bring me another drink."

Contrary to the orders of doctors and nurse I had risen several times to help him, causing me a relapse and much suffering and added doctor bill a little later.

It was his last day, for two weeks had passed, and they had given him up.

That evening two officers from the battleships lying in the harbor came into the hospital to visit their fellow-officer in arms.

"Have you any message to send to your wife in England Charles?" asked the officer as he pressed the thin, white hand of the dying man.

"Yes, officer, in the morning, come in the morning, won't you?"

"Yes, Charles, we'll be back at five in the morning."

Now we all knew that the officers did not intend to return in the morning. They knew that Charlie

would not be there at that time, for the doctor had told them that the boy could not live through the night. But he thought he would feel better in the morning.

At nine o'clock he was still worse. Then the day nurse came into the ward. I knew then that something was going to happen, for she never came into the ward at night unless some one was going to die. They didn't die because she came, but she came because she knew they would die before morning.

As she passed my bed I called out to her and she told me that the young man could not live till morning.

"Can not live till morning!" I wonder what she is going to tell some other patient here about me if I get worse! "Can not live till morning!" Then he is going to die. Yes, that's what he must do if he can't live. Till morning!



An Oriental "Cab."

At ten o'clock she came in again and asked him if she might not send for the chaplain.

"No," he replied, "I don't want the chaplain."

"May I send for the priest, then?" she timidly asked, thinking he might be a Catholic.

"No, I don't want the priest."

"May I pray for you, then?"

He still answered in the negative.

A little later she came in again and asked the same questions, and was again refused. Then she knelt at his pillow, as he moaned and breathed so hard with the temperature so high, and she read from a little English prayer book a prayer for the dying.

When she began you could have heard a pin fall over that ward, for no one slept that night. Before she had ended, you could have heard the head of the pin fall if it could have become detached. I never was in favor of *reading* a prayer until that night. That was the only kind that that poor girl could have prayed out loud for that boy and for us all. It was so well-worded, and I know that for one at least that prayer went straight to the Throne.

At one o'clock he called for a light.

"It is getting dark. I want more light. Bring a light."

There were two lights burning near his bed, but the trouble with Charlie was the *hand of Death* passing over his face.

Another light was brought as he called out at top of his voice,

"Ainsworth! Ainsworth!"

Ainsworth was a rough companion of his in the third bed down. At the second call he was out on the floor and by his side.

"Hold my hand, Ainsworth, and stand by me."

"I will, Charles," said Ainsworth, and they clasped hands.

And he couldn't have let go, if he had tried. It was the death grip of two bad boys away off in India.

I sprang from my bed, weak as I was, and limped to his side. I hoped that perhaps he might give me the chance to pray for him or to speak a word of hope into his fevered ear. As much as I wanted to get out of that hospital and home again I believe I would have

given my chances for recovery if I could have placed the Gospel Compass into his hands just then.

But his eyes were focused at too long a range then. They were looking across foaming oceans, burning deserts, snow-capped mountains and extended continents;—thinking they saw a little cottage in England, nestling among the hawthorne and cherry trees, in Kent, near London;—thinking they saw through the shutters into that little cottage,—thinking they saw the wife there, busy with her needle and a little flaxen-haired boy by her side, both now and then looking at the photograph of the father on the mantel, the father dying now ten thousand miles away, in India. That picture, ten thousand miles away was the *foreground*, and we were the *background* of the sailor's last picture.

His head fell back, his pulse quivered, his breath halted.

At fifteen minutes after one, at night, he launched his bark upon the sea of Death. At *fifteen minutes after one*, he dared to go before his Judge with his pilot.

That afternoon at four o'clock the bell tolled thirty times for Charlie as the nurse played on the little organ in the little chapel when we heard the *tramp, tramp, tramp* of



India Draymen.

the feet of those who carried Charlie's body down to the boat bound for England, going back to the little cottage in Kent.

Through all that terrible experience of illness and death of patients around me I always saw among pictures of home in my memory the quiet mission field of the Brethren at Bulsar and Novsari; again I walked through the leafy bowers and looked for the day to come if ever it would, when again I might be there in company with my friends of bygone days.

In all that sickness my one prayer was, "Save me that I might save others."

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CONVERSION is no repairing of the old building; but it takes all down and erects a new structure. The sincere Christian is quite a new fabric, from the foundation to the top-stone all new.—*Alleine*.

SMALL COLLEGE VS. UNIVERSITY

JOHN WOODARD

WE have heard a great deal about the "small college" of late years. From what some have said, we might get the idea that the large school or university is an unnecessary evil and we could get along better without it. Others seem to think that the university is the only institution of higher learning, and that the work of the small college could be much better done in a university. If the first view is correct, we would expect to see the universities disappear and a number of small colleges take their place, but the universities are becoming larger and stronger every year. If the second view is correct, we might expect the disappearance of the small college, but this institution continues to flourish and increase in numbers. Neither view is wholly correct. These institutions are not competitive. Each has a distinct field in which to operate. If either steps out of its own field, it attempts to compete with the others and causes trouble. The small college is an institution with relatively small attendance. The students come in close contact with each other and with members of the faculty. The teachers, for the most part at least, are men and women who teach for the good they can do and not merely for their salaries. The classes are small and the individual student receives a great deal of attention. The financial support is not strong, so library and laboratory facilities are limited.

On the other hand the university is a large institution, many students, large faculty, much money back of it, good library and laboratory facilities. The university can and does give professional work, for it can get the equipment and the small college can't. The opportunities for graduate work in the university are better than in the small college. The difference in equipment is the reason. The head professors in the university are much stronger men than the teachers in the small college, but many of the lower teachers are much inferior. They are often teaching merely for the salary and so are indifferent to the welfare of the student or are lacking in teaching ability and were appointed on the strength of their scholarship.

For a general college course to broaden one out and make him better prepared to take up the study of a trade or profession, the small college is the place. The student receives more individual attention and has better teachers in his freshman year, the time when he especially needs good teachers. For instruction in professional work and graduate study in any line, the university is the place. It has the equipment and the teachers for the work. The student who graduates

from the high school at eighteen years or earlier and has had no experience in coming in contact with the outer world has no business in a university. He needs at least two and better three or four years in a small college to prepare him for the university. One of the chief causes of the bad moral and spiritual condition of university students is that we take children right from the high school, away from the control of home and parents, before they have developed strength of character sufficient to overcome the evils they must encounter, and place them in a large institution where they are liable to meet with "divers temptations" and have practically no moral restraint.

In a university it is easy to get among bad companions without anyone paying any attention. There are many opportunities to get into mischief if one can keep it quiet, and that is easy to do in a large institution. A large school is like a large city, the individual is lost in the mass. Boys and girls have no business in either a large city or a university without the controlling influence of home and the advice of parents or close friends until, by age or experience, they have developed a character that is proof against the temptations which may be found in a large city or university. It is easy to resist temptation when one knows that parents and friends will hear of it. The temptation only comes in full force when one knows that it is easy to hide the fault and no one need ever know. It takes a strong character to resist a temptation under these conditions. Some people never develop such a character, others develop it at an early age, even before the age of twenty-one. The age varies with the individual, but it is safe to say that many, who could not resist such a temptation before the age of twenty-one, could resist after twenty-one. It would be well if students did not enter the university before they are twenty-one.

If they finish the high school earlier let them go to a small college where the temptations are much less and the precepts and example of their teachers will help them develop a stronger character. The chief business of the small college is to develop character,—to make men and women. It is a noble work. Let them stay with that work. The chief business of the university is to make scholars and train for the professions. Let them stick to that work. The character should be developed before the student enters the university. Through their general college courses, the universities have encroached on the work of the small colleges. They have taken the students right from the high school and turned them loose to "root hog or

die." Some have pulled through all right but others have died, morally and spiritually.

But there is now a tendency in the right direction. For several years, some of the universities have been advising students to take two or more years of general college work before beginning the technical work of the professional schools. Some have required two years' college work before admitting to regular standing in the medical and law departments. Now the University of Missouri demands two years' college work before admission to any professional department except agriculture. They should not have made this exception.

This is a step in the right direction, but they should go farther. Let them require two years' college work for admission to regular standing in the university, but admit students over twenty-one years old as special students. If a special student, either by exceptionally good work in the course he is pursuing or by taking work outside of his course, shows that he is as well qualified to take a degree as the regular students, change him to the regular standing and give him his degree. In this way, the mature student, who had been denied early advantages would not be hindered from completing a professional course in a short time, and at the same time, immature students would be kept out of the universities.—*Lowry Hall, Columbia, Mo.*



ON THE ROUTE.

M. M. WINESBURG.

WE left Birmingham, Ala., bound for Cincinnati, at six o'clock in the evening on the Queen and Crescent road, or the A., G. & S.—which some of the Alabama people translate into "The Alligator Going South." But the alligator had its nose turned to the North when we got aboard and was soon puffing into the mountains of northeastern Alabama.

The further we got into the mountains the wilder they looked. Deep gorges with rock-ribbed sides, and sharp peaks heavily wooded met the eye on all sides, and then suddenly the train would chug out into an open glade where some enterprising mountaineer was trying to raise a crop on the scanty soil, and the next moment would slide into another deep defile with a rushing roar. I saw but a very few streams of water and they were quite small.

It was raining when we left Birmingham and it was still raining when our train chugged out onto a stretch of table land where the timber was more of a scrubby nature. Afar on the north of the plateau stretched a long spur of mountains that looked blue in the distance, while white clouds rolled around their summits. Now, of course I could not say for sure, but I think this blue range was the southern spur of the Cumberland Mountains, for our route ran north-east and so did the mountains, which we never quite

lost sight of until darkness hid them from our view.

I had been hoping that we would have a clear evening so that we could see the city of Chattanooga and the monument on Lookout Mountain which can be seen from the train, but when our train pulled into Chattanooga it was so dark that we could not see anything but the lights. Olympia Park was illuminated and the arc lights twinkled like stars through the darkness. I was disappointed, for I had not been able to see anything but the lights and a glimpse of the river when the train crossed the bridge. So I huddled down and went to sleep.

At daylight the next morning we were still in a rather rough country, though it was not so rough as the first part of our journey had been, but at one place I will confess to feeling my hair pull, for the train suddenly began to slow down through a cut or gorge, and next it was slowly creeping out onto a bridge which spanned a narrow valley and river below. One could hardly feel the train moving, it went so slow across the bridge, and either way one looked from the windows, up or down stream, were sheer walls down to the narrow valley, while the muddy river flowed sullenly below us. One did not get much assurance of safety by hearing a fellow passenger say that he had crossed that bridge many a time but never as slow as the train went then and it would be a long time before he crossed it again, for he had heard the bridge was unsafe,—and I know that I breathed freer when we were safe on the other side.

After we crossed the walled-in valley, the rugged crags began to melt into gently sloping hills and by the time we reached Danville the train was running through rolling land on which were growing fine crops, and from there on to Lexington, and far on this side of Lexington, the country was simply beautiful. The rolling fields of grass, grain and corn and the herds of cattle and sheep were a pleasing sight to the eye. The wheat was turning a golden hue and the clover red with bloom. Here were farmhouses with orchards, gardens and grassy lawns, and sleek horses and cattle grazing in the fields, or drinking from the watering ponds. There seemed to be a pond or small lake at every farm, some of them large enough to float a skiff. This was my first trip through the famous blue-grass region around Lexington and it will live a long time in my memory.

The country was more broken and hilly as we drew near to the Ohio River, but the waters of the old Ohio looked refreshing as the train sped over it and landed us in Cincinnati. Here we left the Q. & C. and had time enough to get a cup of coffee before we boarded the B. & O., eastbound for our native city.

From Cincinnati we sped eastward through a beautiful level country, amid fields of waving grass and ripening grain—corn and garden truck enough to feed

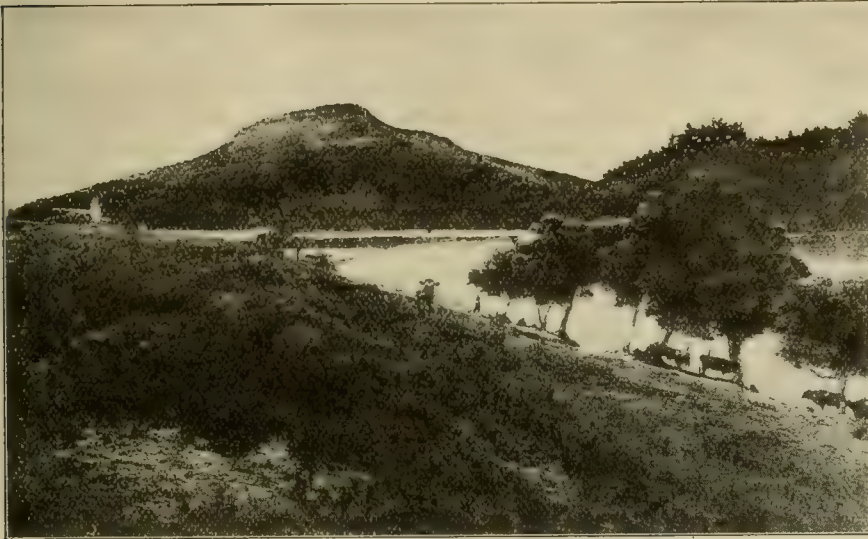
thousands not to mention the orchards and vinelands. Anyone seeing us looking at the fruitful fields as our train clinked and throbbed onward, would have thought—and probably many did think—that we had never seen a field of wheat or grass in our lives until that moment. But when one has not seen wheat or meadow fields for a while it looks good to see them

steep bluff (as they are very fond of herbs and mosses as well as wild flowers only found there), one noticing them will almost invariably find one posted on some prominent point near by as a sentinel while the others feed, and even then the ones feeding are constantly raising their heads and watching the whole surrounding country every few seconds, and though the hunter

very cautiously tries to approach them whether partially concealed or not, they are almost sure to notice him.

They can often be seen from a long distance feeding on some grassy spot and are easily distinguished from other stock because of the habit they have of raising their head high in the air and closely scrutinizing every suspicious-looking object in sight. This they do at short intervals of only a few seconds and then resume their grazing or browsing.

And it is necessary to see them before they locate you and never let them see you or they are almost sure to run to cover



Lookout Mountain, Tennessee.

again—and I stared until my eyes ached, and then shut them until they were rested and stared again.

We had left the South in a rain and we arrived in our native city in a pourdown, which was not a very cheering home-coming, but we had the pleasure of surprising our friends who were not expecting us.

Just like a glimpse of paradise
Seemed the fields of golden grain,
And the emerald seas of meadow grass
That flashed by the rushing train.

When I trod again Virginia's soil,
Along each shady lane;
The wildrose's blush and the clover's bloom
Greeted me once again.

Wheeling, W. Va.



THE DEER.

H. D. MICHAEL.

THE characteristics of some of our wild animals are well worth a careful study, as they form a large and interesting field for thought. There are but few more pronounced than the watchfulness of the deer, so we will call your attention to it in a general way.

That the deer are always on the alert will be testified to by any one that has hunted them, as many a beginner has found to his sorrow and many a one after some experience has had it brought to his mind repeatedly by being foiled by their careful watching at all times.

When two or more deer are feeding on some grassy nook or small prairie or even on the side of some

at once and escape.

Out hunting on one of my favorite places once I noticed a bunch of three deer that appeared to be fine large ones feeding on a prairie one-half mile or more away, but being able to tell they were deer by their habits I at once planned to get within rifle range of them if possible, so cautiously crept back into the dark woods, as I was then in the edge of them, and by a circuitous route I came to a large rocky bluff which I had planned to ascend, where I would be just a nice rifle range above them and could roll the bullets down on to them.

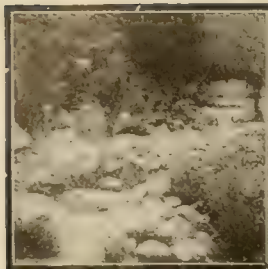
But climb as cautiously and as noiselessly as I possibly could, the instant I showed the smallest part of my physiognomy above the rock that it was possible for me to and still be able to see over, I discovered the fact that the one on duty as sentinel (a fine large stag) had riveted his eyes upon me, leaving me but the one chance,—that of shooting at it even though I was in no position to get the others as I had hoped to be able to do.

At the crack of the gun the deer dropped, but not able to get a chance at the other two I had to be content with one.

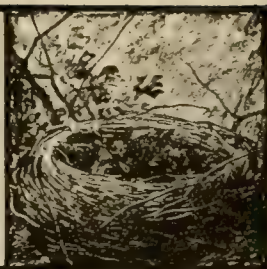
This I only cite as an instance of how watchful they are, as that one had seen me as soon as I peeped over the bluff.

Then turn to the very young ones, the wee fawns, and you may think that they would be careless and

(Continued on Page 995.)



NATURE STUDIES



PRINCIPLES OF AGRICULTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

Chapter VIII.

WHAT is an insect? Ask that question and you will receive many amusing answers. Recently a bright, observing boy very gravely informed me that the centipede is an insect. Another said, "An insect is a bug," which by the way is the view taken by the majority of people.

The word insect means *cut in*. The body of the insect is *cut in* in two places making three divisions of the body. It has three pairs of legs—not more nor less—and usually has one or two pairs of wings.

The head of the insect has two large eyes. A careful examination of these shows each eye to be composed of one thousand or more single eyes. Such an eye is called a compound eye.

On the upper front part of the head is a pair of feelers called *antennæ*. These serve as organs of hearing and sometimes of smell.

The next part is called the thorax. To this is attached the legs and the wings if the insect has wings.

The rear portion is called the abdomen. They do not have lungs but breathe by means of openings along the side of the abdomen. If these become closed by any means the insect dies of suffocation. That is why anything greasy or sticky will kill an insect while not injurious to creatures with lungs.

Spiders have eight legs, therefore they are not classed with insects.

Though the farmer does not classify as we do—any small animate organism that is injurious to vegetation is a bug to him—yet in one thing he is agreed: that is, in the belief that they are injurious to his crops.

One authority estimates the damage done by insects in the United States and Canada at \$400,000,000 annually!

Insects are divided into several classes, the principal ones being flies, with two delicate wings—bees, wasps, and ants with four wings—true bugs with two membranous wings, the outer pair partly horny and partly overlapping each other—beetles with under wings similar to those of bugs but outer pair horny and meeting in a straight line down the back. Moths are usually classed with butterflies, but moths work at night and butterflies in the daytime.

It is important that the farmer learn the manner in

which insects feed in order that he may learn how to destroy them. Some chew their food, while others pierce plants or animals and suck food from the inside.

The former may be killed by spraying the plants on which they feed with poisons, while the other must be treated some other way—usually by spraying the insects themselves with an emulsion to close their breathing tubes and smother them.

Further, the farmer should learn to make a distinction between the useful and the harmful. Some are a positive benefit to man; as for instance the lady bug.

But whatever their relation to man, their life history is the same—first the egg, from which hatches a worm or caterpillar. This is the larva. With some this is the principal stage so far as damage is concerned. After a time the larva spins a cocoon around itself if the mature insect is a moth; attaches itself to some support if a butterfly; or if some other insect, hollows out a cavity in wood, earth, etc. Then it enters the pupa stage.

Examine one and you will find that it has the outlines of the complete insect, yet it has little or no motion and cannot eat at all.

After a period of rest the complete insect, imago, emerges and is ready to resume its work of feeding or to lay eggs to produce another brood.

Insects may not be mathematicians, but at least they multiply very rapidly. The queen bee will lay four thousand eggs per day; the mosquito from two hundred to four hundred per day; the white ant in two years will lay not less than forty million eggs. The bluebottle fly in one summer has five hundred million descendants unless something happens.

But pass the palm to the plant louse (*aphis*). It produces brood after brood in the same season and at the twelfth if all are living they amount to 1 with twenty-two ciphers annexed!

Among orchard pests the San Jose scale is the most dreaded. It is very minute but multiplies so rapidly that it is a very dangerous pest. At first farmers were advised to burn all infested trees, but now it has been proven by experiment that spraying with the mixture known as the lime-sulphur-salt mixture will kill the scale and not injure the trees. It will also kill all other scale insects. You can get a bulletin telling how to prepare it.

The codling moth does not injure the tree but at-

tacks the fruit, sometimes causing a loss of seventy-five per cent of the crop. The egg is laid just after the fall of the blossom, one moth laying from fifty to two hundred eggs. The larva soon eats into the apple and causes it to fall too soon.

As the larvæ usually crawl up the tree to spin their cocoon they may be trapped by putting a band of cloth around the tree for them to shelter under. Every few days collect and destroy these cocoons. In the fall destroy the brush under and around the tree and leave no place for them to winter.

Some of the others which space forbids to describe are the plum curculio, grape phylloxera, cankerworm, apple tree caterpillar, pear tree girdler, and peach borer.

The insect that causes the greatest loss is perhaps the chinch bug. In Illinois it caused a loss of \$4,000,000 in one year. It is hard to prevent the damage done by them, but by cleaning up all fencerows, brush piles, rubbish, etc., we may leave them no place to winter. They may also be killed by means of the kerosene emulsion or by using a gasoline torch.

The young of the plant louse are not hatched from eggs but are born alive. As all of them are females they increase at a rate that is astonishing.

They give off a sweet liquid called honey dew. Ants are very fond of this and often care for them in order to get the "milk" from their "cows."

Poisons are of no avail against them. Emulsions will kill them; and lady bugs, either larva or mature, are fond of them.

Cutworms are the larvæ of various moths and a source of much annoyance to the gardener and farmer. One of the best means of exterminating them is to mix one pound of Paris green with fifty or seventy-five pounds of bran. Moisten just before using and sweeten with molasses. Put a spoonful around newly-set plants and the worms will eat it in preference to green vegetation.

We can learn much about the life history of insects by watching them at work. If you have not the time to watch them in the fields make a breeding cage. Get a flower pot, fill partially with soil, and place on this a common lamp chimney. In this you can confine insects and watch them as they develop. Keep the soil damp and the chimney covered with a cloth. Place a plant in the cage for them to feed on. When they spin their cocoons put them away till spring, then put them in the cage and watch their development.

Bulletins.

99. Three Insect Enemies of Shade Trees.

127, 145, 146. Insecticides.

155. How Insects Affect Health in Rural Districts.

80. The Peach Twig Borer.

120. Insects Affecting Tobacco.

132. Insects Affecting Wheat.

172. Scale Insects and Mites on Citrus Trees.

Bordeaux Mixture.

4 pounds unslacked lime\$.04

6 pounds copper sulphate30

Dissolve each in twenty-five gallons of water. When thoroughly dissolved mix. Use wooden vessels.

To the above add one-half pound Paris green and you will have a mixture for both diseases and insects.

Kerosene Emulsion.

2 gallons kerosene.

1 lb. hard soap. (1 qt. soft soap.)

1 gallon water.

THE DEER.

(Continued from Page 993.)

easily found napping, as we would term it, but such is not the case.

Their watchfulness seems to be born in them, but why? All because nature, or an all-wise Creator, has provided them in that way to cope with their surrounding conditions, as their only chance of escape lies in flight.

Though that is their only chance of escape from their destroyers, both wild beasts and man, they can often make good their escape from even panthers as well as from the most wary hunter.

All this watchfulness on the part of these pretty creatures is done to save their life but we need only read the appalling statistics of the deaths caused by railroad, automobile, and boat accidents as well as many other places where lack of watchfulness of every detail is often the cause, to see how far man is behind, even the wild animals, in this trait of character.

How many lives might be saved if we were more watchful. But what should cause us most concern is how few are watchful of their spiritual enemies as the deer are of their natural enemies. If we were like them, we would be more watchful, not only for ourselves but also be a sentinel for others that we might assist more in overcoming the enemy of our souls.

So let us see if we cannot profit by the example set by the deer and "Watch therefore, for ye know not the day nor the hour wherein the Son of man cometh."

Pasco, Wash.



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FOR the remainder of the trip Mr. Spickler will travel considerably faster than he has in the past in his journey around the world. He is scheduled to reach Golden Gate, San Francisco, early next month.

THE "melancholy days" are here, but much of the time we forget to be melancholy. There is so much gladness in Nature, as she proudly parades in her most gorgeous garments, that we cannot but be glad and gay with her.

THIS issue concludes the series of articles on the "Principles of Agriculture." We consider ourselves fortunate in being able to give these articles to our readers. The subject is so broad that the writer could only touch on some phases of it, but if what has been written will lead the reader farther into the field, much will have been accomplished by the effort.

THE SUICIDE.

ONE of the conditions of our present social life that is calling for a remedy is that which is producing our numberless suicides. Those who have at heart the welfare of society cannot help being shocked by the daily accounts of people who have taken their lives into their own hands for the purpose of ending them.

Often we meet the statement that this or that thing is on the increase with the argument that it is not really true,—that it just seems so because our means of communication are greater than they were in the past and things have now become familiar which then remained unknown to us. But such argument will not answer in this case. Years ago, within the sphere of our acquaintance, which is not greatly influenced by modern mechanical means of communication, a case of suicide was extremely rare. In many instances, too, the cause of even these rare cases could be clearly traced to an unbalanced mind. Today suicide among

people whom we know is many times multiplied and in many cases the sanity of the victim is unquestioned.

Individuals who make a study of society, as well as societies which have for their object the uplifting of the people, have noted the alarming increase in suicides and some of the latter are making efforts to stay the hand of the self-murderer. Among these is the Salvation Army which has established anti-suicide bureaus in this country and others where those who contemplate ending their life may unload their troubles and receive courage and hope to continue in the battle of life. The plan has proved to be a good one and much has been accomplished. Colonel Unsworth, of the Anti-Suicide Bureau in Great Britain has interviewed four thousand patients in the two and a half years of the bureau's existence. Among his visitors were one clergyman and many professional and business men.

The fact that nearly every calling in life has had suicides among its number shows that one's work does not have a very great influence in the matter and at the same time makes it the more difficult to discover the real cause. While there may be numberless direct influences more or less powerful in the individual cases, the general prevalence of suicides indicates that there must be some general cause.

It is impossible, of course, for one who has had no thoughts of self-destruction to have a very clear idea of the condition of mind that leads to that crime. As a rule life is very sweet to all of us. So clearly have men expressed this in their actions that we say, "Self-preservation is the first law of nature." Even if the present seems at times unbearable, the hope of better things, both in this life and in the life to come, gives one strength and courage to keep on.

Right here we may find the one general reason why many people are so reckless of life,—they have no thought of a future life, all their hopes are settled on this life and the things that belong to it, and when these offer no happy outlook they put an end to them. Paul says that if in this life only we have hope, we are of all men most miserable. Miserable indeed must be the man who has hedged in all the hopes and longings and aspirations of his soul with the boundaries of this world only to find them lying shattered at his feet. Another general reason may be found in the kid-glove religion we are giving people these days in which much is said about the compassionate love of God and little or nothing about the responsibility of man and his duty toward a compassionate God and the results if he fails in that duty.

It is to be hoped that we will look closely into this matter and see if there is not within our power some way to impress upon people the value of this life and its close relation with that which is to follow, so that they may cherish this life and use it to the honor and glory of God.

PARENTS OF TWENTY-ONE CHILDREN.

THIS interesting account of an unusually large family was sent to us by one of our contributors. It first appeared in the Bangor (Maine) *Daily News*:

"The only difference between me and John D. Rockefeller is that John D. Rockefeller has all the money and I have all the babies." These were the words used by Charles L. Dickey of Canaan, who is at the present time wearing the parental smile and rejoicing over the birth of his 21 children. They show signs of prosperity and their crops average with any farmer's in the town. They are proud of everything that they have and nature's soil seems to favor them in raising potatoes and corn as nature does in producing them babies.

"Don't you find so many children hard to bring up?" asked a representative of the *News* of Mr. Dickey.

"Yes," reluctantly answered Mr. Dickey, "but God put man here to earn his living by the sweat of his brow and woman to bear children to her sorrow, and if she does not she will have to suffer here or hereafter. We never complain of anything that God puts upon us to bear. I believe that God is using myself and Mrs. Dickey as examples to the world in having us raise children that people may see what God intended every family to do. You can see the system of raising children is the same as our system in other things. One man in this world has a lot of money, another man has none. I have a large family of children where others have not even one. Our system of things is wrong.

"You ask if I find it hard to support such a large family. I shall have to say yes, it is hard," but at the same time Mr. Dickey surveyed his thirteen children as they stood around the room with a fond fatherly look. "I find it hard, but I enjoy it. I love children. I not only like my own children, but I like all good boys and girls. There has never been a time when my children did not have enough to eat."

"By the way, Mr. Dickey," asked the caller, "how much flour does it take each year to feed your family?"

"Fourteen barrels," said Mr. Dickey.

"How many potatoes?"

"A hundred and fifteen bushels."

"How much wood do you burn in a year?"

"Twenty-three cords of good hard wood."

"I tell you," spoke Mr. Dickey in a proud way, "it's quite a job to bring up a large family and bring 'em up right, but I want to tell you right here that I have always been clear of debt and when I have bought anything I have paid for it at the time or else I have gone without. I own two farms and I don't owe a dollar to the world. I believe if I had just once let myself get behind I never could have supported this family."

Mr. Dickey is a small man in stature and has a good-natured look on his face at all times. He is very calm in disposition and gentle in manner. He appears to be

as proud of his whole family as if he had only one child. He says "My wife and I never find any fault with our station. We take things as they come. God never puts upon us anything that we cannot endure."

Mr. Dickey likes to talk about his family. He said not one of them had bad habits. "They do not use tobacco in any form nor do they use liquor."

The following is a list of the children: Mrs. May Bowman, Canaan; Mrs. Ada Ricker, Pittsfield; Arthur Dickey, Santa Rosa, Cal.; Mrs. Maude Chase, Benton; Mrs. Blossom Brooks, Augusta; Miss Nina Dickey, Portland; Elwin Dickey, Pittsfield; Mrs. Fay Moore, Clinton; Everett, Meritt, Lena, Margaret, Charles, Jr., Effie, Mildred, Ivan, Floyd, Arline, Theodore, Jessie, and "Baby" Dickey, all at home in Canaan.

The oldest child is 27 years old and the youngest about two weeks old. The twenty-one children have all been born at single births and none of them have ever been sick. The youngest child is a daughter, there being thirteen daughters and eight sons. The oldest son is a minister in California. Mrs. Dickey is 42 years old and Mr. Dickey is 51 years old. They are the grandparents of seven children.

The town of Canaan has to maintain a school in the "Dickey district," so-called, of the Dickey children, and much sport is derived from hearing the teacher call the roll. She has been known to call the name Dickey fifteen times each morning. It is usually a Dickey at the head of a class and perforce it must be a Dickey at the foot.

Mr. and Mrs. Dickey have had congratulations from ex-President Roosevelt and there have been people from many States who have visited this wonderful family.

**THE COUNTRY PEOPLE.**

"BIGOTED and narrow-minded" are charges frequently laid upon country people. They are no more bigoted and narrow-minded than their city brethren. The real farmer does think the country the only place worth living in, an entirely natural feeling. So does the town resident prefer starvation among the crowds to plenty in the quiet country. The sturdy, God-fearing men toiling through the heat of summer and the storms of winter are seldom so "broad" that no man knoweth the bounds of their belief, but they do stick to their chosen creeds in a way that others might imitate to advantage. In many a State the cry is going up that the country is forcing puritanical laws upon the city; but there is never the fear that the city will suffer from the low moral standard of the country. Rural residents have always stood for righteousness and temperance and justice and simplicity, and it will be an evil day when the standard is lowered.—*Northwestern Christian Advocate*.



THE HOME WORLD



LEPROSY

DR. S. B. MILLER

[THIS article is written as an effort at enlightenment to the INGLENOOK readers. The data are taken from writings of Drs. C. A. Penrose, Baltimore, and A. S. Ashmead, New York, as published in the *N. Y. Medical Journal*.]

Leprosy is a disease of the human tissues due to the action of the leper bacillus, which in many ways resembles the tubercle bacillus familiar to all in consumption. Though the bacillus of leprosy is generally accepted as the cause of leprosy, the conditions under which it attacks and develops is unknown. Experience and observation are opposed to the theory that it is inherited. Healthy children are born of leprous parents and if separated from them are not attacked by the disease. Dr. Alvarez of the Leper Board of Sandwich Islands reports a leprous man, whose wife and fourteen children by her, were all healthy.

The generally accepted theory of contagion, on coming in contact with lepers has some unusual exceptions, as for instance a washwoman in Hawaii washed leper clothing for years, having two husbands who died of leprosy, and yet she was not affected.

There are two chief forms of leprosy as known at the present time. The tubercular form infects through the skin or mucous surfaces. It may be months or years in developing and then suddenly appear as red-brown patches on face, hands or feet, accompanied by fever, rheumatic pains and general weakness.

Later nodules or bumps are found along the arms, legs, face, forehead, which later open as running sores, that refuse to heal, and the average life after that is less than ten years.

The anesthetic or painless form of leprosy attacks by paralysis of the nerves to the face, arm, or leg, followed by a withering of the muscles nourished by those nerves. Then the fingers, toes or even the entire limb may gradually decay and fall away, joint at a time. The hands may be drawn like a bird's claw and be-

come useless. The average life in this form is less than twenty years.

Sometimes the same person has both the tubercular and the anesthetic forms and it is then called a mixed form of leprosy.

Some cases seem to heal spontaneously or remain without getting any worse, but so far there is no known cure. Electricity, medicines, antitoxins or serums are all alike impotent to cure, though much can be done to relieve the suffering of these unfortunates.

The only real cure is prevention, and to this end the complete isolation of all cases seems to be the proper thing. So far as can be learned, the first leper came to this country following the French and Indian Wars, and settled in Louisiana. By 1786 there were so many lepers begging in the streets of New Orleans, the authorities rounded up about forty and isolated them on a high strip of land surrounded by swamps, just west of the city. In fifteen years the lepers had all died or escaped and the place was desolated.

Almost a hundred years later at New Orleans there were eighty cases admitted to one hospital in one year as charity cases. Then the authorities were stirred to action again, and in 1880 a leper colony was formed at Iberville, eighty miles above New Orleans on the east bank of the Mississippi. This settlement contains fifteen acres enclosed by a high fence.

There are now thirty-two lepers in the colony, only seven of them negroes, though negroes are more often afflicted than whites. The theory is that there are over two hundred lepers at large in Louisiana alone, though the law says all must be confined.

At this colony the identity of all inmates is kept a secret. They are not permitted to marry, and are in charge of four Sisters of Charity who have volunteered for this service. The patients are well cared for, life is easy and they spend their time in reading and in helping others less able to do than themselves.

This is the only leper colony in the United States.

Congress appointed a Leper Commission of Investigation March 2, 1899, whose report is our most reliable information at the present time. Owing to the loathsome nature of the disease, and the lack of government preparation to care for such cases, it was impossible for the commission to discover all the leprosy cases in this country.

They obtained information of nearly three hundred cases, three-fourths of whom were at liberty, thus endangering the public health. One-half of this list were American born, and infected here in the United States.

Distributed among States, Louisiana 155, California 24, Florida 24, Minnesota 20, North Dakota 16, New York 7, other States less or none.

Iceland has a leper hospital with over one hundred cases which have gradually *decreased by immigration* to the United States and Canada.

Minnesota and North and South Dakota have already become a mecca for Icelandic lepers, and the authorities lately deported a number who were trying to enter. Manitoba also has a number who have come from Iceland.

The history of leprosy is indeed interesting in so far as we can learn of it. Prof. Paul Haupt considers the writings of the ancients referring to leprosy to include under that name many skin diseases not now called leprosy.

The word translated leprosy in Leviticus XIII no doubt included much more than we now include in the term. The *Talmud* tells us Pharaoh (Rameses IV) died of leprosy and was not buried in the tomb of the Pyramids for fear of defilement.

Leprosy was probably a very common disease among the Israelites when they left Egypt, as Egypt is considered by some to be the original source from which this disease came. King Azariah (2 Kings 15:5) died a leper. Herodotus spoke of leprosy in Persia. Pliny implies that Pompey's army returning from Syria brought leprosy into Greece and Italy. The disease afterward appeared in the Roman colonies of Spain, Gaul and Britain.

In the seventh century, Rothar, king of Lombard, made laws regulating the marriage of lepers. So also did Pepin and Charlemagne. Leper houses existed in the seventh century at Verdun, Metz and Maestricht. In the eighth century at St. Gall. In the eleventh century at Canterbury.

During the Crusades (1096-1271), leprosy became an epidemic in Europe, attacking royalty and many of the best families. At this time Matthew Paris estimates 19,000 leper houses, 2,000 in France alone. Many in England, Ireland and Scotland.

In 1392 Robert Bruce, king of Scotland, died a leper. Holbein, the great German artist, painted at Augsburg

in 1516, St. Elizabeth giving bread to a group of lepers.

A leper house was founded at Edinburgh as late as 1591. Leprosy occurs occasionally almost everywhere, and is present at many places all the time and statistics are showing an alarming increase in this disease at the present time. It is impossible to give figures as to the number at present but it is estimated at nearly a million cases.

The Federal Government should have absolute control of all cases, and it is to be hoped that Congress in the near future will pass the bill, which has already been presented twice, and authorize the construction of a National Hospital for lepers, where all cases may be sent and humanely cared for during the years allotted unto them to live. Especially is this true since we have annexed the Philippines and Hawaiian Islands, and have thereby direct contact with thousands of lepers.

So long as we are in ignorance of the real character of the spread of the disease, it is doubly essential to the welfare of the public to prevent as far as possible the spread of so loathsome and incurable a disease.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.



CHILDREN'S QUARRELS.

ONE of the saddest experiences that can come to any aged mother is to see her children separated by family quarrels. It seems an almost impossible thing to the young mother, gazing so tenderly at her little brood. To think that the babies who are nursed at one breast, cradled in the same loving arms, brought up under one roof, whose memories are stored with the same images, should, in later years turn, one from the other, in irreconcilable differences and anger. It seems incredible to the mother of little children that such things can come to pass; but many a white-haired woman tastes of the bitter cup, and is powerless to restore love.

Oh, the sadness of it! Oh, the lost happiness! The lost love and help and joy!

For there is no one like our own flesh and blood when the family is what it should be. The bond of sympathy in past experiences makes adult companionship between brothers and sisters one of the best things on earth. No other friendship can be so beautiful. Even the love of husband and wife cannot make up for the lost love of kith and kin.

So with all the earnestness of my soul, I beg you, mothers of growing families, to consider harmony essential to home life. Do not pass lightly over your children's quarrels, bickerings and trivial disputes. They are learning to use the weapons which will mean death to true family life. Every quarrel between children is serious.

Make up your mind before the birth of your second child if possible, if not, now, there shall be no quarrel-

ing in your home. That earnest determination is half the battle.

Remember that each child of your family had the right to freedom from interference by the rest. Do not let one child take toys from another, nor dictate what he shall do. Have no tyrant, and don't be a tyrant yourself. Consider before you interfere with your child's freedom, and be sure you are doing it for his safety and good, and not to save yourself annoyance and trouble.

Supply yourself with plenty of stories culled by fiction, history and experience, which shall impress on the children the dreadful results which often follow quarrels and differences, trivial at first.

More than once have I called an angry group to me, saying, "Hark! I want to tell you a story!" Then I have earnestly related the story of some quarrel and the misery and wickedness following in its train. As the children listened, they grew quiet, their passions cooled and they left me with subdued manner and hanging heads to quarrel no more. You will not need to make any personal applications or reference. If not overdone, this is the best method I know of, to cure the habit.

Children often quarrel over the home work. Some mothers dislike to ask work of the children, leaving it for them to volunteer their services, especially as they grow older.

This never works well. If the mother fails to exert authority and fairly apportion the work, the children are sure to each try to see that the others do their fair share, and this leads to many angry disputes. The mother should definitely define the duties of each member of her family, at the same time having it clearly understood that they are subject to special orders from her at any time.

Disapprove practical jokes. During the adolescent period these are often considered, by boys especially, a most attractive outlet for wit. Instead, they are usually either vulgar or cruel. Teasing when it is genuine is a form of unkindness which should be frowned upon.

Every family of growing children should be made familiar with the fable of the old man who taught his sons the value of family unity by a bunch of faggots. When tied together, he was powerless to break them; while each single fagot was easily broken.

Make them realize that whatever is to a brother's credit is, in a measure, to their credit too, and vice versa. A child who will go out among his playmates and tell of the wrongdoing of a brother or sister should be smartly punished. Teach him never, under any circumstances, to talk to an outsider about family shortcomings. It is better that he should be brought up not to discuss family peculiarities, even at home.

Send away any person who, coming under your roof,

tries to provoke a quarrel. Sacrifice the most valuable servant, offend your neighbors by sending their children home, even deny the shelter of your roof to a relative, if necessary to preserve the peace and home love.

Children will learn wonderful self-control if they see the parents exercising it. Here religion will do wonders for the high-tempered child, who may be taught to repeat silently some simple prayer, as, "Lord, keep thou the door of my lips," when the angry retort is about to be made; and a little thought of another's kindness will still the desire for retaliation. Teach the boys not to fight, unless it be in the defense of right and the protection of some one weaker than themselves.

The children who disagree should be separated. They will soon be only too glad to play harmoniously once more. Many little children can be shamed out of quarrels.

Each child should have his own toys, and then be taught generosity to others. Older children should have each his own clothes, toilet articles, books and other personal belongings, and "borrowing" without permission be considered a grave offense.

Some mothers have all the toys held in common, saying it is easier than settling disputes when the children complain of each other, and that the other method makes them selfish. I think not.

The home is the place where children should be taught to respect the rights of property. It may save you family disgrace when the child is grown.

Lastly, bring them up to feel that a friend is far too valuable a possession to be lost through the gossip of a third person. Girls are often over-sensitive and silly about this. If mothers would talk to them sensibly, they would learn to find out the facts from their friend and be able to judge more wisely. Boys are usually frank in these matters, but refined, sensitive girls will often lose a friend whom God meant to be a lifelong comfort and help to them, rather than overcome their wounded pride.—*American Motherhood*.



FATHERING A BOY.

THE crying want of the age is good fathers. Not fathers who will toil night and day in order to amass a competence for their children, but fathers who will give themselves to their growing sons. The only boy that is safe is the boy whose saved father makes of him a confidant, a playmate and a friend. Let some one else teach the boy his multiplication tables; the Christian father must teach him how to spin his top and fly his kite and trundle his hoop. Let somebody else, if need be, teach the lad his algebra; but let no one except the father teach him how to bait a hook and build a fire and dress his first "shiner." Let some outsider teach him the Greek alphabet; but no one except his own father should teach him how to pitch a ball or

vault a pole or load a gun. The most precious opportunities of life are those offered to the parent to enter sympathetically into the life of a child by means of the pleasures that are native to youth. The busiest man in the world can far better afford to neglect his business than to neglect his boy. His most sacred duty is to keep in touch with the lad. Somebody, if not his father, will be his intimate, and so his pattern. Years ago a young man said to us, when we expostulated with him regarding his excesses, "I never knew my father. He was too busy writing sermons to give any time to me." Was it to be wondered at that the boy broke that father's heart?—*The Interior*.



"DON'TS" FROM A STOVE REPAIRER.

A FEW "don'ts," furnished by a stove dealer who is frequently called upon for repairs, may assist the novice.

Don't heat a stove rapidly the first time.

Don't pile the coal above the top of the firebox, nor allow the top of the stove to get red hot. It warps and cracks the covers.

Don't let your grate get clogged. Shake often and keep free from cinders and ashes.

Don't let ashes remain in the ash-pan. They absorb the heat, cool the oven, and check the draft.

Don't let clinkers remain fastened to the firebox. If the box is brick lined, drop an oyster shell in the fire occasionally, when burning briskly, and the shell will clean off the brick.

Don't "rush" the range with the oven draft open. You use too much fuel and burn out the range too fast.

Don't let the smoke draft stand open, except when fresh coal is put on. Heat that goes up the chimney is so much good money burned.

Don't burn wet garbage in the stove. Dry it first. Otherwise, steam is generated, and the moisture will injure the firebox.

Don't set leaky vessels or spill cold water on the range. The cold coming in contact with the heated metal will crack it.

Have the inside of the oven kept scrupulously clean. Wash the entire inside of the oven (not forgetting the roof) at least once a week. Remove the shelves and door before commencing operations, and scrape off any burned substances with an old knife. Let the oven be kept open till quite dry and all smell of soap has passed off. A brush kept for this purpose is very useful.—*Selected*.



WATER DRINKING.

FEW people recognize the medicinal value of pure water and still fewer realize the amount of water required by the body. The internal bath is as important as the external one in the preservation of health. If the busy mother will accustom herself and train her

children to the regular drinking of pure water and plenty of it, the habit will soon become a fixed one and much good result. Two glasses of water should be taken immediately upon rising, at least half an hour before breakfast, two more at eleven o'clock, again at four and also just before retiring. Water should not be taken with meals or within an hour before or after eating. It is best to establish a regular time and then keep to it. There is much difference of opinion as to whether the water thus taken should be hot or cold—either is good; experience will prove which is the better for one's own personal need. But whether it be hot or cold, drink regularly and plentifully.—*Selected*.

CHILDREN'S CORNER

VERA'S FAULT.

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

"If you do not hang up your things, Vera, I'll put them out-of-doors," mama declared one morning "There's a nice closet off from your room and it isn't much trouble to keep things in good order."

"I'll try to remember," Vera answered, but a week later the little maid was going to a picnic and dressed in a hurry. Every chair was covered with garments and I am sorry to say that some things were thrown upon the floor. Mama determined to teach her little daughter a lesson. "No room should be left in such disorder as that," Mrs. Brown thought.

The next day Vera asked: "Mama, where's my dress?"

"Out under the apple tree, dear." Vera went soberly for her dress. She never had to be reprov'd again for lack of order. Everything was put in its place.



A BOY'S MOTHER.

My mother she's so good to me,
Ef I was good as I could be,
I couldn't be as good—no, sir—
Can't any boy be good as her!

She loves me when I'm glad er sad;
She loves me when I'm good er bad;
An', what's a funniest thing, she says
She loves me when she punishes.

I don't like her to punish me—
That don't hurt—but it hurts to see
Her cryin'—then I cry; an' then
We both cry an' be good again.

She loves me when she cuts and sews
My little cloak an' Sund'y clothes;
An' when my pa comes home to tea
She loves him most as much as me.

She laughs and tells him all I said,
An' grabs me up an' pats my head,
An' I hug her an' hug my pa
An' love him purt 'nigh much as ma.

—James Whitcomb Riley, in *Poems of Childhood*.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE EARTHLY MISSION.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

ALL things have a propagating agent. Nothing is accomplished without a series of reinforcing efforts. Necessity demands that every work carried on by humanity, whether for good or for evil, maintain allies by which the end sought for is reached.

The primary work of humanity, by far the most far-reaching and influential, is that of the saving of souls. And God, in his infinite wisdom, has ordained colleagues by which this object may be reached. Man, as clay in the hands of the potter, obeys the small, still voice within him, yields to the whisper of the infinite, and establishes, at the command of a higher Power issues by which the one primal object, the saving of souls, may be reached.

Undoubtedly the fundamental accessory is that of the missionary movement. So long as the world has been, missions are. Man was placed on earth to fulfill a divine mission. The serpent, under the commission of the satanic power, fulfilled a mighty mission for his master, in the Garden of Eden. Thence sprang a never-ceasing ministry, the redemption of humanity.

For this cause Noah, the revered sage of the ancients, is descried lifting a warning hand, sounding a pleading note, to a dying world. For this cause, the ark is seen in the mist of the evening, when night prevails in a godless world, guarding within its secure walls eight precious souls, the embassy of God. For this cause, Moses leads a chosen people to the land of promise, a land flowing with milk and honey for those who keep sacred the will of God.

The climax of the enormous enterprise is reached with the gift of the Son to save a lost world. By the spilled blood of the Sinless, the mission of salvation in direct connection with God, is ended. Every person henceforth must work out his own salvation.

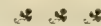
It now remains for the hope-filled child to find an anchor for his purged soul in the blood of Christ. And the commission says, "Go ye"; therefore, we see the cleansed heir to salvation make his doubtful way first to the Jews and afterwards to the Gentiles, until "all nations shall know." We see Paul, as also many others, wend their footsore way amid corruption and opposition, bearing the Saving Grace wherever they

go, and sowing it broadcast, that, among good soil, it may take root and bring forth abundantly.

Again we see Luther, invincible to the fiendishness of the devil's agents, muster his strength and attain the victorship of sin. Wycliffe, Calvin, and hosts of others also take up the call. Coming down to a later period we behold Duncan, as he leaves his mercantile business and popularity behind him, and answers the voice of the Master. Frances Willard also may find worthy mention.

Increase along this line is noticeably prominent at present, and all for the sake of the "go ye" and the yearning after a sin-stained soul in the fleeing wings of destruction.

Scottville, Michigan.



THE KINGDOM OF GOD WITHIN.

THE fruits of the Spirit are but so many elements which belong to the kingdom of God in the heart. "The kingdom of God is righteousness and peace and joy in the Holy Ghost." (Rom. 14:17.) The Spirit who reveals Christ as enthroned in the heart reveals also the things of Christ, the things which pertain to this inner kingdom. Hence the presence of these heavenly graces in the believer's soul always carries with it a conscious presence of the King in the person of Jesus Christ, the risen Son of God. The believer thus favored and thus endowed with royal blessings from the hand of the King himself, may truly affirm that he is heir to a heavenly kingdom, and that he has already entered in part into the possession of his inheritance. "We which have believed do enter into rest." (Heb. 4:3).

It is very often supposed that this foretaste of heaven which is granted to the believer while still on earth, is a kind of holy rapture, and is a state of grace chiefly to be desired for its own sake. In other words, the same mistake is made in reference to the "earnest" of heaven which is generally made concerning the heavenly inheritance itself. To many, probably to most persons, heaven stands for little more than a final refuge from every form of earthly ill, and a vast realm filled with every possible form of pure delight. In like manner a mistaken impression prevails very generally concerning the manifestation of the Spirit in the heart, and the somewhat vague language in which

many speak of their own inner experiences does not a little to foster this mistake. The kingdom of God in the heart is not meat or drink, nor is it a rapturous delight without purpose, and without any special bearing upon life and character. Heaven is doubtless a sphere of ceaseless activity, and the foretaste of heaven which the Christian is permitted to enjoy on earth is a part of the discipline which is needed to prepare him for the higher and holier activities of that better world. Happiness, for its own sake, has no place in the Christian system, in either earth or heaven, and mere rapture of the soul is by no means the whole, or the chief part, of what is meant by the fruits of the Spirit revealed in the believer's heart.

So far is this from being the case, that according to the New Testament teaching, the fruits of the Spirit serve in an important degree to form a basis of character, and also add greatly to the power of their possessor as a worker in his Master's vineyard. Love is more than an emotion; it is the "bond of perfectness," the power which binds together in harmony and completeness all the virtues and graces which enter into the structure of Christian character. Peace is an element of power, and as such it both "rules" and "keeps" in the realm of personal experience. Joy is a source of strength—"The joy of the Lord is your strength." It adds also to the efficiency of the Christian worker, and hence the ancient psalmist prayed: "Restore unto me the joy of thy salvation; * * * then I will teach transgressors thy way, and sinners shall be converted unto thee." *Psa. 51: 12, 13.*) Hope is to the anxious soul in peril what an anchor is to the storm-tossed ship. Meekness is more than an inoffensive disposition; it is an element of success, and in time will hold the world in its quiet grasp. Righteousness is a royal gift, and insures its possessor of kinship with those who sit upon thrones and dispense justice with royal dignity and power. Long-suffering and gentleness and goodness—what are these but reproductions of qualities of character which belonged to the Master himself when here on earth?—*From "The Church of Pentecost."*



GOD'S JUSTICE.

WE marvel sometimes that God's justice is not promptly and signally displayed, and that those who sin are not at once destroyed. They would be if they depended on the forbearance of good men. But wicked men live and prosper, not because God is indifferent, but because he is patient, and gives them time and opportunity to forsake their evil ways. The world is full of instances to show us that divine justice, though long delayed, is at last executed. Nothing is more foolish, if we were aware of it, than to envy the prosperity of the wicked.

These difficulties will vanish in the light of the

judgment day. The enemies of the good man may try to add bitterness to his misfortune, and say: "Why does not God befriend you, and why does he not punish us?" But the end is not yet. In that day when the secrets of all hearts shall be made manifest, virtue will be rewarded and vice punished, and all men, whether saved or lost, will be forced to exclaim: "God is just! God is just!"—*The Mennonite.*



HE IS AN ISHMAELITE.

THE first step the liquor seller takes toward opening up his place is to confess that he is not to be trusted like other merchants; that what he proposes to do is beneath the dignity of a free man; that as a citizen he is to be suspected and hampered and watched; that to accommodate his output additional police and jail room will be required; that his location near a schoolhouse would be a contamination; that his location near a church would be an insult to religion; that his location in the market would be an outrage on the poor; that his word to obey the law is not good without a bond; that for the right to call himself a business man among business men he must pay heavily and come up every year like a ticket of leave man and submit himself to be checked off on the roll of dangerous citizens.

He makes his money easily, but his business pays an awful price in money and in reputation for recognition among its betters.

A general horror of the business as a corrupter of youth, a violator of the home and a fouler of the springs of civic power has fastened itself in the public consciousness.—*John G. Woolley.*



SELF is the curse of our life before regeneration and after. Before conversion it is clothed in rags; after conversion it becomes respectable and puts on a white dress; but the devil does not care whether it is clothed in one or the other, so long as we have it inside us, dominating us.—*F. B. Meyer.*



THERE is one lesson which we as Christian workers should learn, and that is this: If we would ever be worth anything in the Christian service, we must first be brought to naught, and then we can be used to the glory of God.—*N. H. Mack.*



"MELANCHTHON used to say, when he saw others possessed of wealth, 'Let them take the riches, give me the work.' To be a coworker with Christ, that should be glory enough for mortals."



"WE do not sail to glory in the salt sea of our own tears, but in the red sea of a Redeemer's blood."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



According to the statement of the Chicago & Northwestern railroad for the year ended June 30, 1909, the road carried 27,000,000 passengers without a single fatality.

The international Esperanto congress which has been in session in Barcelona, Spain, has been most successful, being attended by 1,300 delegates, representing 33 nationalities. The next congress will be held in Washington in August, 1910.

October 16 has been set apart as a national holiday in Mexico to be known as "Diaz and Taft Day." Salutes will be fired and in every town in the republic whistles will be blown at the time set for the meeting of Presidents Diaz and Taft in El Paso, Tex.

Hereafter the police ambulances of Chicago, instead of carrying first-class brandy as a "first aid," will carry spirits of ammonia. Chief Steward has found that the brandy intended for victims of accidents was being consumed by men in charge of the ambulance wagons.

Persons in the far western States are backward in applying for positions in the census bureau. Examinations are to be held on October 23 and so far the West is far behind in the apportionment. There are 3,000 positions to be given out, the appointments being from six months to two years.

French smokers are counted on to furnish an additional \$13,000,000 to their government by a ruling just made by the minister of finance that beginning next year all government-made cigars now selling for more than 2 cents shall have 1 cent added and that cigarettes shall undergo a like increase.

With building and equipment valued at \$100,000 the Seeger Indian training school has been offered to the State of Oklahoma through Prof. J. H. Connell, president of the State Agricultural and Mechanical College at Stillwater. It is proposed to have the school operated as a secondary agricultural college. Three sections of land belong to the school and the buildings are of stone and brick.

One of the car lines in New York City which has adopted the pay-as-you-enter style of cars has been worried for some time by the fact that many people drop into the fare box Canadian coins and sometimes bad money. In order to overcome this, the company has secured a box to which is attached a crank, which, when turned, promptly ejects any coin but the right ones. Thus when the conductor sees a suspicious fare dropped into the box, he turns the crank, and if the coin comes out, he hands it to the passenger with the request for the right sort of fare. The box is expected to save the company a great deal of loss and trouble.

During the past fiscal year 2,067 aliens were rejected as would-be-citizens. This is a material increase over the number denied citizenship the previous year. On the ground that he is not a white person within the meaning of the statutes the government will next month oppose the naturalization of a Turk.

The Australians are getting more thrifty, and are trying a plan to turn their rabbit plague to account by marketing the rabbits as meat on the London market. The other day the White Star steamer Runic brought to England 600,000 of the little live animals, in 26,000 crates, and if the Briton shows a liking for Australian rabbit stew, regular shipments will follow.

Germany, it will be remembered, has a small tract of treaty territory in China, Kiauchau, on the Yellow Sea. With the usual German thoroughness she is setting a pattern there in modern development. A technical college has been established there for Chinese students, and in one of the departments German textbooks and other works are translated into Chinese for the use of the students.

James Bryce, British ambassador to the United States, has accepted the invitation to come to St. Louis October 25 and accompany Taft on his river trip to New Orleans. Further, according to a letter received by the secretary of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf Deep Waterway Association, Ambassador Bryce has suggested to his own nation that a British war vessel be sent to New Orleans to greet Taft on his arrival there.

Prof. Percival Lowell has noted at his Flagstaff Observatory that the antarctic canals of Mars are disappearing. This waning of the much-discussed canals seems to be a well-recognized phenomenon. Long ago Prof. Pickering suggested that we see not really the canals, but rather the vegetation which fringes their banks. The waxing of the canals in spring and summer and their waning in autumn and winter is not unreasonably attributed to the growth and decay of this vegetation.

The Pennsylvania Railway is planning to set out more than 1,000,000 trees. This will make a total of 3,430,000 trees planted in the last three years to provide for some of the company's future requirements in timber and sleepers. This constitutes the largest forestry plan yet undertaken by any private corporation. Heretofore the company's forestry operations have been confined to a limited area between Philadelphia and Altoona. This year, however, 65,000 trees are being set out on tracts of land near Metuchen and New Brunswick, N. J. In addition there are to be planted within the next month 207,000 trees near Conewago, Pa., 186,000 in the vicinity of Van Dyke, 334,000 at Lewistown Junction, 7,000 at Pomeroy, and 205,000 at Denholm.

A Mexican newspaper clipping forwarded by Consul-General Arnold Shanklin tells of the proposed railway which plans to run Pullman cars from Seattle to Panama. It is to be part of the Southern Pacific railway system, which is now being pushed on to Guadalajara, and a concession has been secured for a line from Acapulco to Salina Cruz, the Pacific port terminal of the Tehuantepec Railway.

The old Bland "cartwheel" dollars bear the initial "M." of their designer, Morgan, in two places; our dimes, quarters and half-dollars bear the initial "B." of Mr. Barber, chief engraver of the mint, though it takes a strong magnifying glass to find it; our gold quarter and half eagles bear all three initials of Bela L. Pratt, the artist who designed them; the \$20 gold pieces issued from 1849 to 1907 bore the initials of their designer, "J. B. L."

The 13-cent stamp, by many considered to be unlucky, has been doomed, and will soon be no more on sale by the postoffices of the country. It was devised to cover the cost of the 8-cent registry and the 5-cent international postage rate. However, when the registry fee is raised from 8 to 10 cents on Nov. 1, the 15-cent stamp will be used. Instead of the 13-cent stamp there will be issued a 12-cent design, which will cover the cost of the new 10-cent registry fee and the 2-cent postage rate in the United States and for England and Germany.

Mahmoud or Mahomet V, the new Emperor, is a much more liberal and popular monarch than his deposed brother Abdul Hamid. Instead of cooping himself up in the Yildiz palace and never showing himself, Mahmoud goes about everywhere, greeting the people and freely consulting with them, somewhat after the patriarchal manner of the Caliph Haroun el Raschid in the Arabian Nights. He is traveling in different parts of his dominions to observe the state of things, and his course is doing much to encourage confidence and order among the people.

So much counterfeit paper money has lately been set afloat in Italy that no one will now take paper money if he can get any other. The postoffices are refusing to take currency and demanding gold. It seems that even the very officials of King Victor Emmanuel's court were lately paid off in bad currency, for the counterfeiters have become so expert that they even deceived the Bank of Italy. The industry seems to be an international one, as considerable quantities of counterfeit United States bills of Italian origin were recently captured in New York.

Scientists soon will have placed at their disposal for use the highest meteorological and astronomical observatory on the American continent. It is situated on the top of Mount Whitney, Cal., 14,000 feet above the sea level. Realizing the value for effective and progressive astronomical and meteorological work of an observatory far above the clouds and free from the dust and smoke, near great cities the Smithsonian Institution decided to build a suitable laboratory on Mount Whitney. It is a small three-room stone structure, but it has been difficult to build as all the materials have had to be taken to the great height on pack mules over narrow rocky trails, but the work is nearly completed. When the observatory is opened it will be used by scientists of the Smithsonian Institution to make observations. The Smithsonian Institution will permit the building to be used by all scientists gratuitously.

Dr. Carle Gregor, a nerve specialist from Basle, states that in children of drunkards, seventeen per cent are mentally diseased or tubercular, while in children of non-alcoholic users, less than six per cent are thus afflicted.

The dread disease, pellagra, new to this country but common to Italy, is increasing at an alarming rate in North Carolina. There are said to be 1,000 cases in the State, and every county, except one, has one or more patients.

The German printers and publishers of picture postal cards already are beginning to feel the effect of the new American tariff law. Heretofore they controlled this industry, and even the illustrations of American views were "made in Germany" and shipped to American dealers. All is changed now, and the art printers of Berlin, Leipzig and Munich are seeking other channels for a large part of their productions. It is a hard blow for the German postal card industry.

The Vatican authorities report a heavy falling off in the receipts of "Peter's pence"—owing to the hard times prevailing in most parts of the world, and special economies have been undertaken by Pope Pius X himself and all about him. "Peter's pence" is a small offering made by Catholics throughout the world for the use of the Pope at Rome; in England under the Catholic monarchs it was collected by the crown on St. Peter's day as a regular annual tax of one penny on each household, but in the time of Henry VIII it was abolished as a tax and it is now everywhere a voluntary tribute. The Catholics of the United States are the most liberal contributors to the Peter's pence fund.

Quite a protest has gone up because the Australian government has given the contract for all the machinery for an army gun factory to Pratt & Whitney, an American firm, instead of placing the order in England. The response made by the government is that the American machinery is all made on the interchangeable-part system, so that a given piece will fit all machines equally well, whereas European machinery is still generally made on the old hand-made system, in which each part is specially fitted to each machine and may not fit any other. Moreover, the officials state, the American machinery is so efficient that it can turn out about twice as many guns as the English. A gang of American workmen will go to Australia to set the plant up and teach the Australians how to operate it.

MARDI GRAS IN CALIFORNIA.

Gasper de Portola was sent by the rulers of Spain to explore the western part of America. He reached the peninsula and from the heights of Pilpar Point discovered San Francisco bay, Oct. 19, 1769. He was afterwards first Governor of California.

In his honor a week of celebration will be held beginning Oct. 19, at San Francisco, which will resemble the Mardi Gras. During the week the city invites all the world to visit it. Guests from foreign lands and from the eastern and southern States will be welcomed to the metropolis, which has been so lately reconstructed at the Golden Gate. It will be known as the Portola Festival. Work will be postponed and the week will be devoted to pastime and merry making.—Maud Hawkins.



Among the Magazines



UNWRITTEN LAW.

Lynch law is the mother of the unwritten law. The two live together in the house of lawlessness and dine at the same table. Both are social outcasts, but they seem quite able on occasions to force their way into respectable society. This is particularly true at times of great excitement and in localities where hot blood and cool heads are in constant struggle for supremacy.

One of the latest evidences of the baneful effect of mob law upon a community comes from Clarksville, Miss., where a negro was lynched because his brother had killed a policeman. In justification of the mob's violence, it is alleged that the murdered negro was suspected of having provided his brother with a mule on which to escape his pursuers. This fact, however, has not been established and probably never will be. But even if it were true, it would fall far short of justifying murder. It is significant, moreover, that this excuse was not offered until the day following the lynching. The first reports said that members of the mob told their victim as they hanged him that "It's all in the game, anyway." One is inclined to accept this as the truth of the matter. The mob was on a lynching bent and when it failed to find the real culprit, that individual having been arrested by the sheriff and hastened to the State capital for safe-keeping, attention was turned to the slayer's brother. If it was not "all in the game," it was at least "all in the family" and doubtless the lynchers believe that they ought to have a set of special medals for having rid the community of some of its bad blood.

This incident serves to show to what length the lynch law carries its advocates. They know no reason and in their madness they fail to understand that they are doing themselves, their community and their State a much graver wrong than is done by the man whose life they take. They strike at the very cornerstone of government and at the foundation on which justice stands. They outrage decency as never was woman outraged. They pave the way for lawlessness, and put themselves in a class below the murderer, for they cannot even plead justification. They succeed merely in robbing the law and not at all in creating respect for prohibitory statutes. And this, whether they go alone to avenge the ruining of a home or sally forth as cowards do, in herds, to spill blood in assaulted virtue's name.—Woman's National Daily.



PARTY LINES AND THE TARIFF.

Citizens who take politics seriously are drawing comparisons as to the way various senators and members in congress voted on the tariff. Some of the newspapers are making out terrible cases against those legislators who voted against revision downward, and especially those who, as they put it, answered, "me, too" to every proposition that Senator Aldrich favored. You must not, however,

give too much weight to what the newspapers say, for even editors and publishers are human. It leaks out that what appeared to be a reduction of the duty on print paper is really not going to operate as any material reduction—and naturally the newspapers are sore. No one can be expected to approve of a tariff that does not benefit himself; what does the private citizen care for the good of the country at large. The tariff is a selfish question and will always be determined on selfish lines, unless we can put it into the control of a non-partisan commission which has divine powers.

Among the insurgent Republican senators, Senator La Follette of Wisconsin holds the record, since he voted only 18 times with his party on the tariff schedules and 106 times against it. Bristow of Kansas comes next, with 27 votes for the majority program and 101 against. Clapp of Minnesota, Cummins and Dolliver of Iowa, and Nelson of Minnesota follow in order in the degree of their insurgency. Gore, the blind senator from Oklahoma, leads among the Democratic senators in irreconcilable opposition to the protective policy, as he voted 118 times against the schedules and only five times for them. Bacon of Georgia, Fletcher of Florida, and Overman of North Carolina followed him in order.

On the other hand, several Democratic senators were better Republicans, judging by their tariff votes, than the insurgent Republicans were. McNery of Louisiana voted 66 times with the enemy and only 25 times against; Foster of Louisiana voted 29 times with the enemy; Martin of Virginia 18 times. Chamberlain of Oregon, the Democrat who was elected by Republican votes, showed his broadness as a representative of all the people by siding 16 times with Aldrich, and Simmons of North Carolina, Taliaferro of Florida, and Daniel of Virginia each voted for the "robber tariff" 14 times. The only strictly loyal Republicans were Aldrich of Rhode Island, Smoot of Utah, Kean of New Jersey, and Flint of California, for they alone supported the program through thick and thin.

Analysis of the vote in Senate and House shows that the tariff has practically ceased to be a party question, if it ever was one. General Hancock was to a certain extent correct when he said it was a local question—but more than that, it is really a personal and selfish one. The Democrat whose constituents are interested in lumber, rice, sugar, iron, etc., believes in a protective tariff—on those things—while the Republican whose constituency is howling for cheaper articles of consumption believes in reduced duties. They say nothing is settled till it is settled right, but the tariff is one of those matters that never can be settled right, as it involves too many conflicting interests. It is of necessity a compromise; no tariff law has ever entirely suited any one individual, but unless free government is a failure we must conclude that every such law represents in a rough way at least the average of the majority sentiment of the country. The tariff is a working basis, a *modus vivendi* merely.—The Pathfinder.

CANDY BY THE TON.

Nowadays the only way to make candy at a profit is to turn it out at the rate of several tons an hour—so we are told by Horace C. Baker writing on "Candy-Making on a Large Scale" in the *American Exporter* (New York). In the last few years, Mr. Baker tells us, candy-makers have made a great advance in their output through the elimination of handling. The candy-makers of this country have been operating in small isolated plants, but this is rapidly changing, and now there are many factories that can, with comparative ease, turn out more than 50 tons a day each. This has been accomplished through the installation of modern labor-saving machinery for doing the work by what is known as continuous process. We read:

"The modern candy plant reflects throughout the attempt of the manufacturer to eliminate the handling of both the raw materials and the partly finished product as it passes through its various stages of development. As is well known, the chief constituents of candy are glucose, or corn sirup, and the ordinary refined white sugar. The glucose is installed at the bottom of the factory in large tanks, from which it is pumped to a big receiving-tank at the top of the factory. Close beside it is another large tank, into which the barrels of white sugar are emptied and are reduced to what is known as simple sirup by means of water. From these tanks pipes lead to all the mixing-kettles in the factory. . . .

"On the top floor of the building are situated many of the mixing-kettles. These kettles, which are used for the making of gumwork, marshmallows, creamwork, etc., are hemispherical, steam-jacketed copper containers, with a set of paddles on the inside revolving at the rate of about fifty times a minute. Into this the materials are drawn from the pipes just above the kettles, and the heat is turned on, allowing the materials to cook. The kettles have a capacity of about 2,000 pounds each, and a battery of six or seven of them can be attended to by three men. When sufficiently cooked a gate in the bottom of the kettle is opened and the hot mass allowed to flow down a pipe to a vat in the top of the machine for molding the candy. Into a rectangular frame is massed together a quantity of unbleached cornstarch. This is compressed into a fairly solid mass, and on top of it is placed a board with a number of dies. These dies are made of plaster of Paris and are formed in the shape of the candy to be made. This process is very similar to that of the molding of the patterns in sand for the casting of pig iron. There are from thirty to forty patterns to a mold. When the patterns are sufficiently impressed into the cornstarch the mold starts forward an endless chain into the filling-machine. These molds are fed into the machine continuously. Leading from the vat are a number of small pipes, each terminating in an automatic cut-off. The small gates at the bottom of the pipes allow sufficient of the fluid candy to drip into the molds to fill them, when it is automatically shut off and another mold replaces the filled ones. . . . After drying sufficiently the candy is taken to a machine, which shakes out the mold, leaving the cornstarch and the candy in a heap. Over this is passed a blast of air, which removes the cornstarch, which allows the candy to drop down into an inclined trough-like receptacle, the bottom of which is a series of brushes."

In the case of what is called "panwork," after the candies are formed they are taken to revolving copper kettles, set at about 30 degrees from the horizontal. The moving kettles keep the candy tumbling about, and from time to time a coating material is thrown against the sides from a brush. This gives the candy its smooth-coated

appearance. Caramels and similar candies, after boiling, are run upon large marble slabs, and after cooling are cut into strips and again into squares. Sometimes, after the cutting into strips, these are fed into a machine by which they are automatically cut into the desired blocks or squares. In wrapping caramels and nougat, a machine automatically places the paper around the candy, folds it, and delivers the complete wrapped candy down a small chute upon the packing-table. To quote again:

"In the manufacture of chocolate-covered candies the most interesting process is that of coating the candies. . . . Fluid chocolate is placed in a large vat under the dipping-machine. In this vat there is a rocking-device which keeps the fluid chocolate moving continuously. At the back of the machine are a number of wire screens, each mesh of which is large enough to hold one candy, it being held in position by the wire under the mesh, being bent down to form a slight depression. Into these depressions the candies are sprinkled by hand and the screen placed in the machine. The machine receives the screen, drops it into the vat, where it is agitated sufficiently to give the candy the desired coat of chocolate, after which it automatically rises and is thrown out to the front of the machine, where it is inverted by the operator on a sheet of oil paper. When it is laid on the paper it is slightly agitated by the machinery and the chocolates drop out, the screen returning to the back of the machine. . . .

"The success of a modern candy factory depends almost wholly on the ability of the candy manufacturer to make, so far as it is possible, a continuous process. Not only is the demand in the United States enormous, but the export business is showing rapid strides from year to year."—*Literary Digest*.



A TOWN RUN BY WOMEN.

IN these days of discussions of suffragist movements, women's rights and feminine business acumen, any one in search of an example of an unusual sort will be much interested in learning something about Cancale, a French channel port of some fifteen thousand souls when they are all at home, and which is truly a woman-run town.

There is no woman mayor, no woman in the town council. The offices are left as a mere matter of form to the men, who are seldom there to fill them, but the women are a law unto themselves; they make up the whole town, transact all the business, police the place, maintain order and strict sanitary conditions, manage the schools, and at the same time carry on the most famous oyster industry of France, doing the entire cultivating and selling and transporting the product of the ocean beds, even loading and unloading the sea-going ships that come and go at the port.

And what is still more interesting to their sisters in other parts of the world the girls of Cancale are the first to be married of all the girls of north and central France. Ask a French sailor where of all ports—excepting of course out of chivalry his own native town—the most beautiful of French fisher girls are to be found and he will tell you at Cancale. You will believe him too when you walk along the quays and the

narrow streets and see the pretty faces and neat trim figures set off to the best advantage in the Breton dress and clean white caps, or watch the little groups in the shade of the street in the afternoon or within the deep set stone doorways mending nets and gossiping.

The conditions that make this a woman-run town came about in the most natural way in the world. All the men are fishers and they spend the greater part of the year at sea. They are good sailors and they man the craft that venture across the Atlantic to the French fishing grounds along the Newfoundland coast. It was their rights that used to come up frequently for adjustment by fishery commissions, and it is the loss of their vessels that almost every year brings sorrow to Cancale and the neighboring coast.

When the men do return they find that the town has been managed so well in their absence and the thrift of the women has been so well exercised that they are content not to meddle and to let things go on as they have been going. It is the uncertainty as to the fate of the men, the fear that at any time they may be thrown helpless and homeless upon their own resources, that makes the women of Cancale self-reliant and leads them early to seek some means of their own for an honest livelihood.

For the men that remain in the town the women do not seem to entertain the greatest respect. Most of them have become incapacitated for work or are shiftless and idle. So the women run matters themselves.

Cancale's little stone houses, gray with age and the mists and fogs of the sea, face the harbor like the back drop of an opera setting, and at night the broad roadway and the stone embankment, early deserted by its tired and hard working population, takes on the appearance of a stage.

The rule of the women police apparently is not severe. The most important rules of the community appear to be those established by custom. One of these is that once a week during the summer everybody takes a dip in the ocean.

Certain days are set apart for different sets and they never fail to take advantage of the opportunity. Cancale itself has no beach, and so you will see every afternoon the women in groups arm in arm going along the shore to the foot of the cliff, where great boulders form a sort of natural shelter from curious eyes and where the pebbly beach slopes gradually out to sea.

The thrift that the conditions referred to inspire is something of a passion among the women. It seems that there is a constant struggle with each one of them to make more money than the man who goes to sea. They frequently accomplish this too, for the returning fisherman finds frequently that his yearly gain of one hundred and fifty or two hundred dollars after a hard

battle from the sea is more than equalled by the patient and careful housewife that he left at home.

But oysters made Cancale famous and they constitute the principal industry in which the women are engaged. There is always so much to be done in summer in the beds, or the parks, as they are called, that there is work for many women during the whole year.

The parks lie around the sea front and with their rough fences and piles of granite resemble nothing so much as water-soaked fields at low tide. It is a wonderful sight to see the hundreds of women hurrying in from the beds keeping just in advance of the rapidly inflowing tide.

It is weird, too, to see them, three or four hundred of them, loading the big oyster carrying vessels. They crawl over the sides like ants. It is a hustling business, working against the tide and carrying through slime and mud great baskets that men would not handle with more ease or swiftness.

Several sturdy women with badges and sticks keep the workers in line, preventing disorder and settling difficulties.

It is said that the police are very useful and very vigilant. A theft has never occurred in the town.—*Exchange.*



ACCURACY, THEN SPEED.

YOUNG men and women who study stenography and typewriting, are, as a rule, always anxious to acquire speed. This is, indeed, a worthy ambition, as the very object for which the study is pursued is to fit the pupil to save time for those who may avail themselves of his services. But the first accomplishment the student should seek is, not speed, but accuracy; for inaccurate speed is of little, if any, value. He who strives for speed first will never, in all probability, become careful, painstaking, and accurate, and therefore will never become a thorough master of his chosen work, and will be but little sought after by employers.

First, acquire accuracy, which is, in fact, one phase of honesty, and then bend every energy to acquire speed. This is the only kind of speed that possesses either moral or commercial value.

What is true of the would-be stenographer is true of all people, in all the walks of life. The only wise course is to seek quality first, and quantity afterwards.—*Selected.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

FOR SALE—One set of 31 vols., Encyclopedia Britannica with Revised American Supplement. Late Edition. (New.) Publishers' price, \$120.00. My price with case, \$75.00 f. o. b. Girard.—Luther Petry, Girard, Ala.

Syracuse, Ind., June 1, 1909.

Mr. James Glass, Big Timber, Montana.

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(Signed) EDWARD DEETER.

Mr. Deeter is a noted horticulturist of northern Indiana and is a son of Elder Deeter of the Church of the Brethren.

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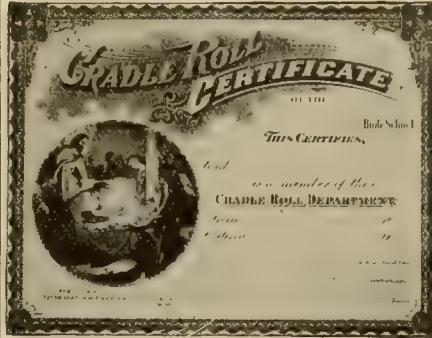
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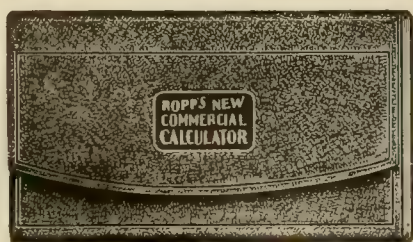
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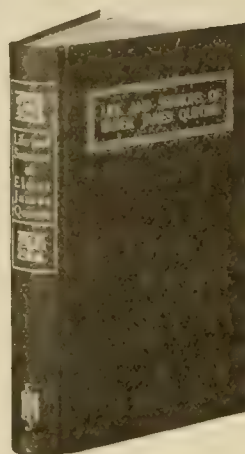
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

October 19, 1909.

No. 42.

THAT FIRST TERM OF SCHOOL

S. S. BLOUGH

THERE is only one first term of school for a teacher. That term is often for a long time anticipated and when it is over frequently referred to. My story begins with my last day at winter school as a pupil in Somerset County, Pa. All winter, the teacher had been encouraging me. It was generally understood in the school, in my home and in the community that another year I should try for a school. Almost the closing hour of the last day had come. The last day at the old red schoolhouse often had a tinge of sadness, and tears were frequently shed. This my last day in this association, where I had spent twelve winters of my life, brought me conflicting emotions. The teacher called on the two of us who were going out for the last time for a speech. I rose with a palpitating heart to make my first extemporaneous speech. I do not now remember what I said, but it was short and was attentively listened to.

Here is one turning point in my life. From this on I looked forward to becoming a teacher. I had an older brother teaching and as I remember it my highest ambition was to teach a country school. In a few weeks I entered a preparatory school for teachers. After nine weeks of strenuous study, the examination day came. The county superintendent must be satisfied. When in a few weeks the results were compared, I felt highly gratified, for I had made first grade and outclassed some of the old teachers.

From the school room I went to the harvest field. Harvest at home over, I was permitted to hire out for two months. In the long days of oats harvest and seeding, working from before daylight till after dark for ten dollars a month, I earned twenty dollars toward an outfit for teaching. This wage would seem rather small now for young men past eighteen years of age.

In the meantime the school election had come off. This was an important day. The school board of six men met at the village schoolhouse and received all applications for their fifteen schools. It was somewhat customary to apply for the home school and I

followed the custom. After the applications were received everyone left but the "directors," to be called by the ringing of the bell when the selections were made. Those were hours of suspense, but at last we filed in to read the names of school and teacher written on the blackboard. Sure enough, I had a school, but not the home school. Instead of this, I, a crude beginner, was to teach in a somewhat aristocratic district, the school which a few years earlier had been called the hardest in the township. I signed the contract for five months at twenty-seven dollars a month, took my report book under my arm and walked the five miles home, eagerly awaited by my younger brothers. There was some disappointment because I did not have the home school and a perfect stranger did.

With my twenty dollars previously earned, I bought a suit of clothes, watch and chain, shoes and hand bell. No broadcloth or gold watch for the prospective "professor," I assure you. Now for a boarding place. The only Brethren family in the district consented to board me. A splendid home, everything plenty and of the best, and this for five dollars a month. Of course I usually went home over Sunday. In the school election, two of the old teachers had been left out, and I felt quite fortunate, yet I was moved 'twixt hope and fear,—hope of success, fear of failure. As I look back over my twenty-three years since then, I find that I have frequently been possessed with the same feeling. After all, how often do the feelings and experiences of childhood and youth repeat themselves in our lives!

The time for the first day of school came. The program had previously been arranged after the pattern of that of one of my former teachers, amended by the suggestion of my teacher brother. This program consisted of twenty-eight periods which must be gone over each day. The time for these recitations ranged from five to twenty minutes. The school where this was not done was the exception, and the teacher who could ignore such a course of procedure was obliged to have the full confidence of his pupils and patrons. The

school hours ran from 9 A. M. to 4 P. M. with one hour for noon and fifteen minutes intermission both forenoon and afternoon. This necessitated some rapid teaching and reciting, especially since the successful teacher was expected to complete all the books each year. And woe to the teacher who could not complete the books. He was frequently branded as a second or third-rate teacher alike by scholar and patron. It even reflected upon him so strongly that his re-election was at times placed in doubt. Whether it was this crowding of program and large demand for results, or strenuous effort of teacher and child, the schools turned out scholars not to be despised, sometimes even rivaling in efficiency those of the present time.

The school enrollment for the year numbered thirty-two, ranging in age from five to nineteen and in knowledge from the beginner to the young man with a valid teacher's certificate. Four grown-up young ladies and as many grown-up young men, all of them full of life, and two at least preparing to teach, made an interesting advanced class for an inexperienced eighteen year-old beginner. I almost felt like a stranger in a strange land.

Each morning a passage of scripture was read the first thing. This was followed by the roll call. Each pupil responded "present" with varying degrees of modulation. This gave the trickster a good opportunity thus early to begin a disturbance, but thus it had been done by others.

I must not forget the apparatus. An antiquated set of outline maps strung around the room, a Pennsylvania county map of which we were somewhat proud, a blackboard with a few brushes and crayon, and a reading chart for beginners. This was all, but even this was more than some schools possessed.

It was fortunate that for several weeks the older pupils did not enroll. With a limited amount of knowledge of how others did, augmented by a diligent study of an old book on school management, we were fairly well started when the more advanced pupils came. After this we waded right into the fullest kind of work. Luckily the teacher's certificate was proof against the boys trying to stick him. My fears from this source were less than from the question of discipline. Many of the boys were anxious to play tricks, and the girls to whisper. Cupid tried to get in his work between the sexes. One family, at least, from the beginning tried to work against the teacher. One influential citizen tried to influence the directors. This was quickly reported to me, by friends, but with my strongest plea I could not persuade them to come and investigate. Of the six school directors, not one visited the school in the entire term. This may have been a sign that they trusted me perfectly. Of course one can never be sure.

The young teacher was anxious to succeed. Worry

was not always absent by any means and more than once a prayer for strength and guidance was uttered after school was dismissed.

Spring was returning, books were being completed, and an early spring called the larger pupils out to work again. This was a neighborhood of sugar camps. A few times on Saturday the teacher helped to gather the rapidly flowing sap. Then, too, there were the "stirrings off" when the young people of the neighborhood gathered to eat "spotza" and play games in the large meadow by the light of the moon. And I must not forget the spelling bee, when several schools met for a test in spelling. Here was given a kind of public test of the teacher's ability to teach spelling. The best spellers in each school were pitted against each other. Those were experiences with their redeeming features.

Finally the last day came. A few of the absent scholars, and a few visitors with the regular scholars were present. A little treat, a last farewell speech, dismissal, closing up the shutters and that was all. The report was filled out, the last pay drawn and my first year's teaching was done. I hardly knew then whether to be glad or sorry so I was both.

Viewed close at hand I could not congratulate myself much. Viewed in the light of much later experience with an unprejudiced mind, I call it success. From those boys and girls have gone out at least a half dozen teachers. I am willing to believe that even then the Lord was leading me and kept me from teaching the home school which was an easy one.

I am not sure that teaching a first term of school is a training for a young man or woman which can not be obtained in any other way. Many are the lessons which it brought me not only in later teaching, but in my higher teaching for God.



MORE ABOUT BONES.

H. A. BRANDT.

IN the INGLENOOK of Sept. 14 there appeared a short article telling of some prehistoric bones that are being dug up out near Los Angeles, California, and it is the purpose of these few paragraphs to carry the story on "Bones" one chapter farther.

Those who know the least about southern California will remember that it is an arid country where a season's rainfall often does not exceed ten or twelve inches for the year. And when the bones of animals that live only in the dense forests of the tropics are found in one of the coast valleys scientists are very naturally surprised. That southern California was once the home of the buffalo and the elephant and the now extinct saber-toothed tiger, giant sloth and even the mastodon is news to most people.

This at once suggests the question as to what

brought about the great climatic change that has made the fauna of our present-day California so different from what it was in the long ago. The remains of the animals found seem to indicate that California must certainly have undergone a striking climatic change—a change so vital indeed that the animals of those times past away at the coming of the new order, and now all that remains are the bones found out on the Rancho la Brea near Los Angeles.

The skeptical at first are inclined to say that these bones are perhaps only those of cattle that may either have lost their lives in the asphalt sink or were thrown into it after they had died on the range. They will perhaps also suggest that the precious skull of a great buffalo that was found practically entire might be that of a big California steer that roamed the range in the days when the only exports of the west were hides, horns, and tallow. But when it comes to the skulls of tigers which have been found in abundance, sometimes two or three almost touching, and the heavy bones of the great sloth, a huge herbivorous animal that perhaps weighed a ton, and the bones of elephants and another find which it is believed is the remains of a mastodon, even the most skeptical begin to think twice.

The next question that comes is as to how these bones could have been deposited in such abundance. Some will say that the animals died on the slopes of the low hills about the lake and that heavy rains washed them down and left them lodged along the lake side. Others may suggest, who are acquainted with the nature of the lake, that water-famished animals mistook the shallow pool of water that doubtless filled the asphalt sink for a real watering place and only learned differently after they had ventured too far and hopelessly mired in the treacherous asphalt. So it is said a buffalo or a great sloth may have been caught in the asphalt and a tiger coming along and seeing the helpless animal pounced in upon it and in the struggle that followed both were hopelessly mired in the sink and died together. The dying animals would furnish a feast for hungry wolves and birds of prey and many of these either killed in fights or snared in the asphalt would each contribute their quota to the dead.

Under the circumstances either theory seems plausible and in fact both may have played a part in creating this great deposit of bones. The bones are scattered and in a jumble and it is rather unusual to find even two vertebræ joined together so that whether the bones were washed down and lodged along the banks of the lake or whether a helpless animal mired in the asphalt was torn limb from limb by vicious assailants is not conclusively decided by the position of the bones.

How old are these bones? Scientists talk rather glibly about thousands and perhaps millions of years. Some will suggest that these bones just antedate the flood and that this great catastrophe is responsible for

the extinction of the great animals of long ago. One thing is sure, these bones that are being dug up are real bones and bones that lie exposed are not exactly imperishable when it comes to a matter of a few thousands of years. But you will remember that these bones are buried in asphalt and when they are dug up and broken they are found to be saturated with asphalt and in case of hollow bones even filled with a gummy asphalt. Bones stored away under such favorable conditions—for asphalt has high preserving qualities—would naturally last for a long time.

The fact that some of the bones are especially rare, the uncertainty as to their age and the conditions that led to their being deposited in such apparent abundance are some of the things that make them of special interest. Scientists can say most anything they please as to the age of these bones, however, so long as no dates turn up to contradict them and it is not likely that dates will be found on any of the bones. So while the scientists may figure their age in millions of years and assign them to whatever age they shall see fit, after all you see we common people need not get excited for it is only the oldest and most tasteless of bones that are being dug up out on the Rancho la Brea and what is of more point to the average person is the fact that a superior soup bone may still be purchased for the modest sum of twenty-five cents. The discovery of these ancient bones will have about as much practical significance in the matter of changing the prices of meat or real savory soup bones as the finding of the North Pole has had on determining weather conditions.

3435 Van Buren St., Chicago, Ill.



SEEKING TROUBLE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

If you go out hunting trouble
You will find it very soon.
To your mind it will be seeming
All the world is out of tune.
Lack of harmony will greet you
In most everything you hear.
Everyone except your ownself
Will be seeming somewhat queer.

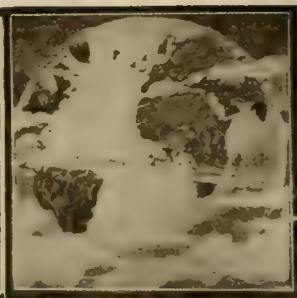
You will not be realizing
That it is your state of mind
That upsets the world about you,
So such discord, you will find.
Change your thoughts to love and kindness.
Letting trouble pass away.
Then how soon you will be finding
Dawns a joyous, brighter day.



THE strenuous life is living up to the measure of our strength, but the strained life is living beyond the measure of our strength.—*Dr. Mackay.*



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER

Chapter LXXXVIII.

My memory fails me as to just where I left off in my last letter and I will begin this one at the celebrated St. George's Hospital at Bombay, where I spent fifty-two days of the greatest suffering and of the greatest enjoyment of my life. I can not improve the diary I kept at the time, which I will copy here:

"First of all, I can sympathize with the real sufferer of typhoid, or of any fever. The long, haunted nights I have known. The dreary, monotonous days, when the ghoul of fever laid his hot hand upon my brow and

spoke to crowded halls and churches (in my delirium) —crowds of people who seemed to have come to the hospital and even crawled up bodily into my bed, thousands of them. And how they did make me work. Their earnestness at my remarks, their stubborn persistency in staying long after I had finished my delirium speech, made me beg them to go home. This sea of upturned, thoughtful faces, held me for hours at a time, when one minute of such intense, highly brilliant imagery of the mind was wearing me out more than an hour on the platform when in my health. One

of my pet subjects was the bull fight in Spain and the foot-ball (fight) in America. I was comparing the two, and pleading for a reform in the bull fight. Such bursts of eloquence (!) these horrid seat-holders never heard before. Again and again I dismissed them, now politely and now with rude and vehement plainness. 'Can't you see it's killing me?' I cried,—'do go home I beg of you all, and give me a little time to rest. Please go.' But like a wretched, chattering phonograph, the audience sat there to a man, and kept me wound



kept it there for nearly two weeks, I can never forget. It was then, when my brain was all on fire and consuming itself of itself, it compelled me most unwillingly to follow it on its mad rush of pretended but loathed duty. Least able to perform the sacred fire of intellectual work, it bounded with Titanic force into all imaginable subjects and theories and reforms under the sun. Not content with the calm meditation of a few of these, it passionately discussed with all the finesse of a philosopher's argument, the most trifling, hair-split twigs on the tree of knowledge. Every night I

up and running down and wound up and running down, only to be wound up again and again, to go over again and again, all of the fine points in my argument, playing on the same old, old tune that was making me sick unto madness. At another time my mind seemed like a singing school with twenty or thirty tunes going or wanting to go at the same time; some of them following one another, politely, but closely, others dipping in from above and from below or from the side, but getting into the strain of others, and every one failing to sing through perfectly,—but one. This one I played

until it squeaked. Whether I sung or spoke, this brilliant audience of mine sat there like consolidated fool-dom. Never once did any of them applaud me with a laugh or a clap of the hands, so as to give me a time for breathing and resting. They were too intent.

"And this now gives me an insight into the exact condition of a real fever patient. In four days I slept eight hours. . . . Plague was breaking out around the hospital. Eighty to one hundred and twenty-five deaths a day was the record. I was afraid I would take it, for I was so weak. My food during the fever was small cups of buffalo milk. On the twelfth day of convalescence I was given egg custard, the best tasting, most supremely delicious thing I ever tasted. On the thirteenth day I got custard and beef tea, the tea very weak; the custard was given once, the tea twice. On the fourteenth day a small bowl of finely-crumbed bread and milk. How good that was. It was a hundred times better than a dish of ice cream to a well man. The bread in the milk was not over a big spoonful. On the same day I had another meal of weak beef tea and custard. At three, more bread and milk, and at five, more beef tea. Then some more custard. After this they gave me a poached egg, while between times I received a pint and half pint of milk, from day to day. Seventeen days after the fever I had bread and butter. The bread had all the crust carefully pared off. Minced boiled fish, boiled potatoes and tapioca followed in a day or so. Then I learned to walk again, almost the same as at first,—leaning on two servants and then holding to the bed, then with crutches, and at last a man again. Oh, it is so good to be well. Health is the best thing in the world.

A little later I with others strolled about the palm-set gardens, over the pebbly paths strewn with sea shells that had been washed up on the beach from Malabar Coast. We wore here our simple hospital pajamas, white and odd looking, making a picture to the visitors strolling in here like that of ghostland and fairyland mixed.

"Visitors occasionally came to see me, doing me great good. Some of them forgot that I was weak and looked into my eyes too hard, drawing from me strength I should have kept for myself. They should let their eyes fall around carelessly when calling on a patient, for being above them, standing or sitting, the patient, weak and lying down, is at a decided disadvantage, and as we all like to be able to look people in the face, it is wrong for a visitor to put a patient to

this work. He should come into the room, not on tip-toe, but naturally, as if to help the patient and not to steal his pocketbook or stab him. He should appear weak, slow, deliberate, not arguing with the patient or with others. He should leave in the patient's mind some idea of strength, inspiration or joy. The mind suggestion is stronger than medicine or even of good care."

On the 12th of February the nurse stopped taking my temperature, and by this I knew I was out of grave danger. But at this time my physical condition seemed to me to be worse than during the time I was under the brazen hot hand of the fever. The sinking sensation that never left me made me feel as if I was surely slipping away from the earth and the people and being swallowed up in darkness below me.

In helpless agony of threatened collapse I battled, day after day, for breath and strength and comfort. No longer could I bear the weight of my hand upon any part of my body. My lungs were good but the walls defending them seemed so heavy they were falling down and crushing their tissue. In summary, my temperature ranged between eight and a half degrees. I took one hundred and twenty grains of quinine in four days, and after that two other medicines, with the quinine, in small doses until leaving the hospital. The gently-moving nurses, faultlessly dressed in white, starched goods, in high-heeled shoes of white moleskin, acted as a part of my cure. The eye needs medicine as well as the stomach, and the medicine given the eye by these pretty nurses was not *bitter*.

During almost every day of illness except the first few days, I read almost constantly. Strange that they allowed me to do so because of the possible harm to my eyesight. Blaikie's "Personal Life of David Livingstone" and Westcott's "Revelations After the Resurrection," were most inspiring. I also found new and deeper joy in reading Paul's letters, and in fact, everything from the Bible. The Psalms were clearer than ever before. This was a part of the revolution effected in me,—an insight, by faith, into the Holy Book, such as I could never have received from ordinary human effort. For six weeks I could not kneel by my bed at night, but when once out of the hospital bed, I resumed this important program to a Christian's daily life.

In the jungle, where the water was bad, I was able to subsist upon the milk of the cocoanut, brought down



Hindu bringing cocoanuts down from 80-foot tree for Mr. Spickler, miles from civilization.

for me from very tall trees, none of which had any branches on their tapering trunks until at the very top. Natives ran up and down these trees with as much agility as squirrels, for they had chopped into the trunks of them niches for steps. The Hindu who favored me in the picture had to fight a pretty stiff battle with the crows at the top of the tree. He was just about to crawl through the intricate circle of branches just like those seen in the tree near by, when hundreds of crows, with strangely shrieking voices, and with even bigger mouths and more terrible looking bills, than our own crows, set up a war cry and rushed down upon him, picking at his head. But he went right on, yelling at them in Hindoo, and striking at them with his sickle which you can see him carrying with him down the tree. Like almost all country natives, he was all but naked. The bunch of cocoanuts was rather too green, but the milk from several of them was excellent, and as fast as he cut them open I would drink the pure fluid from the natural cup they made for me.

With the twenty dollars saved from my hospital expenses I hurried back to Bulsar and Nausauri, and again heard the angel-like singing of the native converts of W. B. Stover and Daniel Forney. It was like heaven to be with them again, and when I walked one day down the road past the mission cemetery, and I caught a glimpse of the several gravestones, I said, "No, you didn't!" And I was glad I was alive.

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AUTUMN DAYS.

T. H. FERNALD.

IN this climate there are times throughout the whole year—times in every season—when nature is at its best and puts forth every effort to produce perfect days, but with autumn—our Indian summer—the climax is generally reached.

While each season deprives us of some comforts and pleasures, yet it gives us some which the others do not.

Winter, when the thermometer hangs about zero, and the earth is covered with a mantle of beautiful snow, has its indoor and outdoor pleasures. During

the long winter evenings when the merry sleigh-bells jingle, the family beside the cozy fire become more intimate, and seem to have more love one toward another as they gather about the family hearth.

Spring, when death gives place to life, and everything awakens from its long sleep of winter; the streams again starting down the hillside; the brook giving out its musical sound; the land all clothed in verdure; the fruit trees covered with blossoms, and the birds singing sweetly and merrily in the wood, everything rejoices with new life.

Summer is the time for the fruit. The earth gives forth food for man and beast. Everything is at its best, that tends to our well-being. Then is the vacation to the country, the outing by lake, river, or in the wood or the mountains.

Then autumn. It is at this time that the efforts

of spring and summer are fully realized, and the barns and storehouses are full from the harvest. Autumn is the season of general ingathering and thanksgiving. It brings with it a feeling of sadness in view of departed summer days, yet the scenery in its beautiful tints more than offsets this sadness. The many gorgeous colored leaves of the woods and mountains call from us wonder and admiration as we behold their beauty. The songs of the birds seem more



While I "took" the potter at the wheel, the villagers, naked and otherwise, pressed around in my circle of vision. A moment ago this pot on the wheel was a lump of soggy mud. In an instant he sent the wheel whirling, while his fingers shaped it into a beautiful and useful vessel.

beautiful than ever as they fall upon our ears. The fruit is gathered—the apples, pears, etc. Then there are the merry voices of the young people as they gather the fallen nuts, the dropping of which is music to our ears. There are also the squirrels who scamper over the ground and among the trees searching for their supply of nuts for winter. On all sides are we greeted with the beautiful goldenrod and other fall flowers.

In October, our Indian summer, autumn, is at its best. The sun shines with a calm serenity—with hardly a cloud to mar the beauty of the heavens—not to be seen at any other time in the year. Nature is in these days at its best, and we are tempted to shout for joy, or remove our hats in reverence. Autumn days are like dear friends about to leave us—we cannot see enough of them. We would keep them with us, to enjoy their calm, superb grandeur. The beautiful scenery of this season of the year is food for our

minds, and the sunshine and pure air are health for our bodies. Mrs. Sarah M. Kimball has given us this beautiful pen picture of Indian summer:

Behold the earth today,
Lapped in the glory of autumn time,
Robed in its bright array,
Crimson and gold, russet and pearly rime!

Now comes the afterglow,
Like sunset splendors flushing orient skies,
While lightly from below
Soft floating folds of gauzy mists arise.

Yea, earth is beautiful
In vestments dyed so exquisitely fair;

Grateful the pensive lull
Of voices late upon the ambient air.

The cheery notes are still
Of harvest so gaily ringing here,
And low, sweet anthems fill
With slumberous melody the attent ear.

Dear is the soft caress
Of light winds warm from sunny south-lands now,
Lifting the auburn trees
In playful coquetry from Nature's brow.

The gladsome spring is past,
And the full beauty of the summertime;—
O Year! to thee, at last,
Hath come the golden glory of thy prime!

SIGHTS IN AND AROUND NIAGARA GORGE

DALLAS B. KIRK

SUMMER excursions are the order of the day and the traveler who has made a journey to Niagara Falls and as a side trip did not take the opportunity of going over "The Niagara Belt Line" has missed one of the most scenic trips in the world.

Buying a ticket costing \$1.00 (for a journey of fourteen miles) at the ticket office on Falls Street, the tourist has in his possession a piece of paper entitling him, either to a continuous ride on a trolley car east two hours, or he can make use of all the stop-over privileges called for on the ticket and consume one-half or even a whole day in making the trip; the cars run fifteen minutes apart.

Boarding an electric car designated "Niagara Belt Line" on Falls St., it soon comes to the large suspension bridge a short distance from the falls. At the entrance of this bridge the car must stop because the United States customhouse is here on the bank of Niagara River. A custom officer counts the passengers and while he is making a note of this the car moves slowly across this large steel structure so that all the passengers can get a good view of the falls, and the little "Maid of the Mist" on her trips to and from Horseshoe Falls.

The American Falls are only a few hundred feet from this bridge, and a splendid view can be had from the roomy observation car which soon comes to the Canadian side.

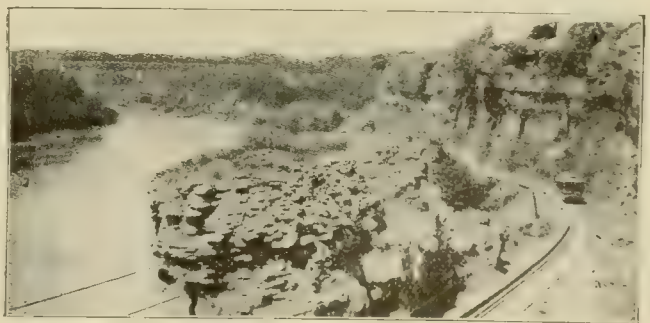
Just previous to entering "His Majesty's dominion" a Canadian house of custom is another sign for the car to stop, which the motorman does before leaving the bridge. Again the passengers are counted and the car is allowed to go on into Canada the "Land of the Maple."

The track now bends toward the left and on the right the tourist can see the buildings of the Ontario Power Co., and a large dominion bank.

A beautiful well-kept park lies also on the right. It was named in honor of the English Queen Victoria.

On a clear day a beautiful rainbow may be seen close to the Horseshoe Falls.

Here you can get a good view of Goat Island, in the distance, also the American Falls, Rock of Ages and the Three Sister Islands; all of these can be visited when you are on the American side.



Entrance to the Gorge.

At the brink of Horseshoe Falls is Fable Rock. Here the car goes around the loop and at this point a nice view of the upper Canadian rapids can be had just above Horseshoe Falls.

This being the first stop-over, you can stroll through the park to your heart's content, admiring the beautiful flowers, trees and other objects of interest to those who like to see nature at her best.

Before leaving Victoria Park let us get a good parting glance at the respective falls.

The surplus water from the great lakes creates the

Niagara River at Buffalo (which lies to the southward), this at last forming the upper rapids which have a descent of sixty feet to the mile. This restless torrent is broken by Goat Island, which is one thousand feet wide and a small American island called Lund; this great body of water now plunges over the precipice into the abyss below.

The American Falls are about one hundred sixty-four feet in height while the Canadian Horseshoe Falls are about one hundred fifty-four feet high; the width of the falls, including the Horseshoe, is four thousand seven hundred and fifty feet. The descent of the water from the verge of the cataract to Lake Ontario is two hundred fifty-four feet.

At last you will turn away in solemn admiration of this wonderful handiwork of the Divine Creator, repeating half aloud this line from the poet, "Earth with her thousand voices praises God."

Now boarding another car you find yourself carried



Whirlpool Rapids as Seen from the Cars.

toward the Whirlpool Rapids, past two large steel suspension bridges about two miles from the falls.

At this place you can go down to the water's edge if you so desire.

Again taking a car you pass the large, "Fairview Fruit Farm," with a great variety of fruit almost within reach, and come to Queenstown Heights.

You will want to visit the monument here which is two hundred feet high. It stands on a plateau and has a commanding view of the surrounding country. It was erected to the memory of Sir Isaac Brock, an English general who lost his life near here during the war of 1812-14.

Again on your journey you see within a few feet of the track a cenotaph which was erected in 1860 by the Prince of Wales, now King of England, while on a visit to Canada. This stone marks the spot where General Brock fell.

Now you come in sight of a steamer lying at anchor in the harbor at Lewiston.

Close by the Lewiston suspension bridge stands the customhouse. The Canadian official inspects the car

load of passengers and going on across the bridge we bid adieu to Canada.

Entering the town of Lewiston, having a population of a little over seven hundred, you can again stop, look around and wait for another car.

The return trip starts from this point, and instead of the track being built at the top of the gorge, like the Canadian line, it lies close to the edge of the water nearly all the way, the track winding in and out to suit the contour of the river bank.

We must pause at the Devil's Hole. Niagara's frontier history tells us that a company of soldiers along with a British caravan were ambushed and massacred by some Indians in 1763, they being driven over the cliff and meeting their death on the rocks below.

At close range is the Whirlpool Rapids with their restless foaming and churning—a wonder to every one; you are held almost spellbound in admiration of this striking feature of nature.

It is generally accepted that the tossing of this water is caused by the rising of the water which went over the precipice above.

The traveler now finds the car moving upward along an easy ascent past the Niagara Power and Mfg. Co. and the great railway bridge, and leaving a natural stone formation in the rear, you are once more in the city of Niagara Falls with its twenty-six thousand five hundred and sixty people.

Getting off the car at Terminal Station, which is within sight of the Administration building and Prospect Park on Riverway, each traveler should remember Franklin for making this easy and delightful excursion possible in so short a time.

Pentz, Pa.



CLEON AND I.

Cleon hath a million acres,
Ne'er a one have I;
Cleon dwelleth in a palace,
In a cottage I;
Cleon hath a dozen fortunes,
Not a penny I;
Yet the poorer of the twain is
Cleon, and not I.

Cleon, true, possesseth acres,
But the landscape I;
Half the charms to me it yieldeth
Money cannot buy;
Cleon harbors sloth and dulness,
Freshening vigor I;
He in velvet, I in fustian,
Richer man am I.

Cleon is a slave to grandeur,
Free as thought am I;
Cleon fees a score of doctors,
Need of none have I;
Wealth-surrounded, care-environed,
Cleon fears to die;
Death may come, he'll find me ready—
Happier man am I.

Cleon sees no charm in nature,
 In a daisy I;
 Cleon hears no anthems ringing
 In the sea and sky;
 Nature sings to me forever,
 Earnest listener I;
 State for state, with all attendants,
 Who would change? Not I.

—Charles Mackay.



Among the Schools

A DISPATCH FROM MARYLAND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

SEPTEMBER 7, 1909, the eleventh session of Maryland Collegiate Institute began. The opening address was delivered by Prof. W. I. T. Hoover, who has this year taken the chair of Philosophy and History of this institution. In his address the great need of college-trained men and women, to fill all important vocations in life, was strongly emphasized.

The enrollment at the beginning of fall term this session is very large, as compared with that of former years. Many more are expected to enter later in the term. The students are well distributed among the various departments of instruction.

The majority of students are pursuing either of the two College Preparatory courses. Quite a large number have enrolled in the Normal Department, intending to prepare themselves directly for the pedagogical field of labor. There are now six pursuing the full College Course. Also a number of academic students are taking some work from the College Department. Although this department of instruction was introduced only one year ago, nevertheless, it now gives great promises for a wonderful future.

The Philosophy Class is now engaged in the study of logic. The general course was introduced by a series of lectures from our instructor, on the "Philosophical Disciplines." Thus far special attention has been devoted to the syllogism, logical terms, logical definitions and division.

The class in College History is now studying an expanded treatise of "The Eastern Nations and Greece." It is by no means our aim to adhere to the text alone; but all other works, dealing with the subject at hand, are consulted, the reports of these investigations being made in class. Thus far we have covered the study of Egypt, Babylonia, Assyria, and Chaldea.

We have a class studying American Institutions. In this course stress is laid upon all institutions of our beloved country; namely, the social, political, religious, etc., special emphasis, however, being laid upon the political.

The Surveying Class has been doing principally field-work. Considerable attention has been devoted to the work of adjusting the instruments, reading angles by means of verniers, using the stadia rod in measuring distances, and establishing the true meridian by means of the stars, Polaris and Mizar.

The scientific department is progressing admirably. New apparatus has been added and now the equipment is up to date in every particular. In Physics we have selected a course which will prove ample for the better class of schools. An unusual amount of information is based upon facts of daily experience, introduced as illustrations and applications of physical principles.

In Botany we aim to make the laboratory studies as strictly inductive as possible. Simplicity is attained by combining Zoölogy and Botany. Our method is intended to guide the student to see development from a lower to a higher order, but only to emphasize "evolution" in so far as it is safe and sound with theism.

In chemistry the student becomes acquainted with the principles of inorganic Chemistry and discovers facts concerning the principal elements and their important compounds.

The music department has begun its work with brightest prospects. Our pianos are kept busy from early morn until late at night. The vocal department lacks no interest, the number in the chorus class far surpassing that of last year. Several students' recitals will be given during the year.

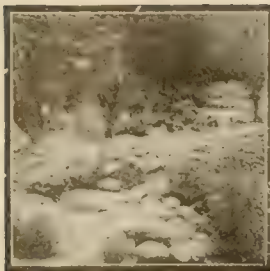
Our lecture board has recently contracted with the Brockway Bureau for a splendid course of entertainments during the winter. This course will consist of two lectures, two musicals, and one reading. Among the lecturers will be the famous Dr. John Merritt Driver of Chicago.

Although only one month of this session with us is now a thing of the past, however, the zeal and ardor, with which the students have taken up their respective duties gives us sufficient reasons to anticipate great things during the year. We believe that the most prosperous year, yet enjoyed by this institution, is now before us. No efforts will be spared to elevate the standard of our work to the highest mark attainable.

Union Bridge, Md.



SOME of us mortals spend a deal of time in trying to prove to the world at large that our way of doing things is the right way, and, indeed, the only way, which shows that we have ceased to be docile. Sad is the condition of that teacher who has become Sir Oracle.—*Ohio Educational Monthly.*



NATURE STUDIES



SEEDS ON THEIR TRAVELS.

MRS. M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE work of a plant is not completed with having borne and matured its seeds, but like a wise and loving parent it takes care to place its children advantageously in life and protect them as far as possible from coming dangers.

The thistle, milkweed, and dandelion provide their seeds with little tufts of down which fly before the lightest breeze and in autumn gales must travel fast and far. The seeds of maple, elm and ash, of the trumpet-creeper, and of the pine tree are made buoyant with papery, outspread wings. These winged and tufted seeds are found only in fruits that split open at maturity. They are produced by a great number of plants, and every puff of autumn wind carries along a mixed company of such tiny travelers.

By means of little claws and hooks some weeds are enabled to cling tenaciously to the hair of cattle and dogs, the wool of sheep, and the clothing of persons. When we pick the burrs from our clothing, we are probably some distance from where they grew. We throw them into fresh soil, thus aiding nature's plans, and distributing the weed still wider.

The garden balsam has still another scheme for putting her children out upon the world. At the slightest touch the ripe seed-vessel curls up elastically, shooting the seeds away in all directions. The squirting cucumber, when ripe, shoots, as from a syringe, streams of juice mingled with seeds. The jimson weed is a native of Asia and was introduced into this country by the gypsies who use the seeds as a medicine.

The peaches, which make such a wealth of beautiful color on the tree and on the fruiterer's stall, may have been brought a long distance for the sake of the luscious flesh around the seed. Peaches have thus traveled all the way from Persia, where the family originated. Oranges, limes, lemons, apples, pears, etc., are carried all over the country in the same way.

Rose-hips, the fruits of bitter-sweet and mountain ash, and all the pretty shining berries which bead the autumn hedgerows, are gotten up to attract the attention of the birds with a view to getting their seeds sown. Birds often seem to search for the hard, indigestible seeds of such fruits as grapes, raspberries, strawberries, asparagus, etc. It appears that small

seeds can traverse the alimentary canal without alteration. When the birds are migratory they often carry these seeds great distances.

In all the modes of seed distribution already mentioned, nature assists. They are, as it were, regular modes of vegetable travel. Besides these, there are a number of curious accidental ways by which a species may be spread over a wide area. Seeds may be contained in the little balls of earth which often cling to the legs of birds. Darwin is said to have raised eighty-two plants from one ball of dry mud which had clung to the leg of a partridge. Nuts growing near river banks may fall into the water, float out to sea, and be washed up by currents on other shores. The cocoa, and cashew nuts, and the seeds of the mahogany tree, are known to have made long voyages in this way. Seeds have also floated long distances lodged in the crevices of driftwood.

Seeds also travel far by the unconscious agency of man. They may be brought over seas in the clothing, among the bedding, or clinging to the tools of emigrants. Some of our most troublesome weeds are from Europe, and may have effected an entrance into this country in these ways; or perhaps their seeds got mixed with those of vegetables and grains shipped into this country. Ballast heaps near seaport towns are favorite hunting grounds for botanists, and in these spots introduced plants are often found. At the edge of the river Lez, near Montpellier in France, American wools are cleaned before they are sold to the cloth-makers. Seeds of American plants which have been carried in these fleeces have sprung up in the country surrounding Montpellier; so that botanists have found, in this small place in South France, many flowers belonging to the landscapes of this country, Mexico and Buenos Ayres.

Seeds may be carried from place to place mixed with the earth used in making roads or railway embankments. Wherever a certain sort of gravel has been used in making repairs on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton road, the neighborhood of the track is decked each spring with a pretty spurred violet which is not native to the surrounding woods and meadows.

Movements of armies are apt to have the result, unthought of by commanders-in-chief, of spreading plants. Some new species were introduced by the Ger-

mans into France, and several kinds, notably the scarlet poppy, were brought by the Roman invaders into Britain.

New plants are apt to enter a country, as human immigrants do, by the railroad. Seeds may be raised by the wind the train makes in passing, and may then cling to the platforms of cars. They may be mingled with the litter on the floors of freight and cattle cars, and reach the ground when the cars are cleaned. This is why new flower faces smile provokingly at us as we see them from the window of a rushing train.

Near Seal Rock, California, there is a point of land covered with peculiar ancient cedar trees. It is claimed that they are the only ones of this variety in the United States. It is surmised that the seeds from which these trees sprang came from Japan where this variety of cedar is found. They floated across the ocean many hundreds of miles years ago, propelled by the prevailing westerly winds, and were washed ashore at this point, where they took root and grew.

Some plants, like some birds, seem to like people and are never found far from human homes. Burdock, nettles, and the despised purslane are social in their tastes, and only cling to us more closely for all the merciless beheading and uprooting they get at our hands and hoes. The plantain is called by the Indians, "The print of the white man's foot," and follows the Caucasian race around the world.



ORIGIN OF BIRD NAMES.

OUR English names of birds, many of them, at least, have an unsuspected ancestry, exhibiting interesting changes through past years, romantic as well as historical.

The word "owl" (or, as it was formerly, *ule*) is derived from the Latin word *ulula*—an owl. This was probably from the bird's cry, and hence is remotely related to our word howl. "Hawk" comes from the root *haf*, meaning to take or seize. "Cassowary" is from *kassuwaris*, the Malay name of these great birds. The droll-looking stork called jabiru traces his name to a South American Indian word *yabiru*, meaning to blow out with wind, which has reference to the bird's habit of distending the loose skin on the neck.

"Robin" is an old diminutive of Robert, and "parrot" stands in the same relation to the French word "Pierrot"—Peter. "Oriole" is appropriately taken from the Latin *aureolus*, meaning golden. "Mal-

lard," from male, was at first used to denote only the drake, or male, of that species of duck. "Turtle," as used in turtle-dove, is from the Latin *turtur*, the repetition being supposed to resemble the cooing of a dove. "Quail," through many and various spellings, can be traced to *quackel* and other forms, derived from the note of the bird.

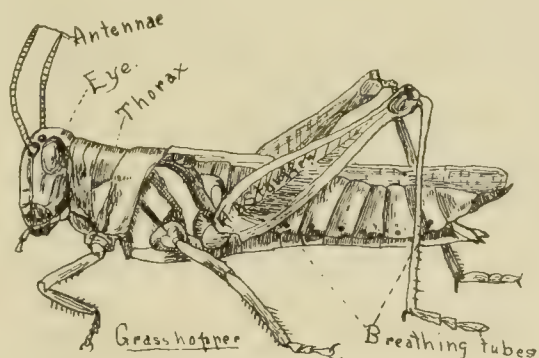
As far back as legends reach, "swallow," with various spellings, signifies the long-winged bird which we know so well. "Sparrow" comes from the root of "spurn," meaning to kick or quiver; why we know not.

"Pigeon" (to which widgeon is related) is from the Latin *pipio*, a young chirping bird. "Dove" is obscure in its various spellings—*duve*, *dufa*, *due*, *dubo*—but literally means a diver, perhaps from the bobbing of the bird's head.

"Goose," *gos*, *gas*, *gans* (and Latin *anser*, has its stem also in gander and gannet. "Goshawk" is from a wrong diminutive of "goose." "Fowl" from *fugl*, *flugl*, meant originally to fly. "Duck" is literally a ducker, one who ducks or dives.

"Snipe" is from snipper or snapper—one who snaps up. "Sanderling" is a remarkable word, showing the use of two diminutives. "Crane" is from Latin *grus*, by way of *cranich*, *trana*, *garan*, *gerue*. "Jay," which in other languages is *gayo* and *gaya*, is so called from its bright plumage. "Crow" is from the same root as croak. "Raven" through *raben*, *raaf*, etc., like owl

and crow, is from the guttural cry. Some character of the plumage may suggest a title as bald eagle, pintail duck and the rough-legged hawk which has feathers instead of scales, down to its toes.—*Selected.*



H. A. Stauffer.



Horn Worm.

a, Larva. b, Pupa. c, Moth.

The accompanying illustrations should have appeared in last week's issue with "Principles of Agriculture."—Ed.

THE INGLENOOK

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IN this number H. A. Brandt is adding another chapter to the wonderful bone story which he told us some time ago. The story is still wonderful and we many continue to speculate on its solution.



THROUGH an oversight on our part several illustrations intended for chapter eight of "Principles of Agriculture" failed to appear with the article. They are appearing on the Nature Study page this week.



"NEW THINGS FOR NEW BOYS."

UNDER the above heading the *Journal of Education* notes some of the features in the onward sweep of progress in the world which encircles the boys of the streets. While one finds cause for congratulation in what has been accomplished, the writer bids him not rest on these, but look forward and plan for the needs of the future. Here are several paragraphs taken from the article:

"It is easy to talk of \$30,000,000 expended for municipal playgrounds, of a Junior Republic with scores of buildings and hundreds of acres, of an elegant hundred-thousand-dollar newsboys' building, of a thousand summer camps for city boys, of social settlement houses with a clubable atmosphere, and of public school recreation centres, but few realize the significance of the statements.

"Whoever will study the ways in which great personalities have become established principles in various social, educational, and religious reforms will realize that the changes in human affairs have been nowhere more significant than in what is being done for boys in the twentieth century.

"At the Junior Republic Mr. George takes incorrigible boys and unmanageable girls, and through self-help and self-government, worked out in a genuine

village life of their own, saves them for honorable citizenship in the real republic.

"Through the juvenile court Judge Lindsey keeps boys out of jail, puts them upon their honor, follows them into their everyday life until they are trustworthy.

"Through the Newsboys' Association, Mr. Gunckel has the boys of Toledo work out their own salvation through the government of the boys, by the boys, for the boys, under skillful suggestion and superb knowledge of human nature in the growing boy.

"In the Hester-street district of New York city, Julia Richman as district superintendent has adapted the public schools to all the children of the public, until at the finish she sends into life workmen who need not be ashamed, and for whom the city has slight cause for anxiety.

"New days demand new doings. The world has no place for Rip Van Winkle. He who sleeps over-long will be more comfortable if he never awakes. The home, the church, the school, the public must think more of 1910 than of 1908. We must be ready for the new day. We must think of the rising sun when we bid adieu to the setting. We must sleep because of tomorrow's responsibility, not because of today's achievements."

Perhaps no other field of reform has been so long neglected as the one referred to in the above article, where thousands of worse than homeless children grow up in vice and sin, knowing nothing of a better life. The good work has been begun, but it is not finished and will not be while sin is in the world. There is an opportunity here for endless endeavor.



A NEW DEPARTMENT.

WITH this issue we are opening up a new department in our magazine which we believe will be of more than usual interest to many of our readers. It is characteristic of the American people that they are especially attracted by a life of activity; they admire the man who does things and they read the periodicals that chronicle his deeds. Our reading of the modern newspaper, amounting almost to a mania, is a proof of this statement.

It is for these reasons that we count upon the popularity of the new department, since it is to keep us informed on the work accomplished in a particular field in which we all have more or less interest, namely, the educational field. At the suggestion of the Educational Board we wrote to our schools some time ago proposing the plan of opening a department in the INGLENOOK in which at regular intervals we might have reports from the several schools as to the work that is being done in them and the progress our young men and women are making. It is our belief that those who are engaged in school work will be interested in hear-

ing from others who are devoting their time to the same work, and we are sure that many who have passed out of our schools into active life will be anxious to know what is now being done by those who are fitting themselves to do their share of the world's work.

We have not yet had word from all our schools, but we feel that a sufficient number have written us, promising a regular report, to justify the opening of the department. Besides the reports from the schools, we will make room also in this department for other matter concerning school work which may be sent in by any one interested in this line of work. We especially urge all our schools to unite their efforts in making this a most interesting and profitable department of our magazine and we invite all others to lend a hand in the good work.



CAN YOU AFFORD IT?

A MERCHANT of New York tells the following story: In early life I smoked six cigars a day at six and a half cents each, they averaged that. I thought to myself one day: I'll put aside the money I am consuming in cigars and all that I would consume if I kept on in the habit and I will see what it comes to by compound interest. Last July completed thirty years since, by the grace of God, I was emancipated from the filthy habit, and the savings amounted to the enormous sum of \$29,105.03 by compound interest. We lived in the city, but the children who had learned something of the enjoyments of country life from their annual visits to their grandparents longed for a home among the green fields. I found a very pleasant place in the country for sale; the cigar money now came into requisition, and I found that it amounted to a sufficient sum to purchase the place, and it is mine. I wish all American boys could see how my children enjoy their home as they watch the vessels with their white sails that course along the sound.

Now, boys, take your choice, smoking without a home, or a home without smoke; but you say, "I don't spend six and a half cents for every cigar." If you use cheap tobacco, I want to tell you why it is cheap; it is a mixture of burloey, lampblack, sawdust, colt's foot, plantation leaves, fuller's earth, lime, salt, alum and a little tobacco; can you afford to take such a mess as that between your lips? Benjamin Franklin says, "I never saw a well man in the exercise of common sense who would say that tobacco did him good."

Dr. Ferguson says, "I believe that no man who smokes tobacco before the bodily powers are developed ever makes a vigorous man. It not only injures the body, but the mind also." Dr. Prince, for a long while superintendent of the insane asylum at Northampton, Mass., says, "Fully half the patients who have come to our asylum for treatment are the victims of tobacco.

It is also the common stepping stone to the use of intoxicating beverages."

In the State prison at Auburn, New York, there were six hundred prisoners confined for crimes committed when under the influence of strong drink; five hundred of them testified that they began their intemperance by the use of tobacco.

It leads to theft; if a boy has the taste he must get the tobacco; if he has no money to buy it with, what will he do? he is tempted to steal; of the first fifteen boys who were put in a certain boys' prison ten confessed that they had stolen tobacco or the money to buy it with.

Tobacco impairs the intellect.

No user of tobacco has ever taken the first honors of Harvard.

Tobacco robs the nation of its wealth.

An eminent man says, "Put into my hands the money wasted in tobacco in the United States and I will clothe, feed and shelter all the suffering poor on this continent."

Say No! to tobacco, that poisonous weed, Say No! to all evils, they only lead to shame and sorrow. Oh, shun them, my boys!—*Selected.*



WHICH ROAD?

If you could go back to the forks of the road,
Back the long miles you have carried the load;
Back to the place where you had to decide
By this way or that through your life to abide;
Back of the grieving and back of the care,
Back to the place where the future was fair,—
If you were this day that decision to make,
O brother in sorrow! which road would you take?

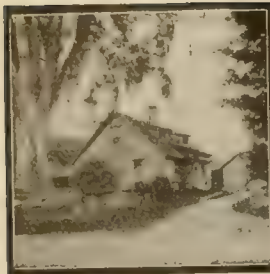
Then suppose that again to the forks you went back,
After you'd trodden the other long track;
And you'd found that its promises fair
Were all a delusion that led to a snare,—
That the road you first traveled with sighs and unrest,
Though dreary and rough, was most graciously blest,
With balm for each bruise and a charm for each ache,—
O brother in sorrow! which road would you take?

—Nixon Waterman.



CALLED TO WORK.

"AWAY up among the hills of Vermont, in a little country church, was a deacon known throughout the community for his good works, his zeal and self-sacrifice. He was a man of inherited and acquired wealth, with all surroundings contributing to an easy life. He was asked one day by a visiting minister why he was pursuing a course so unusual to rich men. His reply was: 'When I became a Christian, and began to read my Bible with appreciation of its meaning, I read that I was called into the vineyard of the Lord, and I made up my mind at once that I was not called there to eat grapes, but to hoe; and I've been trying to hoe ever since.'"—*Selected.*



THE HOME WORLD



GRANNIE

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

MANY, many years ago, Grandmother Wilson was one of the objects of my childish curiosity. I was half afraid of her sharp black eyes, and still sharper tongue; she was very old and bedridden. But like a sovereign ruler of a kingdom she held to her throne and never abdicated in favor of a younger person who might have been a suitable successor. She lived in an old colonial house; there was ample room in it for two other families. Her son John and his wife, her daughter Clarissa and her husband and their children lived there.

When I went there to play with Estelle, she would say, "We must play up in the attic today because Granny says we'll get too much trash in the kitchen." And up to the attic we went. Not but that I enjoyed the attic even more than the sunny spacious kitchen; but I wondered why we had to follow Granny's beck and call. Another time it was little Ellan who could not come over to our house because Granny thought she might take cold; another time Estelle had to wear an old dress because Granny thought she might spoil her red one.

When I grew older, I learned that Granny ruled the two families from the eldest to the youngest in like manner. Her son asked her in which field to put his wheat, when to sell his corn, even the hired man had to meet with her approval. Her daughter cleaned house and made preserves when Granny said so. Granny's will was law and her dominion extended over them all. The hired man irreverently but plainly stated the case when he said, "Granny bosses the ranch."

Dickens tells us of a mother who domineered her child's home until friends referred to her as the Old Soldier. She gave advice, and interfered until there was trouble. And when the Old Soldier was blamed for her share in the matter, she said, "And this is a specimen of the thanks one gets for taking care of one's family! I wish I was a Turk." Then answered a friend, "I wish you were with all my heart—and in your native country!" Which sounds rather cruel.

but she had almost caused the separation of husband and wife. There certainly is a great difference in the personalities of old people as well as young people. Some dear old grandmothers are so quiet and meek that they are seldom seen and never heard; we unconsciously feel sorry for them and long to protect them from trouble. Others, like the Old Soldier, rush into the thick of family affairs and never have a doubt of their ability to run even the United States Government, if they had a chance.

One dear grandmother said: "My children are lovely to me when I am a visitor; I am petted and made much of, everything possible is done for my comfort."

"Don't you see things that are not as they should be when you are in your children's homes?" asked one, who was not so welcome as a visitor.

"Yes, I do," answered grandmother, "but I never find fault with them because they are doing just as well as ever they can; and I don't know but that they are doing better than I used to do, at their age; and so I just encourage them the best I can." No wonder she was welcome and you will agree that her encouragement did more good than criticism would have done.

Is there another side to this question? Yes, and a sad one. "My children do not treat me with the least consideration or respect," complained a tired, careworn mother to her sister.

"Strange, isn't it?" queried her sister. "Now I have no trouble on that score."

"Well, how do you manage? I know now since I come to think of it that your son George is especially thoughtful of your comfort."

Her sister smilingly replied: "It is not management, it is simply doing right; and you may not like my referring to it, but you do not treat our mother with the consideration she deserves. For this once I have the floor and I am going to speak out. When the children are sick, you always send for mother; she

does the work that you could afford to hire some one else to do. When you want to go for a day's visit, you send the children all there for her to care for until it suits you to come home and send for them; in short you make a convenience of mother and why should not your children consider you in the same light? Forgive me if it hurts, I have spoken the truth."

But the mother was not angry, she saw that she was in the wrong; she was able to hire much of the work done that she had delegated to her mother; when she became more considerate of her own mother, there was a reformation in her own household.

"Be kind unto the old, my friend;
They're worn with this world's strife,
Though bravely once perchance they fought
The stern fierce battle of life.
They taught our youthful feet to climb
Upwards life's rugged steep;
Then let us lead them gently down,
To where the weary sleep."



ONLY A WORD.

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

"AH!" said a dissipated man, "if people would only give me a kind word. If they'd do that instead of kicking me down. But they say, 'he's only a drunkard.'"

The influence of a word for good or ill, how it clings to us for the day. We rise in the morning with the best of intentions but a cross word dims the brightness of the day. Sometimes the tranquillity of the mind can not be restored for hours.

"I have seen a spirit calmer than the calmest lake,
And clear as the heavens that gazed upon it.

"But a storm had swept across it,
And its deepest depths were stirred,
Never, never more to slumber,
Only by a word."

"If ever anyone has 'stars in his crown,' it will be Mr. R—," said Dick Chilton. "I'll never forget his encouraging words and the touch of his hand upon my shoulder. I am a better man for his kindness. It has helped me to break off drinking."

So encourage the drunkard. You know not what a struggle he is making to leave off his evil ways. "We know not what's resisted."

We should be especially careful in speaking of anyone, to utter no word that would injure the character. For we know not how many times our words may be repeated or how much they may be exaggerated.

"Careless words, tho' lightly spoken
Lie sleeping 'neath the sea of Time."

Said one of old, aye, *hundreds* of years ago, "*Keep thy tongue from evil.*"

Did you ever notice, on the other hand, how the face of a friend will light up at the utterance of a kind

word? And it is so easy to speak it. *Try it, friends.*

"Sowing the seed in the fading light,
Sowing the seed in the solemn night.
Oh! what shall the harvest be?
What shall the harvest be?"



THE ATMOSPHERE OF THE HOME.

A FAMILY of our acquaintance has been plunged into the depths of grief by the death of a beloved daughter. Her fatal sickness was produced by the poisonous air engendered by an ill-constructed pipe in the dwelling. A few years ago a score of students in one of our colleges were all prostrated at the same time by the same cause; bad sewerage had poisoned the air, and they unwittingly drew in the subtle infection at every breath.

But physical health is not more susceptible to atmospheric influences than is the spiritual health of the household. It is the home atmosphere which usually determines the character of the family. Some homes are sweetened and purified by a family altar, and the cheerful affection and the pervading influences of God's Word; and the children inhale religion at every breath. The glory of New England in her best days was the Puritan home. Let any man read the beautiful description which the veteran missionary, Dr. Goodell, gave of the humble cottage—"without a carpet on one of its floors, or a lock on one of its doors"—in which he was reared by his godly father and his patient, loving mother. That prayer-consecrated home made him a missionary of Christ. Such homes have contributed the best blood to the American pulpit and the American State. The Christly atmosphere of the house penetrates into the core of character.

This subtle atmosphere of the household, which is apt either to convert to Christ, or to pervert to fashion, worldliness or open impiety, is usually created by the parents. They are chiefly responsible. It is their province either to poison or to purify. If the whole trend of the household thought and talk runs toward money-worship, or toward fashion-worship, or toward social convivialities, or in any other similar direction, it is the father and mother who give the pitch. It is exceedingly difficult to make the best preaching or Sunday-school teaching effective on character, amid such a domestic miasma. Almost as soon attempt to grow pineapples in Greenland, as to rear the plants of grace amid such godless surroundings. The parental influence goes through the house like the poison-gas from the sewer-pipe.

Dr. Horace Bushnell, in his unrivalled volume on "Christian Nurture," has pithily said that "whatever fire the parents kindle, the children are found gathering the wood." They either help as apprentices or accessories. If the mother is a scandal-monger, she will make her children tattlers and gossips and eavesdroppers. If the father begins the Lord's Day with his

huge, Sabbath-desecrating, secular newspaper, it will go through the family. If he puts a decanter on his table, the boys will be apt to hold out their glasses for a taste. That millionaire who in one part of his will bequeathed his costly winecellar to his heirs, and in another clause disinherited one poor, dissipated son for his drunkenness, revealed the secret of the poison-gas which he had let in from that cellar.

Parental ill-temper often sours the atmosphere of a home, so that both children and servants can hardly escape being snappish and irritable. How can cheerful, healthy piety breathe in the malarious air of a home saturated with irreligion? It was the wretched air of Eli's house which ruined Hophni and Phineas; it was the godly atmosphere of Hannah's home which produced a Samuel.

In short, the chief influence of Christianity is in purifying the sin-tainted atmosphere of human society. The Lord Jesus Christ never intended to take his disciples out of the world, but to keep them from being poisoned by making them purifiers.—*Theo. L. Cuyler.*



THE COLD PROCESS OF MAKING SIRUP.

THE customary way of preparing table sirup is to pour boiling water on sugar, or set a pan of water on the stove to boil, with sufficient sugar to sweeten and give body to the water. Sirup for canning is almost invariably made by one of these methods, although neither one enables the housewife to obtain a finely-flavored, clear fluid.

Sugar when put in boiling water, or in cold water that is raised to the boiling point, seems to lose its delicate flavor; the resulting sirup is frequently stained, rather faintly yellowish or bluish, according to the composition of the vessel in which it is prepared. This stain may be due to the chemical salts in the water, which are made active to color sugar by being subjected to heat; or the stain comes from the tinned or glazed material of the vessel, given off when hot, in the presence of water and sugar. It may, of course, originate from the chemical reactions set up in the water only when the water is in vessels of certain composition; and the stain may be unnoticeable when vessels of other composition are used. But where a stain in the sirup cannot be detected, there will always be found a gritty sediment in the sirup pitcher after cooling. This is due to the impurities of commercial sugar.

There is another and better method of making sirup than by the aid of heat; it is the cold process. By this simple method, the sirup resulting has a body that is of crystal purity, free from stain, and with the sediment filtered out. And what is of more importance, perhaps, to one who has a discerning palate, the sirup has a flavor superior to that produced by cooking, or by the application of heat, however moderately.

My father was a druggist and chemist of near thirty

years' practice. He began to make all his sirups very early in his career, and obtained quite a reputation among physicians in his locality for the quality of them. I have depicted his method, which makes the sirup and filters it all in one operation, using instead of the chemist's apparatus, such articles as almost any housewife can find in her kitchen, and can assemble easily.

The parts required in this home-made apparatus are a bottle of about a quart or more capacity; an Argand lamp chimney; two corks and a bit of cotton for a filter. A large-mouthed bottle, having a well-fitting cork, is preferable to a glass can or Mason jar, as the cork is already fitted to it. This cork is placed on a board or table; the circumference of the Argand chimney is marked on its upper surface, and a hole is cut through the cork, a trifle less than the mark indicates. Care must be taken to cut this hole so that the chimney will fit in it snugly; for cutting which, a sharp penknife will do, although a wood-carving chisel, having a curved cutting edge, is a better tool to use. The smaller cork is fitted within the Argand chimney, and one or more small holes are bored through it; the holes may be burned by means of a red-hot wire.

If a funnel be substituted for the Argand chimney, the large cork may be dispensed with; and if a bottle is used having a neck that will admit the Argand chimney's long cylindrical tube, but not its funnel-shaped base, no cork need be used with the chimney either; but the use of a cork is preferred, as it prevents the dust from getting in, and keeps the water in the sirup from evaporating. In use, the parts are assembled as shown in the drawing, and pure granulated sugar is poured into the chimney until the tube part is filled. Over this filtered water is poured; and the top is then covered to exclude dust.

Immediately the manufacture of sirup begins. The process must not be hurried. The rate at which the sirup drops into the bottle must be regulated by the size of the hole through the cork, also the thickness of the cotton and the density it is packed home against the cork. If the sirup is made too rapidly, it drops down diluted. By regulating the filter, the control of manufacture is assured. Filter paper of suitable texture for filtering sirups may be substituted for the cotton; a rapid filter paper and cotton would make an ideal strainer to clarify the liquid as it forms and seeks to escape.

The sirup made by filtration—as a chemist would call the process—has a taste of rock candy. By suspending threads in the sirup, crystals of sugar will grow upon them, popularly known as "rock candy." These crystals, by the way, are better than ordinary sugar to sweeten a teacup, in the opinion of some connoisseurs. As a medium in which to preserve cherries,

peaches, plums, in fact, any whole fruit, to use when serving liquors, it is immeasurably superior to "boiled" sirup. Cherries, hard-cooked and suspended in it, may be incased in solid crystals of "rock candy." With thought and ingenuity, many novelties may be devised with it as one of the ingredients.—*Scientific American*.



USES OF TURPENTINE FOR THE HOUSEWIFE.

THERE are few houses that are not familiar with some of the numerous uses of turpentine, and as its odor is clean and wholesome it has the advantage over many remedies whose odors are offensive.

Turpentine and soap will remove ink stains from muslin.

A few drops added to the water in which clothes are boiled will whiten them.

It will exterminate cockroaches if sprinkled in their haunts.

Moths will leave if it is sprinkled about as they dislike it.

Pitch, wheel grease and tar stains can be quickly removed if the spot is first covered with lard, then soaked with turpentine. Scrape off all the loose surface dirt, sponge clean with turpentine and rub gently till dry.

An excellent furniture cream is made as follows: Finely shred one ounce of beeswax, half an ounce of white wax and half an ounce of castile soap. Mix gradually with half a pint of turpentine and the same quantity of boiling rain water.

A few drops of turpentine on a woolen cloth will clean tan shoes very nicely.

Varnish and paint stains in coarse fabrics can be removed by first saturating with turpentine and then washing. Ivory knife handles, that have become yellow, can be restored to their former whiteness by rubbing with turpentine.

Clean gilt frames with a sponge moistened with turpentine.

Carpets can be cleaned and the colors restored by going over occasionally with a broom dipped into warm water in which has been added a little turpentine.

An equal mixture of turpentine and linseed oil will remove white marks on furniture caused by water.

Clean out closets and bureaus with strong turpentine water. It is a good preventive against moths.

For cramps, apply cloths wrung out of hot turpentine water.

When threatened with pneumonia, rub the lungs with turpentine and apply hot flannels.—*The House-keeper*.



APPLE JONATHAN.

PEEL and slice very thin four large or five small greening apples, place in deep pudding-dish or baking-

dish with two tablespoonfuls cold water. Make batter of one-third cupful of butter, one large cupful of granulated sugar, two eggs beaten thoroughly, two large cupfuls flour, with four teaspoonfuls good baking-powder and one teaspoonful cooking salt sifted together stirring well; then add flour. Blend the whole for five minutes, then pour over the apples, let stand five minutes before placing in oven; bake thirty minutes.—*Delineator*.



A SIMPLE remedy for removing cinders from the eye is to dip a small and perfectly clean camel's-hair brush in water and pass it over the ball of the eye. This operation requires little skill and generally removes all particles of dust instantly without danger of inflammation.

The Children's Corner

TOMMY'S APPLE LESSON.

"I DON'T see why Jamie and I may not play with Harry Barnes, father; I am sure he is not so very bad," Tommy urged. "We will try to make him better. Can't we play with him?—please, father, I don't see how he can harm us."

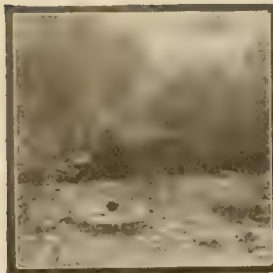
Without saying a word, Tommy's father took four large, fine apples, put them on a plate, and placed a badly specked apple in the center, then he set them in the cupboard. Tommy watched him closely, and wondered why; but his father only said, "Wait two weeks, Tom, and then we will see why you should not play with Harry Barnes."

Mr. Barnes always kept his word; the boy knew that he must wait two weeks. At the end of that time, Tommy again asked his father if he could play with Harry.

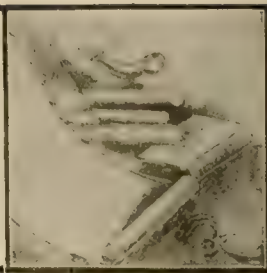
Again without a word, Mr. Barnes went to the cupboard and brought out the plate of apples. The good apples were bad, just like the one in the center. The boy was surprised, and his father examined each apple carefully, looking puzzled.

"Should not four apples make one bad apple good?" he asked. "I fear, Tommy," he added, "that boys and apples are somewhat alike. One evil companion will destroy four good ones. Do you see, now, why I do not want you to play with Harry Barnes?"

Tommy's face was very red. "I think I do not want to play with him now," he said manfully.—*Crusader's Monthly*.



THE QUIET HOUR



"COME UNTO ME." Matt. 11: 28.

A Sonnet.

JOSEPH D. REISH.

"Come unto me," says Christ to you and me.

"Come weary one, come heavy laden, and rest

I unto you will give my breast."

Come, though you filled with guilt and sin may be;
He did atone for all on Calvary.

"Be reconciled to God," is his request.

Come, and no more strive to his works molest.
From all your guilt and sin he'll set you free.

Come, cast at Jesus' feet your heavy load.

Come, ye who're deep in sin; no longer roam

The desert wild, far from your home and God.

Come ye that are athirst. Ye that hear, come.

Come, whosoever will, and tread the road

That leads to heav'n, the saints' eternal home.

Denbigh, N. Dak.



CONSECRATION.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

CONSECRATION is a word which religious people are fond of using, but it might be well employed by all who care to win success in life, for the secret of life is in it. It means the consecration of all energy upon a single object, by which our talents, work, and time are kept from distraction by a score of ends, and saved from dissipation and waste among numberless frivolities. There may be consecration to worldly or bad purposes, and the greed of a Shylock or the ambition of a Napoleon, absorbing their whole natures, meet with success here. "Verily I say unto you, they have their reward." And the world always renders a spontaneous and instructive admiration, even for selfish and wicked men who stake all on a venture, do their best, strain every nerve, and bring up every reserve force—exert their whole consummate genius in the determination to win their place and carry their point.

Browning, the most Christian poet of the nineteenth century, in his poem of "The Statue and the Bust" rebukes the cowardice and inefficiency even of a bad man who failed in his wicked schemes through lack of boldness and resolution. Weakness makes even badness detestable. So Browning says:

"I hear you reproach, 'but delay was best,

For their end was a crime'—Oh! a crime will do!

As well I reply, to serve for a test,

As a virtue, golden through and through."

That is, the man who is weak, hesitating and

pusillanimous when his heart is set upon the commission of evil, would be equally ineffectual should he try to do good. The vice tests him the same as the virtue would. "To be weak is to be miserable." So Browning continues:

"Let a man contend to the uttermost

For his life's set prize, be it what it will."

And again:

"And the sun I impute to each frustrate ghost

Is the unlit lamp and the ungirt loin."

And to those on the side of the virtue who might join issue with him, concerning this dangerous sounding doctrine he put the question: "How strive you?" and intimates that his fable is peculiarly for their instruction. Certainly we may learn much from the children of this world, who, in their generation, are wiser than the children of light. How eagerly in this intense age do men seek for wealth or political preferment, and their ambition, zeal, economy of time, restless, tireless energy, devotion of day and night, leaving no stone unturned, no possible means untried, which may lead to success, all form a standing rebuke to the listlessness and apathy with which some Christians seek their spiritual culture. The planning and ceaseless working day in and day out, year in and year out which many a Christian merchant properly makes for his business success, often furnishes painful contrast to his religious sluggishness. Would that we might turn all the fierce, turbulent, rushing energy of our century, sweeping on like a mighty, resistless flood, into the channels of Christian growth and activity. We are doing it measurably, but we must quicken our pace and redouble our zeal if we would keep religiously abreast of the world, whose times and tides, as never before, *wait for no man*.

Do men entertain only the consuming aim in life to glorify our Father in heaven—to realize his truth and righteousness and holiness in life? Are men seeking first the kingdom of God and his righteousness? This is consecration—to take the vow upon you; it is not necessarily an ecstasy, much less a dreamy meditation or piece of idle mysticism. It is of the will—a purpose—ambition—settled determination to subordinate all things to the supreme end of a religious conception and fulfillment of life.

And it is consistent with all proper lower objects to

be attained in life—all things that belong to our natural lives. It is not an impracticable thing, and does not necessitate our going out of the world; but takes up into its mighty sweep every other good thing and project, and deepens and enobles life by making it all culminate in the highest ideal. It is the narrowing of the stream to increase its current and force.

Consecration—utter self-committal—absolute self-surrender—is the only way of peace. It is the only way to win the respect of the world, that despises fast and loose methods.

It is always in our power to compel the world's reverence. Benedict Arnold thought to receive the homage of England for his treachery, and Wilkes Booth expected the South to hail an assassin as a hero, but both were loathed. Even the world admires faithfulness and whole-heartedness. All compromise is failure. Agnosticism paralyzes. Doubt and vacillation bring no victories. It is by what we believe, cherish, stand by, live for, die for, that we triumph. If one is to be a Christian he must *be one*. He must not mince matters and chew his words. He will awake to delusion and shame if he thinks he can be loyal and efficient and yet live an anonymous believer—timid, apologetic, fearful of confession, ashamed of his vow, half-way in his service, praying, "good Lord and good devil." We shall overcome the world only as we throw ourselves into Christian work with all the glow and fervor of youth and enthusiasm, and have pentecostal fires blazing in brain and heart.



DON'TS FOR CHRISTIANS.

1. Don't talk too much, a very common sin among even good people. Some one has said that spirituality will leak out through the tongue quicker than any other way. "Be not rash with thy mouth." He that keepeth his mouth and tongue keepeth his soul from trouble, says Solomon.

2. Don't be discouraged. "The eternal God is thy refuge." We have the promise that all things, even strange, hard, unaccountable things are working together for our good. Many of God's brightest saints, once as weak as you are, have passed through the darkest tunnels and the hottest fires, yet their lives were enriched by their experiences and the world blessed by their lives.

3. Don't look at other people's failures too much. We shall likely see plenty of them in most people, but that does not help us any. If we do not watch we will look at the difficulties till we, like Peter, will begin to sink ourselves.

4. Don't fail to contribute. If we sow sparingly, we shall reap sparingly. Many a man's nose has been kept on the grindstone because he has been robbing God. Our feelings are not the guide in the matter.

5. Don't seek worldly applause. Try to please God.

Even the world will think more of you in the end. Trying to be popular will ruin any Christian.

6. Don't think it strange if the world misunderstands and misjudges you. That is a part of the heritage of the people of God. Job's friends thought his trouble and affliction due to his great sin, and told him so. Jeremiah was put in a dungeon because of his faithfulness to God. Other examples could be given. You need make no explanations. Your friends do not need any, and your enemies wouldn't believe you; so just go on and be true to God.

7. Don't fail to testify. Do so every opportunity. It may seem like a small thing to confess Jesus before men, but he says to such that he will confess them before his Father and holy angels.

8. Don't neglect church services. "Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together." We do not think of staying away from our work when we feel a little bad, or because the weather is threatening. If we did, the most of us would soon find ourselves in debt, and out of a job.

9. Don't neglect to read the Word every day. Pray for enlightenment. Mark the passages that most interest you. Memorize them if you can. If we prefer to read newspapers instead of the Bible, there is a wrong somewhere, and if we will read prayerfully we will find out what the wrong is. Job said he esteemed the word of the Lord more than his necessary food. Jeremiah says: "Thy words were found and I did eat them," and he says they rejoiced his heart. David says: "Thy word have I hid in my heart, that I may not sin against thee." So we see that the Word will rejoice our hearts, and keep us from sinning against God—two good reasons for reading it.

10. Don't neglect prayer. Form a habit of prayer; talk to the Lord about everything. No matter how we may be pressed for time, we can do more work, and do it much easier, if we take time to pray. No Christian, no matter how gifted he may be, will ever amount to very much without continued prayer. We meet many who are willing to testify, sing, preach, but few—very few—who are willing to pray much, and everything will be a failure without it. It is the praying people who bring things to pass. Our lives will be joyless, fruitless and powerless if we undertake to live without it. That accounts for much of the deadness and powerlessness that we see among professed Christians.—*Living Water*.



I HAVE had many things in my hands, and lost them all; but whatever I have been able to place in God's hands, I still possess.—*Martin Luther*.



TRUE repentance has a double aspect, it looks upon the past with a weeping eye, and upon the future with a watchful eye.—*South*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



To relieve distress caused by the cold weather which injured the crop the government of Guanajuato, Mexico, has telegraphed to the United States for 200,000 bushels of corn. The supply there is almost exhausted and there is much suffering.

The astronomical experts now figure that Halley's comet will be at its nearest point to the earth May 19 next, and it will probably be at its brightest about that time. Some authorities believe that the earth will pass through the comet's tail, but its head will be so far from us that we need not look for trouble.

The town of Bar Harbor, Me., has suffered so much from the automobile nuisance that an ordinance was passed entirely prohibiting autos in the streets. The rule was attacked as unconstitutional, but the highest court in Maine now holds it to be valid. Many other towns have been waiting to see the result of this test case.

Samuel Gompers, head of the American Federation of Labor, accompanied by Mrs. Gompers and their daughter, has returned from an extended tour of Europe. He is confident the time is near at hand when an international federation of labor, which will include the leading labor organizations of the world, will be formed.

Notice has been filed with the interstate commerce commission that, effective November 15, the rate on lemons will be increased 15 cents per 100 pounds. Under present rates lemons from California to eastern points are 15 cents per 100 pounds lower than rates on oranges, limes, grape fruit and other citrus fruits.

The railroads have considerable losses by thefts of coal as from coal trains in transit, as a ton or so can be taken off a car without being missed at the time. To head off this industry some of the roads are now spraying every carload of coal with whitewash, so that if any coal is taken out en route it will at once be made manifest by the black spot showing in contrast to the white.

It will be remembered that at the opening of the Alaska-Yukon Exposition at Seattle, the Great Northern Railway put on a 60-hour train from Chicago to Puget Sound. With the completion of the new Milwaukee, Chicago & St. Paul extension, the Maintenance of Way Department will bend their efforts to bringing the new track into such high-class condition as to permit of the running of high-speed through expresses from Chicago to the coast. The Milwaukee managers expect that next spring they will be in a position to offer a 54-hour schedule from Chicago to Seattle. This, coupled with the 18-hour service from New York to Chicago, will bring the time between New York and the coast down to three days.

During the past eight months more than 750,000 prairie dogs have been poisoned by J. W. Holman, the official government poisoner of these pests in the southwest. Within a few days he will secure more strychnine and start out on another poisoning tour. Holman says that during the next eight months he will poison 1,500,000 prairie dogs.

Dr. Chas. E. Page, one of the leading Boston physicians, makes the startling assertion that cutting out the appendix for appendicitis should be prohibited by law as a "criminal operation." He has kept track of the deaths from appendicitis operations and says "the list is appalling." He cites Gov. Johnson and Clyde Fitch as recent examples of victims of the "modern craze" for cutting.

The annual toy fair is now in progress in Paris. This is not held just to please the children, but more to show dealers and the public what their new toys for the holiday season are to be. Toy-making is an important industry in France and the French are having to "rise early" in order to compete with their German friends. Young America is the biggest patron of both France and Germany for toys.

Additional suits covering 3,000 tracts of land, varying from 10 to 160 acres each, will probably be brought to recover lands obtained by various means from members of the five civilized tribes. Large areas are involved in suits already brought and which have been advanced for hearing in the United States circuit court of appeals on December 6. The government contends that these lands cannot be alienated.

The postoffice department has just discontinued the famous old Star Route No. 3192, as it is called, covering the eight miles from Dodgeville to Mineral Point, Ill. Under an old rule the carrier on this route received only one cent a year salary, his real compensation being got in other ways. Each year since 1881 he has received a treasury check for one cent, and souvenir hunters have offered him as high as \$20 apiece for these rarities.

The opinion expressed in a speech by Gen. A. R. Chaffee that our army will never be got into satisfactory shape until the conscription system is adopted, is arousing much unfavorable comment. It is admitted by all that volunteers are not such effective soldiers as trained regulars; it takes many months of service to make a raw recruit worth much, as we found out in the war of 1812 and the Civil War. Our young men do not take kindly to military service, but nevertheless the system of conscription, or forcing them to serve several years of the best part of their life in the army, as required in Germany and other countries, is something which, according to the general opinion, could never be introduced here.

A whirlwind of revolution that will sweep the last vestige of monarchial rule from Spain, is the prediction of Alexander Lerroux, one of the Spanish republican leaders. Lerroux passed through Paris, hurrying to Madrid to join the councils of his compatriots. Lerroux characterized conditions in Spain as "indescribable." He dwelt at length on the suspension of constitutional guarantees throughout the Spanish provinces and said that the action as much as anything else, had created the widespread disaffection.

A Munich bacteriologist claims to have discovered why it is that cholera kills the patient it attacks, and says he has confirmed the accuracy of his theory by chemical and spectroscopic analysis. He holds that the fatal agent in Asiatic cholera is free nitrous acid, the formation of which is made possible by the action of bacilli in transforming the nitrates of food into nitrites. He holds that by this knowledge safe prophylaxis is made possible. Even though a person be actually infected, says the scientist, he can protect himself, all that is necessary being to avoid eating nitrogenous vegetables, cured meats which contain saltpeter, and drinking nitrogenous water.

A holy war—a war of extermination—has been declared against the Christians by the Mohammedan priests of Morocco with the Riff tribesmen and thousands of fanatic warriors from the interior tribes are pouring into the native camps that hedge the Spanish troops in the Melilla peninsula, according to dispatches received at Gibraltar. The belief is hourly increasing that Mulai Hafid, in his latest move against Spain, is backed by German influence. German vessels are known to have landed cargo after cargo of ammunition and arms. Adherents of Hafid have already assumed control of the campaign around Melilla. Lines of fortifications are being thrown up by Mulai Hafid's engineers who are working in the hills that skirt the Melilla peninsula, where the natives have penned up the entire Spanish force.

When President Taft returns in November Attorney General Wickersham will present a draft of his bill for the taxing and supervision of corporations. The proposed bill follows closely the recommendations of the commission made in 1900, drafted by E. W. Huffcutt of Cornell and J. F. Stimson. One of the most important features of that report was a franchise tax to be imposed upon all State corporations engaged in interstate business. The commission added this significant passage, which is now regarded by Mr. Wickersham as the most advanced declaration on the subject:

"If experience shall prove that these remedies—State antistock watering laws, etc.—fail to properly control the great corporations and combinations, it may be wise for the Congress to enact a federal incorporation law. Should such a law be enacted it would then be possible to increase the franchise tax upon State corporations engaged in interstate commerce so as to compel them to reorganize under a federal law.

"When organized under the federal law it would be possible, as has been pointed out, to apply to corporations any degree of publicity or restriction that might be authorized.

"In the meantime, the separate States should amend their corporation laws so as to require greater publicity, as outlined in our preliminary report."

According to reports made to the war department by army surgeons, impure water is often the cause of the dangerous disease pellagra. This was found to be the case at the Illinois Hospital for the Insane at Peoria, Ill., by Surgeons Joseph H. Siler and Henry J. Nichols. At the Peoria hospital attendants were discharged because it was charged they had scalded patients. The cuticle peels off as if scalded. Instead of spoiled corn causing the disease, it was bad water. Pellagra has been found in New York.

For the information of bankers and merchants of St. Louis and other cities the postoffice department calls attention to the fact that postal money orders issued in Mexico are acceptable only at approximately 50 per cent of the face value. The issuance of money orders between Mexican and American offices was inaugurated October 1. Regarding the value of the orders, the rules of the postoffice department state: "Money orders issued in the United States will be drawn in dollars and cents, in the same manner as all other orders drawn on the domestic form, but will be payable in Mexico in Mexican currency at the rate of 2 pesos for \$1, and 2 centavos for every cent. Money orders issued in Mexico will be drawn in Mexican currency and will be payable in the United States at the rate of \$1 for every 2 pesos, and 1 cent for every 2 centavos."

One of the biggest official flag factories in the world is in the Brooklyn navy yard. Between eighty and one hundred women work there all the year round making flags for the use of the United States' fighting ships. They use up about 120,000 yards of bunting a year and fashion 418 different kinds of official flags. The flags cost \$30,000 a year. When the American battleship fleet set sail for the trip around the world, new flags of all sorts were made to constitute a part of their equipment. When these ships returned home their flags had been whipped out by the breezes of many waters and 1,500 new flags were made by the women in the navy yard to replace the old ones. The flags for the battleship Connecticut, alone, made a pile of bunting sixteen feet long and six feet high. There were forty-three foreign flags in that pile. Each of them was twenty feet long and twelve feet wide. The average life of a flag is three years. The flags of foreign nations are included in the 418 kinds made in this yard.

The rule which has been put in force by the postmaster at Chicago is having the effect of breaking up many a clandestine correspondence and is interfering with a number of schemes in which the aid of the United States mail was invoked. Thousands of people in Chicago get their mail at the general delivery window, and of them the postmaster has required 3,000 women to give their true names and addresses. They had to sign cards of identification and these were placed in card indexes for reference each time the applicant for mail comes to the office. At Washington it is stated that while the postoffice department purposes to prevent, if possible, any immoral use of the mails, no requirement such as that adopted at Chicago has been issued by the department. It is assumed that the postmaster in this case is acting under the general regulations of the department, which provide that the postmaster must not deliver mails to persons who give fictitious addresses.



Among the Magazines



WHY HAVE MEN SOUGHT THE POLE?

The nations have never been so much impressed by any other geographical event as by the announcement that the North Pole has been attained. It has been a world-wide topic for the past month. The northern apex of the globe has been photographed and the men acclaimed as having unfurled their flags over it are the heroes of the day. It is a great event and the story of the conquest of the Pole will live in history; and yet not a vital human interest will be affected by it.

Times have changed. Scarcely a pulse in Europe beat faster when the Western Hemisphere was brought to light four centuries ago. News traveled at snail's pace then. Generations passed away while the New World, piecemeal, was coming into view. A century elapsed before the great fact dawned upon the minds of men that a vast redistribution of human enterprise was to be the potent sequence of a geographical discovery.

The race today wants every nook and corner of the earth to stand out in the light, both for the good we may gain from them and for the completion of our knowledge of the little planet we inhabit. Nothing less will satisfy human need and curiosity. The attainment of the Pole signifies that we can and will produce a map, some day, which will picture the whole world just as it is.

We read of this final triumph as the culmination of three centuries of striving to reach the North Pole. But the Pole was never sought, for itself, until the nineteenth century. Robert Thorne, Henry Hudson, and other old mariners searched the ice edge for openings to the north, not that they had the slightest interest in the Pole but because they imagined they might find a passage to China across it. The early whalers were concerned about the Pole only if they might find new whaling grounds there. Some of them made good northings and two or three even declared that they had been to the Pole, but their stories will not dim the luster of the present achievement. The quest of the Pole as a distinct object of geographical discovery has been known only for ninety-two years, and it began when the British Admiralty commanded Captain Buchan, with two vessels, to reach the Pacific by crossing the North Pole. The British flag ever since has been floated by most of the leaders who have struggled and agonized and died in their almost superhuman efforts to reach the coveted goal. There was more significance in Peary's dispatch that he had nailed the Stars and Stripes to the Pole than appeared on the surface.—From "The North Pole at Last," by Cyrus C. Adams, in the American Review of Reviews for October.



THE GOVERNMENT OF ALASKA.

President Taft's matter of fact way of passing over generalities and disingenuous appeals and getting down to hard facts in treating matters of government was never better shown than in what he had to say at Seattle about

the government of Alaska. Alaskans are enthusiastically petitioning the President to support legislation granting them territorial government with a full system of elections. They say that their prosperity depends on it, and no doubt some of them individually would prosper greatly under the system. The President, however, has a broader definition of prosperity than they have. He thinks that a government specially adapted to their actual conditions will aid them more in the long run, and he is not lacking in frankness in saying so.

He emphasizes first the fact that the Alaska settlements are largely made up of migratory residents. Then he speaks of the vast expanse of the territory from British Columbia to the Arctic Ocean. Next he mentions the unwisdom of letting a small population around Sitka dominate by elections all the huge outlying territory. He passes then to his own view of what is best for Alaska. He thinks that most can be accomplished by establishing some one bureau or department in Washington to which all Alaska officials must report. The head of that bureau would present the territory's interests to Congress. A local resident commission could pass local laws, but in a range less extended than has been permitted to the resident Philippines commission.

It is a pleasure to find a topic like this treated in the President's manner. His arguments for a special bureau at Washington apply as well to our other outlying territories as to Alaska, and it is to be hoped that Congress will in due time find an opportunity to systematize the whole administration of the dependent territories in some such way.—Chicago Record-Herald.



OFFICIAL INSOLENCE.

The Scot who boarded a British warship and sent word to its captain that "one of the owners" wished to see him asserted a fact which few of us have the backbone to stand up to: that the humble masses own the earth by right of having paid for it with their more or less hard-earned money. It would seem as if we, the proprietors of the ever-glorious Republic, are especially meek in regarding our "hired men," from the President down, as our masters rather than our paid servants. We allow ourselves to be browbeaten by public and quasi-public officials to an extent that amazes the foreigner. A titled Englishman recently wasted much temper in learning that an American railway conductor is allowed to be almost as autocratic as the captain of an ocean liner. Among the few "strangers in our midst" who have really succeeded in silencing a top-lofty parlor-car conductor is Max O'Rell; and he did it by bursting out with a threat to pitch him through the window, about the opening of which they disagreed.

It is not the highly placed officials, however, but the petty jacks-in-office who are the most bumptious; their belief in their own importance appears to be in direct

proportion to their specific levity. A smart young clerk in a certain suburban city hall once tried to snub and make needless trouble for a quiet, shabby, elderly man who had requested an item of information at his counter. To the young fellow's discomfiture, the old gentleman revolted so far as to free his mind somewhat as follows:

"My friend, let me ask if I am in your service, or you in mine. I'd always supposed my tax-money helped pay you and these other chaps here, to work for the city to the best of your ability. And as I'm a citizen of the city I'm one of your bosses, and I object to being treated as if I was no better than dirt; besides which, on your own account, you want to be a little mite civil, or some day you'll be hunting another job. It never struck you in just that light before, maybe, but it's so all the same."

A little plain talk of this sort, conveying a wholesome lesson, is needed much oftener than it is given. Most of us submit to domineering rather than make a fuss, being surprised, indeed, if we don't get it. If the policeman on the corner, when we ask him a direction, responds with anything better than patronizing condescension, we are absurdly grateful. We approach the box-office of a theater, or even the desk of a hotel, as supplicants, ready to cringe at the expected rudeness or rebuff. In the trolley-cars, of the large cities at least, we avoid personal intercourse with the men in charge, and look for only the curtest replies if need forces us to interrogate them.

However, there is something to be said on the other side, and if we do feel moved on occasion to put one of these high-and-haughty officials in his proper place, let us do it good-temperedly, not forgetting the hint given by a certain street-car company in its printed notice to the effect that while courtesy is to be desired from the conductor, its practice is not unbecoming in the passenger.—Frank M. Bicknell, in *October Lippincott's*.



SALT AND SMOKE UNFASHIONABLE.

Our fathers liked their butter decidedly salty and their ham well smoked—and wanted other preserved foods to give similar evidence that they had been properly cured. Recently, we are told by *The Lancet* (London), the public taste has been growing in favor of the mild-cured article, so that strong salted or smoked foods are not in evidence as they used to be and are rarely called for. This *The Lancet* considers unfortunate. It says:

"This preference for the so-called mild-cured article has undoubtedly furnished an excuse on the part of the caterers for the use of stronger antiseptics than salt or smoke, and antiseptics which are, comparatively speaking, tasteless, or at any rate, which add no special flavor to the food. The old-fashioned antiseptics, salt and smoke, are thus sharply distinguished from modern antiseptics, inasmuch as the former not only preserved food but served also as condiments. In the case, however, of certain preserved foods, although the salt may be left out, the smoke must be retained, as otherwise the food loses its individuality. The kipper, for example, is inseparable from a smoky flavor, as is also dried haddock or dried salmon. We have heard that a 'smoke essence' is employed to impart the kind of palatability associated with properly smoked food, but such practices, coupled with the use of antiseptics, would readily account for the regrettable fact that cured articles of diet are not now up to their former standard. Assuming that the mild-cured article, and as a particular example we may choose butter because it is an indispensable article of the dietary, is free

from objectionable antiseptics, it is still left more helpless against the attacks of microorganisms than were the old-fashioned cured foodstuffs. Experiments have, in fact, shown that the addition of salt to butter is a factor of great importance from the point of view, of germs. In unsalted butter the growth of microorganisms is more vigorous and continues for a longer time than is the case with salted butter. Mycelial fungi if present disappear entirely after a while in salted butter, while in fresh or unsalted butter they multiply rapidly. The quality of butter appears to be improved by a small percentage of salt, it encourages the development of a flavor which makes butter an attractive article of food, and it acts as a safeguard. Altogether there would appear to be certain valid reasons for thinking that the public preference for the mild-cured article may be an error of judgment, and there certainly is much to be said in favor of the old policy of preserving foods by salt and by smoke."—*Literary Digest*.



THE PLEASURE OF WORK.

To some, work and drudgery are synonymous terms. The only kind of work with which they are acquainted is work which they dislike. Such men are to be pitied, for the joy of work is greater than the joy of rest, and the man whose life lacks the pleasure of a work which appeals to his native instincts has missed more than he can well understand. Work, all work, probably, has certain elements of drudgery, but these are in most cases subordinate, and their unpleasantness should not be sufficient to overpower the very real pleasure that men find in the ordinary tasks of life.

Why should we call our duty a task? The very name suggests the disagreeable. A task is something from which we instinctively shrink, while our daily work should be something to which we would instinctively turn. The idea that work is a necessary evil is unnatural and absurd. The ideal which pictures a workless heaven has scant attraction for the Anglo-Saxon race. No human (nor possibly, angelic) society could long endure, without serious damage, a period of voluntary idleness. To most of us the height of bliss must ever lie largely in congenial toil. This does not mean that men should work without rest at toil which they dislike, but it does mean that a man should, if possible, choose wisely his sphere of toil, and then find in that toil his chief satisfaction.

But this is manifestly counter to much of the work-philosophy of today. Instead of this we are told that much of a man's misery comes from too much work, and the popular work-ideal seems to be one that reduces the labor to a minimum. That this would increase human happiness we do not for a moment believe. Now, we are not arguing against an eight-hour day, as that is understood in the world of labor, but we are arguing against the reasonableness of the idea that cutting off one or two hours each day from our toil will add one or two hours to our daily store of happiness. It may, if we spend those hours in more con-

genial toil, otherwise it is, in most cases, more than doubtful. True, change of work is natural, profitable, and adds to the value of life, but entire cessation from work is usually most unsatisfactory, both to the idler and to his neighbors.

And it does not do to insist that the value of our toil lies chiefly in its reward. The workman whose eye sees pay-night too large is apt to see his work too small, and in many cases he will picture heaven, if he pictures it at all, as a long pay-day unspoiled by any distasteful work-hours. The value of all true work cannot be estimated in dollars and cents, and money alone cannot cancel the debt we owe to labor.

The world owes its very progress to its workmen, and a general strike would be as near hell, probably, as this world could get. The world's workers are the world's benefactors and heroes, and they should also be its saints. The holiness of unsoiled hands is not the holiness of the Man of Nazareth. Labor is honorable, profitable, Christian, and necessary, and should be highly esteemed, and it should be accounted a privilege and it should be felt to be a joy, to do our daily work.

Only thus can we do our best work. The man who works, with his heart elsewhere and his eye on the clock, will not be apt to turn out the best work. The preacher who wishes he were a lawyer or a physician will not be apt to accomplish much with his preaching. The farmer who hates the sight of a cow, and who wishes ploughs had never been invented, might possibly make a good Lieutenant-Governor, but he will never make a good farmer. The woman who dislikes housework and hates the care of children may make a good temperance lecturer, but she will make a very poor wife. Man's best work is possible only when his heart is in it.

But sometimes the complaint is made, "I do not like my work," and this is thought to be excuse enough for very audible and long-continued grumbling in reference to that work. In regard to this it seems usually to be the case that a good workman seldom grumbles about his work. It may not be true invariably, but we believe it is true in the majority of cases, that the man who grumbles at his present work would grumble even if he were put at the work which he most desires. The man who grumbles at the plough would grumble in the pulpit, and the man who grumbles in the pulpit would grumble on the bench or in the professor's chair. Good workmen seldom grumble. The man who is really busy has no time to waste in bewailing his fate. When the shoulder is at the wheel the man forgets to find fault with fate. Of course, there are cases where men seem to be misplaced, and where the man's unfitness for his task is too patent to be denied but in very many cases the man who does not "fit in" to his present task would be found to fit in to very few others.

If we would live happily, if we would do our best work, if we would achieve what measure of success may be possible to us, we must learn to enjoy our work. It is useless, worse than useless, to take note of all its disagreeable features, for these are common to every sphere of labor, and are not to be escaped. We would rather dwell upon the pleasant aspects of our toil, and strive to forget its less agreeable features. If we be true men, possessed with any adequate vision of this world's need, we can surely summon sufficient enthusiasm to get interested in and to derive pleasure from our daily toil. Probably this is something of what Paul had in mind when he said, "Whatsoever ye do, work heartily, as unto the Lord, and not unto men."—*Christian Guardian*.

Between Whiles

Rubbing It In.—"Why do you always go out on the balcony when I begin to sing, John? Can't you bear to listen to me?"

"It isn't that, but I don't want the neighbors to think I'm a wife-beater."—*Kansas City Journal*.

Old Deacon Horner,
He sat in the corner
As the contribution box passed by;
Sweetly content,
He dropped in a cent,
And said, "What a good Christian am I!"

The head mistress of a certain village school was one day examining a few of her select pupils in grammar. "Stand up, Freddie, and make me a sentence containing the word 'seldom,'" she said, pointing to a small urchin.

Freddie paused as if in thought, then with a flush of triumph on his face replied: "Last week father had five horses, but yesterday he seldom!"—*Christian Register*.

He Had No Others.

After Fred had put on his shoes in the morning he complained of their hurting his feet. His mother looked at his shoes and said:

"Why, Fred, you have them on the wrong feet."

Fred began to cry.

"Well, mother, they're the only feet I've got," he said.

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(Signed) EDWARD DEETER.

Mr. Deeter is a noted horticulturist of northern Indiana and is a son of Elder Deeter of the Church of the Brethren.

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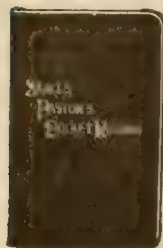
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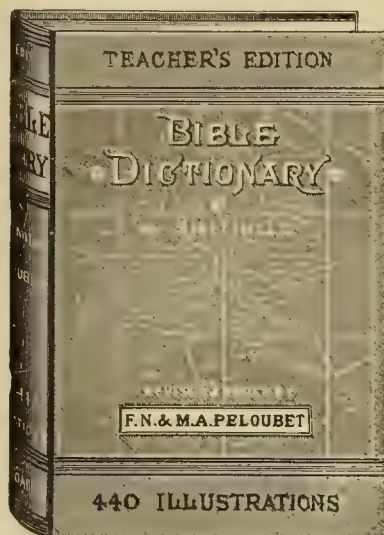
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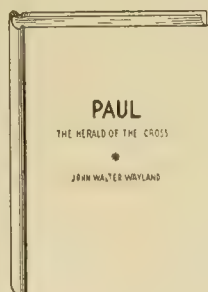
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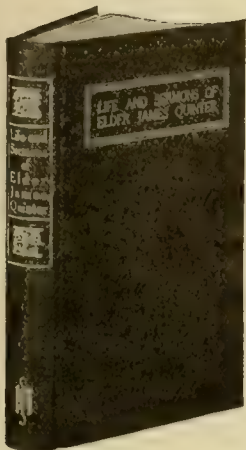
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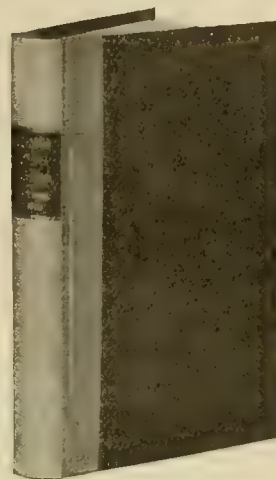
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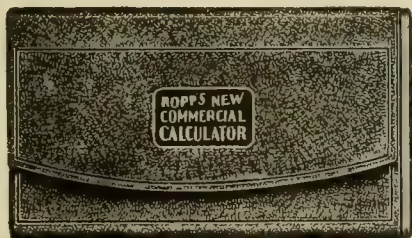
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IDAHO, OF SEPT. 30, 1909.

During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Seom, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

October 26, 1909.

No. 43.

SAILORS' SNUG HARBOR

JOHN S. FERNALD

AMONG the many worthy institutions of America for making pleasant and comfortable the declining years of people whose days of activity are over, who are worn out in active service of one kind or another, the Sailors' Snug Harbor at Staten Island, N. Y., stands unique. More than a century old, and known by reputation wherever American seamen or their friends are to be found, it is generally thought to be a government institution. Such is not the case, however. It is a private charity in the strictest sense of the term, being supported entirely by the income of one bequest, which is more than ample for all its needs. Neither the government, the general public nor any charitable institution has ever been called upon or contributed anything towards its support, and the inmates are provided with all the comforts of life absolutely free of cost.

In 1801 Capt. Robert Randall, a wealthy shipowner of New York, made a will by which his farm in Manhattan was given for all time to the sailors of the United States. The farm was then of little value and the donor little dreamed of it ever becoming more than a home for a few disabled tars. But as the city grew the property rapidly increased in value and was soon surrounded by the bustling activity of the most important business houses and streets of the metropolis. The farmhouse was at first used for a home for the sailors, but in 1831, the trustees bought one hundred acres of land on Staten Island and began the erection of suitable buildings to accommodate the growing needs of the institution.

The Manhattan farm was improved and leases were made which provide an income that has always been more than sufficient for all the wants of the sailors' snug harbor, including improvements on the place, keeping everything fully up with modern ideas, and meeting all current expenses. A portion of the original farm bounded by Fourth and Fifth Avenues, Tenth Street and Waverley Place, is under a ninety-nine year

lease, with privilege of renewal, at an annual rental, for the land alone, of \$45,000. This lot contains the great marble business block built by A. T. Stewart and now occupied by John Wanamaker. The whole of the original farm is still held by the trustees of the Randall will, and is valued at \$80,000,000.

The Staten Island site was bought for \$16,000, and is now worth many times that sum. But neither this property nor the original Manhattan "farm" is in the market and never will be. Staten Island lies at the entrance of New York harbor and is one of the most important business suburbs of the city, as well as having several popular summer resorts. The records show that in 1567 the whole island was bought from the Indians for ten shirts, thirty pairs of socks, twelve coats and an assortment of knives and hatchets.

The Sailors' Snug Harbor comprises within its borders all the essentials of a modern community. There is a chapel where services are held every Sunday, but attendance is not compulsory and the number who attend regularly is small. The library has forty thousand volumes, and a reading room provides all the leading periodicals of the day. A music hall offers concerts, lectures and other elevating entertainment. A well-equipped hospital, with an able staff of surgeons and nurses, provides for all who need such ministrations. Electric works furnish the light and power needed and there is a fire department amply provided with modern apparatus and manned by some of the younger and more able-bodied of the inmates. The men also make a large vegetable garden to raise produce for the place, and fruit and berries are raised in abundance. A herd of dairy cows furnishes everything needed in that line, and goodly numbers of swine, sheep and poultry are kept. Twelve horses do the farm work and furnish necessary riding for the inmates and attendants. The carpenter and blacksmith work is done by the inmates, in shops on the premises. The buildings are large and of attractive architecture,

and are thoroughly equipped with all the modern conveniences. The entire farm is kept in first-class condition, and the walks, drives, lawns and groves are as attractive and well cared for as those of any private establishment in the city. The rooms of the men are large, airy and comfortable, and are furnished with all modern appliances.

The average number of inmates is one thousand, of whom about one hundred and fifty are in the hospital. This is not a large percentage when we realize that only those who are physically unable to follow the sea are admitted. To be entitled to the privileges of the Snug Harbor a man must have served on American vessels at least twenty years and have reached the age of sixty years, unless incapacitated by accident or disease, in which case the age limit is waived. Although no work is required of the inmates beyond caring for their own rooms, they are allowed to do any work about the place for which they may be fitted, and there are always enough who prefer some activity to keep all the departments of the institution well-manned. Each man receives three meals per day, of good, substantial food, with a bill of fare fully equal to that of the well-to-do classes throughout the city or country. He has three suits of clothes per year and a pound of tobacco per month. The men, almost without exception, use tobacco in some form, generally chewing, and although the trustees strictly prohibit the use of all intoxicating drinks by the men, they consider that depriving an old sailor of his tobacco would be a hardship they would not attempt to enforce. The men also receive a small wage for work about the place. All forms of gambling are strictly prohibited, but ample recreation is provided for in tests of skill in various lines and other forms of physical and mental exercise.

To the aged or disabled seaman who, for twenty years or more, has faced old ocean's storms this institution is veritably a "snug harbor," and he feels that here he has dropped anchor in safety after all the storms of life, even as he has many times before anchored his ship in some snug harbor after a long and boisterous voyage from a distant port.



THE REIGN OF THE COMMON PEOPLE.

W. ARTHUR CABLE.

I COME before you in this issue, bearing the burden of a theme which appears to be neglected, to be lost to due consideration among the important questions of the day which are continually confronting the public. True, this endless chain of current perplexities demands much and careful consideration; nevertheless, there are other topics, the rare worth of which merit no small attention, especially from those who are enjoying untold benefits therefrom. My subject involves you, it involves myself, it involves each one who claims relationship with our mighty nation. Greater still, it

involves all who have, pulsating within their bodies, one drop of human blood.

Just as the Egyptian taskmasters succumbed to a mightier authority, so a modern oppressor was shaken off, and the United States came forth a *free people*. The moment Thomas Jefferson wrote, "All men are created *free and equal*," you were weighed in the balance; when the Constitution went into effect, your authority was established. And what can be grander than for one, at this ecstatic time, to respond to the common summons, accept control of public affairs, and conduct a government "of the people, by the people, and for the people"? What person deserves more praise than he who, with a steady nerve, an unflinching courage, a never-failing diligence, guided the Ship of State, in all its frailty, safely through many a dangerous passage, avoiding peril after peril, cresting mountains of foam, pouring oil upon the surging billows of many a tempest of public rage, and havened the little nation securely in the family of world powers? All glory to our honored sire, the "Father of his Country."

What is more an emblem of common fellowship than for one public servant, without a murmur, to lay down power and authority that kings might envy, and for another public servant to take it up—because the people desire it? Monarchical countries have nothing to compare with it. The king gives up his power only with his life. Here the man who for a time has wielded more than kingly power quietly hands it over to his successor and retires to private life.

Now do not forget that you, too, are sovereigns of this kingdom. Do not overlook the fact that you have dominion, the same as your fellow, though he be far superior to you in ability and range of work. You each have duties which you must of necessity perform, you each have privileges which are yours to enjoy, you each merit reward for honest efforts on your part to faithfully execute the obligations of your office. You as individuals must decide on political questions; you must each determine for yourself, whether you will follow the dictates of your own conscience and the tenor of the Bible, or indulge in the coarse and sensual until "that little spark of celestial fire" has forever gone out; you are to say individually if you will permit and sanction these hell-holes dotted over this fair land of ours, and which are bent on both the physical and moral destruction of the weak, and of the unguarded, and of the ensnared of our population,—of our *brethren*.

And do you ask if this spirit of democracy is not becoming world-wide? It is, else why do we hear from all sides the clamor of "Rights of the Common People"? Even the narrow-hearted nations of the East are yielding to its sway. China, that semi-heathen nation, is melting under its widening influence.

Monarchy submits to the demands of the people; a constitutional form of government has been indorsed.

Great is the individual good resulting from a reign such as we are all participants of. Each one surrenders to a life of service, yet how can one better spend his life than for the betterment of humanity? There is nothing that demands more toil; there is nothing that requires more self-sacrifice; and there is nothing that awards larger dividends than service to fellow-man. The weight of the responsibility which one assumes is incomputable, but the compensations received are everlasting. It is the reign of the common people that allows me to grasp my coworker of much wider range by the hand and in a clear and hearty voice, bid him Godspeed in his noble work, with the addition: "God will that I may, by just and honorable means, attain the distinction which is yours, possess the ability which you possess, and bear the responsibility which you so notably sustain. And I look to you for help." It is the reign of the common people that permits you to take your brother by the hand, though he be in the depths of degradation, in the mouth of hell, and say to him, while a loving arm encircles him: "Brother, be a *man*! Forget your past folly and repent of your sins. We need you with us; there's plenty of room there. There's a vacant place at the top which only *you* can fill."

May it be the Divine will that this source of personal help, this strength gained by usefulness to others, this "spiritual law in the physical world," established by so conscientious a people, "may not perish from the earth."

Scottville, Michigan.



THE OPTIMIST AND THE PESSIMIST.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

THE optimist is always in demand, the pessimist never. The optimist looks on the bright side of things, the pessimist looks on the dark side. The optimist laughs, the pessimist cries. The optimist smiles and says, "What a beautiful morning," the pessimist frowns and says, "I suppose it will rain before night." The optimist adds and multiplies his blessings, the pessimist subtracts and divides his until there is nothing left.

Some people remind us of "lemon squeezers." Their particular occupation is squeezing sour out of everything. They never find anything sweet. In this world we usually find what we are looking for. If we look for good in people we find it. Evil is ever present in men and can always be found, but the optimist with his magnifying glass of charity searches out the good. We must believe in others if we wish others to believe in us.

Hope plays a great part in success and happiness. People who see good things coming, who try to think the best of everybody, are likely to realize just these things. They put themselves in the attitude to receive these. Their minds attract the things they are looking for. Like attracts like. People who look on the dark, seamy side of things draw upon themselves just those conditions. While our characters are in the formative period we should train ourselves to be optimists. We should train ourselves to look for the best in things, in conditions and in people, and then verily the Lord will find some good in us.

The optimist laughs, the pessimist frowns. Next to the sunlight of heaven is the cheerful face. It beams on us like an autumn sun; it cheers us like an evening breeze; it refreshes us like an April shower. "Laugh, and the world laughs with you, weep and you weep alone," is a very true saying. Laughter is a tonic, it gives vitality to the body, mind and soul. Cheerfulness makes us useful in this world. The pilgrims to Mecca considered a cheerful face so essential that they called upon their prophet to save them from sad faces. What a beautiful thought. May we add this petition to our daily morning prayer, "Dear Lord, give me this day a loving heart and a cheerful face that I may be useful to my fellow-men and to thee. Amen."

May we learn to smile when the tear is starting; to pray when the way is dark; and to help another when the heart is breaking. The glad heart is the keynote to the cheerful face.

"Keep the heart in tune, and let its music draw other hearts to yours, that your gladness may be to them the keynote, which shall be like a sweet chime ringing out the music of a Better Life, whose harp resounds with melodies of Heaven."

Shippensburg, Pa.

PROCRASTINATION

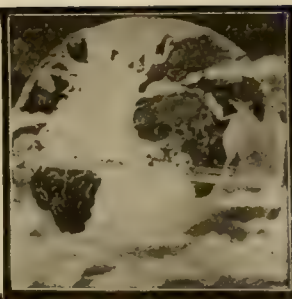
RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

Youth is a heedless, noisy hour,
With every folly fraught;
But man, by age's chast'ning power,
Is sobered into thought.
Then we resolve our faults to shun,
And shape our course anew;

But ere the wise reform's begun
Life closes on our view.
The trav'lers thus, who wildly roam,
Or heedlessly delay,
Are left, when they should reach their home,
Benighted on the way.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER.

Chapter LXXIX. Northern India and the Himalayas.

I SUPPOSE I'm the only traveler who ever started from southwestern India to go all over the northern portions of this great country, thence east and on through many other countries on twenty dollars. I was too weak yet to earn any money, but the rate of fare is very low, and I was allowed the courtesy of riding in the first-class and second-class coaches on a third-class fare. It was now March, and as April is the hot month in some parts of the country through which I must go, I hurried on, stopping two days to see the great Taj Mahal at Agra, and putting up at the monster, one-story hotel, with portico like a station house,—Aurie's Great Northern Hotel.

I next visited Cawnpore and Lucknow where the heat was far more intense, and I remembered the stanzas of the poem: "And ever upon the topmost roof the banner of England blew." I was right there, on the scene of that bloody rebellion.

The Himalaya mountains are off my route of travel but I am on the mail train rushing across the desert north of Calcutta for Darjeeling. On my way here I stopped at Benares and walked along the Ganges, the most sacred spot to the Hindus in India. Mrs. Dr. Moore of the hospital here was kind enough to pay my fare on one of the little house boats, from the

roof of which she and I enjoyed several miles of river scenery, where I saw the old temples of the Hindu heathen falling into the muddy stream, some of the idols of which were being slowly covered by the Ganges as they settled lower and lower in the mud. The heathen temples were decaying and falling down. The Christian institutions all around were going up.

Christianity was coming.

On the way to the mountains I could see rice and jute growing in the level fields. The charm of scenery began when our little train of cars on a two-foot track commenced the seven hours' climb up the highest peaks in the world. Every town in the mountains added to the gorgeousness of the wonderful

scenery about me. The trees here and the foliage were almost entirely strange. The people living in these mountains were indescribably interesting, changing in looks as we ascended. They were so agreeable looking, and everybody wore a smile. I believe the happiest people in the world must live in the Himalayas.

In no other place have I seen faces and dresses and smiles just like I got here. The children are not only pretty but they are cute and playful. Their eyes and mouths are strikingly winsome and their full face is gratifying. Over these mountains women and children carry incredibly heavy weights, a big rock or bag of grain,



Great Northern Hotel at Agra Where Our Traveler Stopped While Studying the Beautiful Taj.



Two little girls stamping out the flour, one of which rocks the baby at the same time, on her back. Our train of little cars stands just by.

sustained on the back with a rope around the neck. The face is sometimes coarse, but it is wholesome and even beautiful, and it smiles at you. Being still weak from my illness, it took rather more nerve than I could summon to keep my seat in this little train as it wound around dangerous cliffs, and many times crossed its



H. M. Spickler Carried in Dhandy, by Five Men in Himalaya Mountains.

own little track by spiral climbs, the engine snorting like a real locomotive on the Pan Handle, and the wheels screeching on the abrupt curves.

The air here is cool like spring at home. Then it becomes cooler and is almost like winter, and I rejoice that I am in a land once more where the air is salubrious and cool, and that I have passed out of malaria-infected, sand-blown, furnace-heated India.

The hotel was nearly full of travelers who had come up here just to see the highest mountain in the world, Mt. Everest, that rises toward God twenty-nine thousand feet. A pleasant room was assigned to me that looked out over the peaks, but during my stay here the clouds of mist never quite lifted their depressing robes from the chaste summit of Everest, and so I can come again,—and I will, if I live long enough.

Not five or six, but several hundred tea estates are scattered around here over the mountains, many of them very large. The tea is grown on bushes about as large and similar in appearance to ordinary currant bushes, or hazel bushes trimmed low. A tea farm rivals the beauty of a corn and wheat farm. The straight rows of tea bushes growing about as thick as rows of corn in America, bend down and curve over the sides of the hills with a beautiful foliage picture. The fifty thousand acres of tea produce eight million pounds. Mr. F. B. Baker, the owner of the estate, was at the club, but a genial gentleman showed

me around the factory where tea is made, explaining to me how the tea, put into big hoppers, is thoroughly dried and cured and prepared for delicate and elegant ladies to sip in London, New York and Polo. I regret to say that little of this tea ever reaches the ordinary consumer throughout our country. American tea merchants, full of graft, as are most all of the great merchants of today in our country, handle inferior teas. A drink of this pure Himalaya tea is an eye-opener in merchandise wisdom. Every one who tastes it says: "Why, how is it that we can not buy this at home? It is so much better than the best tea we have there." And yet this tea is cheap. Four sample boxes with about three tablespoonfuls in each, and a full pound of the tea were given me and I propose to use it in my country. A teaspoonful will make from one to three cups of the best tea you ever drank,—so delicious that you must say so while you drink it. In color it is black. In size, it is broken. All around the tea estate were wealth and beauty. The houses of Mr. Baker and of the other owners were pretty and sitting amidst a profusion of flowers. In great contrast was this to the huts of the workers and their families. Little children of the workers were playing around and working, in rags. Though they lived amid one of the greatest assets of wealth shared us by nature and improved by the strong arm of the toiler, these very toilers were starving for the simplest things.

At daylight one morning we rode to Tiger Hill, six



If the brakes had not worked, the whole train and passengers would have been hurled over an awful precipice. Many tourists on the train carried kodaks, but Mr. Spickler was the only one who thought about getting a snapshot.

miles up and away, the customary servant running along near the bridle of my horse. My horse felt good and I could scarcely hold him from running away. The footman could not always keep up and several times I came near being thrown over the saddle and down

yawning steeps. For although Hotel Rockville sits right on top of the highest peak in Darjeeling, and is therefore safe from a landslide, Tiger Hill, where travelers go to view the mountains, is out of the city and still higher. The natives here believe in praying by proxy, their proxy being long slips of dried paper tied to the ends of branches of trees growing on the peaks. Some of the trees on Tiger Hill were full of these curious prayers. Not believing in them, and knowing it to be a custom not objectionable to those who tied them here, I removed samples of these prayers and brought them along as curios. The worshipers who put them on the tree would get just as much help from their idols, whether they blew in the Himalyan breeze there on top of Tiger Hill or were tacked to the ceiling of my den in the United States.

On the way down the mountains, our train was all but wrecked. While running at full speed, loaded in every nine cars, in rounding an exceedingly sharp curve where the track could not be seen more than for a distance of seventy-five feet ahead, our train suddenly put on brakes so quickly as to throw passengers from their seats. I knew something special was wrong, so I leaped from the train when it had stopped and with my camera being adjusted, ran ahead to find that an ox team with a big load of rock had stalled upon the track, the three men in charge working as hard as they could to coax the oxen to pull the obstruction from the rails. The engineer succeeded in stopping the train when about fifty feet or less from the load, which was almost miraculous, for had we struck it in this place at even a slow rate of speed, the train would have undoubtedly rolled from the track, and down over the chasm thousands of feet to total destruction. The railroad here follows the wagon road that hangs on the very side of the mountain, the trees of which, growing at the left of the picture, showing their tops in the lower left corner, show the steepness.

We might have tumbled on a deathbed of ferns and flowers, for thirty varieties of ferns grow in these mountains and the flowers are particularly gorgeous. The *tree* standing higher and apart from the rest, in the picture, bore flowers as big as your head, and as red as blood. The passengers were thrown into a sort of nervous panic when they saw what they had just escaped by the bare distance of a car or two from the obstruction.

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UNDEVELOPED TALENTS.

H. D. MICHAEL.

IN the early settlement of the mountainous sections of Western Oregon and Washington nature seems to have played an important part. The low river bottom lands were covered with such a dense growth of several kinds of hard wood and though they were by far the

richest lands still it was such a long and hard task to clear it ready for use that many of the remote hilltops were settled first. There in the mountains the prairies afforded fine grasses while the rich, black prairie ground proved good for orchards and cultivated crops though not equal to the bottom land. Thus many of the early settlers went 'way back into the mountains and many of them or their descendants are still living on the old homestead, still holding the same old place far back from any town or many neighbors.

Then schooling was hard to secure, for none that were seeking a home and would settle back there could afford to hire a private tutor and many a family lived so isolated from all others that it was impossible for the children to attend the little short-termed country schools so that many could receive no schooling but were taught by their parents who often had but a meager education themselves. This left some to grow up ignorant and worthless loafers, while others, more ambitious and resourceful, made the best of it and became self-educated, and though not so famous as our great President Lincoln was, after just such a start in life, still they have become worthy and respected citizens and are not drifting through the world aimlessly as some do that have not had such a struggle in starting.

The struggles of some, if known my many now so favorably situated, would serve as a spur or goad to stir them to greater efforts. In one family, which like most of those early settlers' families was a large one, there were two girls that early had a taste for painting, but at that time it was as near impossible for them to get the necessary paints and equipments as it is now for most of us to own and sail in our own air ships, but they undaunted set to work and from the wild flowers and berries soon had several colors, and by making some brushes they were ready to use all their leisure time in practice. It has been a pleasure and inspiration to me to see their paintings and note their improvement. Several of the last I saw, not being an artist myself, I could not detect the slightest error in the blending of the colors or naturalness of the scenes. They have many scenes of mountain landscapes and deer, as they have lived among them all their life.

Of course, now they can buy their materials and also paint a large range of scenes. Though I never got to see the picture, I was told by others of one of the girls once seeing a six-horse team for the first time; so she noted the horses, harness and driver well and went home and painted it so well that no one could point out a mistake in color or horses, or the arrangement of the harness, or even the features of the driver.

Then, too, the girls carve out toy animals and paint them, using rooster spurs for horns for the cattle and the toys are so well shaped, and painted so true to their natural color and making that anyone knowing

thoroughbred stock can tell at a glance what kind they are.

Then two or three of the boys, of whom there were six, I believe, have with their little forge and poor equipment of tools acquired an efficiency in turning out fine tools and many articles that many men cannot attain under the direction of the most competent teachers of such.

I once examined a pocket knife one of the boys had made and on the side of the bright steel handle of about five-eighth inch width by four inches length he had engraved a sailing schooner with the rigging all set and so careful was he in all the details that a careful scrutiny failed to detect any error, as each part seemed to be there in perfect condition. Now think of what results might have come from a full development of those talents had nature not made it almost impossible. Nations might have been startled and the world aroused by their ability. Those girls might have painted pictures that would have led many to a higher plane of living and have inspired many to nobler deeds or have cheered the hearts of many of life's weary travelers. The eyes of many, careworn and weary, might have been turned to the only true source of comfort and help. But with the poet (I can't recall who) we can say:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Then had it been possible to have developed the latent talent of those boys they might have turned out to be another Thomas Edison or Nicola Tesla. They might have given the world inventions that would have been a boon to all mankind. Does it not seem sad that their talents have lain almost buried?

But how about your talent, my friend? I believe none of us are entirely without some natural gift, small though it may be. Are we doing the world and ourself justice if we do not develop it to the fullest? We might not be a gifted artist, musician, or inventor, but our gift may be of a more commonplace nature, but that is not saying it is not important in its sphere.

But if at the close of our life here no one has been benefited, no one's burdens made lighter, no one inspired to labor the harder to reach higher ideals, or no one lifted up from their fallen condition and started again on their way rejoicing because of our having lived here among them, then we must have buried our talents when we should have spent all our energy in developing and using them. "Any good that I might do, any kindness I may show, let me do it now, for we pass this way but once."

Pasco, Wash.



A SHAKESPEAREAN ALPHABET.

LOVERS of Shakespeare, says the *Louisville Times*, will be interested in the following "Shakespearean Alphabet," which is complete with the exception of the

letter X. A search failed to show any quotation from Shakespeare that begins with that letter:

Assume a virtue if you have it not.—Hamlet.

Brevity is the soul of wit.—Hamlet.

Corruption wins not more than honesty.—Henry VIII.

Delays have dangerous ends.—Henry VI.

Every why hath a wherefore.—Comedy of Errors.

Fling away ambition; by that sin fell the angels.—Henry VIII.

Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice.—Hamlet.

How poor are they that have not patience.—Othello.

I'll make assurance doubly sure.—Macbeth.

Jesters oft prove prophets.—King Lear.

Kindness, nobler ever than revenge.—As You Like It.

Lowliness is young ambition's ladder.—Julius Cæsar.

Murder, though it have no tongue, will speak with most miraculous organ.—Hamlet.

Neither a borrower nor a lender be.—Hamlet.

One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.—Troilus and Cressida.

Poor and content is rich and rich enough.—Othello.

Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon.—Midsummer Night's Dream.

Rich gifts wax poor when givers prove unkind.—Hamlet.

Sweet are the uses of adversity.—As You Like It.

The end crowns all.—Troilus and Cressida.

Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.—Henry IV.

Virtue itself 'scapes not calamitous strokes.—Hamlet.

What stronger breastplate than a heart untainted?—Henry VI.

Your face, my thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters.—Macbeth.

Zounds, I was never so bethumped with words since first I called my brother's father dead.—King John.



THE ALTERATION OF THE COLORS OF FLOWERS BY CULTIVATION.

In general, all the flowers of the same species in the wild state, have the same color. For example, all plants of crowfoot or buttercup and dandelion have yellow flowers. In a few species, different colors are found. For example, the flowers of the milkwort (*Polygala vulgaris*) may be blue, violet, red, or white. Much greater variation is shown by cultivated plants. In these the variation of color of the flowers appeared long ago, but in recent years, many new colors have been produced which had either not hitherto been observed, or which, if they did appear occasionally, were not selected for preservation and development. The

floriculturists of the present day carefully observe and endeavor to fix every new shade, even if it is not particularly beautiful, for the desideratum is novelty, and there is no telling what will please the popular taste. But in these attempts to obtain new colors in flowers, the propagator is entirely dependent upon the innate predisposition of the particular species with which he is working. He can by no means obtain every desired color. In the following sketch will be mentioned, first, a few cases of species in which a color has been obtained, which was formerly considered impossible. Some other examples will be adduced to show that in certain species a great many new colors and shades, but not all colors, have been obtained. Finally, a few other cases will be quoted in which the flowers of a species have shown little or no variation in color during many years of cultivation.

A species of primrose (*Primula acaulis*) in the wild state, always has lemon yellow flowers which vary only slightly in tint. Cultivation has produced both lighter and darker shades but, until recently, no color but yellow. Hence it was the more surprising when, a few years ago, a pure blue variety was produced, which has since retained its general color but has developed all shades, from the palest sky-blue to the deep blue of the corn-flower. The Chinese primrose (*Primula sinensis*), when cultivated in the garden, bore until recently only red and white flowers. In this species, also, other colors have lately been produced, not only violet but also blue, though not so pure a blue as that of the species first mentioned. Another example is offered by the gladiolus, which formerly bore only white and red flowers but has recently developed a blue-flowering variety. A case of a somewhat different character is presented by the asters, which have long shown a great variety of colors, but in which recently a great many new shades have been produced, including some which would not at one time have been considered beautiful, for example, copper-color.

Very numerous, on the other hand, are the species which have long shown great variation in color and have recently developed many new shades, with the exception of blue. Especially conspicuous in this connection is the dahlia, which is now found in every color except blue, although many propagators are making earnest efforts to produce a blue dahlia, which would bring great profit to its originator. A blue carnation would be equally valuable but it has not yet been produced, although the colors of carnations have lately been enriched by many new shades. The new varieties of canna also show a great diversity of color, including almost pure white and a beautiful light pink, but a blue canna has not yet appeared. In the begonia not only blue is lacking, but also all shades from red to violet. Finally, we may mention the variety of poppy called the Shirley, which is greatly admired for its play

of color. Here, however, the colors range only from white to rose and vermilion. Blue and violet colors are completely wanting and so is yellow, which is very common in the begonia.

Other species which have recently produced many new tones, with the exception of blue, include: Pelargonium, Scahosa, Calceolaria, Antirrhinum, Mirabilis Jalapa (Four O'clock or Marvel of Peru), hollyhocks, immortelles, and some species of Phlox and Godetia. The Gilliflowers, Wallflowers, and Balsams belong in the same category, for the varieties of these three flowers which are described as blue in seedsmen's catalogues are not pure blue, but violet.

It should be observed, furthermore, that among species which have produced many new colors, there are some in which the color yellow is wanting. This is the case with some species of larkspur (*Delphinium ajacis* and *D. consolida*), with *Dianthus Heddewigii* and with the verbenas and Clarkias.

Finally, there are species which, notwithstanding many years of cultivation, have shown little variation in the color of their flowers or have produced only new shades but not new colors. Among these are the fuchsias, which show only various shades of red. A blue or a yellow fuchsia would be a curiosity. Another example is furnished by *Cyclamen persicum*, in which many years of cultivation have only changed the original color scheme of a dark red throat and a white or pink tip so far as to deepen the red throat to crimson and almost to violet and, on the other hand, to efface it altogether, producing a pure white flower. Quite recently, however, an approximation to a yellow has been obtained by the production of a salmon-pink cyclamen. Similar cases are furnished by the Alpine forget-me-not, in which merely the shade of the original blue color has been slightly altered by cultivation, and by the marigold (*Tagetes*), the colors of which vary only from yellow and orange to brown.

From the foregoing remarks it is evident that, although very many new colors have recently been produced by cultivation in the flowers of numerous species of plants, the production of these changes is entirely dependent upon the original predisposition to variation possessed by the plant. Without these tendencies to variation, no new color can be produced, either by the gardener or by natural selection, for if there is no variation, selection is impossible.—Prof. F. Hildebrand, *Translated for the Scientific American from Umschau.*



ABOUT MONEY.

NOTHING in the world is quite so interesting as money. A few millionaires have told their less fortunate brethren that wealth is a source of endless trouble, but the world hasn't yet given up the search for more. People like to talk about money; they like to handle it, make it, spend it, hoard it, and hear about

it. Here are a few interesting facts concerning this much sought after commodity:

The most ancient coins are of electrum, four parts of gold to one of silver.

Before the days of coined money the Greeks used copper nails as currency.

Herodotus says that Cræsus was the first sovereign to make coins of gold.

Julius Cæsar was the first man to engrave his own image on a coin.

Homer mentions brass money as in use 1184 B. C., among the Greeks.

The Lydians were the first to coin money, about 1600 B. C.

Many Roman tin coins are still in existence.

The gold coins of Great Britain contain one-twelfth alloy.

The Spartans had an iron coinage.

The United States silver three-cent piece was first coined in 1851.

The English mint was established by Athelstane about 928.

From 1828 to 1845 platinum coins were minted in Russia.

The first coining machine was invented by Bruchner in 1553.

The notes used by the Bank of England cost exactly one cent each.

The first colonial coinage was minted in Massachusetts in 1652.

In the tenth century there were thirty-eight mints in England.

The American cents of 1787 bore the motto "Mind Your Business."

During the reign of Henry VIII twenty-three to twenty-five per cent of coin metal was alloy.

The coinage of twenty-cent pieces began in 1785, and was discontinued in 1878.

In 1503 the first English shilling was minted.

The first English laws against counterfeiting were issued in 1108 by Henry I.

The United States mint was established in 1792, and at once began operations.

Silver was first coined in Rome in B. C. 269, when Fabius Pictor set up a mint.

In 1844 Napier's coin-weighing machine was used in the Bank of England.

Over one thousand series of Greek coins, issued by independent cities, are in existence today.

In the fifth century before Christ, refined copper was deemed as precious as gold.

The coinage of trade dollars began in 1874, and was discontinued in 1878. They were originally intended for use in commerce with China, India, and Japan.

The first American coins were made in England in 1812 for the Virginia Company.

The first English gold coins were minted in 1257.

In 1631 the invention of milling the edges of coins, to prevent clipping, was introduced.

Down to the Norman Conquest, the Britons had "living money," and "dead money"; the former being slaves and cattle, the latter, metal.

English sovereigns were first minted in 1489.

During the reign of Numa Pompilius, 700 B. C., an experiment was made with wooden money.

The bronze cent and two-cent pieces were first coined in 1864, and the nickel half-dime in 1866.

The earliest Greek coins bore a lion or tortoise on one side, and a punch mark on the other.

English coin was first made a legal tender in 1216. Before this, rents were paid in produce.

In 1237 the English coined gold pennies which weighed 1-120th of a pound, and passed for twenty pence.

Vermont and Connecticut coined coppers in 1785. New Jersey and Massachusetts did the same in 1786.

Paper money was first issued by the notorious John Law. His issues exceeded one hundred and twenty million pounds.

In the days of '49 of California, the ounce of pure gold (sixteen dollars and fifty cents) formed the common medium of exchange. Another interesting form of money was a lump of gold, called a slug, equaling just fifty dollars.

In 1620 the first large copper coins were minted in England.

In the early years of this century there were thirty-three tons of silver to one of gold in circulation.

The Romans issued private or consular coins which bore the names of every leading Roman family.

In one thousand ounces of our gold coinage there are nine hundred ounces of pure gold, ten ounces of silver, and ninety of copper.

It is an interesting fact that the Japanese coins in the matter of fineness are superior to all others.

Absolutely pure gold is twenty-four carats fine.

Sea-shells were the earliest forms of money; the skins of animals coming next as a substitute.

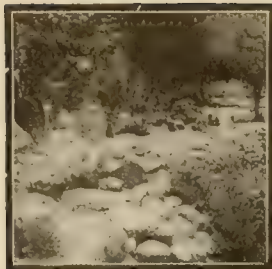
In India cakes of tea pass as currency, and in China pieces of silk.

Norway even now uses corn for currency.

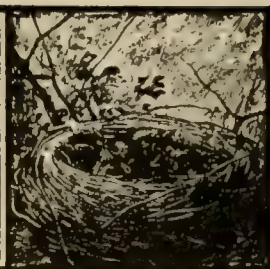
Sheep and oxen among the old Romans took the place of money.

In some districts of New Guinea female slaves form the standard of value.

The Icelandic and Irish laws yet have traces of the use of cattle for money. Many Teutonic fines were paid in cattle.



NATURE STUDIES



BIRD SLAUGHTER.

MAUD HAWKINS.

WHICH is the greater sin, to destroy innocent birds for the amount of money there is in their sale, or to wear their feathers after they are killed and to be willing to pay a tribute for their slaughter and make it possible for the bird killer to derive a profit from the traffic?

Some women who would stand aghast at the idea of the killing of birds would not hesitate to wear their beautiful plumage when bought from their milliner. They would rise up in arms if a hunter should but shoot a bird in their presence, but they do not consider that if they did not wear the feathers there would be no birds killed.

The wearing of feathers of dead birds is done thoughtlessly by the majority of women. It probably has never been brought to bear upon their minds where these beautiful feathers, quills, wings, heads and even WHOLE BIRDS came from.

Some imagine, if they give it a thought at all, that they are simply creations of the milliner and that is the extent of thought given to the matter.

When their attention is called to the facts and they see wherein they are sanctioning or encouraging a cruel practice, when they see the folly and realize the great agony suffered by the young birds whose mothers have been sacrificed for the sake of furnishing them with fashionable hat ornaments, they forever pass the bird decoration for something more civilizing, for to say the least it is a barbarous custom. If it were not so common a practice it would certainly be considered heathenish to walk down the street with a dead bird perched upon the head. The custom is losing popularity, and we hope in a few years to see no birds or feathers worn.

Towanda, Pa.



THE SILK WORM.

THE silk worm is a caterpillar of the silk worm moth. The entire period of its life is about thirteen weeks. Within this time it changes its form three times, the first nine weeks of its life being spent in the caterpillar state, the next in the chrysalis state, the last week in the moth state.

The natural food of the silk worm is the white

mulberry, though it can be raised on other varieties of this tree, also on hedge or osage orange.

The eggs of the silk worm are about the size of a pinhead, circular in form, somewhat flattened, and of a dark brown color. They are laid at the close of one summer, and hatch at the beginning of the next. In the tropical countries they hatch at the proper time, and by the natural heat; but in colder climates artificial heat is required for successful hatching.

When the eggs begin hatching mosquito netting is spread over them and on this, fresh cut leaves are placed. The little caterpillar knows how to help himself, so he at once crawls through the netting and begins eating the leaves. When there are as many on the netting as can live together, without being crowded, it is removed and another netting placed on.

When the nettings are removed they are placed on trays. These trays are usually made about two feet square for convenience in handling. The bottoms of these are made of coarse network, so that when the silk raiser wishes to change the caterpillars to another tray, all that is necessary is to place a tray on the one containing them; put some fresh leaves on it and the caterpillar will at once crawl through the bottom on to the leaves. Unlike most caterpillars, they are content to stay within a small space, and will spend their entire life on these trays if kept well supplied with food.

When first hatched they are not more than a quarter of an inch in length, and are of a dark brown color. They eat voraciously, grow rapidly, and by the time they are ready to spin they are about three inches long. During this time their color gradually changes, and now they are a beautiful straw-color.

When they are ready to spin, small branches or twigs are placed upright in the trays. In these small bunches of crumpled leaves are placed. The caterpillar crawls into the branches, and, after finding a suitable place, begins spinning. First he weaves a coarse, rough fiber for his support; in the middle of this he spins his cocoon.

It is interesting to watch him spin his silken house. At first only a dim outline of it can be

seen; within this you can see the little spinner laying the thread around, first at one place, then at another, gradually making the wall of his cocoon thicker; and finally he is hid from sight, but it requires him three more days to complete his spinning.

If left undisturbed in the cocoon for two or three weeks he will come forth in his perfect state, in the form of a beautiful white moth. In this state he eats little or nothing and lives only about one week.

The cocoon is straw-colored and looks somewhat like a two-kerneled peanut, so much so that children have mistaken them for such. In order to get out of the cocoon the moth eats through one end of the shell, thus making it unfit for reeling. To prevent this injury, the chrysalis is killed by throwing the cocoon into hot water, by steaming, or by carefully heating them. Thus the life of the silk worm, whose motto is, "Not for ourselves, but for others," is brought to a close.—*Amanda Brown, in Lordsburg College Educator.*



MAKE YOUR ROADSIDE A POEM IN VINES.

How tame is the drive you take every day from home to office? How many ugly places do you wince at in your daily walk?

Remember the vine-clad stone walls of Connecticut. Think of the great clouds of Virginia creeper you have seen by some country roadside! How your eyes sparkled every day in winter when the red berries of bittersweet glowed upon the horizon!

How all those ugly spots would be transformed by Virginia creeper!

What if that raw bank that annoys you daily were covered with masses of Hall's honeysuckle, which would give you great gusts of fragrance in June, scat-

tering flowers all summer and a bit of greenery in November after the trees have shed their leaves?

Trumpet creeper, too, is running wild in many an old garden near you. Some of it could be spared for the woodside so that you might catch a glimpse of humming birds hovering before the great scarlet-orange trumpets.

Is there any odor equal to that of wild grape in June?

Isn't this a superb list? Yet all of these are native or run wild in America. Some or all of these you can have for the mere trouble of digging. The time is approaching when you can safely transplant a few vines to animate your daily walk. No one will hurt them. Year by year they will increase in size and beauty. Your neighbors will catch the enthusiasm. And in ten years a mile of roadside between your house and the railway station will be a poem in vines. Every visitor will rejoice in it. Your locality will be famous for it.

As soon as the trees shed their leaves, plant vines. But don't wait till then to locate them or you will have trouble in finding them. Scour your neighborhood now, make a list of what is available and move half a dozen vines this fall.

Don't you know a spot that needs creepers badly? Can't you cover it with Hall's honeysuckle. If not, don't you know a colony of ground ivy or moneywort that isn't working?

There was a mile of pink flowers that used to rejoice me from August to October when I lived along the line of the West Shore Railway. It was produced by the mist flower (*Mikania scandens*), which grows wild in moist places.

Join the Roadside Gardening Club now! It is a new fraternity that has no expenses or red tape and only one aim, viz., to make every foot of your daily walk or drive delightful the year round without expense.—*Thomas McAdam, in the Garden Magazine.*

SPELLBOUND

M. M. WINESBURG

The charm of the season is now with us here.
Hark to the sounds that come to my ear;
Listen to the murmuring low and long,—
The woodland is singing a grand sweet song;
With a rustling of leaves and a sweep of the bough,
Nature is holding a musical now.

The blackbirds are holding their carnival 'round,
And the caw of the crow has a musical sound;
While the mocking bird—ah! list to his lay!
He's thrilling and mocking the livelong day.

Out from the tangle of grass where you tread,
Br'er rabbit leaps out with a toss of his head;
There's a twinkling of feet and a glimmer of white,
A rustling of leaves, then he's gone from your sight.

Down in the thicket of brown berryvines
The quail's pipe is keeping in tune with the times;
While the dry leaves are falling and dancing around,
Up in the air, or down on the ground.

Down by the river, with its girdle of pine,
We see just the mystics it holds in its shrine;
A fringe of dark green on which the mists lay,
As blue as the sky of this bright autumn day.

Bright is the picture and sweet is the song
Nature is singing as she passes along;
If you list to her music you surely will say
It's good to be living on this glorious day.

Wheeling, W. Va. (Composed in Florida.)

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Not always do we have such a clear demonstration of how the good we do goes on growing and blessing mankind as that which is given in the "Sailors' Snug Harbor," in the case of the gift of Capt. Robert Randall. Whatever form our good deeds take they go on increasing just the same. Some may not be so easily calculated as Capt. Randall's, but the returns are just as rich, the investment just as paying.



GET OUT OF DOORS.

It would be hard to find any time in the year when a journey into some part of the limitless regions of out-of-doors would do one more good than at this time. Especially in the woods, where the leaves are already piled high and more are silently falling, can one find an atmosphere that is at once restful and inspiring. The gay autumn flowers and leaves, the genial warmth of the sun, with merely a hint of frost in the air, and over all the sense of repose, of rest after toil, lead one to banish care and to steep his being in the peace-giving influences. And while he rests and meditates he finds courage and hope and inspiration.

While one may make this journey into nature's realm without any particular object in view, it is better to have some aim, such as gathering nuts or collecting autumn leaves. However, the object should never be so serious or absorbing as to demand too much of one's attention. It should allow one to step aside here and there to look at other attractions, at the same time leading him on and on until he is completely under the influences that will make him a better creature,—more in the likeness of his Creator.

The argument that one hasn't time for such an excursion is not worth considering in view of the beneficial results that it brings. Leave the work for a day. The spirit with which one will take hold of it again after this day off will be worth much more to it than

any amount of dogged tenacity with which one may otherwise prosecute his tasks.



REASONS FOR PEACE.

THE American Association for International Conciliation is this month publishing a lecture on the "United States and Spain," by Martin Hume, a lecturer at Cambridge. The educator discusses the relations of the two nations, dwelling particularly upon the grounds for mutual friendliness and good will—convincing argument that there is no possibility of another war between them.

The reasons set forth for amicable relations may be used in the case of the United States and almost every other nation on the face of the globe. There are always more reasons, economic as well as moral, why we should live "at peace with all men" and nations than there are for war with its train of evils. And no seeming reason for war can be so insistent as to wholly drown out these voices of peace. War is wrong in principle. Because of this there can be no legitimate reason for it; all reasons must be manufactured. Therefore it is the part of wisdom for the United States, as well as other nations, to see all the reasons for peace with other nations and to manufacture no reasons for war.



"THE PRACTICE OF OSTEOPATHY."

A BOOK appearing under the above title has just been published by the House, that is, the home of the INGLENOOK, and is offered for sale by The Elgin Health Publishers, Spurling Building, Elgin, Ill. The book contains 335 pages; well bound in cloth, it will be sent prepaid for \$2.50, or in half Morocco for \$3.50.

The science of Osteopathy while not yet thirty-five years old, has won the general recognition which it now enjoys as a means of healing in the face of most bitter opposition. Only a science that is one in truth and that can give abundant proof to substantiate its claims could come through the fight with so much to its credit as has Osteopathy.

The author says that one of the objects of the above work is "to present the practical side of Osteopathy in a very plain and simple manner." It was his aim so to explain the methods used that mothers might treat their children and that practitioners would so recommend as he himself has frequently done and that nurses might assist their patients in a very practical manner under its guidance. The author believes in the sentiment that is growing rapidly in the medical world, that "all that is good in medicine should become common property; that there is too much ignorance among the people concerning the healing art." "The Practice of Osteopathy" is this sentiment expressed in irrefutable language. The clear print, the plain language, and the numerous illustrations give no

hint of mystery and will be readily understood by any ordinary layman.



A GENIUS FOR WORK IS THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

"SLAVES labor and are accursed, lazy men labor and are despised, great men labor and are honored." Honest labor is the motive-power of race progress. But, just as the labor of the rear hinders advance by its dishonesty, the labor of the van stimulates the forward movement by being something more than honest—by being intelligent. Intelligent labor looks at its task with a due appreciation of what it means.

The Springfield, Mass., *Union* has this to say about the right way to work:

A genius for work is the secret of success. The slave works. The tramp works. The genius works. The slave is accursed. The tramp is despised. The genius is honored.

How can it be that work seems to be so different, when viewed from different points? Can the same thing be honorable, despised, accursed?

To the slave, work is toil, because he is driven to a task by a force outside of himself. His work is not of himself and for himself. Others seize the product of his labor. His mind does not comprehend the significance of that which his hands perform, and his heart is not in his work.

Slavery was not wholly abolished when Lincoln signed the proclamation of emancipation nor when the Thirteenth Amendment to the Constitution was ratified. Work devoid of intelligent interest and with no adequate remuneration for the workman is in reality slavery. Slaves of all colors are yet to be found bound to their tasks. No slave counts work a blessing.

There are other tramps besides those poor creatures who travel through dusty highways from pillar to post, working their way on a never-ending journey.

There are more than sixty thousand persons tramping from the cradle to the grave, seeking, day after day, the elusive soft snap that shall afford a living without working for it. Their only object in life is to have a good time.

The true man is he who knows that labor is divine. The source and inspiration of effort lie within himself. He sets himself to work. He is his own employer.

He forms a purpose; he chooses an end. It is his joy to plan his work and then to work his plan. His work is the expression and outgoing of himself.

He never sacrifices himself for his work, for were the artist dead, where were the picture?

He never wastes his energies in dissipation, but his genius for labor is also a genius for rest.

His holidays are for recreation in the real sense of the word. He re-creates enervated tissues, takes a new breath, strengthens his mind, gets new inspiration,

discovers fresh motives, that he may come back to his work a better and a stronger man, fertile in resources, full of zeal, abounding in enthusiasm.

The man who has a genius for work so masters his work that the more he works and the better the product of his industry, the greater and better becomes the worker.

The work that degrades the workman, the work that belittles the soul and weakens the body, should never be wrought.

A man's work should be so chosen and so performed that at the end of each day's labor the laborer himself shall be the better for his effort. When at the end of each working day not only shall be increased the material wealth of our nation, but also shall each workman be the better for his toil, then will our people have solved the great problem of the twentieth century. Let our schools and our colleges send forth graduates with a genius for work. Let our plutocrats be greater than all their millions, then will their wealth become the people's treasure.—*The Scrap Book*.



DON'T YOU?

When the plan that I have to grow suddenly rich
Grows weary of leg and falls into the ditch,
And scheme follows scheme,
Like the web of a dream,
To glamor and glimmer and shimmer and seem,
Only seem;

And, then, when the world looks unfadably blue,
If my rival sails by,
With his head in the sky,
And sings "How's business?" why, what do I do?
Well, I claim that I aim to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When something at home is decidedly wrong;
When somebody sings a false note in the song,
Too low or too high,
And, you hardly know why,
But it wrangles and jangles and runs all awry,
Aye, awry!

And then, at the moment when things are askew,
Some cousin sails in,
With face all a-grin,
And a "Do I intrude? Oh, I see that I do!"
Well, then, though I aim to be honest and true,
Still I sometimes lie. Don't you?

When a man that I need has some foible or fad,
Not very commendable, not very bad;
Perhaps it's his daughter,
And some one has taught her
To daub up an "oil" or to streak up a "water";
What a "water"!

And her grass is green green and her sky is blue blue;
But her father with pride,
In a stagey aside,
Asks my "candid opinion." Then what do I do?
Well, I claim that I aim to be honest and true,
But I sometimes lie. Don't you?
—From "Impertinent Poems," by Edmund Vance Cooke,
in *Saturday Evening Post*.



THE HOME WORLD



FARMERS' GIRLS

J. G. ROYER

I WAS once "a farmer's boy" and grew up among farmers' girls. I went to school with them and played with them. In the red schoolhouse near the cross-roads we used to sing a song entitled "The Farmers' Girls." The song ran thus:

"Up in the early morning,
Just at the peep of day,
Straining the milk in the dairy,
Turning the cows away;

"Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,
Making the beds up stairs,
Washing the breakfast dishes,
Dusting the parlor chairs.

Chorus.

"Oh, how merry the lay, as light and gay,
We sing of the farmers' girls!
Hurrah! how merry the lay we carol today,
Of the merry farmers' girls.

"Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,
Hunting for eggs at the barn,
Cleaning the turnips for dinner,
Spinning the stocking yarn;

"Spreading the whitening linen
Down on the grass below,
Ransacking every meadow,
Where the red strawberries grow.—Cho.

"Starching the 'fixin's' for Sunday,
Churning the snowy cream,
Rinsing the pails and the strainers
Down in the running stream;

"Feeding the geese and the turkeys,
Making the pumpkin-pies,
Jogging the little one's cradle,
Driving away the flies.—Cho.

"Grace in every movement,
Music in every tone,
Beauty of form and feature,
Thousands might covet to own;

"Cheeks that rival spring roses,
Teeth the whitest of pearls,
One of these country maids is worth
A score of your city girls."—Cho.

How happy farmers' girls ought to be in their youthful country life as set forth in the song! Such home-bringing-up, be it on the farm or in the country town, are the first steps leading to a life of honor and usefulness.

Such habits of industry and punctuality and household knowledge give vigor to body, freshness to thoughts, purity to actions and a large supply of good common sense. It is cultured development like this that prepares both country and city girls to become not only prosperous bread-winners and bread-savers, but good wives, good mothers, and good home-makers as well. In these days too many mothers cook and sweep, labor and toil early and late, many of them wearing the shoes and dresses cast aside by the daughters, while the daughters, if not lounging abed, are spending the morning hours reading novels and the like. These mothers permit the girlhood of their daughters to slip by without accustoming them to the care and responsibility so essential in laying the foundation for the comfort and happiness of the daughters in later years.

Our best young men,—honest, pure young men, in possession of the best judgment and real culture,—come from the farm. These young men would rather have for wives, women who have been thoroughly and practically educated in the home. They want for wives, women who have mastered the fine arts of cooking and gardening, and who know for themselves that one of the first accomplishments in a woman's education is to be able to make a loaf of good bread, cook a good dinner, and keep a house in proper order.

Delight in domestic duties is an indispensable characteristic in a good wife; and every young woman should constantly keep alive an ambition to become an honored and admired wife and home-maker. To do this, she should begin when a little girl to take an interest in the home duties.

NURSING.

FLORA E. TEAGUE.

SOMETIMES I wonder why more of our young sisters who are so well adapted to nursing and caring for the sick do not take up this occupation. It is surely one in which splendid opportunities are afforded for work for the Master. It seems to me that no one can be truly a good nurse without a big spark of the divine nature. No one who has an antipathy for the work in any sense ought to enter into the profession of nursing. But there are so many born nurses, who with a course of training could become such excellent ones.

The field for employment is vast and it will be a long time before the supply is equal to the demand. Not only are opportunities for Christian work good, but wages are very good. It is true that the profession has its disadvantages as every other profession has, but nurses are needed and some one must prepare. None could be better for this occupation than our Spirit-filled young sisters. If you have good health and strength and an inclination or talent in this direction, why not cultivate it? Should you not care to do public nursing, what a blessing you could be to your own family did you possess a professional knowledge of nursing.

Consciousness of the help you are to others would afford a deep satisfaction. While many patients are seemingly very ungrateful and trying, yet they can not help but love you for your loving service. Give these ideas a thought at least.

**SHREWD FINANCIERING.**

"THESE great financiers are deserving of our praise," declared the speaker of the evening. "They have made possible giant business enterprises. We may deride them now, but future generations will revere the names of Rockefeller, Morgan, Carnegie and oth—"

"Pardon me," interrupted a little woman in the audience. "But you have not named the greatest financiers of this generation."

"Ah, I would be glad to hear you suggest the names of greater ones," said the speaker.

"I will not call the names, for there are too many," replied the little woman, "but I'll tell you who they are. They are the hundreds of thousands of women, wives of workingmen whose average wages are less than \$450 a year. Such able financiers are they that they are able to give their children nourishing food, pay the rent, buy fuel and educate the children, clothe them and give them medical attention, and fit them for noble citizenship—and all on a paltry sum that is mere weekly pin money for the wives of men you named. I claim that the women I mention are the ablest financiers in the country. If they were not, the privation

that is already too prevalent would be woefully greater than it is."

And all the cheering that followed was for the little woman and her kind, and not for the orator and the financiers he named.—*Selected.*

**THE POTTER.**

The potter stood at his daily work,
One patient foot on the ground;
The other with never slackening speed
Turning his swift wheel round.

Silent we stood beside him there,
Watching the restless knee,
Till my friend said low, in pitying voice,
"How tired his foot must be!"

The potter never paused in his work,
Shaping the wondrous thing
'Twas only a common flower-pot,
But perfect in fashioning.

Slowly he raised his patient eyes,
With homely truth inspired;
"No, ma'am, it isn't the foot that works,
The one that stands gets tired!"

—*Selected.*

**WITH THE BITTER DOSE.**

WHEN obliged to give a child a nauseous dose of bitter medicine, always make it as easy as possible for the child to swallow it.

A single drop of oil of cloves can be placed on the tongue, and, while it burns a little, it effectually destroys the sense of taste for the time being, and the medicine is easily swallowed without any trouble.

Sour articles are "tasted" with the tip of the tongue, while any bitter taste is at once perceived at the back of the tongue. For this reason sour liquids can be taken by placing the spoon into the mouth until the middle of the tongue is reached.

For the bitter doses, beside the oil of cloves, one can squeeze two lemons into half a glass of hot water and take a swallow just before taking the medicine and immediately afterwards.

A hot drink of any kind relaxes the muscles of the mouth and throat and makes the act of swallowing easy, while a strong flavor of any kind will drive another "taste" from the mouth. A few spoonfuls of steaming hot peppermint tea, sweetened with a little sugar, will do wonders toward making medicine easy to swallow and in obliterating the taste afterwards.

While the drop of oil of cloves is the best thing in the world to make a spoonful of castor oil possible without an exhausting struggle between mother and child, in which both lose their temper and actual cruelty is often done, a slice of lemon, dipped in sugar and sucked slowly after the oil is swallowed, will remove any which stays on the roof or sides of the mouth.—*Selected.*

A MORNING TONIC.

TAKE a pint of hot water, squeeze into it the juice of one lemon and season with a half teaspoonful of salt. Drink slowly half an hour before breakfast for two weeks at a time. This will clear a coated tongue, tone the stomach and act directly upon a sluggish liver. If kept up for three months, every alternate two weeks, it will wonderfully clear the complexion.—*Selected.*



COOKING MACARONI.

MACARONI is now regarded as being, weight for weight, of not less value in the animal economy than beef or mutton, and it offers an excellent substitute for meat, and at the same time meets the need of vegetables. To cook it properly, at least two quarts of salted water should be used for each one-fourth pound of macaroni, which is enough for six persons. The pipes may be broken in short pieces, or put into the water whole; the water should be salted as for the table, and should be boiling hard. Italians cook it twenty minutes, but the American cook usually gives it thirty to forty minutes. Stir it now and then to prevent sticking, cooking until it is tender; when tender, turn into a colander and drain, pouring cold water through it to blanch it and wash off the starch which gathers on the surface of the pipes. This is the preliminary preparation for all macaroni dishes. If it be merely seasoned at this stage, with butter and a little salt if necessary, it is called boiled macaroni.

Macaroni with cheese: Melt two tablespoonfuls of butter, grate four ounces of cheese (about eight tablespoonfuls after grating), to one-fourth pound of boiled macaroni. Grease a baking dish, cover the bottom with macaroni, pour over it a little of the melted butter and sprinkle with grated cheese, continuing thus until all is used, having the last layer cheese; brown in a quick oven and serve hot from the same dish it is cooked in. Slow cooking dries and makes the macaroni indigestible.

Macaroni a la creme.—Put two cupfuls of milk to boil in a double boiler; rub together two and a half tablespoonfuls of butter and the same of flour, until smooth; add this to the hot milk and stir until it thickens, salt and a dash of pepper to taste. Place in alternate layers the boiled macaroni (one-fourth pound), sauce and finely chopped American cheese, in a baking dish, and sprinkle the top with cracker crumbs and brown. Serve hot from baking dish.

Macaroni with Tomato Sauce—Break half a pound of macaroni in pieces, put into a sauce pan with plenty of boiling, salted water, and cook until tender; melt a tablespoonful of butter in a saucepan, chop a slice of onion and a small bunch of parsley and stir in the butter; let simmer until the onion is brown; add a pint of chopped tomatoes and let boil half an hour, then take up, strain through a wire sieve, put into a clean

saucepan and set over the fire to boil until thick; season with salt and pepper; drain the macaroni, put a layer of macaroni in the bottom of a baking dish, cover with the tomato sauce, put more macaroni and sauce in layers until the dish is full; put bits of butter on top, and set in a hot oven to brown; serve hot.—*The Commoner.*



TO FRESHEN ORIENTAL RUGS.

A MIXTURE of borax, ammonia and water is excellent and will not injure the rugs. To one pint of water add two tablespoonfuls of powdered borax and one tablespoonful of ammonia, stirring well. Apply while the water is warm with a small brush, rubbing against the nap. When the entire rug has been gone over wipe in the same direction with the nap with a soft cloth which will not lint. Then brush with the nap, using a dry brush. After this treatment the rugs will be silky, clear and with a better sheen. This was told me by a native rug dealer, and I have used this method for several years on my Oriental rugs.—*The Delineator.*



SELECTED HOME REMEDIES.

BAKING soda should be kept in the house if for no other use than as a remedy in case of scalds or burns. Apply cold water to the burn first, then sprinkle thickly with soda.



FOR earache, a remedy that never fails, a pinch of black pepper gathered in a bit of cotton batting, wet in sweet oil and inserted in the ear will give immediate relief.



WHEN you first feel a sensation of pain in the fingers that may seem a felon, at once put rock salt in the oven, pulverize it and mix with equal parts of turpentine. This mixture applied frequently will destroy within twenty-four hours even a felon that has made some headway.



CATARRH is not considered curable, but may be relieved by a mixture of sweet cream and powdered borax snuffed up. Meat, particularly pork, aggravates the disease.



It is said that the soda bath is a specific for rheumatism, besides rendering the skin soft and supple. One pound of washing soda is added to a tub of hot water, and the patient must lie in this for fifteen minutes; then follows the cold spray, and the bather emerges with every trace of her aches and pains dispelled.



“WHEN gluing an article use glycerine with it, in the proportion of one part to four parts glue, and the article glued will never break off.

"To make a ventilator at either top or bottom of a window, take a half-inch board eight inches wide and an inch shorter than the space inside the window frame; screw small brass or iron eyes into the ends of the board three inches from one edge; screw corresponding hooks in the window frame a little way inside the sash. When the air is needed, either raise or lower the sash six inches, then set the board over the opening. The eyes fitting over the hooks will hold it fast, and the intruding air gives it a slight slanting inward. No direct draft is possible, but fresh air will come in plentifully."



"Two Things for the Sewing Machine Drawer.—Always keep a small slip of white paper and a magnifying-glass in the sewing machine drawer. If the machine is in shadow, slip the piece of white paper behind the needle and then hold the magnifying-glass at the right angle between the eyes and the needle. The threading hole will come out into perfect distinctness and the needle can then be threaded with ease."

The Children's Corner

WHERE WAS THE PUMPKIN?

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

IN a tiny envelope, from far-away New York, a pumpkin-seed was sent to Grandma.

"It is from my old home," she said. "We'll plant it in the sunniest place in the garden and where the soil is the richest. Now remember," Grandma concluded, "don't anyone touch my vine when it grows. We'll see how many pumpkins there'll be this year."

For Grandma was sure that the seed would grow. And she was right, for it was not long till the large leaves could be seen, and then by and by the green pumpkins. They were tiny at first but grew larger every day.

Earl, the little grandson, was not present to hear the warning about the vine, but he should not have acted as he did. One day he and his chum went up to Grandma's. The boys rang the bell, but there was no answer.

"There's no one at home, I guess," Earl said, as he led the way to the garden. "Ain't my grandma got a nice garden?" asked Earl.

Mrs. Wilson always took great pride in her garden and there was scarcely a weed to be seen.

When Earl's chum spied a pumpkin, he called: "Oh! let's make a jack-o'-lantern. Your grandma won't care; there'll be some left then,—all she'll want, I should think."

So the pumpkin was speedily cut from the stalk and the boys hurried home with their treasure. They hung the jack-o'-lantern on the porch that evening and Mama said it was beautiful. But some way Earl did not enjoy it as he had thought he would.

"Taint half as much fun as last year," he said to himself after he had bidden his guests goodnight. "Maybe Grandma won't like it. She's always been good to me and it was a mean trick to take any of her things." The moon seemed to gaze at him reproachfully as he stood at his window.

When Grandma returned home, she counted her pumpkins carefully, but one was missing as we have seen. She mourned the loss of her mammoth vegetable but could not imagine where it had gone until the following day, Earl's mama was telling about her son having had such a fine time the night before with a jack-o'-lantern.

"Where did he get the pumpkin?" asked Grandma.

"Why, I don't know," her daughter answered innocently. But an hour later, Grandma knew and Earl confessed that she was right. For, looking about the garden after hearing of the boys' visit, she found a small handkerchief with her grandson's initials upon it. She also found in the arbor with the handkerchief, a portion of the stolen property that the boys had cut out to test it.

How Grandma stared when she found these proofs of the children's guilt. After thinking carefully for a few minutes, she sent for Earl.

"Is this your handkerchief? How did it get in my garden? I have not taken you out there lately."

Earl looked bravely up at the stern face before him. He meant to be a soldier some day. "Grandma," he began, "I took the pumpkin the other day, and—and—I'm sorry. I didn't 'joy it at all, 'cause I knew it was mean to steal it," flushing hotly. The tears were ready to fall, but Earl would not let anyone see him crying.

"If you had asked me for the pumpkin, Sonny, I'd have given it to you. But I'm glad you did not tell a lie about it. You thought I wouldn't know, but 'thy sin will find thee out.'"

"I won't never do so again, Grandma," Earl said earnestly as he started for home.

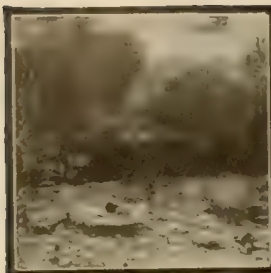
"You and your chum come over to dinner tomorrow," Grandma called in token of forgiveness.

The boys came and at each plate they found a saucer-pie nicely browned.

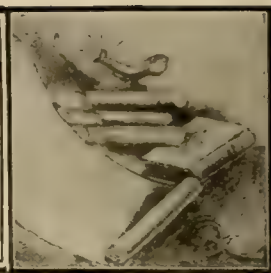
"What kind is it?" asked Earl smiling a little.

"You can tell by the looks, Dearie, and I guess I'll have plenty of pumpkins for pies after all."

"You shall have more of 'em for pies next year if nothing happens," Earl's chum declared while the trio was served with the dessert.



THE QUIET HOUR



ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

PAUL MOHLER.

WHEN Balaam the soothsayer undertook to curse Israel, God gave him a message of blessing instead. His first message closed with the words, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

There is a good deal to think about in that.

We are so used to judging by appearances, without looking at all of the facts. I have known Christian people to become discouraged because the wicked prospered. Did it ever darken your thoughts to see a hard, profane, Sabbath-breaking, unbeliever raise good crops every year when your own were poor? Does it seem wrong for him to have such good health, when your own is poor? Doesn't it look sometimes as though the wicked really prospered more than the righteous? And isn't that wrong?

Well, but hold on a minute; you haven't all the facts yet. Don't decide too soon. You wouldn't judge a man's financial standing so carelessly. You know that a man in business may seem to be very prosperous, while he is really losing money. He may be using up his capital to keep up appearances, while rushing on toward bankruptcy. Anybody with a lot of money can run a big business for awhile, but if he doesn't run it rightly on good sound business principles, his failure is sure; it is only a question of time. How much better it would be for him to have a little money in a little store, running it conservatively and making a little money all the time, so that when he should be old, he could retire with enough to keep him comfortable.

Well, that is the way with living. Many a man is using up his capital (time, strength and talent) all to no profit. He seems to be prosperous, but he is not. He is not laying up a thing for the future. When his capital is gone, he will be closed out—a bankrupt; and he is using it up fast. Do you call that success? Well, I don't, and I don't care how hard he is working at it, if he isn't living according to sound principles of life, building up a Christian character, and laying up some treasure in heaven, his life is a failure.

Now God knows how a man should live. If he doesn't, who does? He knows what kind of a life is a success, and what kind will end right. Fortunately for us, he has spoken on that question several times. The

words quoted at the beginning of this article are on this very subject. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." That means simply that the righteous man is succeeding. He may be tugging pretty hard now, but he is sure to come out well in the end. He is going to retire from earth with a competency. His spiritual life will be strong enough to enter the larger sphere, and his heart will rejoice in the light of God's presence. Isn't that success? Isn't that worth while?

Did you ever read story books? Well, I used to. What kind of stories do you like? I like the kind that end well. I don't care how hard a time the hero has in the first chapter, just so he comes out ahead in the last. I used to look at the last chapter first sometimes, just to make sure that it was a story I wanted to read, and what a satisfaction it was all the time, when the villain was having everything his own way, to know that he would get his reward in the last chapter, and the hero would get his.

Well, that is the kind of story I want my life to be; I want it to end well. I shall try to be patient through all the hard chapters, trusting God for a happy conclusion.

Yes, all is well that ends well; and all ends well that God directs.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



"FILLED WITH GOODNESS."

("The earth is full of the goodness of the Lord."—Psa. 33: 5.)
The earth is filled with goodness, with the goodness of the Lord—

His power and tender watchfulness all nature's books record;

The lily shows his constant care, the sparrow chirps his praise,

His life we breathe each fleeting hour; his mercy crowns our days.

No need to read on printed page the fact that God is good,
When all pulsating life below proclaims his Fatherhood.
His goodness and omnipotence, the wonders of his love,
Alike are shown in earth beneath and in the heavens above.

We view the myriads of stars in never-ending space—
What other power, what Hand but his, could keep them in their place?

And yet that Hand which holds the worlds has never yet forgot

To form one bladelet, or to paint one wee forget-me-not.

The humming bees, the feathered minstrels with their warbled songs,
 Unite in sending praise to him to whom all praise belongs;
 And of his all created works shall man alone be dumb,
 In silence taking all his gifts, nor think how great the sum?

Or if perchance he speaketh, is it of God's love to tell,
 To offer thanks to him, all-good, who doeth all things well?

Nay, speaks he not far oftener of how ill the world is run,
 Enjoying not the light because of spots upon the sun?

There's not a breeze that fans our cheeks, nor zephyr, sweet and mild,
 But whispers, God is living still, and caring for his child.

Oh, for an ear attuned to hear the symphony divine!
 Oh, for an eye to see the good, albeit it rain or shine!

The earth is filled with goodness—not a little here and there,
 But over all, and they who will may see it everywhere.

And that we look at we become; then breathe the goodness in!
 Beholding good, oh, think you not 'twill work a change within?

The earth is filled with goodness—in the land, and sky and sea—
 And this same goodness all around is shown to you and me.

The earth is filled with goodness, with the goodness of the Lord;
 May we; too, learn, as nature does, to him all praise to accord!

—Pearl Waggoner, in *Lifeboat*.

THE MARKS OF A MISSIONARY PASTOR.

At the Laymen's Missionary Convention in Toronto, Dr. Gandier, the new principal of Knox College, gave the marks of a missionary pastor as follows:

1. He is intensely interested in missions himself. No man can interest others in a thing in which he is not himself interested, and a congregation soon knows what their minister is really interested in.

2. He regards his whole congregation as a missionary society, whose duty and privilege it is to spread the Gospel.

3. He sets and maintains a worthy standard of giving.

4. He gladly obtains and makes use of outside help, visiting missionaries and workers. Some pastors stoutly protect their pulpits from these appeals. They fail to see that, if the congregations were brought into touch with larger things, they will increase gifts in every direction.

5. He keeps his congregation in touch with movements of the age, and sees that they are not left out of the Providential movements of the times.

6. He introduces the best methods of giving.

7. He has faith in his people and in what they can do. In introducing missionary work the hindrance is

often in the pastor and session. When you get past them there is no trouble with the people.—*Selected*.

WHAT YOU CAN DO.

"I THINK a Christian can go anywhere," said a young woman who was defending her continued attendance at some very doubtful places of amusement.

"Certainly she can," rejoined her friend; "but I am reminded of a little incident that happened last summer when I went with a party of friends to explore a coal mine. One of the young women appeared dressed in a dainty white gown. When her friends remonstrated with her, she appealed to the old miner who was to act as a guide to the party.

"Can't I wear a white dress down into the mine?" she asked, petulantly.

"Yes'm," returned the old man. "There's nothin' to keep you from wearin' a white frock down there, but there'll be considerable to keep you from wearin' one back."

There is nothing to prevent the Christian's wearing his white garments when he seeks the fellowship of that which is unclean, but there is a good deal to prevent him from wearing white garments afterwards.—*Sel.*

AN EVIDENCE OF SANCTIFICATION.

IN proportion as the heart becomes sanctified, there is a diminished tendency to enthusiasm and fanaticism. And this is undoubtedly one of the leading tests of sanctification. One of the marks of an enthusiastic and fanatical state of mind, is a fiery and unrestrained impetuosity of feeling; a rushing on, sometimes very blindly, as if the world were in danger, or as if the great Creator were not at the helm. It is not only feeling without a good degree of judgment, but, what is the corrupting and fatal trait, it is feeling without a due degree of confidence in God. True holiness reflects the image of God in this respect as well as in others, that it is calm, thoughtful, deliberate, immutable. And how can it be otherwise, since, rejecting its own wisdom, it incorporates into itself the wisdom and strength of the Almighty?—*Thomas C. Upham, in The Interior Life.*

IN grace you can be under bonds, yet not in bondage. I am in bonds of wedlock, but I feel no bondage: on the contrary, it is a joy to be so bound. The bond of grace is a marriage bond, uniting us to him whom we love above all, even the altogether lovely Bridegroom of our souls.—*Charles Spurgeon.*





ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Danish Good Templars are circulating a petition for total prohibition in Denmark, and at last reports had secured 446,000 signatures, or about fifty per cent of the total adult population.

A number of Philippine products are being used in finishing up the new executive offices connected with the White House. Philippine woods will be used for the floors and cabinet work and white buffalo hide to upholster the chairs. President Taft has taken a great interest in the islands ever since he was governor.

Pennsylvania is taking the lead of all the States in forestry. Large tracts of land, mostly in the mountain regions, have been purchased by the State and made into forest reserves, and though the institution is just in its infancy it promises great things. A free forestry school is carried on by the State college, and about 10,000,000 trees a year are now being planted.

During the Hudson-Fulton Celebration week, the Interborough Rapid Transit Company of New York City carried in the course of one day 2,200,000 persons without accidents, blocks, or other detriment to its service. The traffic was about equally divided between the elevated roads and the subway. Considering the crowded condition, this is a truly marvelous feat of city transportation.

The Harvard University corporation has received from Mrs. Edith F. Perkins of Burlington, Iowa, widow of Charles Elliott Perkins, for many years president of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad, a gift of \$30,000 to be held in trust for the establishment of scholarships at the institution in memory of her husband. The scholarships are to be given only to graduates of schools and colleges in Iowa. The gift, it is understood, will be accepted.

At last the Atlantic has been crossed by a steamship at a speed of over 26 knots an hour, the "Mauretania" on her last trip to the westward having covered the course from land to land in 4 days, 10 hours, and 51 minutes, at an average of 26.06 knots, reducing her last record trip to the westward by 44 minutes. Although she did not reach her highest previous day's run, she maintained a steady high speed on every day throughout the course.

The Pullman company must put into effect a maximum berth rate of \$1.50 and a maximum seat rate of one-half cent per mile by November 15 or the Kansas State board of railroad commissioners will begin proceedings to compel these rates. The board has served notice on the company for a reduction in the rates from \$3.50 to \$1.50 for a berth for one night. The reason for the action was that the company had put in these maximum rates in Oklahoma recently.

A careful record is kept of the persons killed in India by wild beasts, etc., each year. The figures for the last year have just been given out and they are appalling. Here they are: number killed by snakebites, 21,400; by tigers, 800; by other wild beasts, 1,200; total, 23,400. There were also about 100,000 cattle reported killed by beasts and snakes. A large part of these sacrifices is chargeable to the Hindu religion and customs, which forbid the people to take the life of animals.

The Commonwealth Edison Company of Chicago has been most successful with its plan of introducing electric flatirons. Ten thousand 6-pound irons were distributed up to March last on loan for six months without charge. At the end of that period the used irons were offered for sale at a reduced rate to the users, most of whom were only too glad to retain the irons at so low a price, while the demand for used irons returned has been greater than the company can supply.

After visiting the school lunchrooms conducted by the board of education at the high schools of St. Louis and studying the details of their management, Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of schools of Chicago, said she was very much impressed with the system and may recommend its adoption in Chicago. By the St. Louis system the food is supplied the children practically at cost. If there is any profit at the close of the term the children get the benefit of it the next term.

The fourteenth annual session of the Illinois conference on charities and corrections, held at Peoria the second week in October, was adjourned after the delegates had elected officers and adopted resolutions endorsing "adult probation," 10-hour factory work for women, medical inspection of public-school pupils, the placing of parole officers under civil service, the establishment of a public epileptic colony, the inauguration of prison reforms and the observance by the churches of the last Sunday in October as prison Sunday.

A traveler in the southwestern part of New Mexico says that he found there a grass which he believes can supply medical science with a narcotic not hitherto known. The natives of New Mexico call it "sleepy grass." Cattle and horses will eat of it the first time they see it, and after eating they will fall in their tracks and remain there in a state of coma for two days. When they recover, they seem to suffer no ill effects from the narcotic, but they will never eat of it again. They run away from it when it is offered to them. The traveler says that the sleepy grass is not to be taken for loco weed, as the grass is a genuine grass and is not unlike Kentucky blue grass in appearance. The loco weed is a plant which bears a flower, and horses and cattle after eating of it become fiends for it and are worthless from that time forth.

M. Dienert, a Paris city engineer, has been making successful tests with a microphone "divining-rod" for locating underground veins of water. By connecting the wires with the soil the operator is able actually to hear the trickle of the water, even to a depth of 50 feet. This was proved in several cases where wells were dug and water found at the indicated spot and depth. It must be borne in mind, however, that such instruments are still in the experimental stage; they do not appear to be on the market.

It is clear that the old-age pension scheme adopted a year ago for the British Isles is going to cost much more than was expected. The total for this year will be about \$40,000,000; the government has a deficit of \$80,000,000 altogether staring it in the face, which it must make up by increased taxation. About 700,000 persons are now on the old-age pension roll; this is 15 out of every 1,000 population in England, and about three times as many in Ireland, so that for once "Ould Oireland" is getting the big end of the bargain.

According to reports from London, fear is openly expressed that the execution of Francisco Ferrer by the Spanish government will inaugurate a period of the most serious social disturbances throughout Europe in which England will herself become involved. The general opinion is that the Ferrer outburst is far more portentous than a series of individual explosions and that it will yet develop into a concerted revolutionary movement. Every gain made by the revolutionary element in Spain only quickens the movement in other countries, thus creating a European menace.

The bureau of fisheries at Washington reports that it has broken all records in the last year by sending out over three billion fish eggs and small fish, for planting in the streams of the country. The cost of this work, which is borne by the government, averages about \$100 per million eggs and fry. About 11,000 different streams were stocked during the year. The usefulness of this work is illustrated in the case of shad; years ago the Sacramento River in California was stocked with shad from the Potomac, but now the Potomac has been fished so hard that the process is being reversed, and shad spawn from the Sacramento is being used to replenish the Potomac and other Eastern rivers. Fish spawn can be had, free, for suitable waters, on application made through a member of congress.

The Mexican congress has passed a bill exempting corn from tariff duty and large quantities will be bought in the near future from the United States. The object of the bill is to relieve famine sufferers. Loss of crops on account of unexpected early frosts and floods which have devastated large tracts of rich farming country, has caused the price of corn to soar and the poorer classes cannot afford to buy it. Tortillas, a cake made from corn, is one of the most important food staples of the peons and the high prices have caused famine conditions in large sections. The government has undertaken to relieve the situation and will order corn imported. This will be sold at and below cost in the districts where it is most needed. The government of the state of Queretaro has announced that it will buy corn from the United States as soon as the exemption of duties on imported corn goes into effect. Local concerns interested in the matter are negotiating with St. Louis firms for large shipments.

The big boost in income from internal revenue continues and the reports received so far indicate to the treasury officials that the internal revenue collections during the fiscal year will exceed last year's by between \$12,000,000 and \$15,000,000.

The State Supreme Court has upheld the Iowa indeterminate sentence law, which provides that judges of the District Court in all cases except murder in the first degree shall sentence prisoners to an indeterminate sentence, the length of which is to be determined by the State board of parole.

The monthly report of the Acting Chairman of the Panama Canal to the Secretary of War, dated September 15, states that during the month of August, the total amount of excavation done on the Panama Canal was 2,755,178 cubic yards, the average rainfall being 9.27 inches. From now on there may be a diminution in the totals of excavation, due to the fact that portions of the canal have been finished, and that as the excavation grows deeper, the number of shovels that can be employed will be reduced.

"Mentiopathy" and telepathy are new devices by which money is obtained from credulous people, according to the Postoffice Department. The department has issued a "fraud order" against John F. Braun and Kate A. Braun, conducting the "Braun Institute of Mentiopathy," the "Braun Health Institute" at Bloomington, Ill., and the "Mo-Bo Herb Remedy Company" and "Manhattan Collection Agency" of Bloomington, Indianapolis and Greenfield, Ind. Persons suffering from any conceivable disease were advised by circulars sent to them through the mails that they certainly could be cured by the Brauns through the use of "Mentiopathy" and telepathy. As much as \$100 a day was received by them in money orders at Bloomington alone.

This is what has happened to the city of Birmingham, Alabama, since the saloons were abolished there: One large railroad system has entered the district. Noticeable improvements in city railway construction have been made. A million dollar hotel has been financed; \$800,000 of the capital being subscribed by eastern financiers. Three new banks were opened for business with a total capitalization of \$300,000. The bank clearings of the city for the seven months show an increase over those of the corresponding period for last year of nearly six million dollars. The postoffice receipts show an increase of 19½ per cent. Building operations amounted to \$1,609,098 as against \$1,251,181 for the corresponding seven months of last year, which is an increase over the highest record in the history of the city of nearly \$360,000.

Unless the words "In perpetuity" are written in the contract not a single perpetual franchise is in existence in Ohio. Hundreds of franchises held by public service corporations in Ohio cities and capitalized at millions are of no specific term. These indeterminate franchises have commonly been called perpetual and have been held to be so in fact, though not in name, by numerous lower courts. The Supreme Court recently swept away all these constructions and held that a franchise contract silent as to time is merely indeterminate and not perpetual, and therefore that such a contract may be ended at any time at the pleasure of either of the contracting parties, the corporation or the people.



Among the Magazines



THE PRESIDENT'S SPEECHES.

If President Taft can accomplish what his speech in Chicago outlined, a radical reform in the practice of criminal law, it will be an achievement of untold importance and will make his a most notable administration. Mr. Roosevelt, whose eye was open to every reform that was within reach of his ken, could not have pressed this reform, for he is not a practising lawyer, but Mr. Taft has seen the evil and has felt the wrong of the present system, and has more than once attacked it.

The facts are as bad as he describes them to be. We have all seen murder cases that have occupied a month of the court's time and cost many thousands of dollars, in which cunning lawyers have worried or wearied the jury into acquittal of guilty men, who would have received the death penalty if they had been poor men, but who escaped because their money could contrive and invent occasions for delay and excuses for crime which would overrule the judge and befog the jury. Hear what the President says:

"The administration of criminal law in this country is a disgrace to our civilization, and the prevalence of crime and fraud, which here is greatly in excess of that in the European countries, is due largely to the failure of the law and its administrators to bring criminals to justice. I am sure that this failure is not due to corruption of officials. It is not due to their negligence or laziness, though of course there may be both in some cases; but it is chiefly due to the system, against which it is impossible for an earnest prosecutor and an efficient judge to struggle."

If conditions are as bad as they are here described, and we do not doubt they are, it is the business of those organizations of lawyers who are devoted to the real achievement of justice to urge on our American Bar Association and our State Legislatures such reforms as will remove this crying evil. To be sure it is the lawyers who have developed the evil and have profited by it, but there are enough patriotic and honest men in the profession to devise and press the needed amendments of procedure. President Taft tells us, what has been often noted, that a trial which here will take weeks if lawyers are well paid, will be finished in England, and with equal protection of justice, in two days. But there the judges have power to control the proceedings before them, to rebuke and restrain counsel, and to help the jury as to facts as well as law.

This is no reform to be accomplished "between the acts"; it will take a long time, but Congress can, after careful consideration, so lay down rules for Federal courts as to provide an example and norm for State courts. If the President will put his legal mind, and that of his distinguished advisers, to this task and not fear to make his influence felt in getting it enacted into law, he will deserve the everlasting gratitude of many a poor man unfortunately brought for trial. If these reforms should

drive some able lawyers into a less lucrative kind of practice, and some disreputable men into the primitive labor of tilling the ground, the world would be better off. One recalls that the head of the most famous firm of criminal lawyers in this city was not so long ago sent to prison for proving too "smart" in his legal practice.

In a subsequent speech, in the very domain of the "insurgents," the President both criticised and defended the new tariff law. He said that the woolen schedule is bad, and at the same time he said that on the whole the act makes a reduction in rates and so measurably keeps the promise of the Republican platform. To veto the bill would have been unwise, and now we may expect the tariff to stand unchanged for some years, for fresh amendments would, he says, greatly disarrange trade. We agree that he did right in signing the bill, and we do not expect speedy revision. Certainly in some schedules, and those of importance chiefly to manufacturers who want cheap raw materials, there has been a considerable reduction, in good part through the intervention of the President, but we fail to see any such considerable relief as the party pledge promised. The trouble is that the new tariff, like the old, was constructed not to benefit consumers but to benefit manufacturers; to raise the price of commodities for the help of the seller, and not to reduce the price for the benefit of the consumer. The ultimate end of all trade and business is the advantage of the consumer, not of the producer, although both are to be helped together. We have now very far from a scientific tariff law, and shall not have until our new tariff commission has been long at work.—The Independent.



THE SCREAMING EAGLE.

Americans do not always take the initiative in new lines of human endeavor, but after they become interested they are not usually long to be found in the background. In anything except politics we can compete with any nation of the world or with all of the nations of the world. We are very young as a people, but we have associated with our older sisters long enough to have learned that the way to get results is to work and study diligently.

Men were attempting to sail the air in balloons and other air craft years before the Declaration of Independence was signed, but today no computation of progress in either of these branches of aviation is accurate unless it includes a record of what American investigators, experimenters and inventors have done and are doing. A few weeks ago an international contest for heavier-than-air flying machines was conducted at Rheims. There were numerous entries from Germany, France, England and other European nations, as well as three or four entries from the United States. France expected to capture the honors, but expectation fell short of becoming realization because Glenn Curtiss, an American, was one of the contestants. Mr. Curtiss won.

More recently, the International Aero Club held, in Germany, its annual balloon race for the James Gordon Bennett cup. There was only one American entry. Edgar Mix of Columbus, O., found that upon his shoulders rested the responsibility for creditably representing Uncle Sam. He sailed 700 miles and remained in the air about 40 hours, during most of which time he was passing through storms and suffering from extreme cold—but he won.

The history of the quest for the north pole carries us back for centuries. The roll of the men who have braved the frozen north in search of this coveted goal would occupy a page in this newspaper and on it would be represented nearly every civilized nation of the world, but the pole remained undiscovered until an American found it.

To Americans also the world is indebted for the locomotive, the steamboat, the ironclad warship, the cotton gin, the telephone, the telegraph, the phonograph and for a great many of the other modern conveniences. Although young, we have developed a literature and have given to the world a number of masterpieces of art. It is true that American ingenuity has largely exerted itself in directions that gave promise of returning financial profit, but the mad scramble for the Almighty Dollar will some day cease to interest us, and then—well, then the old world will do well to look to its laurels in science, art, music and literature. We are just beginning to realize that these avenues for endeavor are open to us.—*Woman's National Daily.*



WHERE PIONEERS ARE "BOOSTERS."

In his article on "Making the Homes of the New Northwest," which appears in *The Delineator* for October, F. G. Moorhead says:

Homes are to be had for practically all who apply, and hardships and high prices do not and should not count in the face of independence and future prosperity. Public lands in the United States, subject to entry and settlement, amount in area to twenty-three times all the acres devoted to all agricultural pursuits in Iowa, the greatest agricultural State in the world. Were all the acres tillable, no less than four and three-quarter million families might receive their allowance of one hundred and sixty acres and independence. Each year the population of Trenton, New Jersey, or Oakland, California, finds homes in the new Northwest, and still public lands remain to supply one hundred and sixty-acre homes to every man, woman and child in New York City and Philadelphia combined.

The terms are easy, yet harder than they were. It is now necessary to make one's residence on the homestead fourteen months before securing permission to commute, and by paying a small amount receive patent to the land. A short time ago the residence requirements were eight months. The price asked is small, from fifty cents to a few dollars an acre, with time allowed in which to make the payments. Or one may live on the land continuously for five years and cultivate it and so get it free of cost.

Each day of the year a heavily laden train comes to a halt in western Canada and pours forth its cargo of eager-faced homesteaders. Sunny Alberta, prosperous British Columbia and unpronounceable Saskatchewan, to say nothing of unspellable Assiniboia, have been in their dreams for months, perhaps for years; at last they have been reached.

Poverty is behind these homeseekers, a few more days and, looking over the rolling prairies, they will be monarchs of all they survey. The reversed train disappears over the eastern horizon, but there is no regret. They have come into the Promised Land. Seventy-three thousand of them made the trip and took up homesteads last year. That means one thousand two hundred coaches filled to capacity, each day of the year a train of four cars filled with hopeful humanity.

Faith in the future, that's the key-note. Every mother's son and daughter of the one hundred and fifty thousand who went into the new Northwest last year are boosters. It doesn't matter that the summers are dry, the winters wet; a balmy Chinook makes them forget their troubles, the sighing of the wind through the pine trees is music for their perturbed spirits. It doesn't matter that the nearest neighbor is five or ten or forty miles away, with only an indistinct trail between. It doesn't matter that they pay sixty cents a dozen for eggs in winter, and that creamery butter costs fifty cents a pound; in a couple of years they'll be producers instead of consumers, and opportunities exist without number to double one's capital.

Catch one of these homesteading schoolma'ams or stenographers or housekeepers off guard, she'll admit there are hardships. The sod house or slab shack is not modern in any respect; there are no faucets to turn for hot and cold water, no enameled bathtubs. The homesteaders are lucky if they do not have to haul water. When it comes to paying three dollars a foot for boring wells, one has to think twice and try the divining-rod several times.

But if necessities are lacking, there are luxuries, and they go a long ways. In one corner of the shack or cabin is a Harvard or a Wellesley pennant, better company than a hot-water faucet any day. And the books and magazines and newspapers! Some of the homesteaders didn't know the Atlantic fleet had left Hampton Roads until it was half way to the Horn, but news is news when it's first heard, no matter how old it may be.



ABOUT MONEY.

(Continued from Page 1041.)

Chocolate is still used in the interior of South America for money, as are cocoanuts and eggs.

Iron spikes, knives, and spear-heads, and brass rods are used as a medium of exchange in certain parts of Central Africa.

The archaic Greek money was in the form of thick, round lumps of metal, stamped with the given value.

According to Adam Smith, it was not so very long ago that nails were used as a subsidiary coin in Scotland.

Whales' teeth are used by the Fijians, red feathers by some of the South Sea islanders, and salt in Abyssinia.

The old Chinese gold coins were in the form of cubes, while the bronze coins were shaped like knives and mining tools.

Among some native Australians greenstone and red ochre formed the currency.

In the early colonial times of 1652 tobacco and tobacco receipts were legal tender; corn and beans and codfish were also employed.

The small, hard shell known as the cowrie is still used in India, the Indian islands, and Africa as the purchasing power.

According to Prescott, the money of the Aztecs and the kindred nations consisted of quills filled with gold dust and bags of chocolate grains.

Before the introduction of coined money into Greece, skewers and spikes of iron and copper were currency, six being a dram or handful.

The Carthaginians had better money. Barbarossa, during his fight with Milan, in 1158, issued leather tokens, and so did John the Good of France in 1360.

In the British West Indies, pins, a slice of bread, or a pinch of snuff have all a purchasing power, while on the African coast axes are the accepted currency.

In 1652, during the early colonial times of America, musket-balls passed for change at a farthing apiece, and were legal tender for sums under a shilling.

Wampum was the strangest currency of all. It was the shell bead money of the Indians, and was soon accepted by the New England colonists as a convenient token in all dealings with the Indians.

The strangest coin of all, though, was the ideal money spoken of by Montesquieu as being found in certain parts of Africa. It is an ideal money called "maconte," but is purely a sign of value without a unit.—*Selected.*



DOG EARNS OWN LICENSE FEE.

MAX, a black-and-tan dog owned by Charles C. Fitzhugh, a pharmacist of Flint, Mich., has come through with a dollar to pay his annual license and thus insure safety from the city dog catcher for another year. And Max earned all this money himself.

In the rear of the store where his owner works Max, who is a trick dog, has a box half filled with excelsior, in which he hides pennies and nickels earned by doing tricks. When a customer comes into the store the dog starts his repertory of stunts, plays dead, walks lame, says his prayers, "talks" to the best of his ability, walks erect on his front legs and then on his hind legs, sits up and does numerous other tricks for the entertainment of visitors. The majority of the patrons of the store know the dog and always when he has finished his act he is given a penny or a 5-cent piece, which he hides in his box.

Last spring when the animal's owner decided that the license should be paid he sent the dog back to the box time after time until the canine had brought to him a dollar in pennies and nickels, and, placing the cash in an envelope, the owner started for the office of the city clerk, the dog carrying the envelope in his mouth.

Whenever the dog wants a piece of candy from the showcase he gets the money from his box, tramps up to where his master is and exchanges it for chocolates.

There is no particular breed about Max. He was a "tramp" dog and Mr. Fitzhugh took him in, gave him a home and taught him tricks.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Between Whiles

His Feelings.

James, aged six, after having had his first ride on a scenic railway, described his feelings thus: "It made me feel just like I was all gone but my soul, and that was almost tickled to death."—Delineator.



Household Hints.

Do not throw away old umbrellas. By removing the cloth cover and cutting it up in strips you can make a number of dainty neckties for your husband. The ribs properly twisted, and woven together, make a very good rat trap, and the stick, when carefully polished, will do for a cane to present to the clergyman at Christmas.

To keep freckles from showing, get a small paint pot, quart size, and fill with a pink paint carefully matching the tone of your complexion, and with a camel's hair brush paint each freckle out.

Young wives cannot be too often reminded that they should always greet their husbands with a smile. It is safe to say that there is nothing in the world that will more deeply irritate him than this, and it should therefore not be forgotten.

If your lamp wicks give out, a very satisfactory substitute can be made of Irish point lace, or Valenciennes, carefully wound round the wick holder. A knitted necktie will serve the same purpose, but is apt to burn fitfully and give out a pungent odor.—Harper's Weekly.



"Is my son getting well grounded in the classics?" asked the anxious millionaire.

"I would put it even stronger than that," replied the private tutor. "I may say that he is actually stranded on them."—Chicago Record-Herald.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—A few hundred agents to represent us in their home county. We give large commission on Ingle-nook Cook Book, Floral Wall Mottoes, etc. Write for our terms.—Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

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Syracuse, Ind., June 1, 1909.

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Because of these conditions I hope and expect to be one of the number to possess these goodly lands.

(Signed) EDWARD DEETER.

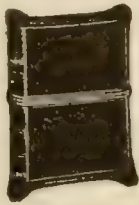
Mr. Deeter is a noted horticulturist of northern Indiana and is a son of Elder Deeter of the Church of the Brethren.

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"To My Bible,"A Sermonette in Verse
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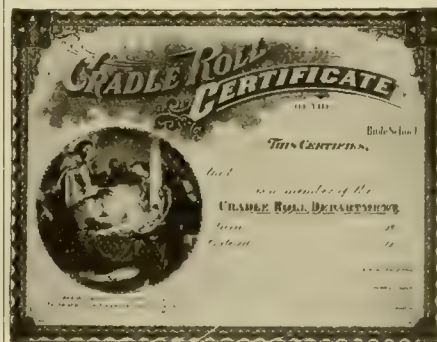
NEFF'S CORNER

Did you notice the three pages of pictures and information about Sinaloa, Mexico, in the 'Nook of Oct. 5? Well, I am planning to be there on the ground in a few weeks and if any of you who cannot go down this fall want some of that cheap land, I expect to be in position to look after the development and cultivation of land for non-residents and can have your land cleared and a crop of bananas ready for you to eat by the time you arrive, if you wish. Or a crop of corn, alfalfa, cane or cotton (or 'most anything else you want) can be started in a very short time. 5,000 acres of the Culiacan Colony lands have been sold to Americans this season and we expect a busy settlement of congenial neighbors there in the near future. Many people are going from southern California into Sinaloa and buying at \$25 per acre as good land in as good climate as they see selling in their own country for more than \$2,500 per acre. They are acquainted with that kind of a proposition and they see that an advance of from \$25 to \$2,500 per acre is likely to be made on the west coast of Mexico in about as short a time as it was made in California. My judgment is that he who secures a block of that land now (you can buy it in blocks of from 10 acres up) will have one of the best investments he ever made. I take it that most Nookers are people "of the right stripe" and I'd like to have a few of you for neighbors. If you want a block of land adjoining me, let me hear from you soon.

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YOUR CHOICE OF LOCATION

"Church Extension by Colonization" is our Motto. We are locating our second Colony, with others to follow in other states in the near future.

COLONY NUMBER ONE

is located in the famous San Joaquin Valley, in "Sunny Stanislaus" county, near the center of California, adjoining the new town of EMPIRE. An organized Church of the Brethren is holding regular services and Sunday school in the new colony.

This location was selected because of its fine climate; snows and thunder storms are unknown there; because of its rich soil and fine irrigation system enable a great variety of crops to be grown; and because the excellent transportation facilities to the nearby markets make it easy to dispose of the products to good advantage.

Alfalfa is cut from four to six times a year, yielding from five to ten tons of hay annually, which sells from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per ton. All kinds of stock, dairying and poultry are handled with profit. The alfalfa remains green all winter.

All kinds of California fruits, nuts, berries and truck can be grown here, yielding good incomes.



A good Dairy Cow will yield about \$120.00 annually.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

A Pennsylvanian who has lived near Empire for five years says: "I am raising alfalfa only; that which was one year old and over, yielded nine tons per acre this year. We have 90 acres in alfalfa and are preparing to seed 100 acres more."—J. M. Bombarger.

A North Dakotan, feels this way. "I will frankly say that the Empire location has more good points

than any thing I ever saw, you should not have much trouble in locating people here, even if prices are a little high.

Personally I am partial to the land around Empire. After about three week's investigation I find the land almost faultless in location, soil, drainage, railroads to markets. It will stand the very closest inspection."

J. W. Beardorf

COLONY NUMBER TWO

This colony is being located near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, in the great wheat Belt of Canada, about sixty miles west of Winnipeg, the Chicago of Western Canada, a city of over 100,000 population.

Four trunk-line railroads pass through the section in which the colony is located, giving excellent transportation to nearby markets. The raising of stock, wheat, oats, barley and grass are the principal pursuits here. Immense crops are grown annually of these cereals, wheat yielding from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. Lands are little higher here than in the newer sections; wheat brings from 10 to 15 cents per bushel more than in the western provinces. Homeseekers will find it advantageous to investigate our colony propositions here and elsewhere. Write us for fuller information about prices, terms and special rates for homeseekers.

Co-operative Colonization Company North Manchester, Indiana

S. F. Sanger, President.
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THE INGLENOOK

November 2, 1909

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RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

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When all the woods were garbed in beauty rare
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Poured forth their souls in lyrics; now this bare,
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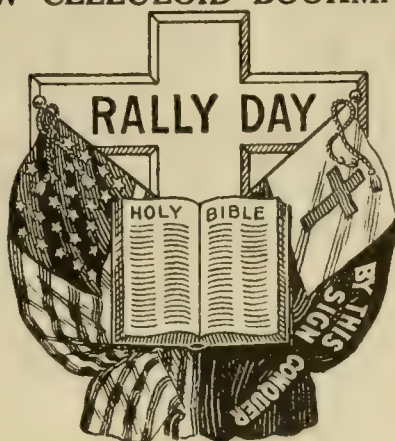
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NEW CELLULOID BOOKMARK

With the words "Rally Day" lithographed on one side of the bookmark; and with a reproduction of the Conquest and United States flags. These souvenirs may be given to members of the school as a constant reminder of the recipient's duties to and



Actual Size

privileges in the school. Many will use them in the Bible in connection with the daily readings and the study of the lesson. Each bookmark has a double silk cord and tassel. Price, 4 cents each; 40 cents a dozen, or \$3.00 a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID RALLY DAY BUTTON IN COLORS



1



3

Price of either numbers 1, 2 or 3, 20 cents a dozen; or \$1.50 a 100, postpaid.

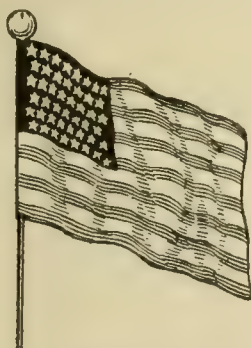
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Contains a short, crisp, businesslike message, prepared in such a manner as to secure the presence of every teacher or officer, and pupil in addition to the parents and visitors. TELEGRAM FORMS, price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid. SPECIAL TELEGRAM FORM ENVELOPES. Price, 40 cents a 100, postpaid.

NEW CELLULOID FLAG PINS

These pins may be used to stimulate attendance on Rally Day. Distribute them in quantities to all members of the school who will promise to give one to each friend who agrees to attend the Rally Day services, wearing the pins. Organize all those who undertake to give out the pins into two divisions; then see which division succeeds in bringing out the largest number. Let one division use the Conquest flag pins, and the other the United States flag pins.

Price, 30 cents a dozen, or \$2.00 a 100, postpaid.



NEW ILLUSTRATED RALLY DAY INVITATION POST CARDS

For the use of Superintendents and Teachers
Designed to help increasing the attendance

to be sent previous to Rally Day to the members of every class or department, including the CRADLE ROLL AND HOME DEPARTMENT, and especially to those who have been irregular in attendance. Space is provided for filling in the date of Rally Day, and for the signature of the superintendent of any of the various departments, or of the teacher.

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FORM A. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark, in colors, containing a printed invitation; but without the name of Teacher or Superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM B. **Post Card**, with the reproduction of Rally Day bookmark in colors. Without any printed matter whatever, so that you can have your own invitation printed on this form.

FORM C. **Plain Card**, same size as forms A and B, but not in Post Card Form. For distribution in the school or by messenger service. With the reproduction of the Rally Day bookmark in colors; containing the printed invitation; but without the

printed name of teacher or superintendent, so that either could sign this card.

FORM D. **Post Card**, Printed in colors, with an original design of an American boy Announcing Rally Day through the megaphone. The wording is brief and to the point; a space is left for the signature of the teacher or superintendent. This would be an excellent card to send to every member of the school, particularly to the Primary, Junior and Intermediate departments.

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Remember this land is a part of the famous MIAMI VALLEY, which is supplied with first-class church and school privileges, ideal climate, beautiful natural surroundings, the finest of people—in short the ranch is situated in the midst of an ideal home land.

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Old Germantown Church

A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. Our new stock has just arrived from the factory in Germany and we are prepared to give your orders prompt attention.

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Review test questions at the end of every fifth or sixth lesson. The official textbook for Teacher-Training Classes of the Church of the Brethren. 272 pages. Cloth bound, prepaid, 50 cents.

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A Wonderful Success

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Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

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During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
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Colonization Agent

Dayton, Ohio

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G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

November 2, 1909.

No. 44.

A TRIP DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI

G. WILFORD ROBINSON

THE Mississippi! Who has not pictured to himself a voyage down this mighty stream—the “father of waters.” If you have, your feelings will be indescribable when you find yourself for the first time afloat upon its waters. Here it is in its reality—your boyhood dreams—and you steaming down the current of this lordly stream.

It was late in the afternoon of a beautiful September day when the big packet steamer, the *Columbia*, left port at Davenport, Iowa, for a down-river trip. We were a passenger for the pleasure of the trip and to see some of the scenery of the Upper River region.

Davenport is a city crowning a hill. The Indians have a tradition that Marquette and Joliet camped where the city now stands, in 1673.

We glide along on the smooth waters, pass densely-covered islands which, with the profound silence about us, gives us the feeling of isolation. The tranquillity and quiet of the unruffled evening, with the fast-disappearing rays of the setting sun, produce an enchanting scene which is worth remembering. We did not get to Muscatine in time to see its famous sunset described by Mark Twain in his “Life on the Mississippi.” He says he has never seen any on either side of the ocean that equaled them. You may judge for yourself the sincerity of his remark.

Just before reaching Muscatine we pass Geneva Island, a summer resort for the people of the city. Many nice summer cottages adorn its banks. Muscatine, on the big bend of the river, presented a beautiful aspect with its thousands of sparkling lights. The city sits upon two hills and the valley between. A daylight view from these hills shows a panorama of the country for miles. A view from the boat after we had left showed an illuminated hill.

With an overcoat on we sat on the upper deck watching the river by starlight. A clear starlight night throws such heavy shadows that you think you are almost touching the shore when you are only shaving

the shadow's edge. It is hard to tell the shape of the river on such nights. The pilot *must know* that, also know where all the crossings are. But navigation at night has been made much easier and safer by the government lights along the river. It has stationed lights and located buoys on the dangerous places from one end to the other. Twice a year the government boat makes its trip on the upper river, from Cairo to St. Paul, fixing the posts and furnishing the keepers with supplies.

At a late hour we sought the comforts of our state-room where all was quiet except the throbbing of the engines below. It entertained us only a short time until we became unconscious and were sleeping with the fishes swimming beneath us. When we awoke it was morning and our boat was at New Boston where it had tied up sometime during the night waiting for morning. It was a pleasure excursion and was in no hurry. We had anticipated seeing a sunrise on the Mississippi but the sun was obscured by rain clouds which soon began their drizzly downpour.

Again we move on down the river. After a light breakfast we are ready for the sights along the way. The turbid waters attract our attention. We do not wonder at Captain Marryat naming the river “The Great Sewer” when engineers tell us that the river annually empties four hundred and six million tons of mud into the Gulf of Mexico. The river is very crooked but is straightening itself. It has shortened itself 242 miles in 176 years. Another feature is that it is changing its locality. It has been stated that nearly the whole of the one thousand three hundred miles that La Salle floated down in his canoe two hundred years ago is dry land now.

After a few hours' ride past such scenery as gives one an unbounded admiration for Nature's God, there looms upon our vision a city upon a hill, flourishing with factories. It is Burlington, Iowa. Here we stop,

take quite a few passengers on board, back out and "straighten up," and are off again.

Below the city we pass a beautiful scene. The bend of the river is bordered with a high bluff, covered with trees, clothed in green. Upon this bluff are many fine houses overlooking the river—an ideal place to live. The railroad runs at the bottom of the bluff, along the river. In fact the railroad runs along the river most all the way from St. Louis to St. Paul, a distance of eight hundred miles.

At this time of the year the river is very low and the pilot must exercise great care to keep the boat from grounding on one of the many sandbars in the river. Sometimes we go at half speed and sometimes the engines are stopped and we drift along with the current until the shoal water is passed. When it rains lightly the water presents a strange aspect. It is streaked, like oil running about on its surface. The face of the water is a wonderful book but unintelligible to most people except those who have studied it much. The pilot can tell by the face of the water where the reefs are and it gives him other signs which are so helpful to him.

We now come to Fort Madison which, like most all cities along the river, is situated upon a hill. Here is located the State Penitentiary. This city has a beautiful water front. Below Fort Madison are many islands which divide the river into many streams. These islands are covered with primeval forests and were once the home of deer, bear and other wild animals. We soon come to a very historic place. It is Nauvoo, once the "Holy city of the Saints." When the Mormons were driven out of Missouri in 1838-39 they sought shelter in Hancock County, Ill., and on the banks of the Mississippi they established Nauvoo. It is an ideal place for a city and no doubt would have been a large one if the Mormons had been allowed to stay. But they grew unpopular and the people prepared to make war upon them. A warrant had been issued for Joseph and Hyrum Smith and they went to Carthage, Ill., and gave themselves up. On June 27, 1844, they were murdered by a mob in the Carthage jail. The old jail with its bullet-pierced windows is still standing. Meanwhile the State revoked the charter of Nauvoo and they departed for the promised land—Salt Lake City.

The city has about two thousand inhabitants now. Many of the houses are built from the stone of the destroyed temple. Also bargeload after bargeload was hauled to Rock Island to help build the Government arsenal. A few days after we had passed a thousand pounds of dynamite exploded in the town and wrecked several of these old buildings.

About thirty years ago it was thought that Washington was not well located for the capital of the United

States and a bill was introduced to move it to Nauvoo, but of course it did not pass.

The next thing of interest is the Keokuk canal. It is built around the rapids of the river and is eight miles long. The canal was finished in 1877 at a cost of about \$4,000,000. It costs about \$40,000 a year to maintain it. Boats drawing over four and one-half feet of water cannot get through the canal. Before the canal was built all freight had to be transferred over the rapids by flat boat. We pass through three locks in going through the canal. They are eighty feet wide and three hundred feet long. At the second lock we must fall eight feet and at the last one, twelve feet. The entire canal is rock walled. The continual settling of the turbid waters necessitates a constant dredging of the canal. This is done by the government boats.

The canal ends at Keokuk at which place we make a short stop. This place is rich in Indian history as Davenport is farther up. Here was the home of Chief Keokuk and a monument is erected to the famous chief's memory in one of the city's parks.

After a few more hours' ride upon the smooth waters, between the Illinois and Missouri shores, we arrive at Quincy just as twilight is about to be dispelled by darkness. Here the boat was to stay until the next day and we took this opportunity to visit our friends. After a substantial supper we climbed the hill into the city.



AUTUMN.

A. H. ANGLE.

THE summer has just passed and autumn is here with its gay colors and beautiful landscapes. This is the time of year that Dame Nature is making a great change. After having performed her work faithfully during the spring and summer to beautify this world of ours, it is now being made more beautiful as she prepares for the long winter's rest. The fields and forests, with their beautiful green foliage and flowers, which have shaded the traveler from the burning, hot sun, and have furnished nesting places for many thousands of our feathered songsters, and at the same time helped to bring refreshing showers to the thirsty earth, now change to bright reds, yellows, and browns, and present a far more beautiful picture than spring or summer.

We often hear autumn spoken of as "the days of melancholy," but I don't think I ever heard a lover of nature speak of it in that way. They have too much to employ their minds to be in a state of melancholy.

Autumn (or fall as we sometimes call it, here in Virginia) always had some kind of a fascination for me, especially when a lad at home. One reason I guess why I always liked autumn so well, was because I was raised on the farm, and had to work, I thought,

very hard during the summer. And at this season of the year the work on the farm was being finished up for me, and I could before starting to school have a few days off, in the forest, rabbit hunting and gathering nuts. This I always looked forward to and enjoyed very much, and too I was anxious to start to school, renewing old acquaintances and making some new ones. All of this went to make fall of more than ordinary interest.

Autumn is a very busy season with most everyone. The farmer is husking his corn and hauling it to the barn or the market, and sowing his wheat, and doing various other things that I could mention; and last of all he hauls in his winter's supply of wood, and then when the expected sleet and snow come he can rest easy, and enjoy the evenings by the open fireplace, for you know there is none of us that likes to haul wood in the snow.

The merchant is also getting his share of the business that is being transacted during the fall. The farmer after having marketed his crops, takes a day off, and brings his family to town to do their fall shopping. This continues with the country people, more or less from this on until Christmas. So the merchant is also kept quite busy during the so-called "melancholy days," so much so that he cannot get out and enjoy the luxuries of the field and forest, hunting and gathering nuts, even for a few days. But still we like to see autumn come with its gay colors and its frosty, health-giving atmosphere.

The very first tinge of frost that we feel in the air gives us new life. It quickens our steps, makes us more energetic and industrious. The delivery wagons and automobiles are hurrying up and down the street at breakneck speed. The meat man is always on time, with nice fresh steak and pork chops; the grocery man, as he enters his store, greets you with a broad smile and a cheerful good morning, saying, "This is a fine, large morning. The keen frosty air is so bracing." And then he can show you the very nicest fall apples, potatoes, and turnips that the country produces.

Now, who can call these "melancholy days"? It is true that the law of nature has arranged four distinct seasons, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, and we should like all of them, and not find fault with the disagreeable weather when it comes, but my ideal is the bright, frosty days of autumn.

Rocky Mount, Va. ❀ ❀ ❀

GIVE HIM ANOTHER CHANCE.

MAUD HAWKINS.

GIVE the fallen brother another chance. We do not know how great the temptation may have been. We do not know that we would not have fallen under similar circumstances. Did we never sin? It may be that his sin that looks so great in our eyes, is no worse than our little (?) sin, in the eyes of the Lord.

It is not always true that if a man goes wrong once he is bad at heart or has always been a hypocrite, or that he will sin again, if allowed to rise. He may have been true till this great temptation presented itself just at the right time when circumstances caused him to be weak and to fall.

Give him a chance to rise, nay, **HELP** him to rise. Do not kick him further down, to fall into worse temptation and sin. Look up, lift up, is the motto. No person is all bad, neither is any person all good. The jockey racing on Sunday who gave his life to save others in a runaway had some Christian qualities about him. It is better not to know the Bible and practice its teachings, than to know it and not practice it.

"Say Something Good When He's Down."

Pick out the folks you like the least and watch 'em for a while;

They never waste a kindly word, they never waste a smile;

They criticise their fellow-men at every chance they get, They never found a human just to suit their fancy yet. From them I guess you'd learn something, if they were pointed out—

Some things that every one of us should know a lot about,

When some one "knocks" a brother, pass around the loving cup —

Say something good about him if you have to make it up.

It's safe to say that every man God made holds trace of good

That he would fain exhibit to his fellows if he could; The kindly deeds in many a soul are hibernating there, Awaiting the encouragement of other souls that dare To show the best that's in them; and a universal move Would start the whole world running in a hopeful, helpful groove.

Say something sweet to paralyze the "kicker" on the spot —

Speak kindly of his victim if you know the man or not. The eyes that peek and peer to find the worst a brother holds,

The tongue that speaks in bitterness, that frets and fumes and scolds;

The hands that bruise the fallen, though their strength was made to raise;

The weaklings who have stumbled at the parting of the ways—

All these should be forgiven, for they "know not what they do."

Their hindrance makes a greater work for wiser ones like you,

So, when they scourge a wretched one who's drained sin's bitter cup,

Say something good about him—if you have to make it up.

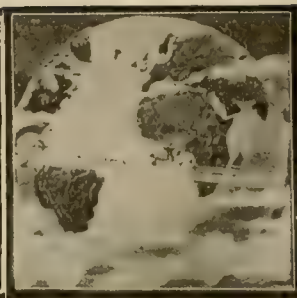
—Elmira Telegram, April 4, '09.

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THERE are no fires that will melt out our drossy and corrupt particles like God's refining fires of duty and trial; living, as he sends us to live, in the open field of the world's sins and sorrows, its plausibilities and lies, its persecutions, animosities and fears, its eager delights and bitter wants.—*Horace Bushnell.*



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER.

Chapter LXXX. Is It Worth While?*

THE native workman in India sits down when he digs a post-hole, and a day's work with him is about four or five holes. An American digs eighty. The Hindu uses his feet for a vice and of course he must sit down to do that. My friend one day had the vice bolted to the side of a post so that it could be used easily in that position. Then he asked one of his new men from the jungle to plane off the edge of a board in that vice. The Hindu promptly removed the nuts from the bolts that held the vice, took them all out and then laid the vice on the ground. Next he sat down flat on the ground and with the vice between his feet, he fastened the board in it and began to plane its edge. In another part of the workshop a workman was running the lathe with his feet, he also sitting flat on the ground to do this kind of work. Another one was holding the chisel between his big toes, while in his mouth he held to a piece of leather that wound up and unwound over a spindle that turned only as he moved his body back and forth like a jumping jack. He was running the piece of machinery with his *mouth*. This was nothing new,

for there are some people in every shop who can manage machinery and other things, or who try to, with their *mouth*. They do that in this country. But the quality of work turned out by these men was poor, and the quantity very small indeed. It is a current saying among the missionaries that if there are two ways for doing a thing, a right and a wrong, the Hindu will always do it the wrong way. One day a Gujarati woman came to the bungalow and borrowed the rubber

water bottle of Elder Stover to cure the cramps of her grandmother. After the old lady died,—which she did,—they always do in India after such treatment as they receive there at the hands of the fake doctors,—my friend sent for the bottle. But as it did not come, he went for it.

"Oh," said the woman crying, "we had bad luck with your rubber water bottle. We filled it with water from that well there and was holding it over the fire here when the rubber all *fell to pieces*. Boo hoo!"

At another home the natives were powwow-ing for a woman who was very ill. The doctor compelled them to place her head on one stump and her feet on another, urging the poor sick woman meanwhile to try to maintain as straight a position of her body as possible without *falling*



Scene Under the Biggest Banyan Tree in the World. One Minute Exposure During Which a Native Man Walked Clear Down the Path and Out the Little End of the Picture. Taken About Sundown Near Broach on the Nerbudda River. W. B. Stover.

*This chapter should have appeared in the issue of Oct. 19, immediately following Chapter LXXVII in which the writer tells of the severe attack of fever which he suffered while visiting the Brethren missions.

through. Then they gave her support from below while a big tub of water was set upon her stomach. The doctor all this time was bowing and scraping on the ground around the poor deluded woman, praying to his god of medicine to help the patient. The woman grew worse and worse, at this treatment, and finally was dying. The doctor kept on scraping and scratching and bowing around in the dirt, and took good care to keep it up until she was sure enough dead. The longer he worked, the bigger the fee!

The best mission here is the best workshop, and the missionary that teaches only theoretical Christianity had better be holding the plow in Illinois, just as all preachers who are mere theorizers should be put to hard work. The people must be taught how to work, how to make shoes that they now sell there for fifty cents which when made as Christians make them, will sell at three and four dollars. The Brethren have their carpenter shop here, and the natives are building salable looms, some of which are going click-a-clack, one of them being operated by a boy who was once dying from starvation in the jungle. He is happy in his work, and his face beams with joy. The coat on his back was woven here with his own hands. Emmert Stover was wearing a pair of trousers that had been made on these looms. The building in which the work is done is airy and clean, a model to all this part of India, for few of the masses here know how to live in health. What the Hindu needs first of all is a full stomach and a job that will insure its refilling three times every day. What he wants is not theology but good pay for good service. The missionary here who merely preaches sermons and then walks around looking sorrowful at the sad plight of his fellows,—the fellow who pretends to feed the starving wretches the Bread of Life and then walks around with his hands in his pockets while they suffer the untold agonies of a continual starvation, ought to be horsewhipped. At Nausari Brother Jesse Emmert from Juniata College was making chairs and teaching his boys to make them,—fine office chairs, as good as you would find in the best Grand Rapids firm. The iron work of these chairs he was casting himself at Surat, a town near by. The chair can be made and sold in Bombay for a profit. So that a mission in time will be self-supporting and then finally productive of financial gain. This, of course, after long years, probably a lifetime or more, for the work of the mission is to keep pushing out into the untried and difficult fields where there is no profit whatever and only incessant outlay.

At Anklesvar the Brethren are conducting poultry, dairy, shoemaking and tailoring industries, and the natives are coming in to these centers from the idle, starving jungle towns, to get work, and then to find their Savior.

The Brahmin will then see, when Christ comes to

India as the carpenter and as the all-around worker, that chalking his forehead to set himself apart from the mass of people in order that he may enjoy privileges that can not be theirs, is laughably foolish for so thoughtful a man as the Brahmin is expected to be. He will be forced by his own self-accusing arguments or by those of his so-called inferiors to come down and live with the common folks, and work as hard and play as long, but no harder and no longer, than the common people.

Of all the missions I have seen, among the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Lutheran and the Methodists, the Brethren missions seemed to be fuller of that spiritual essence of good sense and high honor and to have, in germ, though still weak in financial and material showing, the making of the finest missions in India. They have preëmpted the field and they intend to hold it, but it will be a great struggle, for others, seeing the good soil here, knowing of the scanty help received by these brethren, look with jealous eyes upon this garden for missions. Faithful support by the friends of the church will guarantee more on the Brethren missions, per dollar and per missionary, than on any other field in India. As I am a personal friend of nearly all of the workers on this field, and as my heart is with them, I wish I might say something here that would increase the gifts of the people several hundred per cent. If every one could see as my eyes saw there how much good a dollar will do towards saving a soul,—fifty times more than in this country,—I am sure they would gladly give to the India mission field. As for myself I aim to give five dollars where I once gave five cents, and I will give it more gladly.

The same wise spirit of economy and skillful industry that prevails among the Brethren at home will, when re-enforced by the solid backing of the whole Brotherhood, bloom and bear fruit of the same splendid quality abroad. Inadequate support will mean less buildings than needed, cheaper materials and more sickness and death of the very choice of the home land of devoted and brilliant sons and daughters. It will also mean loss of prestige and respect among the natives and a loss of converts to other denominations whose sympathies for the poor heathen are less pure and strong than the non-professional worker of the Church of the Brethren.

Remember the Mission Board in bigger gifts of the Lord's money and send personal "Christmas" boxes oftener to the missionaries.

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PROHIBITION has a moral and a legal side. The moral side is, "Keep your boy out of danger." The legal side is, "Keep the danger out of your boy's way."

THE CARNIVAL

GRANT MAHAN

Two or three times we have happened to be in southern cities at carnival time, and could not avoid seeing something of what was done by way of celebration. We had read about the carnival and had known of people taking long journeys in order to be at a certain city during carnival week, and in our ignorance had come to the conclusion that at that time there must be something to be seen that was really worth while. But after having seen one in our home town our opinion was to some extent changed, though we still thought the southern carnival must be something different, must have attractions of which we of the North knew nothing.

We never did walk a block out of the way to see what was done, and after being forced by circumstances to see, we can say freely that it would be better to walk a mile or two in order to avoid seeing. Once in a while there may be a pretty, artistically gotten up float; but where there is one such there

are several of the ugly, crude and occasionally indecent. That is the way it has always impressed us, and inquiry has not brought to light anything to change this opinion.

Just how some men, and especially those professing religion, can favor having a carnival in their town is beyond us. True, some are of the opinion that it helps business, booms the town. It may, it possibly does, for the time being. But we believe that if the facts were carefully investigated it would be found that the business which gets most help is just the one that a self-respecting man does not want to help at all, would hinder whenever and wherever he could. The fever for such seasons does not seem to be as high as it was

some years ago; and, now that it has gone down, men can look at the matter with less prejudice and better judgment.

It is usual for great crowds of people to come to the town or city in which carnival is held; but the majority of them any place is better off without. They are the vultures of society. They have learned where the carcass is to be, and flock together there. We once had figures to show how many of the worst people came to a city to celebrate; but they have been mislaid. They would make almost any man stop and think; and after he has thought he will no longer give his influence in

favor of anything so demoralizing. Temptation is brought into the way of those who might have escaped it, and most people are inclined to let themselves loose and do as the crowd does.

Take, for instance, the throwing of paper. At carnival time even the most depraved feel free to ap-

proach the most respected and fill his or her eyes, mouth and clothing full of the little bits of paper. It matters not if you are passing along on business which is urgent, and if you are attending strictly to your own business, suddenly you are made uncomfortable by being covered with the paper. Even persons who are ordinarily sane lose their heads and act as do the most wanton. Such things cannot be done without moral loss: and financial gain cannot compensate for that. We doubt whether there is a real financial gain because of the carnival.

After two days of carnival in a city where we were staying for a short time there were twenty-four loads of paper bits swept and shoveled up and hauled away.



Just think of the time wasted in getting all this stuff ready and shipping it in; then think of the amount of money spent by those who did not have it to spend for anything but the necessities of life. And while they bought it and threw it to the discomfort of others they thought they were having a good time! What strange ideas people do sometimes get.

INGLENOOK readers are probably not much troubled by carnival seasons; but they may have occasion to use their influence for or against the carnival coming to their towns some day, and it will be well for them to think about it beforehand and be ready to work against evil coming in; enough of it comes uninvited. We believe the main influence of the carnival is bad, first, last, and all the time; and for that reason oppose it.



THE SCHOOLMASTER'S BURDEN.

IN the olden days it was sometimes the custom to regard the schoolmaster as a be-spectacled pedagogue, whose eyes were so tightly fastened on his books that he could see little or nothing of the affairs of men. The writer is neither be-spectacled nor a pedagogue, which may or may not enable him to see the clearer. He thinks he sees, however, that the schoolmaster's burden has grown like the White Man's. Two decades ago the burden was a light one. The family, the church, the open country life, all were contributing important elements to the training of the child.

A tremendous educational unrest has come upon the entire country and there are signs of an impending school revolution.

What IS the matter with the public schools? Are they failing? Are the other two institutions, the home and the church failing in more or less of their portion of the work? Or has the schoolmaster succeeded so well in his task of training his third of the child, the intellectual third, that the family and the church have concluded to tie their burden, the other two-thirds, upon his back?

The common schools are a passion with the American people. Over three hundred million of the four hundred million dollars spent annually for education in America are spent upon the eight grades of the public schools. Of the nineteen million students in the United States nearly seventeen million are in the common schools. Magnificent as has been the record made by these schools in the past, there is a growing feeling, particularly in the cities, that they are not yet rendering their full quota of service. Perhaps there is an implied compliment in the belief that the schools are capable of rendering a more magnificent service,—that in addition to its past work the school is the institution best fitted to render the service now neglected by the home and the church.

The average American child enters the primary

school at six years of age. If he is either particularly fortunate or particularly unfortunate he may have the benefit of a Kindergarten for one or two years before this. Almost without exception, in the cities, Kindergartens are placed, and rightly, in the most unfortunate districts, in answer to a well recognized feeling that these little children and the families they represent should have the first opportunity for helpful training. The child is supposed to remain in the primary schools eight years. If he belongs to the very small minority of the well conditioned he may go on to the high school from fourteen to eighteen, and then to college from eighteen to twenty-two. As a matter of fact, however, an overwhelming majority of the children leave school about thirteen or fourteen, and the average child in the United States receives a little over five years of schooling.

The master's burden, therefore, is a perfectly simple and easy one. All he has to do is to give a child in five years the ten or twelve years' training necessary to make of him an intelligent, self-supporting citizen!

The task is further simplified by the fact that the public school is the only institution on earth which is expected to turn out a uniformly excellent product upon a constantly decreasing quality of raw material. The mere fact that from ten to sixty per cent of the children now come, as they do in many cities, from homes in which English is never spoken by the parents and where all of the standards which have gone to make up Anglo-Saxon civilization are unknown, where all of the ideals of simple decent living as well as of larger life and service are as yet unperceived, this fact is never considered. The schoolmaster is expected to make full-fledged American citizens of them,—and in five years!

How he sighs sometimes for the good old days when his task was clearly defined. He was to be held responsible merely for the intellectual training of the child in the rudiments of reading, writing and arithmetic. Now he may be called upon to equip the child with a knowledge of school gardens, or school cities, physical culture, cooking, sewing, manual training, moral training, raffia work, music, drawing, physiology with especial reference to the effects of alcoholic beverages upon the human system, nature study, slant writing of every conceivable angle,—all in those same five years!

The one thing which made the schoolmaster's heart light in the olden days was the conviction, usually his only reward, that he was making men and women, good and true. And the burden which weighs most heavily upon his heart in the cities today is that in spite of all the improvements it somehow seems no longer possible for him to turn out these same men and women, good and true.

He realizes all of the advantages of the magnificent

team work in some of the city schools. Yet he sometimes doubts whether the product of the ten month term in the city equals, in all around development, the former product of the shorter term in the country. He recognizes that the schools of America, city and country, are giving the best purely intellectual training ever given any children. But he believes that man was not born to work in a sky-scraper and burrow in a flat; that a fire escape can hardly be regarded as an ideal children's play-ground; that seventy families in one building will scarcely fail to leave a mark upon the third or fourth generation, if indeed the family shall last that long. The universal experience has been that the third generation of city bred people come to grief, physically, and usually morally. He can see but little hope for the future of America with her city children reared under present conditions.

It was in many ways an ideal condition when pupils walked from one to two miles to school, when there were abundant and healthful activities for the child on the farm; when he came to school mentally hungry, indeed almost starved, and absorbed and assimilated knowledge at a rate which has made city teachers envious ever since. Today, in a typical section of New York there are 10,000 school children to be accommodated within a radius of three city blocks. The next three blocks in every direction are almost equally congested.

Yet the schoolmaster is no pessimist. If he were he would never be teaching school. He hopes and prays for a time when there shall be added to that magnificent team work of some of the city schools the superb strength, individuality and initiative of the country school. He longs for a system of education which will develop the whole child and every child, according to the maximum of his ability into the best human product this earth has ever known.

It is easy to arouse public sentiment for the public school in any community. Every parent may be convinced that his child should have the maximum advantages. The community will demand honest, capable and non-partisan administration of school affairs if the issue is put fairly. Money will pour into school coffers when it is known that there is need and when there is assurance that every cent will be spent honestly for the welfare of the child. As long as America keeps spending three times as much for liquor as for education and twice as much for tobacco there can be no fair complaint of educational extravagance. The Germans say we are education-mad in America. It is at least a divine and a disinterested madness.

It is neither money nor good intent that is lacking, but effective administration and a clear understanding of the newer conditions of school life.

The thing most needed is a schoolmaster and a race

of schoolmasters who really see clearly and who plan wisely.

It is universally conceded that the first and greatest duty of the State is to produce men and women, good and true. The schoolmaster, rightly considered, is the agent of the State whose duty it is to see that this is done. By training, by years of experience, by a broad and comprehensive view of the generations and the centuries he should be able to see, better than any inexperienced layman, better than any single parent or family or church whether parent or family or church is neglecting its portion of the final duty in making men. While the schoolmaster may be specifically responsible for merely the intellectual training of the child, he is, in a wider sense, generally responsible for the whole child and his physical and moral welfare. Or, if this be denied, he is at least the best qualified to decide which of the other agencies is failing in its full duty and to suggest a remedy which shall be adequate.

It is the duty of the schoolmaster to see that whatever deficiency may exist in the present educational system either for city or country shall be made up. He may fix the responsibility for failure where it properly belongs. He should go over the entire course of study, cut out the dead timber, test and try each subject anew to prove whether or not it serves a present need. For the time of the child is too precious, and the things really vital are too many to tolerate the waste of a moment of school time. He may assign the neglected portion of the work to that institution, whether it be family, church or a school of wider scope, which shows the ability to solve the problem and to bear the burden. Well trained, well rounded children we must have if we are to remain a great nation. And race-suicide itself is only a little less fatal to the final well being of the nation than a failure to conserve the latent strength of its children. Forests and mines are as nothing compared with them.

The real schoolmaster of clear eye and wise counsel is determined that the quality of the output of the school shall not deteriorate, even though the raw material shall come from the ends of the earth. He is determined that year after year his boys and girls shall grow nearer and nearer the ideal of the perfect citizen physically, mentally and morally. He is determined that not only shall the American boy and girl have the best training for efficient service ever vouchsafed to freemen, but that the boy and girl of all the nations who come shall in time, through the patient, toiling self-sacrificing efforts of American teachers, rise to the same high level and be prepared for the same magnificent service to their fellows.

For after all the schoolmaster is the real seer,—the only one, often, in the entire community whose vision is large enough to take in both the practical affairs of the day and also the eternal affairs of the great tomorrow.

row, the only one whose ideal of life and conduct and service covers both the material and the spiritual realms, the only one wise enough to see in their right proportions and to esteem at their proper values the iron and the steel, the gold and the harvest, as well as the life and the leisure, the soul and the eternal destiny of the boy and the girl; to realize with President Roosevelt, that "the best of all the crops is the children."

And just because the schoolmaster and the schoolmaster alone sometimes sees this it is his duty to recognize that passion for education which is in the hearts of his fellow Americans everywhere, to foster it, to guide it, to keep it free from the touch of the petty spoilsman political or other, and to bring to pass the dedication of this tremendous latent force to the eternal welfare of the children.

Let us have, then, a definite understanding as to just what does constitute the schoolmaster's burden. For what portion of the child's training is he to be held responsible? Is the home to be permitted to slight its duty to the child and then boldly lay the blame for the deficiency upon the school? Are the church and the Sunday school to continue to fail utterly in giving the child satisfactory or adequate moral and ethical training, and then denounce the school for the result?

Let us have an understanding as to what is vital and possible during the theoretical eight years, and the actual five years in which the schoolmaster has partial care of the child. Let us determine anew, and in the light of the changed conditions, what is the real work of the eight grades.

The American teacher has no disposition to slight his burden. It may be possible that those who have succeeded in giving children intellectual training which is in the main satisfactory shall prove to be the ones who are also best fitted to supervise the child's physical and moral training. But it is self-evident that if the province of the public school is to be trebled by adding responsibility for physical and moral training there must in fairness be additional time and additional facilities provided. If, on the other hand, it is understood that the teacher's work is to deal only with the child's intellect it is incumbent upon the community to bring the family and the church up to their neglected work or to provide some new institution whose function it shall be to deal with these portions of a child's training.

It is not too much to hope that the school of the future, when properly equipped, will be able to train the child physically, and morally, better than he is being trained at present in the average home or church.

It is not too much to believe that the outcome of the impending revolution shall be an era of Public School Extension, and shall produce an ideal school, a social center, open and in operation for some grade of pupils

perhaps three hundred days in the year and almost as many nights,—a veritable Alma Mater, a bountiful mother, forever giving to the children of America and of all the nations spiritual inspiration as well as intellectual training.—*George W. Gerwig, Secretary Board of Education, Allegheny, Pa., in Ohio Educational Monthly.*



SOME BELIEFS AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS OF CHINA.

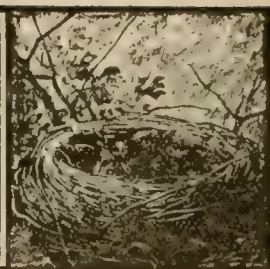
DEATH has no less a mystery in China than in other parts of the great world. In Christian lands it has been robbed of much of its dread by the blessed hope which is held out to us through the Gospel of the Christ who conquered death and arose from the dead, but here it is full of terror. But here as everywhere, the soul of man is not content with the thought that the grave will end all, there is a something which cries out after a hereafter even though that hereafter be but dark and uncertain.

The Chinese people believe that man has three souls. At death one of these souls remains in the coffin with the body, or about the grave, one remains in the home and the other goes to some place corresponding very much to the old Greek idea of hades, where it is to live and be judged of the deeds done in the body. These departed spirits have simply moved out of their tabernacles of clay and have carried with them the same needs, which they had while on earth. The soul which goes to hades will stand in need of money, food and clothing as much there as when on earth. To begin with there are seven judges before whom he must pass for judgment, in succession. Each one of these judges is surrounded by his evil spirits the same as the earthly magistrate is surrounded by his yamen runners, and it is absolutely necessary to have money to bribe these spirits, else there can be no hope of reaching the ear of the judges. Each judge must be propitiated else there can be no hope of escaping all the punishments that can be heaped upon the poor soul. In order to reach these ends, paper money is burned in front of the coffin, at the home in front of the tablet, or at the grave, with the thought that the spirit of the money will go to the spirit of the dead and he will be able to use it as he sees fit. In order to please the judges incense is kept burning for 49 days, the time it is supposed to take, if all goes well, for the soul to pass through the hands of all the seven judges. After this the man will continually need money, clothing and food. His friends are supposed to burn paper representing these things at set times, that the spirit may suffer no lack. Food is placed in front of the tablet or sometimes at the grave. After the spirit of the food has had time to go to the departed the relatives gather and feast on the material part, which does not seem to have suffered from the loss of the spiritual part, which of course, the dead has consumed.

(Continued on Page 1080.)



NATURE STUDIES



BIRDS AND CATS.

M. M. WINESBURG.

IN West Florida the mocking bird is "Prince Royal," for they seem to be the only song birds in that portion of the State—or at least they were the only kind I saw or heard while there. And if the bird is a mocker he surely has some original stunts of his own sometimes also in the way of action.

A big umbrella tree at the end of the house was the roosting place of several of those mockers, and at the first peep of day they began thrilling and chirping. The chirping reminded me of the chirp of very young chickens. In fact, the first time that I noticed the chirping, I thought that some baby chicks were lost and went to look for them, but it was only a couple of mocking birds quarreling in a grapevine.

One bright October morning I was out among the rose bushes in the yard when a mocking bird flew from the umbrella tree and lit on the chimney of the house. Here the bird fluttered for a moment or two as if it was enjoying a sun bath in the tangy air, and then he swelled up his tiny throat and began to sing; at first he tried a few short, chirpy notes and then he burst forth with a perfect melody of sounds, high and low, musical and unmusical and the louder he sang the more excited he became, fluttering his wings and turning his head from side to side. Suddenly he leaped straight up in the air, whirled over and settled back down on the edge of the chimney and began a fresh song.

Three times while I was watching him, did that bird cut these antics, as though he was so happy he could not sit still, but must leap up in the air and turn summersaults to get rid of some of his exuberance of spirits.

Just as the sun was setting, I again saw a mocking bird perched on the edge of the chimney; I supposed it was my friend of the morning, but this time he was very decorous and only kept time with his head and an occasional flutter of his wings while he sang his evening song. But I noticed that in the evening he faced the setting sun, while in the morning he had faced the east.

These mocking birds do not seem to be the least bit afraid of humans, and the closer they can get to the house the better it seems to please them. I suppose

it is because they can find scraps of food thrown out from the table, or fruit; for they always help themselves to whatever fruit they can find and the figs have to suffer when they ripen.

And now, while the incident comes back fresh to my mind, I will relate an act of unselfishness that I observed between two cats. At the house there were two large cats, black Tom and white Tabby, and one evening when the supper was set out for the cats, Tabby was not at the door as usual and Tom only ate a small portion of the food while he kept up such a mewing that one of the family wondered what was the matter with Tom that he mewed so and would not eat his supper.

The next morning when food was again put out for the cats, Tom was not there, and Tabby did just as Tom had done the evening before; she hardly tasted the food but walked around the yard and mewed loudly. Pretty soon we saw Tom coming through the garden, and when he came for his breakfast Tabby came too, and then they ate their breakfast together. Then I knew why Tom would not eat his supper the evening before, he was waiting for Tabby to come and get her share also. And then I could not help thinking that these cats had more feeling for each other than many humans have for their own kind, for there are people in this world that want all they see, and they will not let other people's share of the world's goods remain untouched till they come for it.



NATURE STUDIES.

THE little black jumping spider is a friend to man, as it eats by the hundred flies, bugs, grasshoppers, plant lice, midges, gnats and caterpillars. We can find its haunts on the sunny side of a tree trunk, on the old barn door, among pine needles, in the crannies of the stone wall, under the ends of wooden steps, or in any half-sheltered, half-sunny place. It spins a web, a delicate, white cottony bag to shelter itself and eggs through the winter; and later, when the eggs hatch, the little spiders swarm all over the mother, and all through the thick web, reminding one of the old woman who lived in a shoe. You may find its nest in the heads of wild carrot, in curled leaves, which the web strands have pulled together. Get a straw and poke it into one end of the web and out pops the small pro-

prietor ready to stand and fight, yet it is quite harmless.

Moose are very fond of water-lilies, and it is a strange sight to see them enjoying a feast of them. They slowly stalk about in three or four feet of water, often with their heads under water for half a minute at a time, so that their backs look like boulders above water. Then a pair of magnificent antlers comes up, and the water is shaken out of big ears with a flapping noise that can be heard afar, and the big, long muzzle leisurely chews a dripping mouthful of water-lily leaves torn from the bottom.—*Farm Journal*.



THE AMERICAN BARN OWL.

ON April first my friend and I went out early one beautiful morning to study the habits and nestlings of the birds in our country. The sun had not risen yet and the dark shadows of the oaks and sycamores were just beginning to show their leaves through the light of the oncoming morning as my friend and I were approaching a gloomy and lonely canyon near our home. The owls and other night prowlers had not crept back to their dark and dreary homes among these hills. Walking quietly along a winding trail we were startled to hear near us the nasal snore of an owl. Looking right and left, up and down, I saw, to my surprise, near the top of a neighboring sycamore tree a hole which was of a large size. Again the sound was heard. Rushing up to the trunk of the tree I listened and heard again the same sound; then I made up my mind that some species of an owl was there. Just then out of this hole flew a large and beautiful bird, the American barn owl. I watched it as best I could in the faint light till I saw it perch on an oak tree not more than fifty feet away. Quickly climbing to the hole I discovered that it contained five white, shining eggs. The hole was about a foot and a half in diameter, and extended four feet into the interior of the trunk and was forty feet from the ground. I left the eggs and in five weeks returned to see what was there. To my great surprise I discovered five barn owls, which were almost as large as their mother. Their covering having once been of a white down was now becoming the same as their mother's. On April 30 my friend and I secured from the Methodist Episcopal Church steeple

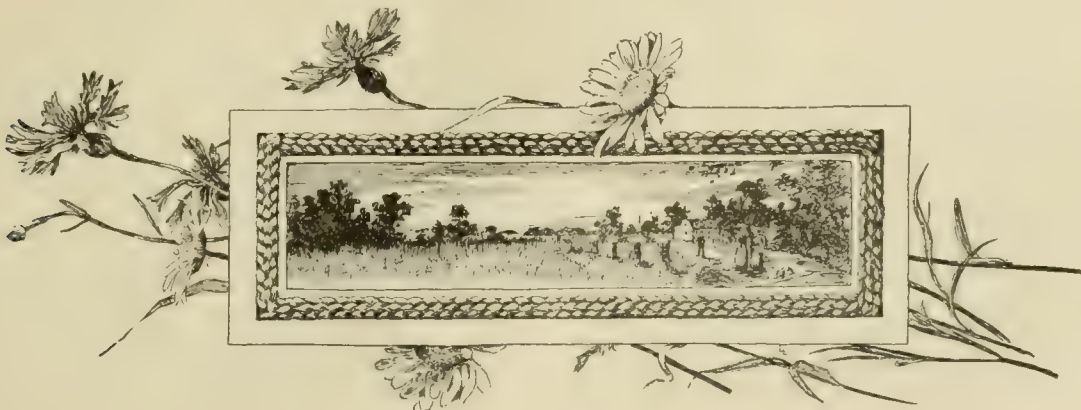
four young owlets and their mother. Taking them to my home we built them a cage and kept them for eight weeks. The birds were growing very rapidly and becoming rather restless and wanting to be at liberty. My friend and I on July 4 took them to one of the highest peaks of the hills, fired a farewell salute and set them free. The way they flew across the canyons was marvelous and beautiful. We stood there and watched them until they disappeared around a bend in the hills and were out of sight. These were the first owls I had ever raised and I was proud of them. I hated to set them free, for they were such great pets and almost part of the family. Next year I will try and raise another species and make similar pets of them.—*Sunday School Advocate*.



COMMON ERRORS ABOUT BIRDS.

SOME of the common sayings concerning birds are stupidly wrong. "You stupid goose!" is an expression constantly heard; yet the goose, whether wild or tame, is most sagacious. Wild geese, for instance, never feed without throwing out scouts or sentries. J. G. Millais describes how he saw a flock of geese feeding with sentries out, and how, after a time, one of the sentries went up to a bird that was feeding, and gave it a gentle peck on the back. The latter thereupon left its grazing and went off to take up guard, while the sentry took its turn to feed.

"Gentle as a dove" is such a common proverb that the dove has become the emblem of peace. Quite a mistake, for all the dove and pigeon tribe are great fighters, and in the breeding season the cock birds indulge in battles royal. The foolish prejudice against all birds of prey includes that pretty little hawk, the kestrel. Now, if the kestrel were known as the mouse falcon, it is possible that keepers would not invariably shoot it on sight. The kestrel lives mainly on mice and wire-worms. It is quite innocent of killing partridges. In a game-preserving district in southern Scotland kestrels were practically exterminated a few years ago. What was the result? Over a tract of country of 1,200 square miles field mice increased in such myriads that the grazing was absolutely ruined. One sheep farmer lost \$8,000 in one year.—*St. Louis Republic*.



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SOMETIMES a great work fails because of the lack of a little help, just as many of the greatest achievements in the world owe their success to some apparently insignificant influence. Let us never despise the day of small things.



OUR readers who are interested in our missions in India will have reason to feel encouraged with what Mr. Spickler has to say of them in this issue. But while there is reason for feeling much pleased with the work that has been done, we should remember that there is yet much to do, much that we here in America can do and should do to lift up the fallen of India and bring light to the darkened minds and souls.



LAW-ABIDING ADMINISTRATION.

ANY one whose interest in public matters is sufficient to cause him to keep an eye on the manner in which affairs are administered at the nation's capital, must at times seriously doubt whether the Roosevelt policies are being followed according to promise. The methods now used are so different from those under which these policies were inaugurated that the observer fails to see how they can bring about the same results. However, as we said some time ago, Mr. Taft should be allowed to choose his methods for carrying on the work which has been laid out for the administration, as it is only in this way that he can do his best work and we can get a true idea of the man and of his fitness for the place.

It was a cause for comment last spring when it was noted that our eminent lawyer President had, in the majority of cases, chosen men to fill positions in his cabinet who had themselves attained eminence through their profession as lawyers. Going on the first thought of what a lawyer is, some have concluded that a cabinet of lawyers, with a lawyer President at its head,

gives promise of a law-abiding administration. One writer looks forward to this as an "administration of law in contrast to the past administration of expediency."

The majority of people heartily favor faithfulness to law in the best sense of that term and will gladly second the efforts of the administration if they are directed in the way of a just interpretation of it, but at the same time the people know well and to their sorrow, that lawyers endeavor to evade the law almost as often as they seek to defend it. If by faithfulness to law is meant a literal interpretation of it which defeats its real purpose, as is so often the case, then few will welcome such an administration. The people admire loyalty to the law, but it is that sort of loyalty that stands by the law in its designed form and not that which because of a technicality would turn it from its original purpose. Hundreds of good laws on the statute books are ineffective today, not because they are not needed and would not be a blessing to people in general, but simply because some lawyer has found a loophole in them through which his clients may escape.

Going back to the statement quoted above from a certain writer, and to the hint which it contains that the past administration was not a law-abiding one, it may be said in reply that the past administration could not have been the popular one it was with the people if there had been a studied disregard for the law. One could hardly find a greater friend to good laws than was our former President. If he sometimes gave scant regard to certain laws it was because they stood in the way of better ones,—laws that were for the general good instead of for the benefit of a few.

We repeat that the people heartily favor faithfulness to law if by this is meant an interpretation of it that comprehends the most good for the greatest number. Judging by the record already made by the President and some of his advisers, we see no reason why we may not expect such an administration of the law. We have the right to expect it; let us base our hopes on our rights.



ANOTHER PEACE PRIZE.

IN the October issue of *The Advocate of Peace* announcement is made of a peace prize offered through the Mohonk Conference by Mr. Chester Dewitt Pugsley of Peekskill, N. Y. Mr. Pugsley last year offered through the conference a prize of \$50 for the best essay written by an American college student on the peace movement. The prize was won by L. B. Bobbitt, a Johns Hopkins sophomore. Honorable mention was also given to several other students who did good work. The prize was presented at the last Mohonk Conference and was one of the most interesting features of the week.

Because of the interest that was taken in the competition and because of his own increased interest in the cause of peace, Mr. Pugsley is now offering through the conference a prize of \$100 for 1910. The topic to be written on is "International Arbitration," but this may include any subject specifically treated in the "Conventions for the Pacific Settlement of International Disputes," adopted by the first and second Hague Conferences, or in the "Draft Convention Relative to the Creation of a Judicial Arbitration Court," agreed to at the second Hague Conference. "The term 'undergraduate student' applies only to one who, in a college or scientific school, is doing the work prescribed for the degree of bachelor or its technical equivalent." The essays are to be from three thousand to five thousand words in length. The prize will be awarded at the Mohonk Conference next May, to which the winner will be invited. The judges are Hon. Richard Bartholdt, President Butler of Columbia University, and Prof. George Grafton Wilson of Brown University. Full information as to details may be had from Mr. H. C. Phillips, secretary of the Mohonk Conference, Mohonk Lake, Ulster County, N. Y.

Much of the interest in the cause of peace that is now taking a practical turn and adding to the growing weight of influence against war has been created in the schools by the peace prize contest. Many people are not earnest advocates of peace simply because they have not given any attention to the subject. When once their interest has been aroused with few exceptions they lend their efforts to the peace movement. The cause of peace is every year receiving many young recruits who within a few years will make its power felt as it has not yet been felt in the world.



THE LAND OF USED-TO-BE.

SELECTED BY ANNA LESH.

Beyond the purple, hazy trees
Of summer's utmost boundaries;
Beyond the sands, beyond the seas,
Beyond the range of eyes like these,
And only in the reach of the
Enraptured gaze of memory,
There lies a land long lost to me—
The land of Used-to-be.

A land enchanted, such as swung
In golden seas, when sirens clung
Along their dripping brinks, and sung
To Jason in that mystic tongue
That dazed men with its melody;
Oh, such a land, with such a sea
Kissing its shores eternally,
Is the fair Used-to-be.

A land where music ever girds
The air with belts of singing birds,
And sows all sounds with such sweet words
That even in the lowing herds
A meaning lives so sweet to me.
Lost laughter ripples limpidly

From lips brimmed o'er with all the glee
Of rare old Used-to-be.

Oh, land of love and dreamy thoughts
And shining fields and shady spots,
Of coolest, greenest, grassy plots
Embossed with wild forget-me-nots,
And all the blooms that cunningly
Lift their faces up to me
Out of the past; I kiss in thee
The lips of Used-to-be!

I love ye all, and with wet eyes
Turned glimmeringly on the skies,
My blessing like your perfumes rise,
Till o'er my soul a silence lies
Sweeter than any song to me,
Sweeter than any melody
Or its sweet echo, yea, all three—
My dreams of Used-to-be!

—James Whitcomb Riley.



THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPER.

THE American Sunday is now become a blue, red, green, yellow and purple Sunday, testifying, by the litter of comic supplement lithography which overflows from the sitting room to the sidewalk and from the porch to the lawn, how a great Christian nation spends its Sabbath. Fortunately, there are signs of growing opposition to the pictorial vulgarities on which our children have been fed. At the recent national convention of the Catholic Educational Association, the parish school department entered heartily into the campaign against the Yellow Kid art, and called upon Catholic parents "to co-operate by word and example in the extermination of the evil." The diocese of Philadelphia is preparing to take up the fight against the "scandalous evil which corrupts manners, language, filial respect, and the sense of reverence for age and suffering." That a nation exceptionally gifted with the sense of humor should be brutalized down to the level of the horse laugh, is a sad thing indeed.—*New York Evening Post.*



THE REAL PROBLEM.

I AM convinced that this moral question among children is by far the most important problem that concerns the preservation of the American home; and beside it the mere matter of the boy or girl who steals, or runs away is of small moment, says Judge Ben B. Lindsey in the November *Housekeeper*. If the nation decays—as it must if the American home is undermined—it is because mothers and fathers have proven false; it is because mothers and fathers have become traitors to childhood. Schools, churches, children's courts can do much, but they cannot supply the deficiency of hopeless homes, for there, in the heart of the American home, is the little child, and there also is the state, and the state is the child.

Preserve the child and you preserve the state; take care of the child, and the state will take care of itself.



THE HOME WORLD



“THE MAN WHO PUT HIS ARM AROUND ME”

“AND what is the name of this little man?” Brown had asked, holding out his hand invitingly to the diffident boy, but looking at the boy’s mother.

“His name is Govan,” she replied.

“And does he go to school?” pursued Brown.

By this time Govan was standing by Brown’s side, a tow-headed slip of a boy of six, absolutely different in every item from his brawny, five-feet-ten Scotch mother—like a pale flower plucked from a Turk’s-head cactus.

“Yes; he goes to school but his teacher is telling me he is a bad boy,” said Mrs. MacNabb.

Brown’s arm had been around the boy for some time; now he drew him closer and looking down into his eyes said: “Govan. That is a new name to me. How do you spell it?”

We had called to see Govan’s brother Jim, but Jim was out. Since the death of his father two years ago, Jim, “a fine lad o’ thirty” and a man after his mother’s own heart, had assumed the support of the entire family. The conversation ran naturally towards Jim, and Govan was not mentioned again until just as we were going.

“Hello!” exclaimed Brown, fingering a long leather strap which his hand had come upon accidentally on the edge of the door casing, “Jim hangs his razor strap a long ways from the mirror, doesn’t he?”

Mrs. MacNabb smiled sourly. “When the teacher was telling me Govan was a bad boy,” she said, “I was telling her to remember the words of the Book and not spare the rod and spoil the child; and if she couldn’t make Govan a good boy I would try to do my duty with the belt. Good night.”

“Poor little fatherless chap!” said Brown as we turned into the road. “Think of that timid, frail child and that six-foot woman with ‘the belt’! Govan is bashful in school; he isn’t bad.”

Brown, with his passionate love for all children, had never seen a “bad” one,—they were ill or neglected

or spoiled by indulgence, if they made trouble; their parents were the culprits who needed “the belt.”

A week later I met Govan on the street.

“Where’s your friend?” he inquired, softly.

“What friend, Govan?”

“The man who put his arm around me.” That ought to be the boy’s first thought about his father.

When I was as small as I can remember, my mother used to call me heavy. I could toddle about her all day, but along towards noon I wanted to ride a little. Mother couldn’t carry me as she used to, but there was a big black-bearded fellow in a suit of blue overall, who used to stride in about that time, and whisk me up off the floor and pitch me into the air and catch me as I came down, and take me in his arms and carry me on his bosom for a few moments before dinner. I shall never forget him!

Wasn’t he strong! I had no more fear of falling from his arms than I had of falling out of my trundle-bed. And how high up I was in his arms! I had to look *down* into mother’s face! It was a novelty to see the tops of the tables, and the inside of the sink, and things cooking in a spider on the red hot stove, and grass and flowers outside the window instead of sky and trees. I wanted to ride on and on, but I knew that when mother said, “Dinner is ready,” I should be put into my high chair and the ride would be over.

But there were compensations. I was sure of another ride the next day, and I was sure that my chair would be next his at the table. Now that I had grown to be a “little man” big enough to sit at table, of course he fed me as he did everybody else. He used to put choice bits from his own plate into my little “X Y Z plate.” Sometimes mother wondered if he’d better, but he always laughed and said, “Oh, it won’t hurt him, he has teeth of his own now!” He used to put his arm around me when he helped me to drink from my tin cup and he patted me on the back when I choked.

You don’t do that for your baby, you wise and im-

portant man? Then I am glad I am not your little boy. And I want to tell you something else—for I am no longer anybody's little boy but God's—if you don't do such things for your children you are losing half the fun of living, and are laying up for yourself a lonely old age. Let your children alone, turn them over to hired help, spend your time getting rich and running the lodge and the club and then, by and by, you can have the pleasure of wondering why it is that your boys do not spend their evenings at home, enjoy your company, or care a rap about your welfare. You must me numb already if you don't enjoy the ringing laugh of a child, the feel of his plump lively little body—as hard as a rubber-boot-heel—his wise remarks about you and the world in general, and his unanswerable questions about God.

“That man who put his arms around me!”—in the twilight, and by the open fire of an evening—told me stories beginning, “When I was a little boy.” There were no better stories than those. And you don't tell them to your little boy? Then I am glad again that I am not your little boy. You can't tell them? Try it. Get the boy away with you alone somewhere, and begin. You will surprise yourself with your success. You will become a hero in his eyes. Tell the experiences that will help him as he follows the same boyhood path you stumbled along in your day. Let him know that you, *you* were once a heedless boy, a boy who forgot, a boy who spilled things, and tore things, and lost things, a boy who got into trouble, a boy who had a good time. How it will surprise him! How much better he will like you!

That man used to put his arm around me when I sat proudly by his side on the front seat going to church on Sunday. How vivid yet the memory of those sunny hours! Always green fields and woods along those three miles of country road, always that marvelously funny blue-shadowed horse working silently along flat in the dust beside old Fan. With one arm the man drove. Sometimes he let me work the whip. I could help old Fan drive flies, he said. Sometimes he let me hold the reins. And so I learned how to steer a horse before I learned to steer a straight course through the Ten Commandments and the Beatitudes and the names of the minor prophets.

That man used to put his arm around me and ask helpful questions when I was trying to figure out my first problems in arithmetic. I never could do much with “examples,” but somehow when his arm was around me and he took my pencil and made me tell him what to write to work out one of his funny problems about eating rhinoceroses, or distributing bushels of cannon crackers, my own stupid book problems seemed easier.

He put his arm around me when I was learning to swim. I didn't have to run away and learn on the sly,

nor did the big boys catch me and throw me in to “sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish.” My father told me one summer that it was time for his boy to know how to swim. He took me to the “Sandbar” where the big boys went, and I saw him dive in head-first, and swim any side up, in the water or under it, I saw him float and stand on his head under water with his feet out. He could make the fat-man's dive, and the turtle-dive, and go leapfrog into the river over the shoulders of Uncle Tom. What rare sport it was! Did I want to know how to swim? You bet!

When we went in together, he said, “Now if you will do just what I tell you to do, you will learn to swim and dive this week.” The first day I learned to “duck,” the next to float on my back, the next two days he held me by his side in four feet of water and taught me the swimming movements. Then he let me go and I swam.

He put his arm around me when I passed the dangerous straits between boyhood and manhood. That passage is not to be talked about freely in a newspaper, but it ought to be talked about more freely than it ever has been talked about, in some printed thing for every father to read. I was fourteen. I remember the sunlit room in his workshop, the bench with the watch tools arranged upon it, the little Bible opened to a certain chapter. I recall the thrill of the quiet words, “Henry, come here a moment, I have something to tell you.” And then the revelation. I had been a boy, I would soon be a man. I had been a joy to my father; some day I might know how great a joy; but first there were duties, self-denials, a discipline for vigorous manhood.

I was not only to keep myself pure and strong, but I was to be my brothers' keeper. There were three of them, all in turn sure to pass the way I was then going. I could help by example and precept to guide their feet into the way of life. There was a way to death, and it was frequented by those whose steps take hold on hell. There were commands of God, and they were pointed out to me. And behold he had set before me that day life and death. He urged me with tears to choose life, and I chose it. And how many times since I have thought of him in glory, and whispered, “Father, I thank thee.”

His arm was around me while we worked. Not literally, of course, but potentially. Whether weeding the garden by his side early in the morning, or doing the chores in the barn while he milked, or constructing my rude toys in the shop where he worked, I felt always his protecting and stimulating presence. He was never too busy to sharpen the tools I had dulled, to teach me a better way to build a watermill, to examine and judiciously praise my astonishing mechanisms and my surprising drawings. How he laughed when my three-wheeled clock actually ticked! And what cor-

dial pats on the back I received! His appreciation, his praise, his encouraging suggestions, were the very bread of life to me.

And his arms were around me when I confessed my sin. Never shall I forget that day. I had willfully disobeyed his command about throwing stones in the village square. I had thrown one through a shop window. Upon Mother's suggestion I confessed the whole miserable business and asked his forgiveness. I was not whipped, I was not scolded; I was just taken in his arms and forgiven, and told to go in peace and sin no more.

The last time he ever held me close in his arms was the evening I told him I had decided to live a Christian life. The night before at a meeting in a neighbor's house his many prayers had been answered. With fear and trembling I had arisen behind a big gas burner, and said, "I want to be a Christian; so help me God." or something to that effect. I was so frightened at the time that the exact words made no lasting impression on my mind—only the supreme act.

That night I said nothing about it at home. The next morning I told mother, who kissed me tenderly and dropped a joyful tear on my face. That afternoon she advised me to tell father. I knew he would rejoice, but somehow I dreaded to tell him.

I selected the moment of twilight when he was milking in the gloomy barn. I can hear now the swish of the hay as the cows drew the wisps into their mouths, and the soft purring of the streams of milk as they plunged into the frothing pail. I was waiting just within the shadow by the door too timid to go near him. I could hear my own heart thumping in my throat. 'Twas December, and a bitter night. At last I crept in and stood beside him.

"Hello, sonny!" he said.

"I've come to tell you," I stammered out, "that last night at the meeting I told them I had decided to live a Christian life."

There was no reply. I stood looking at the top of a webby window where the last red ray of the evening struggled through into the gloom. Ought I to say any more? What could I say? Just then he finished milking. Throwing the stool into an empty crib, and placing the full pail carefully to one side, he came to me in the darkness and wrapped his dear arms about me.

"Henry," he said, "you will never know how happy you have made me until a boy of your own says that same thing to you." And a sob of joy broke from him as he kissed me on the forehead.

It is almost thirty years since then. The good man has been long with his Master. My boys have said the same great words to me, and I know something of his heart that night; but the memory of that hour is so vivid, so precious, I wonder if any act of mine will

ever mean as much to my children as that means to me. Will they think of me as the man who put his arms around them?

I hope so, and I have reason to believe that the main lines for such a memory have been already laid in. The highest compliment I ever received came from little "Blessed" when she was but three years old.

"How many brothers have you?" asked a neighbor who loved to hear her talk and came in for that very purpose.

"I have three," was the answer.

"Three! I thought there were two. What are their names?"

"Loncie, and Tedo, and Papa."—*The Congregationalist*.



TEMPERATURE IN THE HOME.

DR. SHIRK.

WHEN we speak of health in the home we mean the ways and provisions by which health is maintained in its normal condition, and how to prevent disease, or if disease already exists, the means that should be used to assist the doctor in restoring the patient to health.

We will confine ourselves in this article to the temperature in the everyday living rooms, or to heat and ventilation, especially in winter or the time of year when the weather is cold enough for artificial heat.

The rooms in use should be well and evenly heated; that is, not very warm for a while and then soon be very cool.

The temperature should be kept as near as possible on an average between 68 and 75 degrees Fahrenheit, and in order to do this correctly every home should be supplied with an ordinary weather thermometer, which should be hung on the wall about five feet from the floor on the opposite side of the room from the stove.

More rooms are kept too warm than too cool, and you will find after the installation of the thermometer in the home that the usual temperature of your room has been eighty to ninety degrees, but as soon as you have accustomed yourself to the change you will notice that you feel much better than you did in the overheated atmosphere.

Ventilation is as important as heat and there should be, at all times, a small opening to the outside, to allow the impure air to pass out and the pure air to come in, and the best or most convenient place for this opening for a room heated by a stove is a window. Lower the top sash a little and keep it open during the entire day in the room in use. In the sleeping rooms at night the sash should be opened more than for day use; sleeping rooms should be cool, and sufficient cover should be used for comfort and not enough to produce sweating. The window should not be opened from the windy side if a draft goes over the bed.

In conclusion I wish to say if people would adhere

more closely to proper heating and thoro ventilation, they need not fear to allow the children to get an abundance of fresh air. Let them run out and in, and they will not be troubled with colds like the people who keep over-heated houses and do not allow their children to peep out of the door.

I hear you say, "Well, if my children were as tough and rugged as my neighbor's I would let them run." Dress them comfortably and try them, and soon they will be as rough and ready as your neighbor's.

Lost Springs, Kans.



"A WORD TO THE WISE."

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

"As I was taking a walk this morning," said Mrs. Evans, "I called on a blind lady. She looked so lonely and sad that I pitied her. Although aged, her health is good, but her eyesight is gone. And to sit in the darkness day after day, it must be lonely.

"As we conversed together her face brightened. 'I have eleven in the blessed country over yonder, and I'll make the twelfth. Praise the Lord!' murmured the dear old lady fervently. 'There was a sweet little granddaughter, but could I care for her as the loving Father is doing? Ah no!

"I think of the home where the lost I shall find,
And I murmur no more, I'm blind, oh! I'm blind."

"On the way home I met Grandfather Neebal. He is very deaf but I stopped and spoke a few sentences to him. Although it was necessary to speak in a very loud tone, he looked at me so gratefully that I felt well repaid. As my home was nearly reached, a neighbor invited me in for a cup of tea. While the hostess was preparing the meal, I talked with her mother who is a little neglected but intelligent. She looked happy to be noticed even for a few minutes.

"And," concluded Mrs. Evans, "I have determined to *talk with* the old people. To interest myself in them."

You who are young and active can have no idea how lonely it is to sit with folded hands. Remember, the time is coming, young people, when *you*, too, will be unable to carry life's burdens. So give the dear old people a smile and converse with them even though their ears are a little deaf, for they will soon be attuned to the music of heaven.



"PORCELAIN ware can be mended with ordinary putty mixed with oil. Work a small particle into the worn place, set it aside for several days and food can be cooked in the vessel without danger of the unpleasant taste one naturally supposes will take place when putty is used."



"PEACH stains on a dainty frock will disappear if washed with grain alcohol. This can also be used on a delicate print without injury to the color."

The Children's Corner

FAITHFUL FRANKIE.

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER.

"I THINK I lost it in the flower-garden, Molly," said mama, as she went down the steps. "I wish you'd look," She stooped to kiss Frankie. "Good-bye, sweetheart. Take good care of Aunt Molly."

Frankie and Prince watched the carriage out of sight. Then the little boy came back into the sitting-room. Such a splendid plan had popped into his curly head!

He found Aunt Molly putting a cold compress on her head. "Oh! dear," she said. "I've a dreadful headache! I dared not tell your mama, for fear she'd worry. Frankie-boy, could you dust the chairs, and set the table? She wanted me to look for her silver thimble, too. You know it once belonged to your dear grandmother."

That was Frankie's own precious plan, to find the lost treasure, and "s'prise" mama. He did not tell Aunt Molly, though, but went cheerfully to do her bidding. When that was finished, however, the lawn must be sprinkled and the chickens fed. Frankie's little face grew very long as he trotted patiently from one task to another. The climax was capped, just as Aunt Molly said:

"Now, little comfort, you may go and play;" for Mrs. Curtis called at the side door.

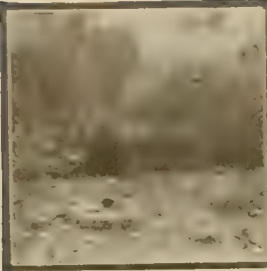
"Rena has hurt her foot; won't Frankie come and stay with her, while I run over to my sister's?"

Frankie went. He and Rena were the dearest friends, and he could look for the thimble when he came home. So the afternoon passed, and it was pink sunset when at last Rena put away the paper dolls. There was yet light enough. At Frankie's own door Aunt Molly met him, cured of her headache, and with a big cookie in her hand.


"Mrs. Moore left this for you, dearie," she said, "and will you run to the store and get her a yeast-cake? Supper is all ready."

Poor Frankie! There was a big lump in his throat as he and Prince passed the flower-garden on their way back in the dusk. Two great tears blinded him, so that he stumbled and fell flat on the gravel walk. As he got up, swallowing a sob, something bright at the edge of the grass caught his eye. His shout of delight sent the tears flying. It was the thimble!

"He has been the very best and sweetest little man," said Aunt Molly, as she turned her sleepy armful over to mama, that evening. And somehow, mama seemed even more pleased at the words, than at the "s'prise" of her precious thimble.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE HIGHER LIFE.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Can I but make a sad face bright,
And tear-dimmed eyes make smile,
And comfort bring to aching hearts,
To give them joy awhile,
I'll feel my life has been well spent,
Though wealth I may not gain.
I would prefer the higher life
And true to it remain.

I do not wish to sell my soul
And live for worldly wealth;
But I would rather help improve
A nation's moral health;
And teach mankind to upward look
To nobler aims of life,
Instead of spending all our lives,
For mammon's selfish strife.

Philadelphia, Pa.



WHAT IS RELIGION?

RICHARD BRAUNSTELIN.

THIS much-vexed question of who has the only right opinion in regard to religion, can never be settled on earth. The best starting point seems to be to affirm that religion is *genuineness*. It is inferred it means a *faith*, and a *worship*, a belief in *God* and a great *hereafter*; and if, with this we harness genuineness, it makes a strong team for heaven. Almost every one possesses some kind of a religion, and he who boasts he has none is about as practically useful to the masses of the great hungry race as the starving fanatic trying to prove by a long fast that man can live on a little water and a good deal of air.

After all, it does not matter what one's digressions of opinions, if they are based upon God and verified by a genuine life. Many men, then, are of many minds, and not even broad areas can keep men from coming in contact with diversities of opinions. There must be the rubbing against each other and the sparks of friction flying, else half the warmth of life is lost.

A person of any kind of a decently-straight backbone chooses to assert his individuality, and act, express himself and live in a manner peculiar to himself, his own ideas of religion, and his interpretations of Christ's teachings. Whence it is that the question—What is real religion?—is so largely agitating the world today.

There is something wholesome in radical individuality in Christianity, for when men and women of such character are to be found it takes away the milksop pretense-of-religion-kind-of-life, that is apt to become monotonous. All over the world are such characters to be found—those who assert righteousness—who stand out like drawn swords unsheathed for conflict, or the free lance glittering for what they regard to be right. The person who will not lend himself, who will not be a cipher in a crowd or an atom in a conflict, but who will speak what he believes to be true, and live what he believes to be right, is the one to win before God and man.

True religion is progressive, and progression is a pot full of activity, that in order to achieve perfection must be kept boiling continually. *There is no such thing as a passive religion*; it must be active or die. Everybody knows the chemical analysis of stagnant water; it is full of all manner of squirming animalcules, visible and invisible, of no earthly use to anything but swarms of flies or musty glossaries.

Religion means *life, work, action!* It means a live man, not a half dead one. It means integrity, charity, unselfishness, sacrifices. It means God first, then honor, sincerity, truthfulness, purity and a white soul. It means every attribute of Christ's character. And let one follow any other line than this and sooner or later the pox marks show themselves, and he becomes scarred with stoicism. Right here it is well enough to add that the cultivation of all these attributes is no holiday play. True religion requires great indefatigability. In fact indefatigability *never lets go*. It is a very practical essential in the upbuilding of a Christian character; it is the vice that grips to its object; it is the glue that holds the weaker parts together. The world applauds indefatigable reformers, politicians and scientists. But above all give us the indefatigable Christians! Those who stand the test, those who hold fast, those who never let go. Those whose religion makes them *better, happier, gladder, freer*. Those who joy today, tomorrow, next week, next year, *forever!* Whose religion is never mournful, never lugubrious nor funereal; who criticise only themselves, not their neighbors, who joy perpetually because to honor God and do right, *is joy*.

Above all give us a religion that makes one glad, not

sad; a religion that the chirpings of the very birds in the grasses, twittering in the tree tops, or with bursting throats whirling in mid-air send back to the heart happiest notes of joy, rippling, liquid and clear, like crystal drops over pebbles of silver, rather than recognizing them always as the notes of a mourning dove with all its oppressive foreboding.

Should not religion be a something represented and lived as to be surpassing joyous and uplifting? Should we ever be gloomy or exacting, dictatorial or censorious? God forbid! It should be of deeds, not pretensions; of "possessing" not merely "professing"; of earnest heart-striving and of prayers.

It should be of the highest allegiance to God, of the most golden genuineness, the most enobling unselfishness and a character that is as broad as the sea and as lofty as the sky; a character God-given, that beareth all things and forgiveth all things.



SEPARATION UNTO.

"SEEMETH it but a small thing unto you, that the God of Israel hath separated you from the congregation of Israel, to bring you near to himself?" (Num. 16:9).

The thought of separation, so inseparable from true and growing Christian life (John 17:16; 1 John 2:15), is sometimes invested with an unnecessary sternness because it is only viewed in one aspect. Young Christians are taught to think "separation from. . . ." a hard thing, because they do not see how it is far more than outweighed by "separation unto." Let us think a little of this bright and beautiful side of it.

There is no true separation from the things which Jesus calls us to leave, without a corresponding separation unto things which are incomparably better (Mark 10:29, 30). One hardly likes to speak of it as compensation, because the "unto" is so infinitely more than the "from"; it is like talking of a royal friendship compensating for dropping a beggar's acquaintance, or the whole Bank of England for a brass farthing, or palace life for giving up workhouse life! (Philpp. 3:8; 1 Cor. 3:21-23.)

First, and chiefly, we are separated unto the Lord himself (Psa. 4:3). He wants us not only for servants, but for friends (John 15:15); and he makes the friendship a splendid and satisfying reality. He wants to bring us "near to himself," that we may be a "people unto him" (Psa. 148:14). He will not have a half possession in us, and so he says he hath "severed you from other people" (Lev. 20:26). Why? "That ye should be mine." "Chosen unto himself." "His peculiar treasure," separated from among all the people of the earth to thine inheritance (Titus 2:14). Is it a "small thing" thus to be the Lord's Nazarite, "holy unto the Lord all the day of his separation" (Num. 6:8)? Is any earthly crown to be compared

to the consecration (margin, separation) of his God upon his head (Num. 6:7)?

We are separated also to far happier human friendships than the world knows (1 Thess. 2:17-20). There is no isolation intended. The Lord is able to give much more than this (2 Chron. 25:9). Those who separated themselves from the people of the land unto the law of God, "they clave to their brethren" (Neh. 10:28, 29). That is just it; we may lose people, but we find brethren, with all the love and pleasure and freedom of intercourse—yes, and joy—which that relationship brings. Is not this "much more" than the society of "people"?

But we do not get this, perhaps do not even guess at its existence, as long as we try for both (Matt. 6:24; James 4:4). Both means neither, in this case; we are conscious of the hollowness of the one, and we are not separated unto, and therefore cannot possibly know the enjoyment of the other.

Then we are separated unto work, "the work whereunto I have called them" (Acts 13:2); very different kinds, but to every man his own work (Mark 13:34), and thereby an end of all the gnawing purposelessness, and down-weighting uselessness, and miserable time-killing, and sense of helpless waste of life. Ennui is no part of a separated life; there is no room for that wretchedness any more. "Whose I am, and whom I serve" (Acts 27:23) fills it up. Some are separated more especially "to bear the ark of the covenant of the Lord" (Deut. 10:8). Some only stand before him, it may be "by night" (Psa. 134:1), so that "songs in the night" may ascend to his glory (Job. 35:10). Some in a thousand ways "to minister unto him," to his poor, to "his prisoners," spiritually or temporally; always "unto him" in his representatives. But all to bless in his name; for praise is the invariable service of separation.

"Ye see your calling" (1 Cor. 1:26); is it not a high one? "Seemeth it but a small thing to you?" Seemeth it too stern a thing? Is it not rather a "better thing" than fallen man could have dreamt of aspiring to (1 Cor. 2:9, 10)? a brighter life than has entered into the natural heart of man even to imagine? Is it for you? Listen! "Be ye separate," and, what then? "I will receive you" (2 Cor. 6:17). "This is his commandment" (John 3:23) to you, and this is his promise. Will you obey? Then you shall know a little, of that unspeakable blessing of being "received" by the Father, until the day when Jesus shall come again and receive you unto himself (John 14:3) for the grand separation of eternity with him (John 17:24).

"As by the light of opening day
The stars are all concealed,
So earthly pleasures fade away
When Jesus is revealed."

—Exchange.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



In Germany they are now making false teeth of paper, the teeth being prepared from wood pulp such as is used in making various paper novelties. It is said that the teeth give satisfaction and are not as likely to chip off as the ordinary false teeth.

Figures just made public by C. L. Wilbur of the census bureau show that the fight against tuberculosis is being won. The total number of deaths from all forms of tuberculosis returned in 1908 was 78,288, exceeding those of any previous year of registration, but the death rate per 100,000 for 1908 is considerably less than that for 1907.

The Canadian Pacific Railroad has found the telephone so serviceable for train dispatching that the present system of about 500 miles of telephone lines will be extended to 1,000 miles within a year. The company states that about fifty per cent more traffic can be handled now than was possible under the old telegraph system of dispatching.

A religious census taken some time since of the Harlem district of New York City showed, in a population of 147,000, 6,138 Jewish families, of whom 4,941 declared themselves without church homes. The same statement was made by 1,281 of the 4,046 Protestant families visited, but by only 288 of the Roman Catholic households interviewed.

The terrific hurricane that visited Key West, Fla., and neighboring regions about Oct. 11 did damage amounting to several millions of dollars, and caused some loss of life. Business in the stricken district will be crippled for weeks. The results would have been even more serious if the weather bureau had not given timely warnings that the storm was coming.

Arrangements are being perfected in New York for the incorporation of the American Radium Institute, to be devoted to the treatment of cancer and similar diseases. Those who are interested in the enterprise are eminent surgeons, chemists, physicists and other professional men, and it is intended to minister to deserving patients free of charge. A meeting for organization will take place next week.

Edwin Ginn, of Boston, is preparing to establish an international school of peace with a permanent foundation of \$50,000 and an endowment at his death. "The school is intended to provide permanent legal machinery for receiving and disbursing contributions and bequests toward international peace, and connected with it will be a bureau of education to attempt to modify courses of study in schools, colleges and universities so as to minimize the achievements of war the world over, with an international exchange of teachers and pupils, in accordance with principles of the Rhodes scholarships."

A consolidation of practically all window glass factories that operate without machine blowers is promised. Representatives of factories from all over the country have been in session and it is declared that the object of the consolidation is to carry on a straight out fight against the American Window Glass Company's machine-made product. The new company is to be known as the Imperial Window Glass Company, and it will be capitalized at about \$10,000,000.

The French minister of justice has just issued some significant statistics: Out of 100 persons convicted of murder, 53 were confirmed drunkards; out of 100 persons convicted of arson, 57 were confirmed drunkards; out of 100 persons convicted of begging and vagabondage, 70 were confirmed drunkards; of 100 persons convicted of assault, 90 were confirmed drunkards; of 500 persons convicted of all offenses, 323 were drunkards, or two-thirds of those convicted for various assaults were drunkards.

The management of the Erie claims that this road has not killed a single passenger in five years. During that time it has carried a total of 3,750,000,000 of people, and its passenger trains have run a total of 50,000,000 of miles. The road has been able to make this record partially on account of the fact, it is claimed, that passenger trains are not run at a higher rate of speed than track and road-bed conditions warrant. The Vermont Central claims not to have killed a passenger in seven and one-half years.

Before starting to teach Lieutenants Lahm and Humphries the operation of the recently acquired government biplane, Wilbur Wright tried the machine out on October 9th and had his pupils time him for a distance of a kilometer in a closed circuit. This distance, including the turn, was covered in 48 3-5 seconds, or at a speed of exactly 46 miles an hour. Allowing 100 meters extra for the turn, the speed was 50 miles an hour. Thus it seems that the new government aeroplane is quite as fast as the Bleriot or Curtiss machines, which made over 47 miles an hour at Rheims.

The accounts of disturbances in Persia which come to the outside world are sent direct from the operator in Teheran to the operator in London. No other operators handle the messages at all. Of course there are repeaters along the route, but these are automatic. The distance by the wire is 4,000 miles and repeating takes place at ten points along the route. The first station out, from London is at Lowestoft, whence the route runs under the North Sea and arrives at Emden, 200 miles away. Here it is automatically repeated, and then again at Berlin, Warsaw, Rouen, Odessa, Kertch, Sukhum, Kaleh, Tiflis, and Tauris, from the last of which it arrives at Teheran. The line is continued from Persia to India, but on the rest of the route there is no automatic circuit so long as this one.

J. Pierpont Morgan has purchased Marsden J. Perry's collection of antique Chinese porcelains, consisting of nearly 300 flawless specimens. The price paid was between \$500,000 and \$600,000. Mr. Morgan has lent the collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art, of which he is president, and there it will be exhibited soon in connection with the Garland collection, which he also owns. The Garland pieces are considered to be worth \$1,500,000.

Every new means of killing soldiers during war time is hailed as a grand improvement. The Colt Arms Co. is now making for the war department a lot of new machine-guns of the French Benet Merie design, for use in our army, and they will be the most murderous weapons of the sort ever produced. They are so light that one can be easily carried on the back of a man, yet they will kill a man two miles away and fire 400 shots per minute simply by the turning of a crank.

The owners of a St. Abbs fishing boat have made the important discovery that a net dyed as nearly as possible the hue of the sea, instead of the traditional brown, yields much larger results in the matter of fish caught. The discovery was, says the Western Morning News, put to the test a short time ago, when, out of a fleet of sixty-five boats, the boat with its nets dyed blue made far and away the largest catch. The dye used is bluestone. The discovery has aroused much interest among the fishermen.

Insurance of various kinds as a provision against misfortune is gaining ground rapidly in Germany. When a boy starts to work he must take out insurance, even if he works only a little outside of school hours. The insurance is to take care of him in case he gets sick or is injured or lives to an age when he can no longer work and has to be pensioned. About half of the entire population are insured either against sickness, accident, or old age. The system is backed by the government and is a part of Bismarck's state socialism policy.

The present year continues to maintain its unenviable notoriety for the seriousness of the iceberg peril. Today icebergs are as numerous about the Newfoundland coast as they have ever been in midwinter, and more numerous than at the same time in any year of the past quarter-century. The whole of Newfoundland's eastern seaboard, and the Grand Banks also, are thickly strewn with these floating islets, that spell destruction for every vessel that touches them, and all sorts of shipping, from the humblest fishing-smack to the largest liner, are subjected to exceeding peril, and, in many cases, to serious actual damage. Daily the steamers plying these waters report sighting scores, if not hundreds, of bergs, and one passenger ship from New York to this port counted over a thousand during 24 hours.

While Japan is making her position in Manchuria as solid as possible, Russia is not neglecting her interests in the Far East. Under the stimulation of new laws for the encouragement of migration to Siberia nearly a million and a half of people have gone from European Russia and settled in that region in the last two years. Siberia has a reputation for being a cold and inhospitable country, but so had America and Canadian Northwest before they were well known. It is now being found that much of Siberia, especially north of Manchuria, is a good country for stock and grain raising, and it is Russia's ambition to supply her food requirements largely from this region in the future.

Having digested and annotated the great mass of testimony in the famous "Brownsville case," the military court, Lieut. Gen. Samuel B. M. Young presiding, is ready to work. By order of President Roosevelt more than 100 members of Companies B, C and D of the Twenty-fifth infantry, negroes, were discharged without honor for the shooting up of Brownsville, Tex., on August 16, 1906. The court, composed entirely of retired officers, will pass upon applications for re-enlistment made by any of the discharged soldiers.

Peat, as it comes from the bog, contains from 85 to 95 per cent of water. According to Dr. Ekenberg, it appears that the peat contains a hydrocellulose which is of the nature of a jelly. If the peat is subjected to pressure the hydrocellulose passes through very much as soft soap might, and without separating the water from the peat. If, however, the peat is heated to about 320 degrees F., this jelly is immediately destroyed, and most of the water can be separated by a pressure of about 240 pounds per square inch.

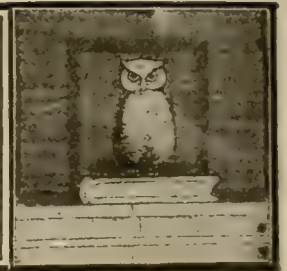
Hazing of students seems to be more general this fall than usual. Even in Washington, where law and order are supposed to reign supreme and race distinctions to be unknown, a Japanese boy was driven out of the high school by a student mob. As a rule the school authorities ignore such lawlessness, but at Allentown, Pa., the entire sophomore class of Muhlenberg College have been suspended for a month for hazing some freshmen. In several cases recently students who have tried their hazing tactics on the wrong subject have been met with force and wounded.

That the government has been defrauded out of untold millions of dollars through false weighing and other devices at the port of New York, and that the extent of losses from this source cannot even be estimated, is the information Collector Loeb has brought to the treasury officials. Much has been made of the sugar weighing frauds, as a result of which the government brought suits totaling \$10,000,000 and later accepted a compromise on a basis of \$2,000,000, but there is no longer any question in the minds of Mr. Loeb and the treasury officials that the losses on other merchandise of various kinds amount to many times \$2,000,000. The treasury is arranging to have automatic weighing apparatus installed at New York and it is the intention to do all weighing with automatic scales in the near future.

Messages from Bellpat in the Baluchistan earthquake zone, sent via Simla, say that all of the public buildings and the railway station, together with many private houses, have been destroyed in an earthquake. Twenty-five dead and many seriously injured have been taken from the ruins. Bellpat is about 217 miles from Quetta, in the heart of the wildest country in British India.—Reports received at Catalina, Sicily, Oct. 22, from Acireale indicate that while only one person was killed in the earthquake there, at least ten houses were wrecked. The walls of many houses were cracked. The whole Mount Etna region was shaken.—Mount Vesuvius is again very active. It is throwing up quantities of stone.—A heavy earthquake shock lasting fully a minute was felt at Cape Girardeau, Mo., Oct. 23. Buildings rocked and the earth seemed to undulate. Loud and deep rumblings accompanied the shock which seemed to move from east to west. The shock was the heaviest felt in many years. No damage is reported.



Among the Magazines



THE IDEAL UNIVERSITY.

The word "university" means, in our modern usage, so many different things that almost every time one employs it, it seems necessary to define it, says Woodrow Wilson, President of Princeton University. Nowhere has it so many meanings as in America, where institutions of all kinds display it in the titles they bestow upon themselves. School, college and university are readily enough distinguishable, in fact, by those who take the pains to look into the scope and methods of their teaching; but they are quite indistinguishable, oftentimes, in name. They are as likely as not all to bear the same title.

The American university as we now see it consists of many parts. At its heart stands the college, the school of general training. Above and around the college stand the graduate and technical schools in which special studies are prosecuted and preparation is given for particular professions and occupations. Technical and professional schools are not a necessary part of a university, but they are greatly benefited by close association with a university; and the university itself is unmistakably benefited and quickened by the transmission of its energy into them and the reaction of their standards and objects upon it.

There is an ideal at the heart of everything American, and the ideal at the heart of the American university is intellectual training, the awakening of the whole man, the thorough introduction of the student to the life of America and of the modern world, the completion of the task undertaken by the grammar and high schools of equipping him for the full duties of citizenship. It is with that idea that I have said that the college stands at the heart of the American university. The college stands for liberal training. Its object is discipline and enlightenment. The average thoughtful American does not want his son narrowed in all his gifts and thinking to a particular occupation. He wishes him to be made free of the world in which men think about and understand many things, and to know how to handle himself in it. He desires a training for him which will give him a considerable degree of elasticity and adaptability, and fit him to turn in any direction he chooses.

If the American college were to become a vocational school, preparing only for particular callings, it would be thoroughly un-American. It would be serving special, not general, needs, and seeking to create a country of specialized men without versatility or general capacity.

The ideal college should be a community, a place of close, natural, intimate association, not only of the young men who are its pupils and novices in various lines of study but also of young men with older men, with maturer men, with veterans and professionals in the great undertakings of learning, of teachers with pupils, outside the classroom as well as inside of it.

No one is successfully educated within the walls of any particular classroom or laboratory or museum; and no amount of association, however close and familiar and

delightful, between mere beginners can ever produce the sort of enlightenment which the lad gets when first he begins to catch the infection of learning.

The trouble with most of our colleges nowadays is that the faculty of the college live one life and the undergraduates quite a different one. They are not members of the same community; they constitute two communities. The life of the undergraduate is not touched with the personal influence of the teacher; life among the teachers is not touched by the personal impressions which should come from frequent and intimate contact with undergraduates. The teacher does not often enough know what the undergraduate is thinking about or what models he is forming his life upon, and the undergraduate does not know how human a fellow the teacher is, how delightfully he can talk, outside the classroom, of the subjects he is most interested in, how many interesting things both in his life and his studies illustrate and make attractive.

This separation need not exist, and, in the college of the ideal university, would not exist.—November Delineator.



THE MISSION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA IN THE CAUSE OF PEACE.

[From Address of Hon. David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, before the New Jersey State Bar Association, at Atlantic City, N. J., on June 12, 1909.]

First a thought, a wish, then a faith, next a struggle, at last a fact. So have entered into human life and history some of its profoundest truths. Such has been and is to be the story of universal peace.

For untold centuries on the battlefield were settled all trivial, all national disputes. Blood was the ink and death wrote the judgment. Yet in the heart was the thought that there must be some better method of settlement, and they who suffered looked longingly for its appearance. But thought and wish were only the shadowy pictures of a dream.

Twenty centuries ago there came a change. The heavens above the plains of Bethlehem were filled with a white-robed choir, and the only song of the heavens ever heard by the children of men broke the stillness of night. Peace on earth was that angel song. In a manger in the little town of Bethlehem lay a new-born child. His mother bent above her sleeping babe, and though the record is silent, you may be sure she heard the angelic song. For no ear is so acute to catch the slightest notes of prophetic song as the ear of a mother. Around the early days of that infant gathered many foreshadowings, and "Mary kept all these things and pondered them in her heart." The child grew to manhood, revealed himself in a short and wondrous three years, and in the "upper chamber," bidding farewell to his few followers, declared, "Peace I leave with you. My peace I give unto

you." The increasing multitudes who have looked up to Jesus of Nazareth as their Leader have taken his life and words as promise and prophecy, and faith in the coming of universal peace is the inspiration of humanity.

"It came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold;
Peace on the earth, good will to men
From heaven's all-gracious King!"

The air above Judea's plain no longer pulsates with the waves of this celestial song. For sad and weary centuries the grand march of humanity upwards has been through strife and blood. But a growing echo of the heavenly music is filling the hearts of men, and the time will come, the blessed time will come

"When the whole world gives back the song
Which now the angels sing."

Now we are in the third era, and earnest men and women are working, determined to put an end to the arbitrament of the sword. The coming music will not tell of the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war," but will be a refrain of the angelic song, "Peace on earth." Our own loved land witnesseth the strength of the struggle and will be the great leader. And this is so notwithstanding present shouting for a larger navy.

I shall not stop to discuss the question whether a state of peace is better than one of war. If any one doubts it I am content to quote the words of General Sherman that "war is hell." The less of hell individuals and nations have the better. In order to bring about the condition of peace a minimum of army and navy is the most effective way. There never yet was a nation which built up a maximum of army and navy that did not get into war, and the pretense current in certain circles that the best way to preserve peace is to build up an enormous navy shows an ignorance of the lessons of history and the conditions of genuine and enduring peace. When one nation becomes so strong that it is able to say to all others, "I am in favor of peace, but it must be a peace in which my will and wish controls," it is morally certain that the outcome of a few years will be war, for it is against human nature to take commands on matters of personal interest or questions of right and justice. The only peace which can endure is that in which the equalities of the nations are recognized, and all disputes are settled by negotiations or submitted to an impartial tribunal for determination. Then all nations will be interested in maintaining peace, knowing that it is peace secured by choice and established in justice. The pathway of history is lined with the wrecks of nations which for a while developed a commanding force, but were finally destroyed by combinations of weaker nations or their own internal jealousies. It may be laid down as a political and historic truth that a peace which is born only of force is a peace which is temporary and disappointing.

To lead in the cause of peace no one of the great nations is so well circumstanced as the United States of America. We are remote in distance and separated by oceans from other nations, so that if one of them were to attack us it would be fighting at long range, and it is obvious that such fighting is most exhaustive and attended with the least probabilities of success. Of course, the same rule would obtain against us were we to undertake an aggressive war, but an aggressive war assumes no desire for peace. In a defensive war our location is a great defense. In the second place, our resources of men and material are such as to almost guarantee against

any attack. Whatever advantage might enure to any nation by reason of its larger armament would be only temporary in its nature and would soon be exhausted by the enormous resources of this country. In the third place, no nation is in such a financial condition. Our debt, compared with that of other great nations, is small, and if we had not been foolish enough to squander money in ironclads and army we might now be a nation without a debt.

Again, there is in the blood of the American people a tenacity like that of the English bulldog, which when once the fight is on will not give up until victory is won. Wonderfully is this illustrated by our great Civil War, when North and South met and fought for four years, keeping up the fight until one side was exhausted, and not until then did peace come. If any nation attacks us it knows in advance that we will fight to the last.

* * * * *

But there is a reason deeper and more significant than the mere matter of ability and safety why this republic should lead in the great work of establishing universal peace. History is not a mere accidental succession of unrelated circumstances. Through the ages one increasing purpose runs. There is an overruling Providence which fashions and shapes human destiny—the destiny of nations as well as of individuals. We may not be absolutely certain of the purposes of Providence, yet we can gain some knowledge of them from noticing events as they come and go, sure that in all the great movements of the nations and of humanity some supreme purpose is being accomplished. I do not mean that there is any fatalism by which the will of the individual or the nation is ignored, but the opportunity comes and the purpose will be accomplished, though the individual or the nation may ignore it and the duty and the glory be passed over to another. As Lowell says:

"Once to every man and nation comes the moment to decide,
In the strife of truth with falsehood, for the good or evil
side."

It was not a mere accidental fact that for numbers of centuries this Western Hemisphere was withheld from the eye of civilization. In a sense profoundly true it was up to four centuries ago a virgin continent,—an untraveled land,—and in the then bringing it within the reach of civilization there was some purpose, which will be accomplished. If I should state in a single sentence that which seems to me the great purpose, it would be that here was to be developed a society and a government based upon the brotherhood of man.

* * * * *

As the leading nation on this Western Hemisphere, surely the open door is before us. If we fail, the cause of peace will not fail. We shall simply stand in history as the nation which lost the great opportunity. Who can say that in case of our failure there will not be developed on our north a mighty republic which will be true to the cause of peace and become its national leader? Indeed, there are possibilities reaching far beyond this. We fancy that ours is and is to be the leading race, the one out of whose efforts the great benedictions are to come to humanity. We are wont to look at the South American states with a feeling of almost pity or contempt, but are we sure that if we fail the Latin race will not be the chosen instrument of accomplishing the Infinite purpose?

* * * * *

While I have an abiding faith that the tendency of American thought and purpose will ere long be reversed, no one can be blind to the fact that there is a persistent

effort to make of this a great military nation. From the football field to the ironclad, from the athlete to the admiral, the thought and the talk is fight. The cry is fight fair, but fight. The capital city has a different aspect from that which it had a few years ago. Brass buttons and epaulets are filling the eyes. Our newspapers are eulogizing the magnificence of our fleet and army, and the thought of the nation is largely in the direction of naval and military advance. Science is giving its attention to the discovery and manufacture of more effective instruments of death, and we are rapidly drifting into an admiration for the "pride, pomp and circumstance of glorious war." At the first Hague Conference we were among those nations calling for a limitation of armament. Now instead of leading in that direction, we are constantly increasing our armament and point with pride to the fact that our naval fighting strength surpasses that of every other nation excepting Great Britain.

* * * * *

Notwithstanding all present opposition, the United States will not fail. She will heed the summons to the lofty mission of peace. The blare of the bugles and the beating of the drum will give way to the song of the angels; and the brotherhood of man, which means peace between the nations, will find its loftiest expression in the unfoldings of our history.—Advocate of Peace.

* * *

SOME BELIEFS AND FUNERAL CUSTOMS OF CHINA.

(Continued from Page 1065.)

One who is executed, commits suicide, dies from childbirth, is drowned, or dies any violent death, is supposed to have been a great sinner and great gifts must be made to the temple priests to ward off a terrible punishment from the departed spirit. In case one is murdered it is judged that he has not had a fair chance and he is sent back into the world in some other body to live over again.

In case the person dies with a highly contagious disease the coffin must be taken to a rest house immediately, where it may rest until properly painted and a proper place is found for its burial. In this case there must be no mourning for the dead or crying out. After a lapse of 100 days, mourning apparel may be put on. Generally speaking, however, the coffin is kept in the house for weeks and is painted with great care, in the case of those who can afford it, and less carefully by those who are poorer. Then the search for a suitable place to bury begins. One versed in the Fung-sui is called in and a deposit is made. He then begins his work. The length of time required to locate the grave will vary from a few weeks to months. The grave is generally located on some hill or high elevation. It is supposed that a tiger crouches on one side of the grave and the dragon on the other side to keep the evil spirits away, hence great care must be exercised that neither of these beasts shall be absent else trouble will follow the family of the departed one for all time to come.

The burial of children is by no means a matter of such care. Their graves are very shallow—I have

often seen dogs eating the bodies of little children which they had dug up, or which had never been buried at all. Though the custom is rapidly going out, it has not been uncommon to see little bundles of straw lying around on the hills where little bodies had been left to be eaten by the dogs.

The graves are sometimes very elaborate. Ordinarily they are very shallow, rounded over and cemented on the top with a head and foot stone at either end, but sometimes a grave will take up a good part of an acre of ground.—E. B. Caldwell, in *China Bulletin*.

Between Whiles

"What will your mother say to you when you get home?" said one boy.

"She'll start in by asking me some hypothetical questions," answered precocious Willie.

"What are they?"

"Questions that she thinks she knows the answers to before she starts to talk."—Washington Star.

* *

Excusable.

School children in Greater New York were required some time since to bring to their teachers vaccination and birth certificates. Frequent forgetfulness made one teacher impatient, and word went out that the certificates **must** be there on a certain morning. On that day an anxious little girl raised her hand the moment school opened, and, on being told to speak, said tremblingly:

"Please, teacher, don't get mad at me. I've forgot my excuse for being born."

—October Lippincott's

* *

The Pedestrian in 1910.

Chug-chug!

Br-r-r! br-r-r!

Honk-honk!

Gilligillug-gilligillug!

The pedestrian paused at the intersection of two busy cross streets, and looked about.

An automobile was rushing at him from one direction, a motor-cycle from another, an auto-truck was coming from behind, and a taxicab was speedily approaching.

Zip-zip! Zing-glug!

He looked up and saw directly above him a runaway airship in rapid descent.

There was but one chance. He was standing upon a manhole cover. Quickly seizing it, he lifted the lid and jumped into the hole—just in time to be run over by a subway train.—October Lippincott's.

* *

A kind old gentleman, seeing a very small boy carrying a lot of newspapers under his arm, was moved to pity.

"Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy?"

"Nope," the mite cheerfully replied. "I can't read."—Youth's Companion.

Syracuse, Ind., June 1, 1909.

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(Signed) EDWARD DEETER.

Mr. Deeter is a noted horticulturist of northern Indiana and is a son of Elder Deeter of the Church of the Brethren.

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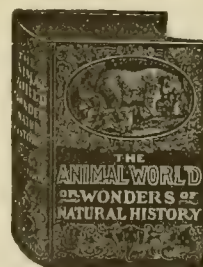
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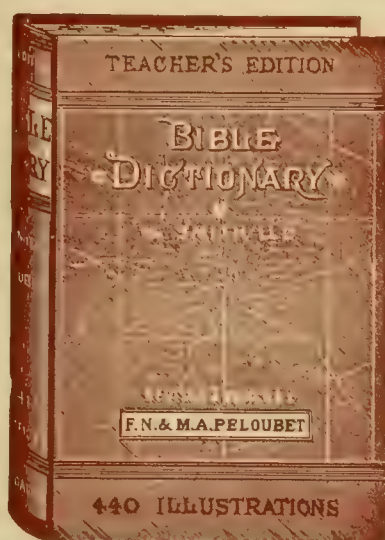
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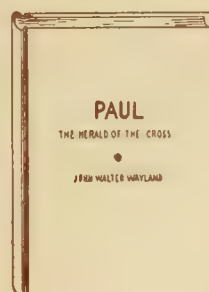
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A North Dakotan feels this way: "I will frankly say that the Empire location has more good points

than any thing I ever saw, you should not have much trouble in locating people here, even if prices are a little high.

Personally I am partial to the land around Empire. After about three week's investigation I find the land almost faultless in location, soil, drainage, railroads to markets. It will stand the very closest inspection."—J. W. Deardorff.

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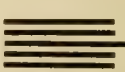
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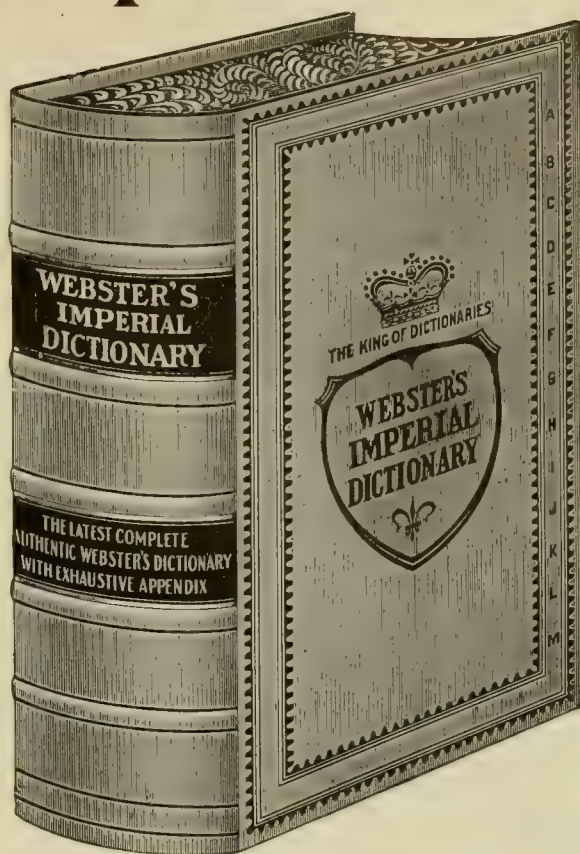
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Form R. Second Birthday—Boys.—A bright boy's face with decoration of apple blossoms and golden bells.

Form S. Second Birthday—Girls.—A chubby two-year-old girl with pretty



background of violets and dainty lace.

Form T. Third Birthday—Boys.—A stalwart boy's figure in panel embellished with beautiful floral designs.

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THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM THE NAMPA RECORD, NAMPA,
IDAHO, OF SEPT. 30, 1909.

During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

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THE INGLENOOK

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A TRIP TO OLD BALDY

H. A. BRANDT

ONE of the best-known but by no means highest peaks among the mountains of Southern California is that grand mountain affectionately named "Old Baldy." This mountain is the highest peak of the San Gabriel Mountains that lie just to the north of the broad fertile valley of the same name. It is only a trifle over ten thousand feet in height and lies well back of the foothill ranges, but its massive head, practically denuded of vegetation except for a few pine trees, is a splendid sight when snow-crowned in winter. As summer draws on the fields of snow melt away into icy brooks that tumble on down rocky canyons only to find themselves at last captured and led out to water the thousands of acres of orange and lemon groves that thrive in the upper end of the San Gabriel valley. Even in midsummer with snow all gone Old Baldy is still true to her name, for the bare whitish slopes of shell rock about that peak suggest something of the glorious whiteness of the winter's snow. White-capped alike in winter and summer, Old Baldy can not help but stand out as one of the great natural landmarks of Southern California.

For a number of years I had lived within forty miles of the summit of this grand old mountain but for some unexplainable reason had never climbed to its top. This summer the record was broken and one bright Monday morning in August I started for Old Baldy. About an hour's ride on the railroad brought me to Ontario, California, and here I made connections with an electric trolley car that brought me to the mouth of San Antonio Canyon after another ride of perhaps forty-five minutes. Here some friends who were camping in this canyon met me with saddle horses and by twelve thirty o'clock we had arrived at Camp Baldy, the end of the stage road that runs up San Antonio Canyon.

Camp Baldy is a regular mountain resort forty-seven hundred feet above sea level and seven miles from the top of Old Baldy. Here about four hundred people were enjoying an outing in the mountains. The com-

pany that controls the canyon has almost civilized "camping out," for one may enjoy such luxuries as a regular automobile-stage passenger and mail service, a store where groceries are sold almost as cheap as at home and live in tents with board floors and electric lights with the best of water within a stone's throw. One cannot, however, camp in such a place for nothing, for the spirit of commercialism has polluted even the mountains primeval and all these conveniences cost money just the same as they do at home.

Well, to come back to my story, it was a little too late to try to climb Old Baldy in the afternoon of the day of my arrival, so we simply contented ourselves with a preliminary climb along the west side of San Antonio Canyon to see that we were in trim for the morrow—the day set for the ascent of Old Baldy.

We returned in good time to camp that evening and having prepared our lunches for the morrow and assembled guns, canteens and walking sticks we were off to bed by eight o'clock. That is all I remember until one of our party helped me to regain consciousness about half past three the following morning. We were urged to omit any preliminaries that might be a part of the usual leisurely manner of arising and dress at once, for it was already a little late! Of course we obeyed and after a hasty breakfast were on our way by ten minutes after four o'clock.

It was pretty dark when we left Camp Baldy but when the trail took us into a narrow canyon well shaded by trees and we had to almost feel for the trail and once or twice light matches so that we could cross the little stream that leaped down the canyon over the rocks and fallen logs, the situation was by no means improved. But this did not last long, for the trail so led higher up on the mountain side and this together with the growing light of coming day made the trail quite plain enough. Before sunup we were at Bear Flats where we hoped to at least get sight of something big enough to shoot but were disappointed. This was

the last place that we could get water so after a short rest we hid the guns in some underbrush, filled our canteens with water and were off again.

The trail now took up the mountain side, zigzagging back and forth so as to reduce the grade. By sunup we were well up about three hills back of Bear Flats and beginning to be able to see out the San Antonio Canyon to the broad valley beyond. By eight o'clock in the morning we were overlooking the lower ranges at the base of Old Baldy and from here we had our clearest view. To the south, southeast and southwest the country lay stretched out before us. Broad roads had become mere lines, towns but a group of various colored specks, the fields and orchards looked like a kind of natural checkerboard spread out in the valley below and the whole scene reminded one of a gigantic map of valleys, mountains and plains done in relief work. Such sights are only seen from mountain tops! We had begun our climb to the tune of,

"The trials of the road will seem nothing
When we reach the end of the way"—

and indeed they were forgotten as we stood on our throne hill that glorious August morning. Away to the south and southwest lay the Pacific Ocean like a great low bank against the sky, and rising out of it like mountain tops above a mist lay Santa Catalina Island, and farther off to the southwest in tracings that could just be seen were the jagged outlines of the mountainous San Clemente Island, perhaps one hundred miles distant as the crow flies! As I stood there and looked out over the broad sweep of mountain, plain and sea to the isles that dimly lay beyond I could not help thinking of Moses on a mountain top of Moab viewing the promised land. What must have been his thoughts when he looked out over Canaan—so far that lines were lost in distance, and then remembered that this was all the gift of God to the hosts that he had led from the slavery of Egypt!

Time and again we paused to enjoy the splendid sight of mountain ranges and great broad valleys basking in the summer sun or boylike rolled stones down precipitous mountain sides. At last we reached the top! To the north was the broad Mohave Desert, to east and west we looked down the length of range after range of mountains while to the south lay the richest and best of Southern California, the great stretch of mountains and valleys comprising parts of Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside and Orange Counties. Such a view as this we had from our "Old Baldy" is only had when one climbs to the top of a prince among the mountains.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago, Ill.



MOUNTAIN-TOP views enable us to do better work in the valley below which reveals greater opportunities from the heights than at short range.

DIVINITY OF MIND.

J. S. FLORY.

IN the whole field of science there is nothing so puzzling to the thinking powers of man as the mentality of the man himself. When we say field of science we mean the simple meaning of things, the *what*, *why*, *whence*, of things we see, and feel, and of whose existence we have conscious evidence. We can say *Divinity* is the term used in the sense of the supreme powers of the universe. That is to say, there is a something we call *God*, *first cause*, the Author of all things around and about us. It is a self-evident fact that things do exist and are apparent. It is not enough to say God is the Creator of all things visible and invisible, animate and inanimate. We may speculate and say as to man. He is called man because he can think. has reasoning powers superior to a lower order of creation. Yet why this is so is not answered by the admission. Man may have a living organism, but "*What is life?*" stands up in the multitude of queries that confront us; and who is able to meet the question satisfactorily?

In all the great questions that have engaged the attention of scientists since the world began, the one thing yet lacking is a satisfactory solution to the mind of the man who wants to know. Like the inquiry, "What is God?" All along the line is a blank silence; it is past finding out. Yet it is possible we may get an analysis of understanding comparatively correct: at least so far as to satisfy the longing desire of the reasoning powers of the human soul, as we say.

In our investigation of the question, in order to be safe it is necessary to keep as near the Voice of Supreme intelligence as possible. Nowhere do we have that Voice in its simplicity more satisfactory than in the Book where God has in these last days spoken to man. That God was manifest in the flesh in his Son Jesus Christ is evident from the Scriptures. He took upon himself humanity like unto man, had a mind as we have, and that mind was the embodiment of the Father's will, and the will of God in him was the exercise of the mind of God in the sense of true knowledge of divinity; so positive in him was indeed the fullness of the Godhead bodily that the Savior could well be denominated God, although he was after the likeness of man.

Man, being created in the image and likeness of Deity, was given a divine pedigree; therefore divinity of mind is inherent in him, and we are just in saying of the supreme gifts of God that characterized the make-up of man, They are divine. Faith produced because of having divine truth and accepting it with an "ear to hear" brings about a divine will in man and enables him to become a son of God in the sense of the brotherhood of Christ, he being our Elder Brother, the first begotten of God under the new dispensation, or

covenant, that characterizes the Christian law as the "perfect law of liberty."

All these divine forces, the outcome of the divine mind of man enables him to have the spirit of Christ, the mind of Christ, the power of Christ so far as he is the offspring of God. This being the case, we can understand how it is possible to do the like supernatural works Christ did or even greater under conditions of like nature and under greater opportunities than may possibly occur in God's providence as the church progresses in the world Christ came to save. One thing we note with special emphasis: Christ by no means limited God's special means of grace to the few years of his work here in this world. We by no means detract from the power of Christ's work in his ministry here or his continued ministry by the aid of the Holy Spirit and those to whom he gave his great commission, but it is altogether right we should rise to a higher degree of spirituality and a higher supernatural understanding of what man is and what his mission is here as a collaborer with God. Man should know God created him to have "dominion" over the works of his hands and that the earth is man's inheritance. Now that the "last man, Adam," has become the "Conqueror," the "divinity of mind" is one of the grandest themes for man to study in this century.

Pasadena, Cal.



RURAL AND CITY PUPILS.

MAUD HAWKINS.

It is an erroneous idea that the children in a town taken as a *whole* are better educated than those in the country. True, there are some favored ones who reach a higher standard than any child in the country. But while there are the few, there are hundreds who fall far below the average country student.

There is a general idea that the country child does not have the literary advantage that is to be had in towns; that they have no access to libraries, magazines or newspapers, but as a fact there are few country homes that are not supplied with the weekly and daily papers and one or more magazines, and often the children themselves are subscribers to some good child's paper. For example the *Youth's Companion* is found in many country homes; and every home has a collection averaging from a very few books to a fair-sized library. And these papers and books are more thoroughly read by the country boys and girls than the superabundance found in some city homes, which can be only superficially read on account of the many outside attractions that always manifest themselves to the boys and girls in a city.

With the free rural delivery, rural telephones and their usually good conveyances, country children have an opportunity to keep abreast with the times equal if not superior to the town-bred children.

Admitting that there are some who are not up with the times, who do not even take a county paper or own a book, are there none of like habits in the towns? Are there not many who go from shop or factory every day who seldom glance at a newspaper or magazine and never read a book unless it be some sensational, trashy novel? Granted the professional men, the business men, merchants and bankers do a good deal of reading, where were the majority of these men educated? Did they not come from the farm? How many of the shining lights of a town are town-born and bred? Three-fourths are from the country.

It is necessary that country children go to the cities to finish their well founded education, as there are no schools in the rural districts wherein the higher branches are taught, but taking the whole population of each, it will be found that on an average the country people are the better read.

The argument is that the town child has access to libraries. Do they all have *free* use of the public libraries, or is it just the few who are able to show a card of recommendation?

Are there not thousands who would not read the books if they *were* allowed free access to all libraries?

How many of the town boys stay in school beyond the eighth grade? A very few of the working class. When the educated people of a town are spoken of, only a few are referred to, not the masses as in the country. It does not take in the slums, alleys and block residents.

Every town school has a library. Are the books read to any great extent and by whom? If there is a library in a rural school, the books are usually read by all, parents as well as children.

Towanda, Pa.



VALUES REAL AND FALSE.

A CHILD and his father were building playhouses together on the sand, says a writer in the *Wellspring*. By and by the tide came in and washed them all away. The little fellow was nearly in tears because the work of his hands had perished so soon. But the father consoled him, and carried him away to the house. The father himself was not troubled. He knew when they built their houses together they would not stand. He knew that both of them had gotten health by building them, for the salt air and the sunshine was what he sought on the beach. And besides, the father was interested in bigger things.

Half our worrying would cease if we were more like that father as concerns the small tasks that fill most of our days. It is worth a good deal to a man's peace of mind, whatever he is doing, to realize in a right spirit that "here have we no continuing city." It was an old Persian king, was it not, who bade his servant to remind him ever and anon, "Remember, sire, this, too, shall pass away."—*Exchange*.



AROUND THE WORLD WITHOUT A CENT



HENRY M. SPICKLER.

Chapter LXXXI. Homeward Bound.

FROM the railway station in Calcutta a "boy," who was a fullgrown man acting as porter, carried my baggage, on his head, as he trotted along by my side as I rode my wheel to my hotel,—the Grand. In the picture you can see this "boy," walking behind the native who leads a litter of puppies along the street. The Grand Hotel faces an extensive park or pasture field in which herds of cows may be seen quietly grazing. It is the swellest hotel in the city. In fact Calcutta has but few reliable hostleries, and when a tourist of dignity and self-respect and money happens along, he invariably selects the Grand. It was operated by a lady whom I had the pleasure of meeting, who also managed the hotel in Darjeeling. The waiters here slept in the hallways and sometimes when finding my way to my rooms in the dark I tramped upon them, or fell over them. They were quick at meal serving,—for Hindus,—and the meals were of the very best grade. I shall never forget my days spent at the Grand, in the big city of Calcutta. A large room with two beds in it was assigned to me. Above these beds was an electric fan with great sweeping arms or paddles to whip the hot blasts of air into sleepable currents of coolness. Part of the night I slept in one bed, and when the matting grew too warm, I climbed into the other bed, stopping one fan, and starting the other one above me.

Calcutta is an attractive place with beautiful parks and splendid museum. Here was a whale with jaws twenty feet long, and a throat big enough to swallow two men at a time, a turtle as big as a small Jersey

cow, a cat as big as a tiger, and a python eighteen feet long.

I found enterprising Americans in business. Smith Brothers, American dentists, occupied extensive quarters in a fine building and were doing a big practice. American dentists are the only dentists who understand their business. Never let any one else "monkey" with your mouth. Smith Brothers were Methodists and showed me the usual courteous greeting, and more, expected of good Methodists.

Easter day found me aboard a little vessel en route to Burma where I talked and prayed from the same pulpit in which Dr. Judson the great Burmese missionary once spoke. A Mr. Darrow,

one of my schoolmates at Shurtleff College, and his wife were living here in Moulmein, with three hundred thousand parishioners to look after. His salary was eight hundred dollars a year, but he told me that he was unable to live, by strict economy, on this sum and that money had to be sent him from his folks. He was doing a grand work.

In a few days another vessel was taking me through the narrow straits around Singapore past the islands of Borneo and Sumatra. One moonlight night I gave a reading aboard, on the upper deck, when the sea was as smooth as glass. Five Chinamen were in this recital, and each of them gave me a free-will offering as I passed my hat after the entertainment. Three of them, sitting in a row, dropped each one dollar into the hat. This one dollar is called a "Mexican" and is about the size and weight of our silver dollar, but is worth just



Grand Hotel, Calcutta, Palatial Home of the Traveler.

one-half as much, when traded for gold. But it was a stupendous sum for a Chinaman to make a foreigner, for I learned that the common offering here by the masses is one-sixteenth of a cent. That one silver dollar given to me by each of these Chinese was equal to from ten to twenty-five dollars likewise dropped into a hat in the United States,—or even fifty dollars, for the wages in China are about five cents a day, skilled labor at that, that feeds itself, besides.

I was beginning to rejoice in full measure now when I saw how much of the round earth had slipped by under my feet and how near I was home. But I had over a month of sailing on the Pacific Ocean yet to make, and then two thousand miles of travel before seeing home. Back at Rangoon the officials detained me for fear I might have the plague, compelling me to report to health quarters every day for ten days. Five thousand people were daily dying in India from the plague, and ninety-eight per cent of the cases were fatal. But the Health Board finally declared that I was sound and well, gave me my passport, and I was now on my way home!

In China I lectured, with a Chinese student for an interpreter, to a mixed audience of Chinese. I wish you could have seen the upturned faces of these men as I talked to them of my own country and its prosperity and good social conditions. These people were deeply interested and several of them talked right out in meetin' at me. One asked: "Which is the worst country?" I did not say it was China, for I was afraid to, neither did I believe that it would have been true if I had said it. For China is waking gloriously. The more I saw of the Chinamen the more I liked them. They are reliable. They have more backbone than any two or three average nations in the world besides Americans, Irishmen and Englishmen.

After visiting the foul prison in Canton where thousands of wretched prisoners dragged the ball and chain with no hope for pardon, I passed through the big gate and from the outside of the great wall built around that city, in China, saw running over the wall hundreds of telephone and telegraph wires, carrying the electric impulse of light and love throughout the Empire of the Dragon. Below them, in rude niches in the wall, sacred tapers, lighted by a heathen faith, flickered out their fading flame. Half were dead. The others

only smoked. Up there, the silent servant of Christian faith, in her triumphant chariot of the electric spark, carried the sweet message of love and liberty to four hundred millions! The two coming countries of the world are India and China, and as China is governed by her own people and not governed by a foreign nation as is India by England, China is the most promising nation on the globe today.

When I left my boat on the Pearl River in Canton I saw walking up and down the wharf there a tall, handsome, Indiana student, over there on his vacation to earn a little money, showing China how to run her Customhouse. On the other side of the river, within sight, Pittsburg locomotives were running around on Carnegie steel rails, and American foreman were work-

ing over Chinese workmen. All China needs is a start, a start for the right God and for the right industrial life. And she will mind her business, too, and climb to the very apex of national success.

I had a day at Penang, in Southern China. The city and people are worthy of a whole letter. The scenery is lovely and oriental in full measure. My wheel took me out into the country over the easy roads and I visit-

ed the great waterfall that held me in delightful meditation for hours.

Dr. Rabe, an American Dentist of great ability and with phenomenal success, lived here in one of the palatial bungalows. To him come the best people of the Straits Settlement for dentist work. I found the Doctor to be a great naturalist as well as dentist. All around him, within a few hours, were islands and forests and jungles full of barbaric peoples that used to cook and eat white tourists. His collection of curios from these tribes is sufficient to fill a building and the institution in America that could get hold of it for their museum would be fortunate indeed. Much of this is now in the museum at San Francisco.

At Hotel America I learned through our Consul that an American boat was about to sail for Manila in the Philippines. In a few days more I was in our island possessions, walking the streets of the Spanish Inquisition so lately putting to the torture the poor people of these islands. At the Hotel Belle Vue, right on the beach, I took my meals and here gave a parlor entertainment one evening to a select audience of guests and



Transport Logan. Thirty Days on the Pacific.

citizens. A position to teach was offered me in the schools, but not feeling well, I was allowed by the quartermaster to take passage on the transport *Logan* for Frisco. I was to have my passage for twenty-five cents a day, including board and lodging. But I was to eat and sleep with the soldiers. After trying this for nine days I decided to spend fifty cents more per day, which I had in my pocket, and go up and get a room and have meals with the officers and their families. In this first-class department everything was good. We had roast goose, baked lamb, fried chicken, ice cream, nuts, candies, cakes and pies—everything the palate could wish,—except plenty of choice vegetables. But I couldn't complain. For I was glad to get even the soldiers' fare. I had a day in Japan which I used as fast as I could—I mean as *slow*. I was too homesick to want to go around much here and after a rickshaw ride into the country where I saw enough to give me a fair idea of Japan for my purposes I boarded the *Logan* at night and when I woke next morning, we were out at sea steaming eastward over the Pacific, discovered by Balboa.

There was just one more stop,—after a thousand miles or so,—before the next stop would be San Francisco. Then, another thousand or so,—how short it seemed now,—and also how long! and I would once more put my feet upon native soil!

One day, when the sea was quite rough, I saw a big shoal of whales coming full speed toward the boat on our starboard or right. There were twenty or more and they formed a perfect line, at an angle of about thirty degrees, the whales nearest the boat being farthest behind, but each one of them at a uniform distance from and behind the other. When they saw us they first dived, then came up again, here and there, having changed their course under water. Several were "spouting" at the same time, and it was the biggest whale scene I ever saw.

At Honolulu, Hawaii,—also our islands,—I had a half day to ride about the city and out into the country, where flowers and round-faced girls grow in the eternal sunshine.

The people were very kind to me here, receiving me as their guest. The million dollar hotel gave me the run of the place.

Just a backward look: Manila. The social morals there are bad. Many of the soldiers riot in uncleanness, and I was told that many occupying hospital beds ashore were returning home with blood diseases. On board the soldiers might have had worse treatment but it should have been better. The food was mixed up and served them like slop. One day one of the girls of an officer said to a friend, "Come, let us look at the *hogs* eat," meaning the soldiers. The officers get their salary while traveling and also four cents a mile. It is seven thousand miles across the Pacific. Why should the officer get so much better treatment than the soldier? I have praise for our rulership in Manila, such as I saw it, and probably a fuller study of its moral and equity values to-day would reveal satisfactory progress. The tendency, however, is for graft, and ill treatment of those who do the dirty work by those in high rank above them.



America! Landing at Frisco. Golden Gate. Sunset, Disembarked Next Morning. Everybody Wants to Get Off.

Of course I was glad to step onto the United States again after three years' absence. But as I went up the street I was disappointed at the strenuous, hard-drawn faces of men and women. Everybody was hurrying. Young women were wrinkled and sad-faced, and the sight gave me a shock.

After preaching in three Baptist churches in San Francisco I picked up apricots for a man near San Jose, and not yet able to ride my wheel because of the lumbago, took a Pullman home, arriving at twilight and meeting mother in the yard of our home in Polo. Her trembling hand rested upon my shoulder as I went into the west door of the house, just as three years before I had gone from the *east* door, and had kept on going *east* until I had gone around the world and entered our *west* door.

"Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou dwell in the land, and verily thou shalt be fed," was the text that took me.

In farewell, gracious publishers and editor of the INGLENOOK, here's my heart and hand, as your penniless world tourist. God was good to allow me to see so much of his wonderful world, to start me out and to bring me home again. Let me say, not "good bye" but "Au revoir," till I see you again.

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THE deepest joy comes from a life of trust.

HARD WORK.

"It begins to look as if I was doomed to fail, after all my earnest, hard work," said the young man, with the calmness of despair in his voice. The old man to whom he spoke—a kindly, old-time friend—looked into his face critically for a moment before he answered. Then he said slowly, yet with a certain earnest impressiveness that sent the words home to his discouraged listener:

"I was readin' the other day that 'when things begin to look like ye was licked, then it's jest the time we had oughter begin to work the hardest.' Maybe that is the case with you. Suppose you try to and see how it works. And along with the work, just kind of mix in the idea that you are going to make it go—that there isn't any give up about it—that it is just a matter of keeping right along until you win."

The young man thought it over for a few minutes, silently, carefully. Then he threw up his head, and there was a new look in his face and eyes.

"I'll begin to work my hardest, right off," he said, "and—thank you." And from that day he did work hard, and won success out of what had seemed to others as well as himself, certain failure. It had looked, indeed, as if he were "licked," but hard work had won the victory for him in spite of all.

And so it will for others. Things are sure to look dark sometimes for some of us. It may seem almost folly to keep on trying against such great odds—yet, who can tell, unless they try and keep on trying, how near success lies for them, just on the other side of the cloud of apparent failure? Work your hardest then, even if defeat seems near, and see if it will not turn to victory.—*Young People*.

RECREATION

T. H. FERNALD

WE should heartily lay hold of anything of a proper nature that tends to increase happiness, benefit health, and prolong life. This life should be one of happiness, instead of, as in many cases, one of misery and unhappiness. There is at the present time too much struggling for wealth and not enough enjoyment. The child can scarcely walk when it is made to learn the alphabet, and all through youth the child is crowded with learning, regardless of health. It is even so through life. We are ever crowding for wealth—not health.

The majority of people grow old too quickly, which is due largely to their manner of living. The innocent pleasures of life are so replaced with worldly cares that the sunshine is all crowded out.

The body grows old through the mind, so if the mind is kept young the body will remain young. Constant work, worry, and cares of all kinds, have bad effects upon the body, as well as upon the mind, and tend to deaden the capacity for enjoyment, thus robbing life of its happiness. There is nothing that so quickly robs life of its pleasures, and injures the health as constant worry, overwork, business cares, household and family cares, or in fact any of the affairs of life. Therefore, if any man or woman would enjoy the most of this life, there must be a change of surroundings; there must be hours of recreation and repose, when the mind and body must rest from their respective work.

Rest is not necessarily repose in an easy chair or upon a couch, but a change of work. One who uses the brain all day can find rest in exercising those mus-

cles of the body that are not by his work brought into play, and one who uses his muscles all day may find rest by using the mind, in reading, study, conversation, viewing the scenery, etc.

The wife who has the cares of the home, which falls to the lot of every faithful wife and mother, needs rest, and a change of surroundings. Let her go visiting or calling upon a neighbor. The man who has been working all day or had his mind occupied by business cares must have rest, and should leave all the cares of his work or business at the shop, office, or store, and not take them to his home. Recreation is the spice of life, and unless one has the proper amount of this spice, his life soon becomes soured, and he grows old before his time. The place to rest and have recreation is in the home—in the bosom of the family—with the wife and children. Home is just what we make it, and can be the most sacred place on earth, or the most wretched. It is the place in which to find true pleasure, and not at the club or other place of so-called amusements. There is no place where one can find such healthful recreation and enjoyment as in the home, with the faithful, loving wife and happy, loving children.

What can be more enjoyable than the innocent games of the home? Let the father play ball with the boys, and the whole family can engage in lawn tennis or croquet. Such games are very healthful and delightful, and furnish enjoyment for the whole family, and tend to keep the young people at home, and away from bad company and places of a doubtful character. The wife and mother should engage in those games that would be becoming to her sex. Then for the

winter evenings there are the innocent games for the fireside, as well as for outdoor.

We make our lives what they are. If we have a jovial disposition and take time to enjoy life, our health will be better and our lives longer than if we are always working and never have time for rest and recreation. Let us not strive for the perishable riches of this world, but for the riches that money cannot buy or help us keep—perfect health—as well as those that never perish—eternal life. While we live, let us live aright, as to health and as to our spiritual life.

The "smile cure" has been recommended and I think it would prove very beneficial in many cases, and would prevent much of the minor ills of life. If we would smile always—whenever we feel poorly, or discouraged, and even when we feel to frown, this world would be better and happier. Let us ever remember that to a great extent life is what we make it. "Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap" is not only true in the spiritual but in the physical life. If we sow for sickness, or disregard the laws of health, we shall reap sickness, but if we sow for health, we shall reap health.

Ignorance of the laws of health is no excuse in these days, for one not living for health. There was a time when the doctors had all the knowledge there was in regard to good health, but those days have passed, and with all that is written by eminent authors along these lines, the secret of life, health and happiness may be possessed by all, and it is our duty to possess this secret.

Belfast, Maine. ❁ ❁ ❁

NEIGHBORLINESS.

"IN twenty years—in twenty years I expect we will have pretty near reached kingdom come, eh?"

So said Jacob A. Riis, with a happy smile on his red-and-white Teutonic countenance and an inquiring lift in his voice, as he recently addressed the Arche Club at Lincoln Center on the subject of "My Neighbor."

"Look what has happened already," Mr. Riis went on. "Twenty years ago there wasn't a single settlement in New York City. Now there are more than sixty of them, and the settlement idea is spreading everywhere. No, no, the settlement is not a cure-all. It's just a means of giving us something that in our modern cities we otherwise haven't got at all—neighborliness, in the true sense of the word. In the small villages from which our cities grew there was democracy in social relations. The city has killed that. But it is essential to a full and complete life, and we must revive it. We have wandered from the path, eh? Well, we must just go back.

"Pretty soon we shall have the schools for social centers, to hold lectures and even political meetings in. Each school building will serve its district. In this way we will get back to the town-hall plan of our an-

cestors. They met each other in that little town hall, and learned to know and love each other, and out of that came mutual service and true living. Without some such social center we break up in cliques and clans, narrow circles outside of which our sympathies do not extend. That's is bad—bad!

"All the grasping and the greed comes from not regarding our fellows as our neighbors. One doesn't trample his neighbors, he works with them to a common end. Well, we must come to look on all the world as our neighbors. We must do away with the idea of classes. There isn't any justification for class lines in America. They are unjust, unwholesome, unrighteous and un-American—there, that's all the 'un's,' and they about cover the ground. Why should we have class lines here in this country, and one man despise another just because he has been lucky enough to make a little more money? For my part, I am in favor of prohibiting the inheritance of big fortunes. A man has some right to be proud of what he makes with his own hands and his own brains, but he hasn't any business putting on airs over what he is merely trying to spend.

"We are all workingmen here in America. I have never seen a man that was worth a—a—anything, who didn't work in one way or another. I think that often the man who sits at a desk does harder work than the man who handles a shovel. But, anyway, they both are workingmen. We are all born in the same way, are we not? And we all die—if not in the same way, it all amounts to the same thing in the end. And then for that little space between birth and death, why shouldn't we spend that in helping each other, eh? Why should we separate ourselves with foolish little prides and hates and ridiculous class lines?"

"Where are these ideas spreading the most rapidly? Why, everywhere, among all kinds of people. The working classes? Now, don't say the working 'classes.' What have I been telling you? We have no working classes, just working people. But I think the ideas are spreading most rapidly among people who have had the greatest educational advantages.

"Am I hopeful? My goodness, how can I help being?" And Mr. Riis waved his arms about to express the utter absurdity of pessimism. "Why, ten years ago there wasn't a playground in New York. Now the municipality conducts ninety-nine, and other private institutions run about sixty others. And you, here—why, Chicago has set the pace for the world in the matter of playgrounds.

"And this doesn't simply mean that some children are getting a chance to play. No! it means that we are waking up, we citizens of the United States, to the fact that our greatest wealth does not consist in our mines and our manufacturing establishments, but in our boys and girls, and that we must secure justice to them."—*Chicago Evening Post.*

SAVE VOLUNTEER TREES.

ATTENTION has been called lately to the benefit to be derived from saving the volunteer seedling tree that yearly keeps on springing up and trying to grow on roadsides and in sheltered spots, the fate of which is to be ruthlessly cut down when the summer weed and brier cutting is done. It is of really vital importance that something should be started looking to replacing the trees cut down. The rapid deforesting of the country in the past decade has made this a real necessity. The bitter fruit of poverty of land, of erosion, and of droughts is the harvest before us.

To strike out a furrow, plant tree seeds, transplant the seedlings to a nursery, and make a transplanting to the final growing place, is of course the proper way; but when one remembers that it will take from one to three years of careful cultivating to get this far, and after it is done one must wait twenty years for a result, and that about fifty per cent of these transplanted young trees die, it becomes an undertaking of no mean magnitude to plant and set out trees.

Now while the benefit of a crop of trees so planted is obvious, and plainly to be demonstrated as paying in dollars and cents, the immediate command of money, time, energy, foresight and patience is so overwhelming that for the man of moderate resources it is out of the question. But the man of the most modest means can keep a sharp lookout for a seedling tree growing along his fence or on the roadside, near his brook or stream, and when he swings his scythe for the annual weed cutting, leave it to take its chances, which are fifty to one in its favor, unless it be in a meadow where cattle leave no leaf nor sprout on sapling.

For some seasons past farmers have been sparing locusts and cedars—good for fence posts they tell you. That being an immediate, concrete want, they spare the trees; but the others, valuable as soil protectors and humus-holders, they sacrifice.

The suggestion was made to our Forestry Bureau that they advocate the saving of the natural volunteer tree growth wherever possible, and they found objection and took exception to it on the ground that the growth would be haphazard and irregular. How about the forests of our fathers? Haphazard planted, all of them, yet we find small fault with them now they are gone, and we found great wealth and comfort in them in their humble, haphazard way. Saving the nature-growth of haphazard, windsown trees is good economics, for it makes use of a now useless by-product.

Farmers and country people in some parts of the country are so busy trying to get a bare living out of the poor soil, that they have no time to stop to plant trees; yet they are intelligent enough to know they need them.

The rich western farm in competition is not entirely

to blame for it. The rapid deforesting in a thin, sandy soil is largely responsible. Trees keep in the humus, hold the land from erosion, from floods, from droughts. They are a necessary protection to the soil.

We who read of the famous cedars of Lebanon from which the splendid timbers of the temple to God built by the old Hebrews came, and picture in our mind's eye the high green mountain, like one of our own pine-tipped heights in the Olympics on our Pacific coast, would receive a shock and an education in deforesting if we could see that same Mount Lebanon now—a land that flowed with milk and honey in those days of the tall cedars, is now a bleak, sandy, stony waste that will hardly give comfortable subsistence for a goat. And that will be our fate if we don't save our trees. So, farmers and roadmasters, mind your eye as you clear up your fences—let the small treelet have a chance. It will grow to prosper you.—*Farm Journal*.

**A PRACTICAL ARGUMENT.**

"WHAT brings you here, Mary?" said Truesdell to his wife, as she entered the liquor store.

"It was very lonesome at home, and your business seldom allows you to be there," replied his meek and resolute wife. "To me there is no company like yours, and as you cannot come to me I must come to you. I have a right to share your pleasures as well as your sorrows."

"But to come to such a place as this!" expostulated Tom.

"No place can be improper where my husband is," said poor Mary.

She took up the glass of spirits which the saloon-keeper had just poured out for her husband.

"Surely you are not going to drink!" said Tom in astonishment.

"Why not? You say that you drink to forget sorrow, and surely I have sorrow to forget."

"Woman, woman, you are not going to give that stuff to the children!" cried Tom, as she was passing the glass of liquor to them.

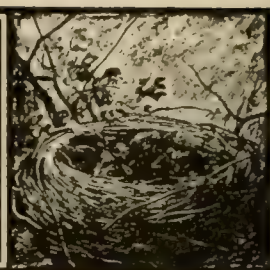
"Why not? Can children have a better example than their father's? Is not what is good for him good for them also? It will put them to sleep and they will forget that they are cold and hungry. Drink, my children, this is fire and bed, and food and clothing. Drink; you see how much good it does your father."

With seeming reluctance, Mary suffered her husband to lead her home, and that night he prayed long and fervently that God would help him break an evil habit and keep a newly-formed but firm resolution.

His reformation was thorough, and Mrs. Truesdell is now one of the happiest of women, and remembers with melancholy pleasure her first and last visit to the dramshop.—*Selected*.



NATURE STUDIES



CLAY, KINDS AND USES.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

FROM the earliest times man has used the plastic materials on or under the surface of the earth for the purpose of making articles of ornament or utility.

The stone age was followed by the bronze age, which in turn gave way to the age of iron, and now we have the age of steam and electricity. There has been no age of the plastic arts but they have flourished and developed in proportion to the civilization and culture of the people.

The study of clays and clay working is combined with poetry, art, science, history and even religion.

Potters are among the most ancient artisans mentioned in the Bible and many lessons are drawn from their work. (Chron. 4:23; Jer. 18:2.)

Sometimes all we are able to learn of some ancient civilization is through the study of pottery and bricks.

Babylon and the other ancient cities of the old world kept their records on clay tablets. The remains of Mexican pottery and those found in the mounds of the United States are but some of the waymarks on the road of man's industrial development.

The origin of the art is lost in the dim vista of antiquity, but so far as the records of history show, the principle of molding damp clay and hardening it by heat has been unchanged.

Clay is defined as "an earthy deposit found on or below the surface, which when finely ground and mixed with water forms a moldable or plastic mass which can be burned to a hard, stone-like substance after drying."

The original crust of the earth was formed of material crystallized from a molten magma. These igneous rocks through the action of the elements underwent a change, thus forming other classes of rocks.

The student of geology knows that the rocks, even the most enduring, are constantly undergoing changes. Acted upon by the forces of nature, they are continually decaying.

When this decomposed material was deposited where formed, the deposits were called residual, and when carried in suspension by moving waters and dropped in still water they were called sedimentary. The latter are the more important as the difference in the specific gravity of the various materials causes them to be de-

posited in different places. Thus beds of a special kind were formed.

Even after the formation of the deposits great changes have sometimes taken place. Subjected to intense heat and pressure by the folding and crumpling of the earth's crust, they have been metamorphosed into sedimentary rocks and shales. Again subject to decay, acted upon by percolating water, by the means of which many of the crystalline minerals were dissolved, acted upon by acid and alkaline solutions, each deposit is in some particular unique, requiring special treatment to secure the same results.

Clays of the same chemical composition and of apparently the same physical texture will sometimes yield different results in the hands of the selfsame craftsmen. We may illustrate by saying starch and sugar are chemically the same but in the culinary arts one is not a substitute for the other.

The residual deposits as a rule are fit only for the commoner kinds of brick and earthenware. The sedimentary beds have furnished nearly all the finer textured clays.

Beds of fine-grained material have been found one upon the other in such quantities that they have been consolidated into shales. Some of these shales are as hard as rock, but when ground and mixed with water form some of the best materials for pottery.

Some beds of clay are sandy, or to use a technical term, "lean" while others are plastic and "fat."

Ball clay is the name given to very fat plastic clays which when molded and dried retain their shape well, but as they usually will not stand the fire well they are mixed with clays of low binding power but of good firing qualities.

One of the most important properties is plasticity. You know that all wet powders cohere to a greater or less degree. Take wet sand and you can make a ball of it, but try to mold it and it will fall to pieces. From this extreme up to the most plastic of the ball clays we have every variation.

Recently while driving along the road a few miles from here I secured what is known locally as molder's clay and just a few minutes' drive from that place are to be found vast deposits of building sand.

Why is the former *fat* and the latter *lean*? This property is due to another kind of matter defined as

amorphous substance. Only one kind of amorphous matter will produce plasticity. Glass is amorphous, non-crystalline, yet powdered glass is no more plastic than wet sand. The kind that is useful contains water, even when apparently dried. To distinguish it it is called *colloid*, meaning glue-like. If the clay is heated sufficiently to drive off all water all plasticity is gone. The most plastic clays after firing cannot be again reduced to powder and dried. Brick dust is no more plastic than sand.

Another reason for the mixing of several kinds of clay is because of fusibility. Pure crystalline substances when heated become gradually hotter with no change of shape till they reach a certain temperature when they suddenly liquefy. On the other hand a non-crystalline amorphous substance, as for instance glass, gradually softens to the point of flow.

When the particles become soft in the fire this is called incipient fusion. Common bricks are heated only to this point, and retain an open porous structure. If the heat is continued the particles vitrify or fuse together. Paving bricks and many kinds of stoneware are vitrified. In most clays these two points are from one hundred to five hundred degrees apart, hence the potter by controlling his fire may produce the article desired.

If a brickyard or pottery is near you, visit it and see the actual handling of the clay.



CAN SNAKES CHARM?

ONE sultry day in August, sitting at dinner on the large back porch of our plantation house, I noticed a little wren fluttering just above the grass in a corner of the yard near an old log cabin. I thought the bird was trying to catch some insect, or eating the seed from the plantain weed. But as I watched it flew to a peach tree that grew near, and then, resting about a minute, flew to the same spot again and began its queer fluttering. Several times this was repeated, and I became convinced that something attracted the bird to this spot, or it would have alighted elsewhere. On going out I discovered in the grass a large spreading adder, which, seeing me, glided swiftly under the cabin. I looked for the little wren, but it had flown away.

The next day at the same hour, I was surprised to see the bird fluttering in the top of the grass as on the previous day. Waiting until it flew to the tree to rest, I procured a rock and went to kill the snake. But as I reached the spot it again disappeared beneath the cabin; so I threw the stone in the direction of the bird and frightened it away.

On the third day I watched from a window in the cabin for the snake to make its appearance. About noon it came stealthily gliding out and stopped in the grass at almost the exact spot as on the days before. It was not long until the poor little bird came fluttering

from the peach tree, so close to the snake this time that I was sure it would get it. Several times it leaped out of the grass, but the wren took refuge in the tree. Although this day it seemed weary and chirped pitifully, its stays on the limb became shorter and shorter and the periods with the snake longer.

I determined that the adder should not escape me this time; so, taking a garden tool, I went down and threw a stone to frighten the bird, which went again to the tree. The snake quickly started for the cabin, but finding an enemy confronting it, began to flatten out at the head, which threatens danger. After a little battle I killed it, while the poor bird looked on gratefully, perhaps, from the tree.

It has been said that snakes cannot charm. But what was it that brought the wren to that same spot every day? Did it remember the previous day's experience with pleasure? Surely not! It simply could not stay away; so it came back to the charming reptile, who seeks but to destroy.—*Josephine S. Ardell, in Sunday School Advocate.*



A PERSEVERING MOUSE.

INSTEAD of rushing wildly about and wasting force when in a dilemma, remember this little story told in the *Boys' World*, and profit by the example of deliberate, intelligent perseverance displayed by the apparently helpless, hopeless little victim.

During the digging of holes for telegraph poles in New York not long ago, the workmen noticed a mouse which had fallen into one of the cavities. For hours the tiny prisoner raced frantically around the enclosure. Then he seemed to get over his hysterics and set his wits to work. Soon he began systematically to dig a spiral groove, round and round the inner surface of the hole, which was several feet deep.

Night and day the busy little captive worked away, digging little pockets here and there as his improvised staircase got further from the ground, so that he might rest from his hard labors. The workmen kept him supplied with food, and, after the third day, the indefatigable little creature reached the top, and enthusiastic cheering welcomed his freedom.—*Selected.*



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ONE of the most effective means of stilling the voice of criticism or fault-finding is to get the critic to bear a hand at the work. Inside knowledge is the most thorough and illuminating kind and the only way to secure it is at first hand,—by taking an active part in the work.

KEEP today's strength and courage for today's duties. A very powerful influence that many times brings us failures where we might have had successes is this habit of spending the strength that is needed for present duties in thinking of and planning for those yet in the future. "As thy days, so shall thy strength be." Let us keep our strength for the duties that now await us, and then we may claim the promise of strength for the duties that may make their demands after awhile.

"AROUND THE WORLD."

THE travel series of articles, "Around the World Without a Cent," which has been running in the INGLENOOK for more than a year, closes with this issue. The author has given us a lively description of his travels and experiences and his articles have been eagerly read by a large majority of our readers. Even in so long a series it has been necessary to omit many interesting things, but as a rule the author has hit upon the things of particular interest and that give the series a place of its own among travel articles.

While Mr. Spickler has entertained his readers, he has also given them much information, and the lessons in practical, wholesome living which he has drawn from his experiences and observations and has handed over to us, have given us new determination to rule out many of the inconsistencies in our own lives which make us stumbling-blocks and objects of reproach to a Christian nation.

These articles have also brought to us a deeper

sense of the brotherhood of man and of the responsibilities which such relationship bears. All the ignorance and superstition and curious customs described cannot blind us to the part that is ours in giving help wherever help is needed. Far from turning aside with a feeling of self-complacency and superiority, we should consider all needy ones as a rebuke to our faithlessness and indifference and endeavor to make amends as quickly as possible.



A BIT ABOUT WINTER.

AT this season, when as yet we have had no real winter weather, and only a hint of its nature, we are the most averse to the winter season. In other words, winter in prospect, with that prospect guaranteed by the presence of Jack Frost, is dreaded a great deal more than when we are actually experiencing its countless thrills. There is a reason for this, maybe several of them, but we cannot discuss them now.

This is the time, when the dread of cold is itself giving us cold shivers, that we eagerly read long descriptions of tropic and semi-tropic lands where the balmy breeze blows perpetually, carrying the fragrance of ever-blooming flowers, etc., etc. And often the reader is moved to action by the description and with luggage in hand swiftly retreats before the threatened winter blast. It is well, perhaps, for invalids and the aged that there is a safe retreat from the rigors of our northern winters, but one does not always feel thus when he sees strong men in the vigor of manhood and women in the prime of usefulness lay down their tasks for a few months to escape the unpleasantness of winter by basking in a more genial climate. While it is true that the work of the world goes on despite the action of these shirkers, their part of it suffers more or less and they themselves suffer most of all. A choice of the easier road in the face of known duties—work that needs to be done and that fills out the full measure of a man or woman—is always done at a loss to the one who so chooses.

Fortunately this first dread of winter soon passes, if one has the courage to face it boldly. Almost before one is aware of it he finds himself interested in the many attractions winter possesses and viewing them and the season in general in the most optimistic spirit. He now sees winter as a blessing, for it is such to many thousands of people. The greater part of the world's work is done by the people who annually have the cobwebs blown from their brains by the energizing north wind, and their whole physical man renewed and purified by the beneficent work of frost and snow. In the great forces that are concerned with the progress and development of mankind winter holds an important place.

TENDENCIES IN MODERN EDUCATION.

It is not strange that high school young men should have organized secret societies. It is strange that any thoughtful person should not have foreseen the movement long before it originated. All men are imitative beings and this is particularly true of those who are young. With college men following the example set by older ones and setting up their fraternities, it was inevitable that the younger men in the high schools who were copying the college boys in everything else should follow them in this also. Secret societies have found their way into a vast number of high schools and into most of the graded schools as well.

The results in the lower schools are like those in the higher and in the outer world. Dr. Crosby, of New York University, long since said, "Out of the darkness dark deeds grow." It is apparent from the nature of the case that this must be so, and all history confirms what the common sense of mankind would prophesy. These evil results are many; only a few of them need be mentioned.

The lodge rooms and chapter houses, at the very best, become loafing places where boys idle away time, smoking, chewing, telling unclean stories, reading degrading books. Card playing naturally leads to gambling; dances ruin good women and bad women are introduced to ruin boys and men who have lived clean lives hitherto.

Along with this moral wreck come bragging and boasting of the lodge and its members. All the best men in the school are said to be connected with the secret order which happens to be in view. The offices which have been stolen or begged for the fraternity men are named as proofs of the superiority of these same persons. Those who will not join the lodges or who are not invited to do so are insulted, ostracised and in every little mean way possible put at a disadvantage.

This state of things, so far as it has taken possession of the high schools, has caused a movement against these boy and girl lodges which extends from ocean to ocean and from the Great Lakes to the Gulf. Principals of high schools and superintendents of city systems who are themselves members of lodges unite in denouncing the school fraternities as centers of all sorts of evil. It is safe to say that if the presidents and professors of our colleges had been as faithful to their trust as the high school men have been to theirs, there would be no school lodges in existence at this time. As it is, however, the people of the entire country seem determined to save the public schools from the pest. Almost without exception the school boards, legislatures and courts which have been called to pass upon this question have decided that secret societies are out of place in the schools. This is a hopeful sign. It shows that there is hope for the future. If these "rat-

hole societies," as President Gulliver used to call them, should ever obtain possession of our schools, they would make them a menace to the moral life of the nation.

There have always been materialists. Probably there always will be such persons. But in the old time it was understood that the colleges, at least, stood for an education which had something higher in view than money and dirt. It was out of the colleges we got men and women who were willing to devote their lives to occupations which offered no rewards of earthly sort for the most difficult labors that men could perform. The last few decades have witnessed a loss in this respect. The rapid increase in national wealth has seemed to dull the lofty ambitions which used to stir the hearts of men. As in the days of old, the sight of luxury and material splendor has canceled the noble zeal which gave us the Golden Ages of great nations. We have no Washingtons nor Lincolns now. We have plenty of politicians who will deliver orations on them. More offices, larger salaries, heavier guns, bigger ships, these are the cries which are continually dinned into our ears. During the last ten years we have spent a billion and a half on our navy and yet it does not please the men who live on the taxes we pay. Meanwhile we have thirteen million families which live on about five hundred dollars a year and who are always on the verge of want. Taxes are to be increased, men and women are to suffer. What are our schools doing to check the mad rush after money and "things"? Not so much as we could wish, yet *something*, we trust. Wendell Phillips used to charge college men as a class with cowardice. That there was truth in his accusation no one can doubt when he has read even a little history. We ought, however, to be just, and while there is much to regret in the attitude of school men, still Phillips himself was a refutation of his charge.

One of the most hopeful signs of the times educationally is the distrust of the free elective movement of a few years back. It is, of course, true that that craze was productive of good. God has so ordered things in this world that the ill wind must blow somewhere and do good to somebody. But the idea of putting the average young man of sixteen to eighteen to determining his educational career is now admitted even by its former advocates to have been a blunder.

A writer in *The Nation* recently said, "Our colleges, therefore, contain too large a proportion of spoiled, lazy boys whose hours of labor have been cut down to an irreducible minimum. Their fathers wish them to be gentlemen—that is, possessed of superficial graces of manner, but agreeably destitute of ideas." He continues, "We could, were this the place, print a list of the very men who at Harvard, Yale and elsewhere run the big elective courses, crowded with loafers from the

(Continued on Page 1103.)



THE HOME WORLD



A PHASE OF THE IDEAL LIFE

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

I HAVE just returned from a visit to the living incarnation of one of my own pet theories put to practice, and as near as may be, with entirely satisfactory results. Could one imagine anything more gratifying?

Not only that, but the theory was developed along lines and under conditions totally different from those amid which I had worked it out for my own special benefit, for my friend is called a society woman, and, though I love people, I have no taste for clubs or parties. So, we must acknowledge, the test was a worthy one. As to the theory itself, here it is: *That the very finest and holiest life-work a woman can assume, is the helping of those among whom her lot is cast to develop harmoniously the best that lies within them.*

By this, I do not mean that she should make of herself a family dictator or neighborhood critic. Probably we have all seen the type of woman who goes about in slipshod attire to exhort her acquaintances to repentance and then, when through neglect her own children go astray, bewails them as "lost." Such a one only succeeds in disgusting those she seeks to convert, and saves herself from scorn only by the Bible she carries. On the other hand, we must not underrate the woman who is specially gifted to carry on a broader mission to the world. If she has no immediate family ties that would suffer by the prosecution of her public work, then we may consider her as living out this principle still, since her "lot" is that world of needy humanity itself.

The friend of whom I have spoken, however, works, —and, be it observed, unconsciously,—by methods that are within the reach of all womankind. She is not in any sense a striking character, and unless one looks beneath the surface of life to its deeper meaning, he would not realize there were any workings at all. She is simply a kind, pleasant little body, with whom one may spend a social hour very happily. But, stopping to analyze that hour, it has some excellent points. In

the first place, there is no "bad taste left in the mouth" by a budget of scandal or uncharitable comments on this or that absentee. She has not helped you freshen up your troubles by a warm discussion of them, but she has shown the liveliest interest in everything that makes for your own happiness or that of those who are dear to you. She has not filled your mind with poison-breathing images of disease by a discussion of any one's ailments, either physical or spiritual. If she has spoken of her own friends, it is in a sweet and loving way, never with criticism or disrespect. Neither has she bored you with a catalogue of their perfections, by contrast implying shortcomings of yours. She is intelligent rather than clever or brilliant, and all her conversation is clean and pure, because her heart and mind are so. If she holds herself above the uncultured and vulgar, likewise she has no part or sympathy with that even more objectionable class, the so-called "high" society whose loose morals and reckless extravagance are a blot on modern civilization.

It is in her own home, however, that she demonstrates this theory best of all. In managing her work, she shows good sense that amounts to positive genius. During her girlhood she was an invalid, but by carefully planning to conserve her strength, and making every effort count for the utmost, she has grown into fairly good health and yet been able to accomplish almost perfect housekeeping. At her dishwashing she uses a thick mat to stand upon, saving much weariness in back and limbs. A high stool such as is used in offices furnishes a comfortable seat when ironing, peeling potatoes, etc. Instead of carrying a heavy pail of water, she makes two trips with the half-filled pail. She does not keep doggedly at a task till she is too tired to drag herself about, but often sits or lies down in the very midst of it, for a little while, presently going back freshened to finish it, thereby in the end accomplishing as much or even more in the same time. So she saves nerves, doctors' bills, and her husband's pa-

tience; for the burden of a fretful, sickly wife never yet brought out the best in any man's nature.

She has no children, which is the sorrow of her life; but the home is always warm and bright for her husband. Her cooking is planned equally with a view to wholesomeness and his individual taste. She is always interested in that which interests him, sympathetic with the ups and downs of his business life, her pride in his successes an incentive to fresh effort, her encouragement in reverses taking the substantial form of less expenditure about the house or upon herself.

Her four brothers who live in the same city are her familiar chums, proud of her pride in them, in their honesty, diligence, and good business standing. She is her only sister's dearest friend, the comfort of her aged father's declining years, and a generous, helpful member of the church of her own choosing. She delights in her dainty belongings and her pretty home, because all beauty appeals to her; and the intimate friends she gathers about her in little clubs and parties are like herself: clean, pure-minded, wholesome. Beholding as in a glass the image of her refined, cultured ideal, which is the best she has conceived, she grows and helps them to grow into its likeness; and who shall deny that such is "from glory to glory"?

It is not a very striking life, or one that would appear to make much of a mark on the ages as they roll away. Yet, when one comes to think more deeply about it, picturing the hundreds of thousands of home-keepers who like her live their quiet lives of purity and sunshine and sweetness, what a mighty cleansing of the atmosphere of eternity must be the result! The daily practice of the small courtesies of life, the resolute, persistent turning from coarseness and vulgarity, are not unimportant factors in the uplifting of mankind. They count in the family, the neighborhood, the social life, be it wide or narrow. No one can truly grow into the Christ-life without them, for Christ himself was the soul of domestic courtesy, of public and private refinement. Devoting his life entirely to others, he took time and opportunity to recuperate his physical and moral forces, in order that they should reap its fullest benefit. We speak of him as a martyr, yet he never put himself or others in a position to suffer unnecessarily. Wide and far-reaching as was his lifework, it was accomplished exactly as the most retiring and unobtrusive, as well as the most able and ambitious of us must accomplish ours; the ideal life for the true lover of humanity at home or abroad: *He helped those among whom his lot was cast to develop harmoniously the best that lay within them.*



ANTIDOTE FOR ANXIETY AND WORRY.

THERE is one kind of trouble in the world which God never sends, and which never brings a blessing with it. It is the borrowed trouble which people get by worry-

ing about tomorrow instead of being content to bear the burden of today. Most of the worry in this world is over trouble that never comes; and what is more foolish than to brood over troubles in anticipation of their coming? More people are killed by worry than by work. "Preventive medicine," is the great aim of true physicians today, and I present this divine philosophy of life as a safeguard against that neurotic degeneracy which threatens many today.—*Selected.*



A COVETED GRIEF.

Throughout the city streets where children played,

Stealthy and silent, pestilence had crept;

In homes where baby-laughter lately rang,

Vain-listening mothers wept.

I was not of them. Nay, .

Upon my door there hung no baby-blooms;

No music, heavenly-sweet, had died within

My fair, well-ordered rooms.

And yet!—O, blessed mothers,

Let your tears be sweet!

Sweet with the memory of holy joys

God deemed for me unmeet.

"I, from the waste lands of the fruitless years,

Entreat a pity I may not bestow;

For envy stifles pity in my breast,—

Envy, whose bitterness the barren know.

"I watch you pass, bearing your fragrant flowers,

To lay upon a low and sacred shrine;

While I,—I may not throw my empty arms

Across one little grave and call it mine!"

Thus cried my heart. Tonight, despite the years,

The same cry echoes to the wind that whirls

Around the mirthless house, wherein I wear

The crown of womanhood, without its pearls.

—American Motherhood.



TABLE HABITS.

EATING is a very important factor in the life of every growing plant and animal. Growth depends upon it and God has made it a pleasurable thing, because it is so necessary to life. It is not to be wondered at that most children are little epicures; but if they show greediness, daintiness or gluttony, it is a proof of bad bringing up. Plenty of plain nutritious food should be given children, and then they should be taught to "eat what is set before them, asking no questions." The less children or grown people think about what they eat, the better. It is bad hygiene, as well as bad taste, to talk about the food at the table.

We have know families where a great part of the table talk was about the food—praising it, or apologizing. This should never be allowed. Mealtimes are the only times when the whole family are together; and they should find something better and pleasanter to talk about than their food; if they cannot, they impress the children with the feeling that eating is the best part of life, whereas it is only a means to a higher end. "The life is more than meat."

Finding fault with food should never be allowed. If indulged in, it will soon grow into a habit; how disagreeable this habit is, is too often demonstrated in the father's faultfinding at table, by which the peace of many families is destroyed. That it is nothing but a habit is proved by the fact that often the very men who thus make their homes miserable, are heard, away from home, boasting of their wives' cooking.

As to the quantity a child should eat, Nature is a safe guide if the quality of the food is right, and the child is not allowed to eat too fast, as he is often inclined to do if his play is then more attractive than the table talk. As before remarked, the food should be simple, nutritious, such as will nourish the body without pampering the appetite. Of such food the child will eat what Nature requires, and stop when he has enough. If, instead of eating such food, he is brought up on dainties, he will be apt to have a disordered stomach and capricious appetite. Stimulating foods and drinks are never good for children who need nourishing, not stimulating.

The child's table manners should receive early attention. For lack of this, many tables are anything else than the circles they ought to be. We have all seen a whole tableful annoyed by an untrained little child. His victuals do not suit him, and he whines or storms; or he musses with his food, spills his milk, and in other ways destroys the appetites of those around. On the other hand, he may be good natured and eat properly, and yet by his constant talking usurp the entire time and prevent any connected conversation. These offences usually arise from neglect of the principle before stated. Too much prominence has been given to eating and to the character of food. The child has been pampered till his taste has been vitiated, and he has never been trained to eat what is set before him "asking no questions." Probably he has been given too great a variety of food.

Nothing is worse for a child physically and morally, than to allow him to form the habit of fretting and fuming at the table. It is sure proof that his training has been neglected in many important particulars. He has been allowed to think himself the most important personage in the family, to feel that his whims must be attended to, no matter how much they may interfere with the comfort of others; in short, he has not been taught the golden rule. Most examples of bad table manners, as well as of bad manners in general, can be traced to this cause, "for manners are lesser morals." Ingrained regard for the comfort and pleasure of others would banish all bad manners from society. Take, for example, those things in the table manners of a child which seem farthest removed from connection with morals; gobbling down his food, "pig fashion," as it is sometimes described, not only impairs his digestion, but annoys those at the table with him.

Mussing in his food, as children sometimes do, destroys the appetites of those near him, and so on through the list. All these things start in small beginnings, and grow upon the child. At the first they are easily checked, but if allowed to go on unreprieved, soon harden into life-long habits. To allow them to become habits is cruelty to the child. There are men now—grand men—high in the councils of the state and nation, who daily suffer from the tyranny of such habits fixed in childhood. Train the children to behave properly at table, when they first come to the table, and such habits will never be formed. And this does not require continued harping; indeed, this aggravates the evil.

The principles of good behavior here, as elsewhere, are few and simple. Impress them on the child's mind not simply by telling, but by *doing* till right doing becomes habitual. Train children to behave at every meal just as you wish them to behave when you have company or take them visiting. Do not neglect their training when you are alone and expect them to behave well when you have company. Nothing betrays good training, or the neglect of it, more certainly than a child's table manners.—*Childhood, Its Care and Culture*.



THE SICK ROOM.

To Strengthen the Ankles.—For weak ankles practice walking on the balls of the feet on a straight line with the feet pointed directly in front of you.

Sunshine is a Germicide.—Sunshine is a killer of germs and a powerful disinfectant. As much as possible should be let into all the rooms; a little fading of carpets and curtains will result, but the doctor's bills will decrease.

Hot Flannels.—When in need of hot flannels in case of sickness, when there is no hot water ready, wring out flannel in cold water, fold, and place in a paper bag, pinning it together, then put on top of the stove with a cover under it lest the stove burn the paper. The water will soon turn to steam and a hot cloth will be the result without the drip of water. This placed in a warm, dry flannel will prove a great comfort.

Nutritive Value of Cream.—Very few housemothers fully realize the nutritive value of cream, or understand its superiority to any other solid fats, in permitting the gastric juices to mix with it in the most perfect manner, and in this way aiding and hastening digestion. It is invaluable in the case of invalids, for it serves as nutriment in a very valuable form. It is superior to butter, because it contains more volatile oil than butter made from it. It is frequently ordered by physicians for persons consumptively inclined, for those with feeble digestions, for aged persons, and for those who suffer from impaired circulation, cold feet, and those who feel chilly from want of nutriment. No other article of food gives such satisfactory results.

THE SALT RUB.

VARIOUS sanitariums and private sanitariums and private hospitals are using the "salt rub," and it is becoming so popular that some Turkish bath establishments are advertising it as a special attraction. It is just as good for well people as for sick people, is the most refreshing of all baths and rubs ever invented, excepting only a dip in the sea, and is matchless in its effects upon the skin and complexion. With all these virtues, it is the simplest and most easily managed of all similar measures, and can be taken at home—any one in ordinary health can do it very satisfactorily. Put a few pounds of coarse salt—the coarser the better, and sea salt is preferable if it can be obtained—in an earthen jar and pour enough water on it to dissolve the salt. Some physicians recommend that the salt be only well moistened; this should then be taken up in handfuls and rubbed briskly over the entire person. This being done, the next thing is to take a thorough douching with clear cool water, and then rub briskly with a warm dry towel. The effect of elation, freshness and renewed life is immediately felt, and the satiny texture of the skin with increased brightness and clearness of the complexion swells the testimony in favor of the salt rub. In case of weakness, and debility a second person should do most of the work, but the patient should do as much of it is possible without greatly fatiguing the muscles.

Another method is to take a medium sized Turkish towel—generally sold for ten cents, and dip it into very strong brine, hang on the line without wringing and let dry. At night, on removing the clothes, take this salted towel and rub the body all over, thoroughly, with it. A glow and feeling of warmth follows, and if regularly persevered in, it will quickly build up the system, giving improved health. It costs little to try it. The effects are assured. The same towel may be used two or three times, then washed and salted again.—*The Commoner*.

**PARSLEY FOR WINTER.**

BEFORE snowfall, it is a good idea to lift young parsley plants for the kitchen window; but the plants must be youthful, since the older ones do not take so kindly to transplanting. In picking the leaves for use during the winter, it is best to take only the outer ones, leaving the center of each plant intact. By picking in this way, a small box of plants, set on brackets inside the kitchen window, will furnish sprigs of parsley all winter long.

If there are no available plants in the garden, seed may be sown directly in the box at any season, if bottom heat be given to start the seed, which otherwise is rather slow in sprouting. In any case, the box should be left out doors until time for frost. Of course, in the South there is no need for a parsley box, but at the North, where the plants are buried under the snow, such a box is helpful for winter use.—*Suburban Life*.

The Children's Corner

WHY FOLKS HAVE GOOD THINGS.

THERE were nine of them, and they all were dressed in their best, and arranged to "have their pictures taken in a group," Claire said. Beautiful waxen Aurelia sat in the center and held the newest and tiniest doll of all, and the others were placed round her chair. It was great fun getting them ready, but Claire soon tired of them after that. She had so many pleasant things to do, and so many kind friends to help her do them, that she didn't care for anything very long, so when Charlie asked her to go for a ride, the dolls were left to themselves.

"Oh, aren't they be-yew-ti-ful!" said a hushed little voice outside the wide, low window, and a small girl in a faded calico dress tiptoed across the soft grass for a nearer look. It scarcely seemed possible that so many treasures could belong to one child, and yet Molly knew that the pretty room into which she was gazing was not a store. She quite forgot where she was, or how long she was staying, in her delight, until she heard Claire's voice right behind her.

"What are you doing, little girl?"

Molly started, and her cheeks grew red, but Claire seemed even younger than herself, and the round face was so sweet and kind that it was easy to explain.

"It's the dolls—I've been looking and looking and looking. My, but they're pretty!"

"Yes, they're mine," said Claire.

"All of them!" Molly's voice was full of wonder. "I shouldn't think you could hardly stand being so glad."

"Haven't you any?" asked Claire.

"Not any at all, only two made out of corncobs. My little sister and I made them ourselves."

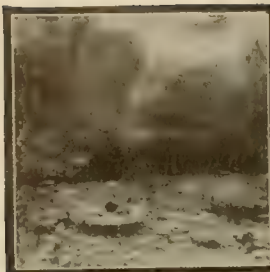
Claire looked at her in astonishment. Not a single doll! Then a bright thought came.

"Why, I know what you must do," she said. "When folks don't have any children of their own they can 'dopt some. I know, 'cause my mother told me about a lady who did. You come right in and I'll see if you can't 'dopt two of mine—one for you, and one for your sister. I 'most know you can, 'cause mother said yesterday nine dolls were too many to have round."

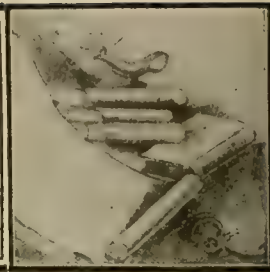
Half an hour later a little girl with a doll hugged tightly in each arm was hurrying home to a tiny house down the street, and the heart under the faded calico dress was so full of happiness that it seemed as if it could not hold any more.

Claire watched her from the window.

"I guess when folks have so many good things, it must be so that they can let others 'dopt some of them," said Claire. "I never thought about it before, but I mean to remember it."—*Sunbeam*.



THE QUIET HOUR



ASLEEP IN CHURCH.

BY IRA P. DEAN.

In the church down on the corner there's a meeting go-
ing on;

Where they're trying to stir the interest of the souls, both
weak and strong.

"'Tis a weary task," the preacher says, "to preach to
these poor sheep,

For when I look upon my flock, I find them half asleep.

"I open up the Word of God and then I try to preach,
Hoping that the blessed text some saddened soul will
reach.

Then turning to the deacon who sits on a front seat;
I call on him to lead in prayer, but find him sound asleep.

"From verse 32 of Mark 14, a text so dear to me,
I preached how Jesus went to pray in dark Gethsemane.
But like the three disciples whom Christ told watch to
keep,

I look upon my little flock and some—are still—asleep.

"There was a certain brother who used to sleep and
snore,

And only waked when some one made a noise back near
the door.

One night a soul came out for Christ, my heart was made
to leap,

But this brother missed the blessing, because he was
asleep.

"Sometimes while I am preaching, the thought occurs to
me,

If in heaven saints do ever sleep beside the Crystal Sea,
And when at judgment Christ will sort the goats out
from the sheep,

If he will place upon the left all those who fell asleep.

"I pray the Holy Ghost to come upon my little flock,
So that for one to sleep in church will be an awful shock,
The Holy Ghost to lead them, for he has power to keep,
And that they'll all be busy and not have time to sleep."



OUR GLORY.

PAUL MOHLER.

In what do you glory, my brother? You do not
"glory"? You are a modest man? Well, in what
then do you "take satisfaction"? I know there is
something, unless you are a very, very extraordinary
man, in which you take some pride; something that
you can do pretty well, something that you have that
is pretty good, or some unusual strength along certain
lines that is peculiar to you. Well, isn't that all right?
Who says we shall not glory in the right things rightly?

But what are the right things? That is the question.

Our choice of the things in which we will glory de-
cides what our lives shall be. If I decide that it shall
be my glory to be a great scholar, a scholar I will be;
if a soldier, a soldier I will be; if a rich man, a rich
man I will be at whatever cost of other things. What
a list we could make of the things in which men glory.

Some glory in the amount they can eat, some in
what they can drink. With some, mountain climbing
is glory, with others, star-gazing. Right now, two
men are glorying in the fact that they succeeded by
great effort in finding the exact spot in the middle of
a boundless sea of ice, which should be the location of
the north pole, if "pole" there were. Another man
just passed over, whose glory it was to control more
lines of railroad than any other man. Where is his
glory now? All the railroads in the world cannot
carry him back to this life.

All such glorying is vain. God knows how vain it is.
How can he, with all wisdom, bear with the poor little
man who thinks he is wise, or strong, or rich? When
the greatest of men is so finite and small in a universe
so infinitely great, what an absurdity for him to glory
in anything he can achieve.

Shall we not then glory? Have we nothing of which
to boast? Yes, truly we have. Jehovah saith, "Let
not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the
mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man
glory in his riches; but let him that glorieth, glory in
this, that he hath understanding, and knoweth me, that
I am Jehovah who exerciseth loving kindness, justice
and righteousness, in the earth; for in these things I
delight." (Jer. 9: 23, 24.) Paul says, "He that glori-
eth, let him glory in the Lord." Now what do you
say? What can I say? Hath not God spoken?

But just think for a moment what it means. To have
understanding and to know Jehovah; to be even on
speaking terms with him. Jehovah, the All-wise, the
All-powerful; who is above all, and in and through us
all. What a wonderful thing that is, just to know him
as a friend.

But to know Jehovah is more than that; for Jehovah
blesses all who know him. Having all power, he makes
them powerful; having all wisdom, he makes them
wise; having all treasure, he provides unlimited riches
for those who love him, giving all that we need in this
life and guarding the great wealth of our inheritance
till we shall have "reached our majority." Now that

is glory for us, to be loved of God, and to be his heir.

Did you notice what it is that God himself delights in? Not in his wisdom, not in his might, not even in his riches, but in loving kindness, justice, and righteousness. Is that worth glorying in? Most men don't think so, but God does. And God ought to know. If God delights in those things, they are surely worth while.

As a matter of fact, those are just now the most needed articles in the world. They are needed in the business world, in the government, in social life, in the school, the church, and the home. Fill the world with righteousness, lovingkindness, and justice, and it would be a new world, a world worth living in. How happy everybody would be. And that is just what God wants, what he gave his Son to die for.

And the beauty about it all is, that we can all have those things the poor as well as the rich, the weak as well as the strong, the ignorant as well as the learned. These things God gives freely to those who will take them. He may limit your power to be rich, or wise, or great, but he does not limit your power to be good. The devil tries to do that, but God is stronger than the devil, and clinging close to his power, we can surely overcome.

Yes, God is our glory. Let him that glorieth, glory in the Lord, for he is most glorious, and he is our own.
Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



CHRISTIANITY VS. LIBERALISM.

THERE seem to be two strongly contrasted understandings of what Christianity is. One is that set forth by the so-called liberal Christians, who make it an all-inclusive religious sentiment, which finds the truth of God and man back of all forms of religion, and accounts Jesus as a man in a peculiar sense, used by Almighty God to demonstrate what a pure, thoughtful and God-like being man may be. The other, in the deepest humility, receives Jesus Christ as the Son of God, sent in divine mercy and love, to take upon himself the burden and penalty of the sin of mankind, and through his own death for sin, through his resurrection from the dead and through his intercession for his people, to reconcile sinful men to their God and Father, and to give them upon earth the beginning of life like that of God.

It is clear that not both of these understandings of Christianity can be true. One excludes the other. It is impossible that one should be "liberal" toward the other. It does not seem to us illiberal to believe that the founder of Christianity is the proper person to declare its meaning and spirit. Or if it is illiberal, then it is the narrowness of the truth, which Jesus Christ intimated does exist. But when the words of Jesus Christ himself are studied, the meaning of it is so clear that our liberal friends are driven to deny the authenticity

of the record, or to say that they understand the meaning of Jesus better than did either he or his disciples who wrote the record.

It seems to us that Christianity which is more liberal than Christ is mistaken Christianity. It denies or distorts the word of Christ. It assumes a life for mankind which it does not possess save by the gift of God in Christ. And, therefore, it misleads men with unfounded confidence and unwarranted hope. There is still none other name under heaven given among men, by which we must be saved. No Christian may venture to be more liberal than that. If he does, by God's grace, possess the true religion, he has been made a steward of the truth, not for himself, but for all men. In that sense he is bound to be a liberal Christian; to be open to his call to offer, give, urge the Gospel of new life in Jesus Christ.—*The Presbyterian.*

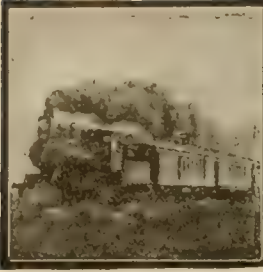


THE WONDERFUL BUNDLE.

EVERY person has a bundle or burden that they carry, invisible to mortal eye, unappreciated by moral hearts, but there it is, a real tangible, heavy burden, that oftentimes makes the heart ache, and the spirit quail; some get so used to it that they grow callous of its being there, and accustomed to it, they become indifferent to its heaviness, and live as though it were not.

What is this burden? It is sin—a heavy dead weight; an incubus to every soul. The surprising part is that each person can, if they like, get rid of this burden, and be forever free from it, but they will not; though heavy, they love it; though often a source of anxiety to them, they hug it; though told to let it go, they seem to think the parting with it a kind of difficult surgical operation, that cannot readily be performed, and act as if the burden and they were part and parcel of each other, and necessary to existence.

The Ethiopian Eunuch got rid of his as he was riding, and he went on his way rejoicing. Christian, looking at the Cross, found his unloosed from off his back, and he saw it no more. A poor woman said she had taken all her good deeds and all her bad deeds, made them up into one bundle and thrown them at the foot of the cross. What have you done with yours? Is it on thine own head, pressing thee down to hell? Is it cramping all thine energies and powers, a heavy burden pressing on thy soul to its eternal, never-ending destruction? Or have you thrown it down at the cross? Is thy load off thee and laid on Jesus Christ? If not, why not? Christ Jesus came to be, and is, the sin-bearer for you and me. He waits for thy burden of sin; he asks for it, wants it, is willing to take it. Then just give it to him and be free! Oh, the gladness and joy of heart there is in knowing that the burden of sin is taken off thyself, and knowing that the Lord laid on him the iniquity of us all.—*Exchange.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Out of 5,200 men and women who have received training in the Moody Bible Institute, 460 are now on the missionary field under the direction of the various boards, or in connection with independent missions.

Directors of the Aero Club of America have leased from the Garden City company 30,000 acres of level land near Mineola, L. I., for an aviation field. This is ample space for a 10-mile closed circuit or a 20-mile straight-away flight.

Three more agricultural and industrial schools have been established by the Oklahoma State board of agriculture. The third district school will be located at Broken Arrow, the fourth district at Lawton and the fifth district at Helena.

Through the rise in cotton prices in the English and American markets, James A. Patten has made \$4,000,000. He is long 200,000 bales and on every point advance in the market he makes \$10,000. Last May, Patton cleared \$5,000,000 in wheat. Since last spring cotton has advanced 500 points.

Hereafter the St. Paul road will use none but all-steel passenger cars. President A. J. Earling, accompanied by every executive member of his staff, has made a 24-hour run with a special train in which were four cars of the new type. He says the all-steel cars are in every essential satisfactory.

The annual report of the Pullman company for the fiscal year ended July 31 shows gross earnings of \$33,801,155. The net earnings were \$10,948,201, or 10.94 per cent on their stock. The surplus for the year after the payment of 8 per cent on the company's shares was \$2,949,000, raising the total surplus at the end of the fiscal year to \$9,995,000.

The American Red Cross will again this season sell anti-tuberculosis stamps and the organization has just ordered 30,000,000 of the Red Cross Christmas stamps from the printer. Other orders will be given later. Last year at Christmas \$140,000 was netted from the sale of the stamps, and it is being hoped that 1909 will be a banner year.

The city of Baltimore has adopted an ordinance which requires the testing of every electric meter by the Department of Lamps and Lighting, before the meter may be installed. A charge of ten cents is made for each inspection. Any consumer who is suspicious of his meter may have it examined by the department. A charge of \$1 is made for this service, which is borne by the consumer if the meter is registering properly, or by the company if the meter is found to be at fault.

Convict labor is being employed to build Colorado roads. South of Colorado Springs a force of nearly 100 convicts is now at work on the State boulevard to be built between that city and Canyon City. The convicts are placed on their honor and only a few guards are required. The highway is expected to be one of the finest in the West.

Evelyn Briggs Baldwin, the Arctic explorer, recently stated that he intended to make another trip to the Arctic and go on the ice drift over the apex of the earth and return between the east coast of Greenland and the west coast of Spitzbergen. It is a distance of two thousand miles, and as a progress of no more than two miles a day can be made, the journey will consume four years.

The assassin of Prince Hirobumi Ito will be tried for his crime at Port Arthur. The Japanese chief prosecutor in Korea has gone to Port Arthur from Seoul and will conduct the case. The authorities have been led to believe that the prince's slayer was a tool of a Korean anti-Japanese association called the Pyong Yang, and it is held that the prosecutor will be able to uncover the details of the plot which they are sure existed.

The quartermaster's department of the army is in the market for a large number of mules, to be delivered at St. Louis or other prominent railroad points. The schedule calls for draft mules, wheel, for four-mule teams; draft mules, lead, for four-mule teams; pack mules for mountain batteries and machine gun platoons; pack mules for pack trains, riding mules for wagon and pack trains and saddle mules for mountain batteries of artillery.

The United States forestry department has definitely decided to build an experimental station on the slopes of Pike's Peak and has selected for this purpose a tract of 40 acres near the Halfway house. Plans for the construction of the buildings are already under way. Experiments in the introduction of valuable forage plants such as Kentucky blue grass, timothy, red top and brome grass on forest ranges will be made. The altitude of the new station is in excess of 9,000 feet.

Fifty persons living in various parts of the country have signed a call for a meeting in St. Louis on November 14 of free-thinkers of the United States. The object is to adopt the religion of the future as propounded by Dr. C. W. Eliot, president emeritus of Harvard University. The call was made public by Capt. John R. Charlesworth, editor of the Blue Grass Blade of Lexington, Ky. Dr. Eliot's philosophy and that propounded by Dr. Ernest Hackett, professor of zoölogy in the University of Jena, successor of Charles Darwin, as the exponent of evolution, will be the basis of the new religion that will be made in St. Louis.

The Compagnie Generale Navigation Aerienne, the French company which bought the Wright airship rights for France, has brought actions against all the other air navigators using aeroplane machines. The main feature of the Wright patents is the flexing or bending of the tips of the wings or planes to assist in steering and turning.

Representative Sereno E. Payne of New York, chairman of the ways and means committee, has learned from James B. Reynolds, assistant secretary, that the Payne tariff act during the months of July, August, September and October to date had produced \$23,367,000 more than did the Dingley act for the same month last year. Since July 1 the receipts from customs have been \$107,365,000. The deficiency in the treasury has been reduced \$7,000,000 below last year, being \$32,000,000.

On January 1, 1910, a new mileage book will be issued by all roads members of the mileage bureau. The books will be good for 2,000 miles and will be sold for \$40, to be good on all trains. Description and signature for identification will be used, and only the purchaser may ride on the mileage. Each coupon in the book will cost the traveler 2 cents, but when traveling in States where the legal fare exceeds 2 cents a mile, a single coupon will not be good for a mile of travel. In 2½-cent States, five coupons will entitle the holder to travel four miles.

United States District Attorney Judge Sater took action recently which shows he does not agree with the Connecticut Supreme Court, which held that the congressional enactment of 1908, known as the employers' liability law, is unconstitutional. The estate of Jerry Coakley, a freight engineer who was killed on the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton, brought suit for damages under the employers' liability act. Attorneys for the road moved to throw the case out of court on the ground that the employers' liability act is unconstitutional. Judge Sater ordered the attorneys to proceed with the case.

In the Belgian chamber of deputies the government's policy for reform in the Congo Independent State was announced by the minister of colonies. The colony will be opened to free trade in three successive stages, from July, 1910, to July, 1912. Natives are to be treated fairly and their taxes are to be reduced. The food tax is to be abandoned, portorage in many places to be suppressed and government agents will not be fed at the expense of the natives. King Leopold is to give \$100,000 this year and \$100,000 in 1910 to fight the sleeping sickness, and the government is to spend a large sum in improving sanitation. A first credit of \$6,000,000 to introduce these reforms will be asked.

As a result of several unpleasant scenes in which Pope Pius has recently figured because of the misbehavior of visitors to the Vatican, Major-Domo Bisleti has sent a circular letter to every Catholic prelate and institution warning them against asking papal audiences, especially for special acquaintances or for persons unless they have unimpeachable references. The latest mishap followed the admission to the papal presence of a Cologne merchant named Sternberg, a monomaniac on the subject of sociology. He reproached the Pope for the magnificence of the Vatican, saying that it was distinctly wrong that the Pope should live in such splendor while the world is filled with hungry people.

Internal revenue bureau officials do not think the corporation tax imposed by the Payne-Aldrich bill will result in any number of corporations dissolving and becoming partnerships. The tax is small, they say, and the disadvantages of a partnership are many. Recently, to avoid paying the tax, a large Chicago milling concern dissolved as a corporation and became a partnership.

M. De Morgan, at the head of the French expedition making excavations on the site of the ancient city of Susa, in Mesopotamia, spoken of in the Bible under the name of Shushan, and one time the capital of the Persian monarchs Darius and Artaxerxes, has unearthed the remains of three distinct cities, each built on the ruins of an earlier one. The oldest definite remains date back at least 4,000 years before Christ, and the place shows evidence of having been the abode of man even before that. Among the principal monuments found were four black stone pillars set up by King Khammurabi, with the law inscribed on them for the people to read.

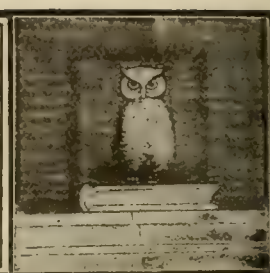
It appears that the Siberian railroad is beginning to show the inevitable results of the haste and cheapness with which it was constructed. The sharp curves and heavy grading have put serious limitations upon traffic, and for great distances the reconstruction will involve an entirely new location. The road is to be changed from single to double track, and the officials are greatly regretting that the large and costly bridges were built to accommodate one track only. On the level plains the double tracking will not be such a serious matter; but in the heavy cuts of the mountain division, and where the steel bridges over the wide rivers will have to be rebuilt, the cost will be very high.

The evidence which Commander Peary submitted to substantiate his claim of having reached the north pole is incomplete and not sufficient to convince the members of the National Geographic Society. The committee consists of Henry Gannett of the geological survey, Admiral C. M. Chester of the bureau of equipment of the Navy Department and O. H. Tittman of the coast and geodetic survey. Mr. Gannett and Admiral Chester examined informally the records which the commander forwarded and, without calling a meeting of the full committee, decided that Commander Peary should be requested to send on more documentary evidence. Mr. Gannett and Admiral Chester refuse to comment upon the papers in their possession, and will not point out wherein Commander Peary's proof is insufficient.

The State of Indiana is considering the possibilities of engaging in the farm implement manufacturing business. James A. Reid, warden of the Michigan City prison, under the direction of Gov. Marshall, has begun an investigation to determine what agricultural implements can be made without patent infringement with a view of employing prison labor upon their manufacture. Both the Governor and the warden believe two things will be accomplished by the work; first, it will embarrass the so-called Harvester trust and, second, it will provide labor for the prisoners. The State prison is already causing some embarrassment to the harvester people because of the manufacture of binder twine at the State institution. Because of the price of the twine made by the State the trust has been forced to name reasonable rate prices in Indiana.



Among the Magazines



JUDGE LINDSEY TELLS WHY THERE IS HOPE FOR THE PEOPLE.

That was my experience in the election of 1900. Those were the lessons I learned from it. Those and one other—of another import—which I have left till the last because it was a lesson of hope, and because, in spite of all, it seems to me there is still ground for hope.

This was it:

Toward the close of September, in the campaign, Theodore Roosevelt, then Governor of New York, came to Denver, and he was challenged by Governor Thomas to defend the position of the Republican party upon certain issues of the contest. Colorado was a free-silver State, almost unanimously, and the game was to make Roosevelt either embarrass his party or himself by forcing him to handle the free-silver question before an audience that would resent the opinions of an Eastern "gold bug," however mildly he put them.

The Opera House was packed with people. Senator Lodge of Massachusetts held their attention for a time, but they were impatient to hear "Teddy." He was late. He had not yet arrived. Expectation became noisy, restless, hostile. Presently we heard the low grumble of a crowd shouting in the street. The word was cried about that he was coming. And almost immediately, in a crash of music from the band, he strode down to the footlights and faced the shouting audience.

He looked tired. But without waiting for silence, with his head down as if he were about to charge, he bared his teeth and uttered something unintelligible in a hoarse voice. The audience roared. He took a long breath, watching them, dogged, determined, filling his lungs; and then—with a sudden gesture that compelled silence—he screamed at them, with all his teeth showing: "We—stand—on a—gold—platform!"

It came to them like a blow in the face; and before they could take voice, he added, pounding out the words with his fist: "We stand for the same thing in Colorado that we stand for in New York!"

He got no further. The shout of applause that followed came in a roar of delight from a thousand throats. They cheered him as if he had said the one thing they had been waiting to hear, instead of the very thing that no Republican politician in Denver would have dared whisper to any—single one of them in the dark behind a locked door. They cheered him as if they would split their throats. A startled Democratic politician who stood near me cried: "Great G—! He hasn't converted this crowd to the gold standard, has he?" (The wisdom of politicians!) They cheered his courage, his truth, his defiance of political hedging, his honesty, his manliness. It was the cheer of pride, of love, of admiration. It was the voice of our people raised to greet those very qualities in a politician which the Beast has tried to crush. It was, to me, the voice of hope.

I went home that night resolved never to forget the

lesson. Often since, when I have faced the hoot of prejudiced opposition from my own small stage in public life, I have remembered Roosevelt, and filled my lungs again, and cleared my throat for another defiance. For I believe, in **that** way, with **our** people, there is hope.—The "Beast and the Jungle," in the November Everybody's.



WHEN THIEVES.

Once, in the Valley of Somewhere, there was a large and well-organized band of thieves, but they did not call themselves by that name, because it had become opprobrious. Instead, they assumed the more polite title "politicians."

Now, it was the habit of these politicians to prey upon the people in season and out of season, for there was no closed season. Not only that, but for a long time they made the people like it, as was proved by the fact that the people were wont to hold elections and apportion the swag and the persimmons among the most prominent. This swag they called by the euphemistic term "emoluments."

For many years they thus lived peaceably. The people were a simple folk, and seemed to be content. Indeed, they thought that civilization was impossible without politicians.

As time elapsed, however, the politicians became more greedy. In charging what the traffic would bear, they waxed more and more overbearing. Not only that, but they fought among themselves ever more and more bitterly.

"Tis well that they fight," said the poet. "When thieves fall out, honest men receive their due." And so the people rolled over on the other side and went to sleep again.

Things went on apace, but, in spite of their theories, the falling out of the thieves brought no relief to the honest men, for, though a number of honest men had apparently survived the pernicious influence of thief-rule, not one of them seemed to have any great amount of due in his possession.

At length a Wise Man, who, by the way, was neither a newspaper editor nor a preacher, came forward from one of the backward provinces of Somewhere. "Listen," said he. "Wouldn't it be nice if we could get along without any thieves at all? The devil is no better than the deep blue sea and vice versa. I have heard it said that when thieves fall out honest men receive their due. Now, the point I want to make is this: I am reliably informed that this falling-out is only a bluff. It is a sham battle arranged to conform to your theory. I got this from my son, who is engaged to a stenographer of one of the thieves. Now, look here! Thieves have too much sense to fall out. The way for us to get our due is to get rid of both sets of thieves."

And the people harkened, and the Wise Man's words listened good to them, whereupon they arose in all their democratic might and bade both sets of thieves begone.

Moral: When thieves seem to fall out, there's a hen on.
—Ellis O. Jones, in November Lippincott's.



TWO VIEWS OF MOTHERHOOD.

Some years ago, an American friend and I were passing through a street in the city of Tokyo, says Adachi Kinnosuke in the *Delineator* for November. We came upon a gateway which smiled like a May-day festival, and, like it, was full of people.

"What's all this fuss about?" my friend asked me. "Have they hit a gold mine?"

No, they had not. To the good people the occasion meant a deal more than the discovery of gold. It was the coming of a baby. The proud parents were sending out messengers into the four corners of the city announcing the glad tidings of exceeding great joy. And I told my American friend:

"Do your people make such a fuss about a baby? Babies are born every day in this country, aren't they?"

Which was true. But we look upon this matter entirely in a different way. It may be that this is one of the relics of the past, but we put emphasis upon the continuation of a family line. Confucius, whose ghost is much more powerful in Japan of today than all the prophets and philosophers now living put together, made childlessness a just ground for divorce. The coming of the baby means to a mother more than meat, aye, more than a fashionable garment. It is the social insignium with the Japanese mother; nothing defines her social rank as finally as the baby.

The Nippon society is heartless to the childless mother; it brands her as "the stone-woman"; it exposes her to the galling pity of all her more favored sisters. In the sterner days of the samurai ideal, she was an object to be shunned, like a leper. The childless mother did not dare to impose herself upon society. A rather far cry, this, from the fashionable Fifth Avenue atmosphere, isn't it?



LABOR NOT HOSTILE TO PROHIBITION.

Because here and there a labor paper has entered the field in opposition to the prohibition movement and in defense of "personal liberty" the liquor interests have been in the habit of claiming organized labor as an ally. Now *The Coast Seamen's Journal* (Lab.), of San Francisco, denounces this claim as an attempt to mislead the public. While admitting that among those elements of labor directly affected by the "dry wave"—as in the case of certain crafts which find employment in connection with the liquor business—there is some natural antagonism toward the prohibition movement, *The Journal* asserts that "this attitude is resented by the straightforward labor press." In support of this assertion it quotes two leading labor organs, *The Union Labor Advocate* (Chicago) and *The United Mine Workers' Journal* (Indianapolis). Says the *Advocate*:

"The remarkable impetus received by the prohibition movement in the past two years has brought out many problems. One of these is the attitude of labor organizations. Inviting every individual who labors to join in uplifting toil and diminishing the amount of human misery, organized labor draws into its ranks men who are engaged in the liquor traffic in various ways. These

are naturally alarmed at the prospect that their occupation may be taken from them and they be forced into the ranks of the unemployed. In the hope of stemming the tide some have endeavored to array organized labor against the prohibition movement. So far, however, they have had little success. The liquor question has many angles. There is the argument that law is brought into contempt whenever it interferes with the liberty of a citizen; but the definition of liberty is not easily agreed upon. There is the lamentable fact that a percentage of the people would be killed by the speedy and thorough withdrawal of stimulants which alone keep them alive. There is also the indisputable truth that those thrown out of employment may find it exceedingly difficult to obtain work by which they may earn a livelihood. But against these is the record of long years of suffering of liquor victims and their families, who are powerless to prevent or cure the disease—for it is a very serious disease that drags down morally as well as physically. Where lies the greatest good? Does not the correct answer to this clearly point the only course to pursue?"

The United Mine Workers' Journal, moved by another labor paper's criticisms of a labor-leader for attacking the liquor traffic, says in part:

"We are not a temperance advocate by any means, but object to the labor movement being tied to the tail of the brewers' kite or forming any entangling alliance with the liquor traffic. Let the brewers stand alone, and advocate their own cause. They are able to do it and have the means without prostituting the noble and holy cause of labor to their purposes. We must steer labor's bark as far away from the saloon as possible, not draw it closer. Labor uplifts; liquor keeps us down. We want to get up. 'See.'"

Says *The Coast Seamen's Journal* in conclusion:

"The *Journal* sympathizes with those crafts whose employment is endangered by the abolition of the liquor traffic, but it can not permit its feelings in that regard to overcome its judgment upon the main issue. Certainly it can not permit an incidental injury to the workers in these crafts to lead it into the error of compromising the whole labor movement upon a question of the most vital importance to mankind at large."—*Literary Digest*.



TENDENCIES IN MODERN EDUCATION.

(Continued from Page 1093.)

'gold coast'—courses that are a disgrace to any institution that professes to stand for the higher learning."

This is doubtless true, but the tendency is upward. Ex-President Eliot, of Harvard, who has been supposed to represent the elective system—or lack of system—in its most offensive form, in his last book comes as near an apology as one could reasonably expect for the wreck which that teaching has wrought. On the whole, we may confidently say that the sober sense of the American people has definitely rejected the doctrine that immature young men are the best judges of what an educational course should be.

Along with the deplorable state of things indicated above and in part as a result of it, there has been a frightful waste of time, money and manhood on athletics. I myself heard an educator say that the good resulting from football was so great that even if five

or six young men were killed by the game each year it ought to be continued. On my part I desire to say that in my opinion all the good ever done by football is not worth the life of one of the fellows it has done to death.

In this regard, however, I think we have a right to hope for better things. Football ought to be abolished as a game which so easily and naturally lends itself to fraud and brutality that young men cannot afford to play it. Intercollegiate games are being reduced in number and should be still further cut down. Sport should be kept sport and never allowed to degenerate into a profession. School men and parents should work together to this end until the school life of our young people becomes the beautiful, Christian thing it ought always to have been. And always our motto should be, "If we will, we can."—*Charles A. Blanchard, President of Wheaton College, in Home Herald.*



PAINTS AND WHITEWASH ON THE FARM.

NEVER apply paint or any other coating to green or unseasoned timber.

Paint the outside of buildings in the autumn after the hot weather is passed, or in the winter. Oil paint, under cold, hardens so as to be much more durable than when it dries under heat.

Experiments on the behavior of different paints for ironwork seem to show that red best resists the action of the atmosphere.

A good paint for sheet iron is made of varnish and boiled linseed oil, equal parts, add enough red lead to bring to the consistency of ordinary paint.

A good black paint for ironwork, farm implements, etc., is made by mixing two quarts of coal tar with one pint of gasoline. The gasoline thins it nicely, so that it spreads evenly. Gasoline evaporates rapidly, and if the work is not quickly finished a little more may be added to keep the proper consistency.

To protect iron from rust use red lead mixed pretty stiff with boiled oil. For small work a little japan dryer may be added and perhaps ten per cent of litharge, so as to make it dry quicker and harder. If a bolt is going through wood, coat the hole with the lead and paint the bolt, and there will be no rusting. If a piece of iron is going into some place where it cannot be washed, clean it well and then paint it with two coats of red lead.

For a good fence paint take skim-milk two quarts, fresh-slaked lime eight ounces, linseed oil six ounces, white Burgundy pitch two ounces, Spanish white three pounds. The lime is to be slaked in water exposed to the air, and then mixed with about one-fourth of the milk, the oil in which the pitch is dissolved to be added a little at a time, then the rest of the milk, and afterward the Spanish white. This is sufficient for about twenty-seven yards, two coats. If any other

color than white is desired use the color in place of a part of the Spanish white.

Whitewash may be put on with the spray pump, provided wash is thoroughly strained before pumping; otherwise particles are apt to clog in the pump. The work is rapidly done and the wash is forced into crevices where a brush could not reach.

For an outside whitewash take a clean, water-tight barrel or other suitable receptacle, and put into it a half-bushel lime. Slake it by pouring enough boiling hot water over to cover it five inches deep, and stir briskly until well slaked. When thoroughly slaked, dissolve it in water and add two pounds of sulphate of zinc and of common salt; these will cause the wash to harden and prevent its cracking. For other colors than white: For cream color, add three pounds of yellow ochre; for pearl, grey, or lead color, add lampblack; for fawn color, add four pounds umber, one pound Indian red, one pound common lampblack; for common stone color, add four pounds of raw umber and two pounds of lampblack. Before mixing the lampblack dissolve it in vinegar.

For preserving fence posts paint them with a mixture of boiled linseed oil and pulverized charcoal of the consistency of paint. Neither time nor weather will affect them. The one giving the recipe says: "I would as soon have poplar, basswood, or ash as any other kind of timber for fence posts. I have taken out basswood posts after having been set seven years that were as sound when taken out as when put in the ground."—*Successful Farming.*



The Retort Unconscious.—Magistrate (discharging prisoner)—"Now, then, I would advise you to keep away from bad company."

Prisoner (feelingly)—"Thank you, sir. You won't see me here again."—Lippincott's.



As It Often Happens.—"We tried keeping an account of our expenditures, but after all it didn't give us a very clear idea of where the money went."

"Why not?"

"Both my wife and myself had too many items that we wanted listed as sundries."—*Kansas City Journal.*

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED—Position as farmer or stock raiser by young married man. Would prefer opportunity or situation in new and prosperous country near church of the Brethren. Address, J. J. R., care of Inglenook, Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.

Syracuse, Ind., June 1, 1909.

Mr. James Glass, Big Timber, Montana.

Dear Sir: I arrived home day before yesterday, after a most pleasant and instructive visit to your Montana proposition.

I have been on the lands and investigated the irrigation system of Glass Brothers Land Company, and am convinced that the essentials of a very prosperous community are there, namely, plenty of water, rich soil and much sunshine; and I would say that the fine appearance and phenomenal yields of domestic fruit orchards in the vicinity of your lands, which have no spraying or other care given them, lead me to believe that commercial orchards of great value may be grown on your lands; and I would not hesitate to plant quite liberal of the hardier apples, cherries, plums and pears, and smaller fruits in the berry line.

Because of these conditions I hope and expect to be one of the number to possess these goodly lands.

(Signed) EDWARD DEETER.

Mr. Deeter is a noted horticulturist of northern Indiana and is a son of Elder Deeter of the Church of the Brethren.

Full Particulars May be Obtained
by Addressing

GLASS BROTHERS LAND COMPANY,
Big Timber, Montana

The Saloon Under the Searchlight

By George R. Stuart.

A book of sixty-four pages. The best thing we have seen on this subject. A new book, dealing with an old question.

Simple, Practical and True.

"I find it interesting and valuable. It commends itself to me because of its simple, plain, practical and true statements. I solicit for it a wide circulation, and a careful perusal. It cannot fail to do good."—Eld. P. J. Blough, Member of Temperance Committee.

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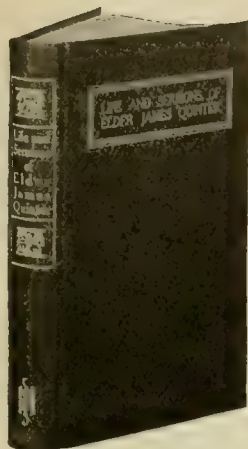
NEFF'S CORNER

If my plans as now fixed are realized, myself, wife and babies will be sitting in the sunshine of perpetual summer ere these lines appear in print. We expect to be busy, but never so much so but that, with plenty of help available, we can do more. One brother who has bought land in Mexico wants a number of acres cleared at once and sown to alfalfa. Some will want their land planted to corn, some cotton, some garbanzas, some sugar cane, some bananas, some oranges or other fruit, and my part of it will be to employ native help and oversee this work of improvement and cultivation. In fact one of the conditions that makes farming operations so very profitable in Mexico is the cheap labor there. Good hands can be had at 45 cents per day, they boarding themselves. This being the case, many will buy land in Mexico (are doing so, in fact) and have it farmed for the handsome income it brings, and others with a view of going to it after it has been brought into a good state of cultivation. By making a down payment of \$6.25 per acre for the land and investing a small sum in improvements investors realize a good income from their land in a very short time. The land can be bought in tracts of ten acres or more. For further information address:

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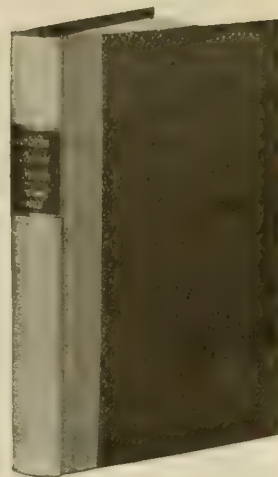
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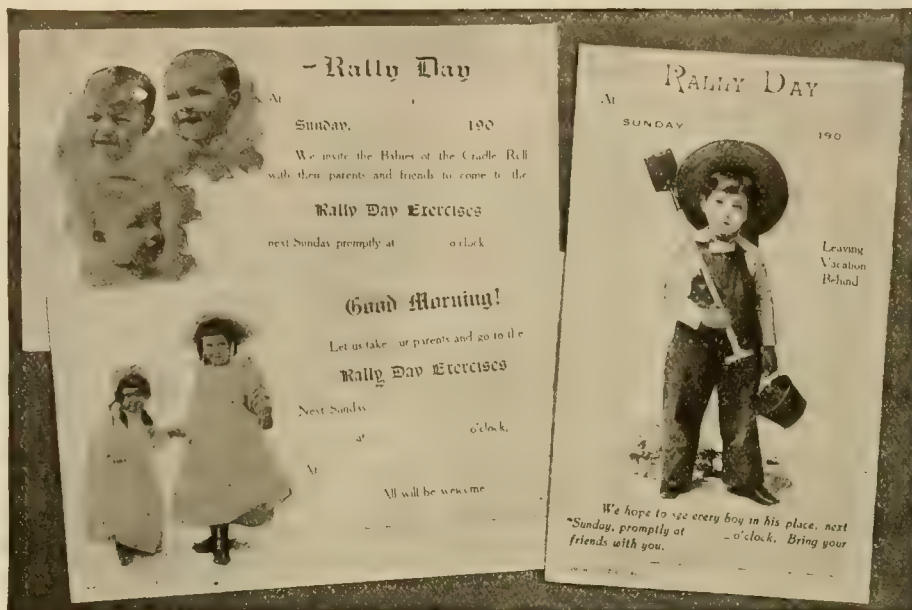
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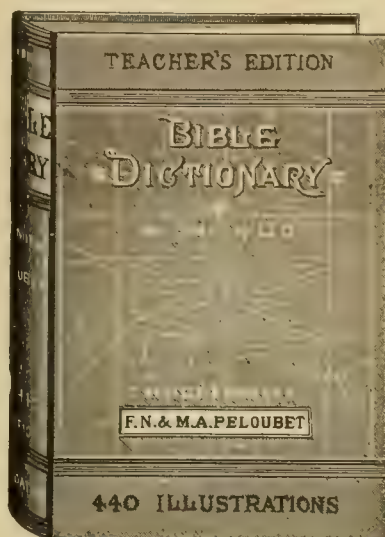
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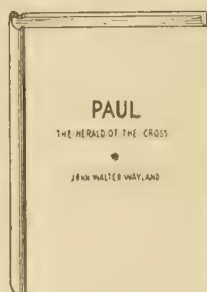
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YOUR CHOICE OF LOCATION

"Church Extension by Colonization" is our Motto. We are locating our second Colony, with others to follow in other states in the near future.

COLONY NUMBER ONE

is located in the famous San Joaquin Valley, in "Sunny Stanislaus" county, near the center of California, adjoining the new town of EMPIRE. An organized Church of the Brethren is holding regular services and Sunday school in the new colony.

This location was selected because of its fine climate; snows and thunder storms are unknown there; because of its rich soil and fine irrigation system enable a great variety of crops to be grown; and because the excellent transportation facilities to the nearby markets make it easy to dispose of the products to good advantage.

Alfalfa is cut from four to six times a year, yielding from five to ten tons of hay annually, which sells from \$10.00 to \$15.00 per ton. All kinds of stock, dairying and poultry are handled with profit. The alfalfa remains green all winter.

All kinds of California fruits, nuts, berries and truck can be grown here, yielding good incomes.



A good Dairy Cow will yield about \$120.00 annually.

WHAT OTHERS SAY

A Pennsylvanian who has lived near Empire for five years says: "I am raising alfalfa only; that which was one year old and over, yielded nine tons per acre this year. We have 90 acres in alfalfa and are preparing to seed 100 acres more."—J. M. Bombarger.

A North Dakotan feels this way: "I will frankly say that the Empire location has more good points

than any thing I ever saw, you should not have much trouble in locating people here, even if prices are a little high.

Personally I am partial to the land around Empire. After about three week's investigation I find the land almost faultless in location, soil, drainage, railroads to markets. It will stand the very closest inspection."—J. W. Deardorff.

COLONY NUMBER TWO

This colony is being located near Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, in the great wheat Belt of Canada, about sixty miles west of Winnipeg, the Chicago of Western Canada, a city of over 100,000 population.

Four trunk-line railroads pass through the section in which the colony is located, giving excellent transportation to nearby markets. The raising of stock, wheat, oats, barley and grass are the principal pursuits here. Immense crops are grown annually of these cereals, wheat yielding from 20 to 40 bushels per acre. Lands are little higher here than in the newer sections; wheat brings from 10 to 15 cents per bushel more than in the western provinces. Homeseekers will find it advantageous to investigate our colony propositions here and elsewhere. Write us for fuller information about prices, terms and special rates for homeseekers.

Co-operative Colonization Company North Manchester, Indiana

S. F. Sanger, President.
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THE INGLENOOK

November 16, 1909

One Dollar Per Year

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JENNIE TAYLOR.

There's a tiny, old-fashioned dwelling
Nestling 'mong the quiet hills
Out a thought back to that farmhouse fondly
STAYS.
'Twas our home in happy childhood
I can almost see it now,
As in fancy I recall those golden days.

Near it grew the larched wildwood
Sunny field of ripening grain,
Just beyond them lay the meadow long and wide,
Down the line the sweet white clover
Frank the early morning dew
There wild flowers and fringed ferns grew
Side by side.

In the pasture near the woodlands,
Watched the cunning, bright-eyed squirrel
Fearful lest we should win him his winter
store;
From the distant, grassy uplands,
Echoed cheery, tinkling bells,
And, anon the swift-winged birds went sailing
over.

Long we've missed the old oak's shade,
Low of cattle, song of bird
Fragrant blossoms climbing round the open
door;
Silvery moonlight on the hills,
Whispering breezes, orchards white,
Gurgling streamlet hurrying onward as of
yore.

For the many ties that bound us
Are all broken long ago,
Now, our feet no longer cross the time-worn
sill;
There are strangers on the homestead,
Yet, old memories stir the heart,
And we think of it as home our old home
still.

Tipton, Iowa.

Homeseekers

AND ALL OTHERS
WHO WANT INFORMATION



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Read and Learn OF THE Great Future for Miami Valley in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from \$1.00 to \$1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

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Post Card No. 26

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A beautiful souvenir card of the church at Germantown (Philadelphia), Pa. This was the first church in America built by the Brethren, and has a very interesting history. The card is finished by the "Photo Chrome" process, in colors. Our new stock has just arrived from the factory in Germany and we are prepared to give your orders prompt attention.

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Two packs,25 cents

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A Wonderful Success

Church Extension by Colonization

Ten years ago there were no churches of the Brethren in Southern Idaho. Now there are seven organized churches with a number of Mission points where churches will be organized in the near future.

THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM THE NAMPA RECORD, NAMPA, IDAHO, OF SEPT. 30, 1909.

During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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Hailey, Idaho,	53.60	Salt Lake City, Utah,	39.00
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Write us for printed matter giving full particulars about Idaho, and its possibilities, climate and other attractions. It will pay you to investigate.

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Colonization Agent

Dayton, Ohio

D. E. Burley

G. P. A., O. S. L. R. R.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

November 16, 1909.

No. 46.

MENTAL TELEPATHY

J. S. FLORY

THE service of wireless telegraphy has given to the world new characteristics of a natural force long known to exist—that of ether. Wireless telegraphy has proved that ether is not disturbed by the violent disturbances of air, as proven by storms in no way interfering with electric waves in their passage through space; just so the discovery has been made that mental force readily passes through all phases of natural environments. Much can be learned of the nature of divinity of mind through the scientific study of mental telegraphy.

While it is true there are many people that are sceptical in regard to mental telepathy, this by no means is an evidence of its being a fallacy. The writer of these lines at one time had little or no faith in the claims of mental telepathy,—that the vibrations of mind waves in one mind could affect in any way the mind of another person near or at a distance. One thing he was convinced of long ago and that was that the essential features of mind force or power belonged largely to what is termed spiritual forces and partook largely of the things belonging to the supernatural world where divinity reigns. The hardest lesson for the creature, made in the likeness of his Creator, to learn is that with God, his Father, what is called the natural world and spiritual world with God are the same. Man in his mode of expression differentiates in regard to the two because he was made dual and has need of the two worlds, or we might say the two are necessary for his complete unfolding into the full fruition of his inheritance or intended purpose of God in his creation.

Nothing is more fully taught in the Bible than that this world, the material universe, is not the only world for man. In its nature, as man looks at it, all is transitory. It is not his “continuing city.” “The things that are seen are temporal,” but “the things that are not seen are eternal.” That at once opens up the great mystery of the truth of godliness—or Godlikeness—so that we can readily see there is no distinction in the

mind of God. It is all in all divine perfection, or divine purpose. Even in divinity there is no measurement as to space or distances. All such expressions of man for giving understanding to his intelligence relating to the things he calls natural sink out of sight in the positiveness of universal divinity, as it applies to all things animate and inanimate. The immanence of God is everywhere. It is a self-evident fact that the Creator of man if he made man in his own likeness—like himself—would endow him with faculties or qualities of character coequal with himself in so far as he is a part of the divine entity. Need we then wonder man is called the “offspring of God” and a colaborer with him in the work of human endeavor?

Having taken into earnest consideration these sublime truths, it was not long before we began to find out some of the marvelous wonders of mind energy and that it was as possible to get intelligent understanding of things spiritual as it was to understand the whys and wherefores of things natural. And why should not this be so when we are taught that “spiritual things are spiritually discerned”? That is, spiritually understood. No intelligent mind should be satisfied with the theory that supernatural things are not to be looked into. It is superstition and ignorance that blocks the way of rightful progress in the sciences of soul study. My researches and experiences have demonstrated to me the fact that mental telepathy is a positive power of the rational mind and I know of no one who has investigated the subject in an intelligent manner but that has come to the same conclusion.

It is one of the powers of the mind of great importance in our life work, no matter what our profession. When we know the laws governing the mind we have something that reaches much farther than simply a stimulant for intelligence. We have a weapon of might and power to be *master of the situation* in which we may choose to walk rightly through life. It is an old adage, “A little learning is a dangerous thing.” It may

be to those who misapply it but not to those who apply it wisely.

The first step for every student to take who desires to learn the benefits of mental telepathy is to learn what different characteristics and qualities are embodied in the realm of man's mentality. Learning as one will that every human being has the peculiarity of a dual mind or of two minds, one that has to do with the natural man or natural things, the other the subconscious or spiritual phase of the mind, the student will soon learn he is observing the wonderful reality of passing the dividing line between the natural and spiritual makeup of man. He will see that the one phase of the mind reasons, both deducting and inducting, the other takes for granted as true things given to it according to the judgment of the court of inquiry of the reasoning or natural mind and the verdict so given to the subconscious mind becomes the pilot to govern the whole world of the man in whom the powers of mind are supreme. We then know why "as a man thinketh so is he." The student likewise will soon learn to know that the power of mind force is of a nature akin to divinity. The mind of God is a quality that impresses itself without question on the mentality of the human being and in this way through all ages God spake to man and yet does so through the immanence of his Spirit. If this be so as it is, an unqualified and unquestionable truth, can there be any logical reason to deny the possibility of the powers of divinity to

do the same from one so endowed to another of like nature when there is harmony prevailing? Proof is not lacking that this is so. Just as it is true of wireless telegraphy so is it true of mental telegraphy. As distance is no hindering factor in the one, neither is it in the other. The proofs are just as positive in the one as in the other. The experienced operator in either science needs no proof to convince him of its reality.

Many mysteries concerning electricity and the energies of ether have been solved by the discovery of wireless telegraphy. Just so great and marvelous are the solving of hidden mysteries relative to the spiritual nature of man and his relation to the universe by mental telepathy. Through the transference of thought the supernatural in religion becomes a matter of true knowledge and we do know that it no longer is a matter of visionary mists. Evidence of the immortality of the soul is a known reality of such significance that no one need to question its verity. Faith has become to believe in deed and truth what Paul long ago taught and knew it was,—a substantial entity of divine power, *much more* than an intellectual belief. It is the same in power and force as the omnipotent *will* of God in the possession of his offspring, and rightly used becomes the life of God and the power of God. This being so, is it not worth our while to dig deep for the knowledge that will unlock to man the mystery of divinity? First seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness the treasures of God are ours by grace.

Pasadena, Cal.

SOME AMERICANS OF ACHIEVEMENT

O. H. KIMMEL

Samuel Finley Breeze Morse.

WHO has not received, at some time or other, the little yellow envelope marked Western Union in great black letters? Have you not hastily and sometimes tremblingly opened the envelope in your eagerness to get the two or three lines of telegraphic news that are therein contained? Yes, and how our grandfathers and their ancestors got through the world without the magnetic telegraph is a mystery to us. The art of printing is said to be the greatest invention by man. The magnetic telegraph ranks in the line of invention next to the art of printing, but the art of printing came centuries ago, and the telegraph is a belated acquisition of our own age, and of the generation of our fathers or grandfathers. The little device is so simple compared with almost all important inventions. It is easily under-

stood by the most casual student, and it is easily operated, yet it derives its power from the great mysterious fluid, electricity.

Yet, even if it does require electricity to make it effective we wonder why it was not discovered many years ago,—ages ago, instead of in this late age. How many, many years of the world's time have rolled away without the benefits of this great invention. Yet, when it came to us in this late time, the world was so skeptical of it that the inventor was compelled to undergo years of privation and hardship before he could convince the people that his scheme of conveying news from one place to another was of any merit, and of any commercial worth.

The inventor of the telegraph, Samuel F. B. Morse, was born near the old Bunker Hill battle ground in Massachusetts in April in 1791. His father was a min-

ister and author, but the boy early showed a natural aptitude for art, and after studying at Yale he became the pupil of the great art teacher, Washington Allston, and studied under him on both continents. After working in his chosen profession at Charleston, Washington and Albany, he settled in New York, and in 1825 laid the foundations to the National Academy of Design and became its first president. In this same year Morse renewed his interest in electrical study which he had shown at Yale, but he continued to pursue his regular art work and in 1829 again went abroad to study the great masters in art.

On his way home from Europe three years later he discussed the properties of the electro magnet with his fellow voyagers; during this discussion he stated, "If the presence of electricity can be made visible in any part of a circuit, I see no reason why intelligence may not be carried or transmitted by electricity."

With this statement burning in his mind he landed in New York with the determination to investigate this subject until he was satisfied as to whether news could be transferred by electricity or not. So he began his investigations, and worked almost incessantly, neglected his business until it ceased to be remunerative, and for twelve long years the struggle to live and perfect his invention is a pitiful story to read.

But, as in all things temporal, the end to the struggles came at last. In 1835 he discovered the relay and by 1837 an instrument in his room at the university building attached to a circuit of seventeen hundred feet of copper wire was exhibited to a few friends. It worked most satisfactorily, and the Messrs. Vail, Iron and Brass Workers in New Jersey, became copartners with him. He patented the telegraph in September, 1837, and at once petitioned Congress for an appropriation to subject it to an experiment over a length of country sufficient to demonstrate its value. This appropriation came from Congress after a period of intercession by the friends of Morse embracing six years. When the appropriation came the line was built, after long delays, and the usefulness of the telegraph was demonstrated.

The trials of the inventor were now practically at an end. As usually happens in such cases, as soon as the value of the telegraph became apparent, others came forward with machines which they claimed were the original models from which Morse infringed his patent; but Morse soon proved that his was the original machine and his patent was fully protected. Then remuneration came to him. By 1858 he had received the highest distinction from various foreign countries and the handsome sum of four hundred thousand francs. All civilized countries soon realized the great value of the invention, and within a comparatively short time after its successful demonstration when it

ticked off "What hath God wrought!" it had spread to the remotest corners of civilization until all the civilized world was familiar with the workings of the wonderful instrument. Ere long, too, it stretched itself across the ocean and bound the two continents together in its magnetic hold. Morse himself materially assisted in the laying of the first Atlantic cable, and though it was a failure, the fact was demonstrated through this cable that ultimately it would be a success, which, as we know, it was, and which Morse lived to see working in the best fashion.

The inventor of the telegraph has contributed more to the happiness and convenience of man

than any man of modern times, and perhaps more than any man except the inventor of printing. Through the work of Morse we bind all the world together. We know the happenings of the world as soon as the act takes place. With what it has accomplished, and with what it promises through its improvements, through wireless and other improvements it is destined to continue to be one of the great conveniences of man.



"It is unfortunate that so many creators of beautiful things, beautiful poetry, beautiful music, beautiful paintings, don't live the beautiful lives of those who can't create anything except fine, healthy sentiments."



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Samuel F. B. Morse.



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Introduction.

IN preparing a series of articles on the history of a country or any section thereof, there is much that must be written that while not bearing directly upon the location, yet indirectly it does, and to make the history complete and intelligible must be given. So in this series of articles on the history of New England there is much of this nature that will of necessity be given to make it complete.

Part of the early history of this section of the country is rejected by some historians, while others, among them the noted writer, Prof. John Clark Ridpath, accept it as authentic. Ridpath says: "Since 1838, when through the efforts of Rafn and the Royal Society of Copenhagen, the Scandinavian Sagas (legends, traditions, history) have been submitted to the critical judgment of Europe, all ground of doubt has been removed relating to the Norse discoveries in the West at the close of the tenth and beginning of the eleventh century."

Among the portions of the history of New England and vicinity, which are rejected by some and accepted by others, is the discovery of this section by the Norse. This is given in these articles, as it is interesting to know that this section was seen before the English landed and settled here. But while these discoveries amounted to no lasting benefits to this country or the world at large—only to a small party of adventurers—we date the actual discovery of New England to the more beneficial ones later.

Chapter I.

FROM the Sagas referred to above, we learn that the section of our country known as New England was reached in the year A. D. 986 by people from Scandinavia. In that year a Norse sea captain named Herjulfson, with his crew, sailing from Iceland to Greenland, was caught in a terrible storm and being turned from his course was carried to Labrador or Newfoundland. They saw the unknown land several times but did not attempt to land. The coast was bleak and low, and the hinterland was covered with dense forests.

On reaching Greenland this Norse captain and his men spread the story abroad of the new country they had found, but did not know whether it was continent or island. Fourteen years later what is by some historical writers claimed to be the actual discovery of

America, was made by Prince Leif, usually called Leif Erickson, who wishing to know the truth about this new country, sailed westward from Greenland with a large crew and in the spring of 1001 landed on Labrador. Prompted by the adventurous spirit of his people he went ashore and explored the coast for considerable distance. They found the climate milder and the country more attractive than that of Greenland, and were in no haste to return. Coasting southward they discovered what is now a part of New England, where they remained for more than a year.

In the year 1002 a brother of Leif, Thorwald, made a voyage to Maine and Massachusetts, and is said to have been killed in a conflict with the natives at what is now Fall River, Mass. In 1005 another brother, Thorstein, came with a band, and two years later Thorfinn Karlsefen, "the most distinguished mariner of his day," arrived with a party of one hundred and fifty men, exploring along the coast of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

The Norse settlements which had been made, being feeble were soon broken up. There being only a few savages in the country, commerce was impossible, as the natives "had no disposition to buy and nothing to sell." The spirit of adventure soon died out and these Norse sea-rovers returned to their own country. The new country, as compared with their own, was delightful and fertile, wild grapes, berries, etc., growing in abundance. For this reason the country which is now the eastern part of Massachusetts, and Rhode Island was by them called Vineland.

We cannot doubt but the Norse made settlements in Massachusetts and Rhode Island, for remains are to be found at Newport, Garriet's Point, on Fall River, and many other places, which seem to point very clearly to such events. Among these people the place and name of Vineland were soon forgotten.

These earliest settlers of our country were sea-rovers, and hardy adventurers, reckless and lawless. Before their discovery of America, they had taken by siege the better parts of France and England. The monarchs of England after William the Conqueror—who was a grandson of a Norse sea-king—were descendants of this people. They were rovers of the sea, pirates and freebooters, warriors, wearing hoods surmounted with eagles' wings and walrus' tusks, mailed armor, and their robes were the skins of polar bears.

One writer says: "Woe to the people upon whose defenseless coast the Vikings landed with sword and torch." Their wayward life and ferocious disposition are well portrayed in one of their own ballads:

"He scorns to rest 'neath the smoky rafter,
He plows with his boat the roaring deep;
The billows boil and the storm howls after—
But the tempest is only a thing of laughter—
The sea-king loves it better than sleep."

Let us now leave the disputed part of the history of New England, and consider this location, beginning with its actual discovery and settlement—those which have been beneficial to this country and the world at large. Chapter Two will contain accounts of the earliest discoveries and settlements of this section rather than beginning at Columbus, as we are to deal entirely with New England.



A DISPATCH FROM MARYLAND COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

THIS article finds us one month farther advanced in our school work. October has been a month of profit and interest to the teachers and students. The campus is now especially delightful and our environments are such as to gladden the heart of each student present.

Athletics are by no means neglected by us. While we thus far have no extensive gymnasium equipments, our campus is ample for such games and sports as will contribute to bodily strength.

As students we are all very much interested in our class-room work. The thoughts there received are cherished as golden treasures and retained in memory for future use. The astronomy class is spending considerable time, observing the visible heavens. A large number of the constellations have been traced out and their relative positions noticed. The telescope is used in observing the sun, moon, and planets. The opportunity for observing the latter is now especially good. Venus is in the western sky in the evening. At present one-half its disk is lighted and it is, therefore, at about quadrature with respect to the earth and sun. Mars, during the evening, is in the eastern heavens and reaches the zenith between 10 and 11 P. M. It is now about 38,000,000 miles from the earth, nearer than it has been for a long time or will be for about fifteen years. Saturn is now in the eastern heavens during the evening and reaches the zenith a little later than Mars. The three rings surrounding this planet make it an object of wonderful interest. The plane of these rings is at present almost parallel to a line drawn from the earth to the planet. Giant Jupiter is to be seen in the east in the morning, rising a few hours ahead of the sun.

The motto of our class in surveying is, "Learn to do by doing." The surveys of several large tracts of land, in this vicinity, have been made, under the direction of

our instructor, and the calculations were made by the members of the class. Success, in accuracy, has been obtained. We employ chiefly the "Latitude and Departure" method.

In logic our time has been employed in the study of inductive and deductive reasoning and the nature of thought. Special interest has been manifested in the subject of "cause." It is fascinating to note that no phenomenon or action is the result of mere chance but all may be traced to some more or less remote cause. Much attention is being devoted to the subject of observation. One important difference between the great and little mind is that the former is very keen in observing even the minutest objects and actions, in this great "cosmos." The latter obtains only a general idea of what is taking place.

The history classes have been carefully studying the history of ancient Greece. In reviewing our study of the Orient one principle was given special notice: namely, the orientals, while they possessed a rude civilization, after they reached a certain stage, have advanced farther only so far as they have been helped by western nations. Greece, the oldest nation of the Occident, has contributed almost unbounded wealth to later civilization. It has been noticed that the battle of Marathon (490 B. C.) was one of the most important contests in the world's history. The liberty-loving Greeks were victorious and, consequently, were not impeded in handing their advanced ideas on to later nations. Had despotic Persia been the victor, we know not how great would have been the blow to later civilization.

The biological work is confined almost wholly to the laboratory. Our instructor is endeavoring to procure a large collection of skeletons of animals, with the purpose of showing to students the various structures of vertebrates. The skeletons of a cat and rabbit have thus far been obtained. The animals were cooked and the flesh carefully removed from the bones. The specimens will be kept for future study. The class at present is studying the earthworm (*Lumbicus Terrestris*). The structure of this crawler is interesting.

Our art department is well filled this session. We have three large classes in free-hand drawing. Their work since school opened has been done chiefly out of doors, making sketches of scenery and objects of interest. We have a class studying geometrical drawing preparatory to their course in mechanical drawing for machinery.

Besides these there are those making a specialty of art. They are studying oil painting, water color, pastel, and various other kinds of black and white work. These students had, until the last few lessons, been enjoying painting out of doors where they find pleasing material at this season for making sketches and paintings.

The first great enjoyment for our music, as well as all other departments, was the entertainment given on the evening of Oct. 27, by the "Music Makers Co." This company is a male quartet and the attraction was the first number of our entertainment and lecture

course. Their program consisted of quartets, solos, etc. Their chief attraction was a five octave myrambophone, an instrument with a peculiarly sweet mellow tone.

Union Bridge, Md.

JOHN E. DOTTERER.

A MISCALCULATION

MAUD HAWKINS

"WARREN, are you going to town today?" said Mrs. Closefist to her husband one morning late in autumn as she cleared away the breakfast things. She had just returned from the stables where she had been engaged in milking five cows after which a heavy churning must be done by hand in the absence of any modern appliances to make the task easier.

"Yes, I suppose I will *have to*," was the surly reply, "That pesky brown team won't work much longer if I don't get them shod, although I don't see how I am to spare the money just now. I put it off as long as I could thinking I might get my fall work done and they would not need shoes for the winter."

"Yes, but they are your road horses. You surely will have them shod for driving this winter," said his wife.

"Oh, I guess we can get along. We do not need to go out much in winter, just to the store for groceries and tobacco."

"And to church, Warren."

"Oh, bother the church. We will have to cut that out this year. There has been such a drouth the crops are about a failure and we will have to economize on something. If we stay at home it will save new wraps, shoes and finery for all, also the collection which is no small item for my large family, with only one pair of hands to provide and support them all."

"But, Warren, the two older boys have done men's work this year. Surely they have helped some, and Mary has saved the expense of a hired girl; besides I have done enough to pay for my board while caring for baby, and the two little boys are worth something in the line of chores and errands, and they have gathered and sold nuts enough to pay for their winter clothes. It doesn't seem that it *all* rests on you."

"Well, it all comes by me just the same. Where did the boys get the nuts and berries they sold but from my fields? and who fed them while they were doing it? Where did the big boys and Mary have a good home while they were doing so much work, but with me? But just like you women, you can never understand what it takes to get a living for a large family. You just imagine that money grows, without any

effort, simply because *you* don't happen to have to work for it."

Mrs. Closefist said no more, but wondered as she mechanically washed the dishes why *her* work did not amount to anything, and if she and the children really were a burden to her husband. She realized that he worked very hard but so did they all. She finally came to the conclusion, that, as a matter of fact, it all depended on who carried the pocketbook as to who provided for the family, for surely she did work for her living even if Warren did think that it did not count.

Before Mr. Closefist started to town he came into the kitchen for his whip which he always kept hanging behind the door for fear it might be stolen from the barn if left there. As he started out his wife timidly asked him to get baby a pair of shoes, but he snappishly replied that he believed he had just told her that he had no money even to pay for the horseshoeing, that he had been obliged to shell out ten bushels of corn to sell in order to get the money.

"How much do you get for the corn?" she asked.

"I don't expect that I can get more than fifty cents a bushel," replied Warren.

"It won't take all that to shoe the horses will it?" was her next question.

"I don't know; they always try to rob a man down there if he has to have anything done."

"Could you not take a few bushels more then? two would do."

"Oh, yes, I can sell it all for foolishness, then where will we get any money to live on after the corn is gone? You would be a good manager, Jane, if you had to look after things. We would soon go to the poor-house."

"But, Warren, Tom says you will have more than two thousand bushels."

"Tom, Tom, he retorted angrily, "How does Tom know so much about my business?"

"He worked in the corn all summer, and he naturally would have *some* idea about it," suggested she.

"Yes, there it goes again. *Tom did it all*. I will soon be of no account around here, when Tom manages

my affairs and does all the work. To be sure, he does *some* work, but he had no idea of business. If I did not look after things you would all come to want. He could not be trusted to sell a bushel of corn or make a bargain. He would be sure to make a blunder and lose all. You and Tom would be bright ideas to do business. It takes some one who understands how."

"Perhaps if he had been given a chance he might do even as well as his father."

"No, he hasn't had a chance has he? I'd like to know what you'd have me do for him more than I do? He has had a better chance than *I* ever had, and what was good enough for *me* ought to be for *him*."

With that outburst of temper he slammed the door after him and was soon plodding along the road to town.

When he drove up to the blacksmith shop his wrath had not yet cooled and he surlily inquired of the smiling smith how much he wanted for shoeing a horse.

"Twenty-five cents a shoe," replied he.

"Well, I declare, you think we farmers are made of money, don't ye?" he snarled.

"Oh, no, but you have your share," was the good-natured reply.

"Not generally. We have to work like slaves and we can't raise much that pays us anything except a little corn, and that is so poor this year that it will hardly pay for horsefeed and shoeing of that there team."

"Why, I understood that you would have nigh on two thousand bushels this year."

"Yes, but when expenses and help are paid there won't be much left."

"I heard that your boys take the place of hired men this year," said the smith.

Mr. Closefist's anger rose higher at the mention of the boys' work, but he was too discreet to allow the smith to discover it, but he mentally vowed to take revenge on his wife and boys when he reached home. They had no business to be telling his affairs to outsiders, and who else had told it? Was not the smith repeating the same words that his wife had used in the morning? Had he not a right to do by *his own* boys as he chose, and had she any right to interfere in *his* affairs? Did she want him to make gentlemen of them? But he merely said to the smith that it takes a lot of money to feed and clothe two growing boys and furnish them with expense money. Quite as much as to pay for help. "It takes all I can rake and scrape to do that and keep them all winter."

The smith smiled, for he knew that the boys did odd jobs when work at home was slack in order to get respectable clothes, and as for spending money, they never had any.

"And then the corn hain't sold yet and I ain't got the money. I brought down a few bushels to try to

sell, but expect I won't get anything for it. Now can't you do it for *twenty cents cash*?"

"No, twenty-five cents a shoe is my price," said the smith.

"Well, if I get *both* horses shod, it will come cheaper won't it?" pleaded Warren.

"No, no, I can't do it," was the reply, "but I will take my pay in corn if that will help you out any. What is your price?"

"W-a-ll, I suppose I can take fifty cents a bushel for this lot since it's you, but I ought to have more considering the hard work and expense it takes to raise it."

"If I take *all* you brought in it will come cheaper won't it?" said the smith with a mischievous smile.

"What, take less than fifty cents for my corn? I think not; that is cheap enough I am sure, counting what it costs to keep a team shod," said he wrathfully.

"Well, then," proposed the smith, "if you will drop ten cents on your corn I will deduct ten cents on each pair of shoes."

"No, no, take forty cents for my corn! No never."

The farmer was about to leave the shop, when a happy thought seemed to have suddenly struck the smith. Whether it was premeditated or not we are unable to say. Being on the verge of losing a customer he may have quickly formulated a plan to call him back, and being always on the alert for business he usually resorted to various tactics for retaining customers.

"Hold on, Warren," he said, "I *will* come down a little rather than to see you go away."

"All right, I thought you would not lose a good customer for the sake of a few cents," said Closefist. "What is your offer?"

"You may pay me by the *shoe nail* and in *kernels of corn*."

"How's that?" said Warren, beaming.

"Well, you may give me one kernel for the *first shoe* nail, two for the second, four for the third and so on in the ratio of two, for *both horses*."

Warren's eyes brightened. Here was a chance to drive a good bargain.

"Will you shoe them both at that rate?"

"Sure," ejaculated the smith.

A sharp-featured farmer standing by took in the situation at once and suggested they draw it up in writing, that *both* horses be shod *all around* at that rate, "fearing," he said with a grin, "that the *smith* might back out when one horse was shod."

"Yes, yes, to be sure, glad you spoke of it, thanks," said Warren, now in high spirits. "Business is business. I like to do things on the square and have everything settled so there can be no kicking," the same time mentally seeing how he would boast to Tom and his wife of his careful method of doing business.

"All right," said the smith with apparent reluctance, but behind the assumed frown there was a roguish smile as he exchanged secret glances with the other farmer.

A business man who had been listening to the conversation was prevailed upon by Warren to draw up the agreement without any recompense other than the pleasure derived from witnessing the result of the transaction.

"Did you put in *both* horses?" said Closefist, anxiously, when the document was presented for his signature.

"Oh, yes, *both* horses, that is the best of the bargain," said the man.

"You bet," giggled Warren as he affixed his name to the paper with an air of much satisfaction.

"Now go ahead, Blacksmith, you may have your pay right down. I will bring in a bag of corn and count it out myself honestly, as fast as a nail is driven. I believe in being honest if I am poor."

He took a pail and poured it full of corn. As he came in the smith said, "You needn't be in a hurry, Warren, you may bring me a carload when you shell, and the rest at your convenience."

Warren laughed uproariously at the seeming joke. He felt in fine spirits for getting such a good bargain.

By this time there was a goodly crowd gathered to witness the shoeing and the counting out of the corn. Some with queer expressions on their faces, others looking perplexed, and still others looking very mischievous.

The smith went to work very deliberately, paring the hoof nicely, saying that this was not in the bargain, but he would do it. Warren replied, "Go ahead Blacksmith, I will donate a half bushel for that part, old man." He was so elated he felt in the mood to use endearing names and was almost willing to be generous.

The smith smiled and kept to work. Tap, tap, tap, one nail in and clinched. "One nail," shouted the smith.

"One kernel," echoed Warren as he laid it out on the bench which he had selected to hold the corn, with much ado and a flourish.

Tap, tap, tap, "Two nails,"

"Two kernels," chuckled Warren as two more were laid beside their lone companion.

Tap, tap, tap, "Three nails."

"Four kernels," piped Warren. "The cheapest shoe nails I ever paid for."

"Four nails."

"Eight kernels." Warren was jubilant.

"Five nails."

"Sixteen kernels." And so on till eight nails were driven and called off and the corresponding number of kernels was distributed along on the bench in groups.

One hundred and twenty-eight kernels for the last nail. The kernels were all counted and there were found to be two hundred fifty-five. Then Warren and some others did some multiplying in their heads or with pencil or chalk and they all declared that the eight shoes would cost just two thousand forty kernels. That surely was getting work done cheaply.

The next foot was attacked with the same proceedings. Some of the onlookers began to betray signs of beginning to see something wrong, while others were making innumerable figures on scraps of paper or chalk marks on the wall, pieces of board, on any place convenient. The figures getting beyond their comprehension or the extent of their working space, they one by one gave up in despair. The bench becoming crowded, the corn was piled along on the floor. Absolute silence reigned in the shop save for the tapping of the hammer, when the second shoe was called off.

The smile on the faces of some became broader and Warren began to look serious and called for some one to come and help him as he was not used to counting when there was so much talking going on. A helper volunteered and 32,768 kernels were counted out after seven more men came to the rescue of the counters.

About this time a third shoe was called off as having the first nail driven. Some one with a pencil informed the eager crowd that 65,536 kernels would now have to be counted out. Warren was mopping his face with his bandana handkerchief, greatly perplexed and excited. The next nail was soon called out. They had just begun counting for the first, and Warren in great alarm exclaimed. "Consarn it all, it will take the whole ten bushels at this rate."

"I wouldn't doubt it," said the smith, and kept on shoeing.

Another nail was called off and the helpers declared that they could count no longer and agreed to reckon it up and help count them out some other time when they could get a week off.

Warren was wild, "Say, smith, you needn't bother with the off hoss after all," shouted he, the perspiration running down his face. "I'll give you off on him."

"Oh, no, it's in the contract, you know, and business is business. I believe in doing things on the square," said the smith.

Warren was crazed. "It will take all my crop," he declared.

"Of course," quietly said the smith who was very composed while Warren raved. Some of the onlookers who had thought the smith a little lacking in his calculations, changed their minds. Warren stamped around and used very strong language, but the smith kept on shoeing. At length in the heat of his great excitement he dealt the smith a blow which landed him under the feet of the horse. But he arose and quietly

went on shoeing. Warren, enraged beyond endurance, tried to repeat the act but was prevented by the bystanders. He continued to rave and threaten with much gesticulation of his long thin arms and hands. Finally an officer came and he was taken to prison and fined with a bond for the assurance of peace, over his head before he was released.

He returned very much sobered and the team was turned over to their owner who after offering twenty-five cents a shoe offered fifty, then one dollar, and then drove away much crestfallen, declaring that he "would not pay a red cent."

The smith was obliged to sue him for his pay and obtained judgment. Warren employed two men giving them three dollars per day for a week to count out the corn. After working faithfully a day they declared it impossible for any human being to count that amount of corn and remain sane, but finally hit upon a plan. They counted the number of kernels in a quart, they then multiplied that number by thirty-two and obtained the number in a bushel. Then by a good deal of multiplying obtained the number required to pay the debt for the eight shoes. Dividing this by the number of kernels in a bushel they had approximately the number of bushels required.

The smith agreed to accept these figures and Warren had to agree to deliver the corn as fast as it was raised. He also had to pay the fine, the cost of the lawsuit and the men for counting, but by it he learned that there was such a thing as being a penny wise and a pound foolish.

The smith was not as avaricious as he might have seemed, for as the corn was delivered, after taking out his rightful pay and furnishing Tom and Mary as well as the rest of the children with suitable clothing, sent them to college, paying for help in their places. He also provided comfortable clothing for Mrs. Closefist and plenty of rest and vacations. The remainder of the money he managed to get back into the hands of Warren in one way or other. But whenever he showed signs of being niggardly with his family, the smith furnished them with their needs and took it out of the stock in hand.

Warren chafed under the arrangement for a time but finally settled to the inevitable and eventually enjoyed himself more than he did under the old way.

We hope the boys and girls of the INGLENOOK, old and young, will find out how many bushels Warren had to deliver to the smith, and give us the result. You will probably be no little surprised. Try it.



THE TEACHER'S WORK.

It is a work of charity, and charity is the work of heaven—nay, it is the highest and noblest charity, for he that teacheth another gives alms to his soul; he clothes the nakedness of his understanding, and re-

lieves the wants of his impoverished reason. He indeed who governs well, leads the blind, but he that teaches, gives his eyes. . . . Doctrine is that which must prepare men for discipline; and men never go so cheerfully as when they see where they go.—*R. South, Sermons.*



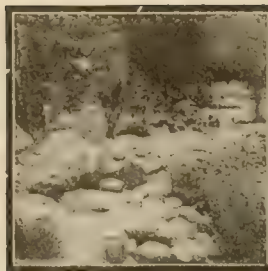
A FEW DON'TS FOR THE PERSON WITH A GUN.

H. D. MICHAEL.

1. Don't allow yourself to become careless.
2. Don't shoot until you are sure what you are shooting.
3. Don't shoot before first looking to see that no person or stock is in range.
4. Don't clean a gun while it is loaded.
5. Don't take hold of the muzzle of a gun.
6. Don't put your hand on the muzzle of the gun or set the muzzle on your foot.
7. Don't shoot at every bird you see. Many are on ladies' (?) hats.
8. Don't shoot at everything you see flying. Might injure an aeroplane.
9. Don't shoot wherever you see the brush shake. It might be stock.
10. Don't shoot wherever you hear a noise. A man makes more noise in the brush than either a deer, bear or panther.
11. Don't become discouraged if you miss getting some game by being careful. Better miss the game than kill a friend.
12. Don't carry a "hammer" gun cocked or a hammerless with the slide or roll other than on "safe," even when you expect game. Time enough after you see it.
13. Don't carry a "hammer" gun with the hammer down on the firing pin when it is loaded. Keep the hammer on the safety notch. It is far safer.
14. Don't point the gun toward a person or any animate object. It might accidentally discharge.
15. Don't carry a gun with a cartridge in the chamber until where the game is likely to be found. Many do not then.
16. Don't snap the hammer of an empty gun. It is usually the gun *some one* is *positive* is empty that kills people. Besides, snapping is not good for the gun.
17. Don't think you are the exception that can ignore all cautions and still never have an accident. There is always a first time.
18. Don't think that I fail to watch a person the first hunt or two they are with me.



"How can liquor be good for the town when it is not good for a single person in the town?"



NATURE STUDIES



OUR MUSHROOMS.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

SINCE the time of the Greeks and Romans, mushrooms have been held in high esteem as food by some persons. Juvenal tells us of an old Roman, who in his enthusiasm was led to exclaim, "Keep your corn, O Libya, unyoke your oxen, provided only you send us mushrooms."

But among the greater number of people these little plants that grow at our very doorsteps and help to beautify our fields and woods, are but little understood. Many believe that the study of mushrooms can only be pursued by a skilled scientist. Others think them so poisonous that it would be almost suicide to touch them. As well discard the potato and tomato from our bills of fare because some members of the potato family are deadly poisons. Botanists who have given much time to the study of these plants claim that a comparatively few of our mushrooms are poisonous and that most of them are edible.

Chemical analysis of mushrooms shows a high per cent of nitrogenous material and this has been taken as an indication that their nutritive value is very great. But the latest investigations show that this is not necessarily the case. But even if the mushrooms prove practically valueless as food, their eatable qualities will always create a demand for them, and their value as a condiment will hardly be overestimated. And above all things, any investigation that puts within our grasp the keys of nature, which will help to unlock the secrets and solve her problems, must be counted worthy of consideration.

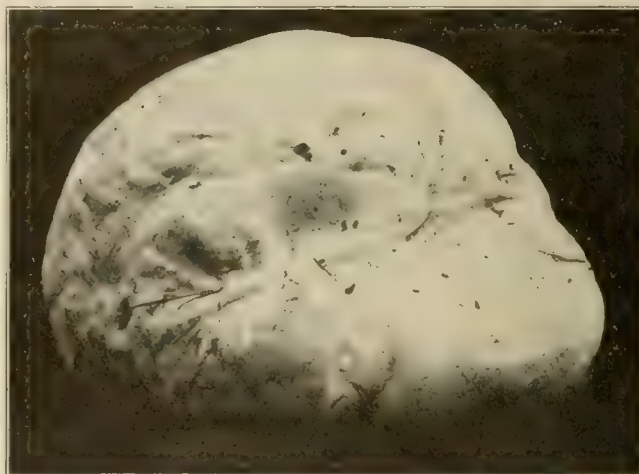
The different kinds present such varying characteristics that the investigation of these fungi possesses great interest for the student who once begins the study of them.

The common *morchella esculenta* is found growing around walnut and elm stumps, piles of cinders and ashes, and is the most highly-prized of all edible fungi. Its elongated, sponge-like cap causes it to be easily identified. The *lycoperdon* or puffball is edible as long as it is white on the inside. There are several species of puffball, so called from its shape and from puffing out its dark brown spores when the plant is mature. This class varies in size from that of a small button to more than three feet in circumference. The

one shown in the illustration was found in the summer of 1904 growing by an old barn, and measured forty-five inches in circumference.

Coprinus micacens is an edible species very common in lawns and about dead stumps. This plant may be recognized by its tawny cap and the minute glistening scales on the surface. The orange-capped *amanita* is a poisonous variety very commonly found during the summer months, often intruding itself upon the grounds of good varieties thereby causing trouble for the careless mushroom hunter.

The phosphorescent mushroom always attracts attention. Its color is a deep yellow, and it grows in



Lycoperdon Giganteum, or Puffball, Which Measured 40 Inches in Circumference.

bunches from the ground beside stumps and trees. While beautiful by daylight its beauty is greatly enhanced by darkness. A. M. Longnecker, a mushroom student, tells of one of this variety found by himself which, upon being taken into a dark room, emitted enough light to enable him to read a book by its light. It is one of the ghosts seen by superstitious people on dark nights, and harmless as ghosts usually are. It also generates heat; for when a thermometer is placed in the center of a cluster of the plants, a rise of several degrees is indicated on the scale; or the heat from it can be felt by passing the hand over a bunch. The only unpleasant thing about this wonder of nature is that it is slightly poisonous.

These are but a few of the almost innumerable kinds of mushrooms found growing from the equator to the

poles. There is hardly a place upon our earth that is without some form of mushroom; lawns, gardens, fields, forests, on trees, stumps, decayed wood, rocks, decayed leaves, cellars—all are their camping grounds. Yet each of the above named places furnishes its own peculiar conditions for some modification of these little plants. Some have a white color pervading the whole plant; others are wholly red, yellow, blue, amethyst, vermilion, cinnamon-color or salmon hued, and it requires an expert in color to name every shade presented by the different forms.

A mushroom reproduces itself by spores. These develop into thread-like tubes containing protoplasm. This growth is called mycelium, and corresponds to the root system of the higher plants. Certain wood-boring beetles plant in the finely ground wood, with the newly deposited eggs, mycelium of fleshy fungi which develops when the larvæ appear, and furnishes food for their growth. Some ants maintain a fungus garden for their own use, and when a nest is disturbed it is as much a duty to preserve bits of mycelium for a new planting as it is to care for the eggs.

The wondrous hand of divine nature pervades even these plants, and they should receive some attention from us when we are roaming over nature's wonderful field.



A BIRD THAT DECEIVES THE BEE.

ALL members of the insect world, however tiny, possess strongly the instinct of self-preservation, which is generally considered to be the "first law of nature." Now, the quiet, honest, industrious little honeybee has this instinct probably as largely developed as almost any other known winged insect. Not only is the bee always on the alert for danger, looking out sharply for its individual safety, but it is very quick to resent any attack or even approach to familiarity. However, the bee may be the unconscious victim of deception; in fact, no doubt is.

Down in Mexico there is a bird which is sharp enough to deceive even the honeybee. Speaking of this bird, a gentleman who has spent many years traveling in Mexico, said to the writer: "There is down in Mexico, particularly in the southern part, a peculiar little bird that is the constant and natural enemy of not only the domestic honeybee but of all kinds of wild bees. This bird lives entirely by deceiving these little insects. It is of very striking, brilliant plumage. The bird by ruffling up its various-colored feathers may be mistaken readily for a large tropical flower. In fact, all the honey-seeking insects do readily mistake the bird for a flower, and generally make a straight line for it. No sooner does the unsuspecting insect come within easy reach than, quick as a flash, it is snapped up by the bird. It remains perfectly still until the bee approaches near enough to be seized. I have very often watched this cunning little feathered deceiver

thus earning its livelihood. I do not recall now that the bird ever failed to capture the victim. If bees do have a language among themselves, they have no opportunity to inform and warn their kindred and friends of this destructive deceiver, as very few, if any, ever escape to tell the story."

These birds are very different from the common little bee martin on the Pacific Coast. These latter birds have a very plain plumage, and could not be mistaken for a flower. When they are hungry, they simply swoop down on a bee without any attempt to deceive the insect, but often the bee makes good its escape.—*Selected.*



EDELWEISS OF SWITZERLAND.

THIS year, as usual, there are reports of accidents to tourists in several different parts of Switzerland, due to attempts to gather edelweiss. Thus the legend about the flower persists and grows, the *London Times* says, though it is as false as the legends that once made the mandrake a famous and dreaded plant. So far from being a flower that grows only in high, inaccessible places, the edelweiss is not even typically Alpine. The highest Alpine plants—such as the *Eritrichium nanum* and some of the *Androsaces*—are as dwarf and compact as any moss, both in leafage and in flower. There is nothing superfluous about them. Conditions that would be quickly fatal to the most robust weed of the lowlands have made them both brilliant and minute, and in these conditions alone will they thrive.

The edelweiss is not a large plant, but it is neither minute nor brilliant. Indeed, many of our common English wild flowers look more like high Alpine plants than it does, and many have much more beauty. But it is very unlike most other flowers. It looks, indeed, as if it were a rather clumsy imitation of a flower made of some woolly material; and it probably owes its fame to this artificial look and to the fact that, like its close relation, the antenarria, it is an "everlasting." But it is an everlasting just because it has so little fresh beauty to wither. It is like those persons who never look neither young nor old, because they do not seem to be made of flesh and blood.

The botanist describes it as having flowers surrounded by "a whorl of long densely tomentose bracts"; and these bracts, which some one in the first bitterness of disappointment has described as looking like bad cigar ash, are the most conspicuous part of the plant. Although so eagerly sought after, the edelweiss is still fairly common in Switzerland, particularly south of the Rhone valley, and it is often found growing in places that could be reached by an invalid in a bath chair. But perhaps the legend about it is so potent that tourists will only recognize it when they see it growing in dangerous places. Then, no doubt, they rush after it wildly, and hence the accidents which it causes.—*Chicago Daily News.*

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THE reward which the true and faithful laborer most desires and that which he is most sure of receiving is strength and ability for greater labor.



THE strongest argument we can put up in favor of certain principles is expressed by our embracing them ourselves—living them out in everyday life.



ALMOST every day we are surprised anew by some event that shows us how truth survives all the attacks made upon it. And yet we should not be surprised. If we always kept in mind its unconquerable, undying nature perhaps we would stand more firmly as its uncompromising adherents.



MANY people mistake levity for cheerfulness and good humor. As a result serious-minded people are led to question their sincerity and profession as Christians and light-minded people are led to look upon life as a joke and to consider foolish jesting as a part of one's religion.



DESIRE for leadership often secures to men positions as leaders instead of the real gift of leadership which should control such positions. This explains why movements, worthy in themselves and much needed, sometimes come to naught and confidence in their worth is destroyed. The born leader is made over the old pattern which makes one known by his fruits.



WE are glad to publish the list of don'ts for the hunter sent in by one of our contributors who has a fair reputation as a follower of Nimrod. Whether one is a hunter or not—and there is little call for one being a hunter in most of our States—he should use extreme care in handling firearms.

NEEDED REFORMS.

THE National Purity congress which held a three-days' session, Oct. 19, 20, 21, at Burlington, Iowa, discussed many important subjects looking to improvement in the social and the business world. This congress is made up of earnest men and women who are in the foremost ranks of workers that are laboring to lift humanity to a higher plane of living. While the organization is not a legislative one, it does much toward enforcing laws already passed and toward molding sentiment for the passage of other needed legislation. Following are some sentiments expressed by various speakers during the meeting:

In a preliminary meeting, Oct. 18, Mrs. Mary Teals of Chicago assailed the newspapers in all the large cities as having opened their columns to the filth of the world, while the sweetness and light that flowed from the better avenues of life were refused admission except in homeopathic doses.

"Mrs. Teals also rapped the parents, stating in emphatic tones that not until the fathers and mothers were improved could the red-light districts be wiped out. An educated parenthood is needed, she declared, and until the citizens are educated in schools that pay more attention to morals and less to impractical tomfoolery there will be serious obstacles in the way of right development of the children."

On the first day of the congress Speaker Cannon in particular and the National Congress in general came in for a good deal of ridicule and censure because of their change of front on certain reform questions because of pressure from certain districts. The speaker declared, however, that even Speaker Cannon was amenable to pressure by the forces of right. During this session it was voted to change the name of the organization to that of American Purity Federation. The first day's session closed with an address at the night meeting by Clifford G. Roe of Chicago, formerly assistant state's attorney of Cook County. His subject was the white slave traffic. He declared that the ignorance of many girls of the things they ought to know about themselves and the carelessness of parents were two things that aided the traffic. "Fathers," he said, "take more care of their horses, their sheep and their cows than they do of their daughters." He also "charged the low wages paid the girls in the big city stores as being the cause of many girls' downfall and said that it is impossible for girls to live on some of the wages paid and they choose the easier way."

After Mr. Roe's address the following resolutions were adopted:

"The National Purity Congress in session at Burlington, Iowa, hereby records its great gratification at the present activity of national and State authorities against the loathsome, terrible commerce in girls known as the white slave traffic.

"We urge upon all citizens of the nation, especially upon the officers of the government, sworn protectors of the people, to take necessary measures to end the traffic in girls, the worst disgrace to civilization."

The second day of the congress witnessed a number of interesting discussions, some of them almost revolutionary in thought. Arthur Burrage Farwell, president of the Chicago Law and Order League, speaking on law enforcement declared that "if the officials and legal powers of Chicago did not enforce the laws, and if the State did not compel these officials to do so, then the national government should step in and perform the office. 'Until we get nearer to the millennium,' declared Mr. Farwell, 'my judgment is that the State should not lose control of the cities, but should see to it that the law is enforced.'

"I believe in home rule if home rule will make for the best interests of the people, but if home rule in a big city means defiance of law, tolerance of vice, the prostitution of the ballot box, the degradation of the people, then I believe in the rule of the State or of the Nation.

"The great interests of a city and of the State and of the Nation are not farms, business houses, factories and railroads, but the spiritual and moral and physical welfare of the people."

Discussing the social evil in general one speaker said it "was the product of ignorance, and that publicity and education were the essential instruments with which to combat it." This expresses in brief the position of the organization and it is along these lines that it hopes to bring about needed reforms.



THE GRADUATE—THE POEM OF THE "BOY MOVEMENT."

The street was his school, and the corner his college—
What wonder he picked up a great deal of knowledge?
The faces of women and men were his books—
What wonder he trusted so little to looks?
Each person he met was unknowing his teacher—
The pugilist taught him as much as the preacher;
This outcast in rags, and that other in satin,
Each gave him a lesson more lasting than Latin!

The street was his school—ay, its lessons were burned
Deep into his sensitive soul, for he learned
Some things that the wisest of books do not tell,
Some secrets that erewhile were whispered in hell!

In halls academic a boy may omit
His lessons some day when he's not feeling fit;
There are periods of rest, there are days of vacation,
For e'en the most zealous require recreation,
Not so with this college—'tis always in session,
With teachers absorbed in their occult profession,
And course so alluring that those who've begun it
Have little desire to abridge it or shun it.

The street was his school; and through sound and
through sight
It poured in its lessons by day and by night.
Its method could scarce be described as elective,

But then, what of that? It was highly effective.
It took him an infant, an innocent baby,
Whose mother had holy desires for him, maybe,
And, class after class, led him onward, until,
A Beast that is trained but to capture and kill,
Through lesser achievements he passed till he stood
Accused at the last of the shedding of blood.
And then came his college, as proud as could be,
And gave him, cum laude, its final degree!

The street was his school and the corner his college—
And shall we blame him for applying the knowledge
So fully and freely provided him there
To land him at last in the murderer's chair?
Are we, who have never attended, as he,
The school of the street and the corner, are we
So free from reproach for his life gone amiss,
The light of his innocence darkened like this?
Are we in no way in his failure involved?
Are we from all blame for his downfall absolved?
Ah, never believe it! We all are to blame;
On all rests a share of his shadow of shame;
For, lost in pursuit of our gains and our joys
We've wandered away from the girls and the boys.
And though we spend millions of dollars in schools
And muddle our minds over methods and rules,
There's something essential overlooked or forgotten,
Some arch in the structure we're building is rotten.
Else, why should we find it so hard to compete
With those who are running the school of the street?

And why should we stand in so helpless a way,
Beholding it capture our best day by day,
And draw them away from the things we revere,
Until in the end, like this graduate here,
They come to that seat which our science invented
For crimes which our schools should, perhaps, have prevented?

—Denis A. McCarthy, in *Journal of Education*.



A SIMPLER LIFE.

If we will, we can live comfortably, happily, rationally and nobly, and yet do without many things pleasing to the senses. We are always in danger of multiplying our wants. By so doing we endanger the higher life. If we live too much on things material, we starve the spirit. As Jesus says, a man's life does not consist in the abundance of the things he possesses. Our present danger in the family, in society, everywhere, even in the church, is that we forget this elementary rule. We want the things that cost money. If we stop just for a moment we will realize that today most of our troubles are economic. How shall the things of this world be evenly distributed? And now whilst we are in favor of every man having a square deal, in favor of a just distribution of the things of this world; yet of one thing we are persuaded, and that is that we would serve ourselves and the church greatly if we would by choice, by effort, by struggle if necessary, live a simpler life as far as material things are concerned. Let us seek our true gratification in higher thoughts, nobler ideals, in truth, kindness, service, righteousness and love—in living to the spirit.—*Selected*.



THE HOME WORLD



THE MOST PREVALENT MALADY

DOCTOR O. H. YEREMAN

THROUGH the extensive advertisements scattered broadcast throughout the land in circulars, newspapers and periodicals of all kinds, catarrh has come to be a household word. From earliest youth we begin to hear it. On every side, by sign and billboard, we see it emblazoned on buildings and fences; and unconsciously it sinks into our souls that catarrh is the inevitable, that almost everybody has it, and that *almost* is very liable to include us some day.

And yet in spite of this general publicity which catarrh has received, very few people understand what it is, or can define and give a lucid explanation of it. And the public is not to blame for this, as the doctors have never taken the time to explain the true nature of this malady.

A certain individual develops a sore throat. It hangs on a while; it disappears and reappears, and finally tormented with it he goes to his family physician. The doctor asks him a few questions, makes an inspection of his vocal organs, and with all solemnity pronounces it a case of *catarrh*.

Another man has uneasiness, the feeling of a dragging weight and heaviness in the region of his stomach. He bloats and he belches; his breath gets offensive and his taste becomes as bitter as gall. He yawns and he stretches, he frets and he fusses and finally goes to his doctor. This man's case is also pronounced *catarrh* (of the stomach).

A third man is seized with intense agony and excruciating pain on his right side. He doubles up and he squirms, he screams and he groans. Hot cloths and bottles, painkillers and cordials give no relief, and the medico is sent for posthaste. Syringes and hypodermics, morphine and hypnotics finally quiet the sufferer. As soon as he can get his breath, the man wants to know what ferocious microbe or dreaded anophele it is that so unceremoniously disturbed his peace; and he gets his doctor's dictum—"gallstones" due to *catarrh* of the biliary ducts."

A fourth one coughs and spits, he clears his throat

and he wheezes; he sheds tears and he sneezes, and all the consolation he gets is that he is another victim of *catarrh*.

What is catarrh?

The present usage of the term signifies a certain type of inflammation of a mucous membrane.

And what is a mucous membrane?

The lining membranes of the various orifices and cavities of the body; such as the lips, mouth, nose, eyes, stomach, and so forth.

Hence, we may have catarrh of the nose, the throat, the eyes, the stomach, bowels, lungs, urinary bladder, etc., etc. But this was not the original usage of the term. Some years ago the word was used to designate an inflammation of the lining membrane of the nose and throat. A simple cold in the head was an acute form of catarrh, but as it was looked upon as a trivial malady the term catarrh was reserved for the graver and more troublesome chronic form of inflammation of these tissues. And right here is the critical point. These little innocent colds are the beginning of the stubborn disease called catarrh. *If persons were to vigorously treat their colds and bring them to a speedy termination, we would not have so many cases of chronic catarrh.*

Restricting ourselves to catarrh of the nose and throat, we find that when an individual contracts a cold, the membranes and tissues of these cavities become red, puffy and swollen, interfering with respiration and producing a disagreeable fullness of the head. There is generally a feverish, restless feeling, and in a short while the second stage of the disease is ushered in by a profuse discharge of watery secretions from both nose and eyes, necessitating the frequent use of the handkerchief. The next stage is where the discharge becomes thick and yellow in color, and ends by the formation of crusts and scabs within the nostrils. As a result of this process, the membranes of the nasal cavity become thickened, and each succeeding attack increases this thickening until there result fibrous and

bony enlargements, which protruding into the channels for the passage of air, are constantly irritated by each act of respiration and produce the thick, sticky, tenacious secretion in the back part of the nose, which causes the individual to hawk and scrape in an effort to clear the throat. These are the so-called "droppings" into the throat which catarrh sufferers complain of.

In some cases this constant irritation affects the nervous system, and all kinds of reflex symptoms result; such as nervousness, headache, hysteria and so forth. A few days ago a physician writing to the *Journal of the American Medical Association* reported a case of genital trouble which was completely cured by the removal of one of these irritating enlargements in the nose.

A further stage in the development of catarrh is what is known as the *atrophic* or decaying stage. In this the tissues of the nose, drained of their vitality, completely succumb to the ravages of the disease. Deep ulcers are formed which destroy large areas and produce a foul-smelling, thick, greenish yellow discharge. Finally there is a shrivelling and shrinking of the tissues; large scabs form, and the sense of smell is obliterated because of the destruction of the nerve terminals. These scabs are so large that often a cast of the entire nasal cavity is brought out in one piece. This form of catarrh is called *ozena*, and its most characteristic feature is the offensive smell which emanates from the nose. Frequently this is so foul that the individual can not go out in society, even the patient's kin avoiding a close approach to him.

The prevalence of catarrh has appealed to the mercenary, and many are the cures, patent medicines and nostrums exploited upon the public. So lucrative are the returns from this business that many an advertiser grows bold and offers a cash prize for every case of catarrh his nostrum will not cure. The unsuspecting public is thus encouraged to spend more and more of its dollars in these cures, not being able to see the "catch" in these promises. The relief of local manifestations, which they call a cure, is not difficult to obtain, but to stay cured, or keep the trouble from returning with each cold is the difficult problem. And here it is that the victim is deceived. The amelioration of the local symptoms is pronounced a cure, and the testimonial declaring the sensational cure obtained at this time. The next cold brings to light the dormant symptoms and in a few months the disease is making its inroads upon the tissues as much as ever.

All specialists accept the fact that the systemic treatment of catarrhal diseases is equally as important, if not more important, than the local treatment. The patient invariably suffers from some derangement of the system which causes a poisoning of the blood and an irritation of the tissues of the diseased catarrhal areas. This systemic derangement may be of different

character and different location. With some it may be a derangement of digestion in the stomach, others may have intestinal, kidney, nervous and various other troubles. Unless these associated causative derangements are relieved, it is almost impossible to radically cure the catarrhal trouble.

Where there are enlargements or new growths in the nose or throat, they usually require electrical or surgical interference. Just recently I operated on a patient who had been suffering with hay fever for years, having tried all kinds of patent remedies with no effect. I found an enlargement of the turbinate bodies of the nose, which with the least irritation would come together and obstruct the nasal passages, bringing on the distressing attacks. The excision of these obstructing bodies removed the cause, and complete cessation of the attacks has been the result.

Another case illustrates the relief of nervous and asthmatic phenomena, being relieved by the removal of the cause. A few months ago I was called to the extreme southern part of this State to see a girl of eleven summers, who was being awakened from her sleep during the night with attacks of shortness of breath, choking, asthmatic and nervous seizures. There was a catarrhal condition of the nose and throat, with the characteristic "droppings" in the throat; but the cause of it all was an exuberant enlargement of some glands in the arch of the throat, causing this discharge, the obstruction to respiration and the troublesome nervous symptoms. This little patient did not require any other treatment than the removal of these obstructing bodies, and she was well. I have cited these cases to impress the necessity of consulting a physician making a specialty of these organs, to discover what is causing the symptoms, so that the treatment can be directed against the particular cause. I would not have you think, however, that all cases require operative interference, for many of them need nothing more than the medicinal treatment.

These facts bring us to the conclusion that a cold in the head being the starting point of the various catarrhal affections of this region, it is important that we get away from the notion that it is a trivial thing. Every cold should be immediately and vigorously treated. A simple, yet effective, treatment is the following: Take a brisk cathartic, abstain from food for twenty-four hours, and exercise vigorously (preferably in the open air) to induce perspiration. Use a menthol inhaler or bottle of smelling salts to open the nasal passages and overcome the stuffy feeling. These measures will be found efficient in the majority of ordinary colds. But if the symptoms are not relieved within twenty-four to thirty-six hours, a physician should be consulted. In heavy colds, or where there are complications of throat or ear trouble, always consult a specialist, if it is at all possible to reach one.

INTERRUPTIONS.

If there is one minor virtue which I covet, above all others, it is superiority to interruptions. I don't mean the kind of superiority that goes calmly on with original and engrossing occupations while the door bell is ringing, the roast burning or somebody is asking a bit of assistance.

What I do covet is the ability to stop instantly and pleasantly, do what seems necessary, and then take up the task which I left, without losing five minutes more in concentrating my mind and another five in regaining my serenity. The longer I live the more deeply I am impressed with the desirability of this. I have known just one person who seemed ideal in this respect, and he—I regret for the sake of my sex to admit it—was a man. Yet, although he stands preëminent, I believe that the women average better than the men.

The thing that has aroused me to my present enthusiasm on the subject is a recent renewal of acquaintance with our colonial authors, and especially with Anne Bradstreet. Just think for a moment of what she did: delicately reared in England, never at all robust, married at sixteen and brought to this country to endure the hardships of a pioneer's wife, becoming the mother of eight children, and yet, with all these excuses for literary inactivity, writing enough to fill a four-hundred-page royal octavo volume. And this was nearly all done before she was thirty! Isn't that enough to make a modern scribbler feel humble? And should I not blush when I remember being exasperated with a crayon-portrait canvasser last week, and with the butter-and-eggs man day before yesterday.

Most of us are as trying as children are, when they are called upon to lend a hand and pause to finish a chapter before coming, or else lay down the book with an evident reluctance that robs the favor granted of all its graciousness. It does seem as though we might be able to conquer this before the cares of life come so thick and fast upon us that all planning and ambition is lost in the breathlessness and it is *all* hindrances. We might just as well make up our minds to the fact that we shall be interrupted all our lives; that is, we shall be unless we deliberately make ourselves so disagreeable that nobody wants to come near enough to interrupt. Exasperations can become a means of grace as well as anything else, I suppose. The trouble is that in character-building we are looking for the hewn blocks of great trials, and we kick impatiently out of our path the rubble that obstructs the way.

Some of these unexpected happenings might have been foreseen and prevented, doubtless, if we had been shrewd enough and not attempted to concentrate our minds and labors on any favorite occupation until the other things had been thoroughly looked after and possible emergencies provided against. As for the rest, it is wonderful what calm determination can do in

the way of keeping a steady purpose and an unruffled temper. Not every train can be a through express. Mixed freights and accommodations do an indispensable work, but they would never keep up with the schedule if the engineer were permitted to dally a few minutes at interesting stations after the necessary transfers of passengers and luggage had taken place and the alert conductor had signaled that all was ready to go ahead. We may have to stop very often, but we must stay on the track and keep steam up, making the delays as short as possible, and then reaching the destination is only a question of time.—*The Advance*.



IDLE CLASS PARASITES.

POVERTY is often the most powerful incentive to action: it frequently acts as a stimulant to endeavor. Many of our greatest divines, lawyers, doctors, and other professionals worked their way through college. Some of the boys sent by the Children's Aid Society have become governors of States and leading factors in the social, commercial, and political life of their centers of industry.

It often turns out that the by-products thrown aside as refuse become the most valuable ingredients in the outputs. The poverty of the poor is apt to sharpen their wits, while its experience gives them endurance to withstand the trials they have to face, and surmount and conquer them.

The real danger of society does not come from the rich or poor as a class but from the degradation of manhood in all classes. It is the idle class that the world has to fear the most, those who neither toil nor spin, the drones of society, who become parasites on the body politic and suck the blood from its veins.

These are recruited from both the wealthy and poor classes, though the greatest number of these undesirables spring from the former. Work in any form is abhorrent to them; they exhaust their ingenuity to devise means and schemes to avoid honest endeavor. They try to levy tribute from every one and care not whose sweat and brain contribute to their support so long as they can live in idleness and indulge their inclinations.

Franklin says: "An idle brain is the devil's workshop," and again that "the devil always finds some of his own especial work for idle hands to perform." Hence it is that most of the crimes and infamies which shame and disgrace the country are committed by loafers. They fill the jails and increase the taxes, so that whether free or confined they are a burden to the race.—*Chicago Tribune*.



APPLE STUFFED WITH OATMEAL.

THIS is the most delicious breakfast dish imaginable. Prepare oatmeal as usual the day before using. Pare and core, making large cavities in center of five large

apples and cook in a liquid made of one quart of water and one and one-third cups of sugar; add a strip of orange peel. Turn apples frequently to cook evenly. When done lift onto a platter and fill the cavities with oatmeal. Boil down the sugar and water until it is the consistency of sirup and pour over the filled apples, or serve with sugar and cream.—*Record-Herald*.



BAKED APPLES WITH RICE.

SELECT large, perfect apples. Core carefully, sprinkle with sugar and grated nutmeg, and fill each cavity with cold boiled rice; place in a tightly covered stone or enamel baking-dish. Cover with a syrup made from one cup of sugar and a half cup of water, one teaspoonful of butter and a little grated lemon-rind. Cover closely and bake slowly for one hour. Serve hot or cold with any preferred dressing.—*Selected*.



A DELICACY.

AN egg poached in scalded milk is greatly improved in flavor and the hot milk can then be poured over the toasted bread. Scald the milk in a double boiler and add salt, butter and pepper, if desired. This makes an excellent breakfast dish for an invalid.



TO CURE A COUGH.

A HACKING cough is quickly relieved if a single drop of oil of tar is placed on a piece of lump sugar and eaten slowly. This also gives relief to persons with an incurable cough.

The Children's Corner

WHAT SHALL THE HARVEST BE?

SOME small boys were playing behind the big barn on Mr. Thompson's farm, and sad to tell, they were using bad language; also two or three were trying to smoke cigarettes. Now, it so chanced that Mr. Thompson himself was in the barn at that time, busy over the repairs needed by some of the farm implements, and, shocked by hearing such words, accompanied by the smell of tobacco smoke, he looked out cautiously to see what boys were so misconducting themselves. Imagine his grief at seeing his own son Willie, with a cigarette between his teeth! And, alas! just as his father's eye fell on him the filthy roll of paper and stale tobacco was removed from the boy's lips, while he used some of those very words which had so shocked Mr. Thompson.

Grieved beyond measure, the loving father resolved upon teaching his son a lesson which he should never forget. Early upon the following morning he called Willie downstairs to prepare for a day's work in the field.

"We will plant the corn lot today, my son. Come with me and I will show you what seed to use."

To the boy's surprise, Mr. Thompson led the way to a field overgrown with burdocks and thistles and began filling his sack with the seeds there accumulated. When the bag was full, he gave it to his son, and proceeded to fill another for himself; this done, they took up their hoes and passed on to the corn field. When the rows were ready for the seed, Willie said:

"Shall I run back to the house, father, and get some corn to plant?"

"Certainly not, my son; we have plenty of seed here in these sacks."

And forthwith he proceeded to drop the vile seeds in the ground he had so carefully separated. Seeing Willie struck dumb with amazement, he asked:

"Why are you not planting? You have an abundance of seed."

"But, father, you surely don't think corn will come up if you plant thistles and burdock?"

"No, I don't think so, but you seem to be of a different opinion, and I thought I would try your way just for once, to see how it would work."

More astonished and mystified than ever, Willie said:

"But, father, I never helped you to plant before! I don't see how I could have a 'different opinion' or 'why.'"

"My son, I was in the barn yesterday when you and your friends were playing behind it, and I saw you planting the seeds of bad habits—seeds which cannot fail of yielding a large crop one of these fine days."

Willie hid his face behind his hands while his father talked kindly and earnestly concerning the harvest he must expect to reap by-and-by.

"Could I suppose you intended seriously to sow seeds of a bad character? No; I must infer that you expect to gather in a harvest of good things sown from the seeds of evil you were sowing, hence I am following your example. Now, my boy, let this thought sink deeply into your heart today; when you may reasonably hope to reap a crop of corn or wheat from seed such as this, then, not till then—may you expect to reap the harvest of a good character, an honored name, from the seed you were sowing yesterday—bad language and the use of vile tobacco. If you wish to be a good man you must be a good boy, for, 'Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap.'"

"Indeed, I won't sow any more rubbish seed, father; but the other boys were all talking slang, and some were smoking."

"Well, my son, whenever you start out to plant any kind of habit seed, just stop and ask yourself, 'what shall the harvest be? Wheat for the Master's garner, or tales for Satan?' You will be safe then. Now let us go back for some corn."—*Exchange*.



THE QUIET HOUR



HUNGERING AND THIRSTING.

D. D. THOMAS.

Dank mist envelops in the way
 When we had wished a sunny path,
 Is making dark the light of day
 Betears as on the aftermath;—
 The golden coronet we love
 Is held beyond our reach above.
 The earthly beautiful may fan
 The shaded dewdrops from the bough,
 And cheer the feathered warbling clan;
 Their song would barely soothe us now
 The golden coronet we love
 Oh, yes, 'tis held so far above.

The precious incense rises high
 Above the secret chamber fire.
 The soothing seraphs seem so nigh
 That pleading mortals never tire.
 The golden coronet we love
 Is held, is held so far above.

We leaf the pages of the Book
 From which the lights of heaven gleam.
 How many gems we overlook
 The pang of weakness may redeem.
 The golden coronet we love,
 The angel holds so far above.

The darkness is of timid sense,
 It leaves the pathway as we rise,
 Betears with dewdrops of penitence,
 A path of glory to the skies.
 The golden coronet above
 Is held aloft that we might love.

Lafayette, Ohio.



"GOOD WORKS."

EDGAR R. HARRIS.

MEN tell what they are by what they do. If we see fruit growing upon a tree, we know what tree it is upon which such fruit grows. And so if we see what man does, we know what he is or believes. If his belief or faith be good, his works cannot but be good too; and if his works be bad, his faith cannot but be bad. If you light a lamp the outside of the globe will get as hot as the inside. So, when the Gospel gets into a man's heart, the life will soon show that it's there.

We can easily see, therefore, that a true or living faith does not live alone. It takes to it good works, and they twain are one; and from them spring all the acts of devotion to God which Christians set forth in their lives. A living, saving faith is always accom-

panied by good works, and good works, such as are acceptable to God, are accompanied by a living faith. We see, therefore, that the quality of the works we do depends upon the motive that prompts us to do them. The motive gives character to the works. The moral quality of works resides in the motive which prompts one to do the works, and not in the external act. Faith or motive is seen by God only, and it is made known to man by visible acts or works. We are justified before God when he sees our faith and the motive that prompts us; we are justified before men when they see our works.

What are good works? It is much to the honor of God when his children are not only good, but do good, and "abound" in good works. Good works, then, are the result of being and doing good.

Can a boy or a girl do good works? Did Jesus do good works when a boy? Yes. While at the age of twelve his parents took him up to Jerusalem "after the custom of the feast. And when they had fulfilled the days, as they returned, the child Jesus tarried behind in Jerusalem; and Joseph and his mother knew not of it. And it came to pass, that after three days they found him in the temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, both hearing them, and asking them questions. And his mother said unto him, Son, why hast thou thus dealt with us? behold, thy father and I have sought thee sorrowing. And he said unto them, How is it that ye sought me? Wist ye not that I must be about my Father's business?"

Oh, that there were more boys and girls that would be about their Father's business. How pleasing to God it is to see children while young working for him. Jesus went about doing good. His words and works signified one and the same thing.

To become "rich in good works," means more than to do one good act and then keep talking about it. "Do good unto all men."

A saving faith works by love. It is this that makes work gladsome service. If a man believes in Christ to the saving of his soul, he receives the love of God shed abroad in his heart. Now, he voluntarily finds cheerful expression for his love in the form of good works. He proves that his heart has been renewed by his good works and brotherly care of those about him. No wonder we are exhorted to "put on" and "abound in" good works, until it may be said we are "rich in

good works, ready to distribute, willing to communicate," and so become "a pattern of good works."

It is in this way that each Christian worker may be "a doer" of God's work, an "example of the believers," a blessing to the unsaved, and bring praise and glory to the name of God.

Norwich, Kansas.



BUT ONE THING NEEDFUL.

"You must have looked about you enough to have discovered what is the particular curse of this day—it is affairs. We—Americans especially—are slaves to the liquor activity as truly as a drunkard is a slave to wine. We must be *doing* and *driving* our tired *bodies* from *breakfast* to *business*, and from *business* to a *meeting* or two, and late home again to bed. With a perfect mania for organization we meet each new demand, not with an attempt to adapt the machinery which we already have to our purpose, but with a new machine. Even our religion is systematized and organized until the juice is almost squeezed out of it, and the church worker, who ought to be a distributing agent of sunshine and cheer, is too often warped and twisted into an irritable holder of presidencies and secretaryships and superintendencies. Loving hearts are thrown underneath the boilers of the creaking, groaning organization, and lives which yearn to serve are worn out in the fruitless effort to make the wheels go round.

"You must have felt this condition, even if you haven't analyzed it, and you would have known the remedy had you studied your Bible as faithfully in these last years as you did in the days before you became such a successful man. Jesus Christ, who came to earth to take the biggest job, whose work, when he laid it down, was taken up by some millions of men who, altogether, are falling far short of doing it as well as he did—he had an excuse for being overburdened, if ever man had. He was a million man-power Man. Yet he was never overworked. There was never a moment in his life so full, never a duty so important that he could not turn aside to bless a little child, or speak comfortingly to a sorrowing one. In those last days which were packed so full of apprehension and sorrow for him, there was still time to heal the sick and lighten the burdens of the poor. Jesus Christ, who carried the world upon his shoulders and mankind upon his heart, was never in a hurry; never petulant, never too busy or too tired.

"If he had patented the secret of his success and charged his disciples never to divulge it to the world, we should consider that knowledge the most precious in the world, and should make long pilgrimages to Jerusalem in the hope of finding some scrap which should tell us how Christ managed to live such a life. But he has written the whole formula out for us and given it free of charge, and having it for nothing like

the sunlight and the air, we consider it of little importance. He lived out the advice that he gave to Mary to whom he said, 'But one thing is needful.' He meant it; why don't you prove to yourself that he did? But one thing is needful. With the first great choice made, the others arrange themselves for us, in a most charmingly easy and natural way. The feeling of rush and hurry is lost; it seems as though God put into each day just the things that could be comfortably accomplished for him; and wound up each one with hours of self-refreshing sleep. The narrow path does not admit of many turnings aside into the things which are non-essential. There are plenty of people to be picked up along it, plenty who have stubbed toes and broken hearts. But some way one has time for all these things when he has chosen the one thing that is needful."—*Home Herald*.



ATTEND RELIGIOUS SERVICES.

THERE is nothing that can take the place of a religious meeting as a means of refreshing both body and soul. Some people who work hard during the week imagine that they are too tired to attend church on Sunday. It is a woeful mistake. In that case "that tired feeling" becomes worse and worse and the soul is robbed of a spiritual feast.

John testified that he "was in the Spirit on the Lord's day," and a most glorious vision he had. So may we, if we are in the Spirit each Lord's day, have a season of refreshing each week which will help us materially and spiritually the rest of the week.

Did you ever notice that the singing at the close of an inspiring service is better than at the beginning? You cannot waken up the soul without also awakening the body. When the soul is in an ecstasy of delight the body is fast getting rid of its weariness. So it is that laziness on Sunday develops a feeling of moral and mental meanness, while an exercise of the soul in the delights of a Christian service means a reinvigorating of body, mind and spirit.

Do not miss the Sunday service. If you pity your horses, do not work them so hard during the week. If your body is too weary, be more moderate in your work. If you want a tonic which leaves no depressing after effect, you will find it in a real, heartfelt, spirit-uplifting service of praise and prayer and worship.—*Gospel Herald*.



You may take the Lord's promise for victory in the end; that shall not fail; but do not promise yourself ease in the way, for that will not hold.—*Robert Leighton*.



TRUE repentance consists in the heart being broken for sin, and broken from sin.—Thornton.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The chief engineer of the British Post Office Department, Major Walter O'Meara, is visiting this country for the purpose of studying our telephone systems. The British government is to take charge of the entire telephone system of Great Britain in 1911. It will be operated as is the telegraph system, by the Post Office Department.

Final figures show that the total loss of life in the Messina earthquake of last year was about 76,000, making this one of the greatest disasters in the history of the world. Since the earthquake 12,000 persons have migrated to America from Sicily and 10,000 more from Calabria, the districts where the losses were heaviest.

According to the latest statistics, the total peat bogs of Sweden would be capable of producing 10,000 millions of tons of air-dried peat, suitable for fuel. This quantity, as compared with the present import of coal, would be sufficient for a period of 1,500 years. More exact examinations of the geological character of the peat bogs will soon be started by the Swedish Geological Society.

As a result of the high prices which are being demanded for American cotton, some of the Southern mills are for the first time in their history purchasing cotton grown in India. The India cotton is of shorter staple than the upland domestic cotton, but it is as white and smooth. It is predicted by the mill men that large orders will be placed.

Petitions are being gotten up asking the postoffice department to operate daily mail trains between St. Louis and Peoria over the Illinois Traction Company system. The company has formulated a tentative schedule and asked the government for a mail contract. If the plan is approved the service will be inaugurated next February or March.

By making a flight of 232 kilometers (144 miles) in 4 hours, 6 minutes and 25 seconds, at Mourmelon, France, Henry Farman, the English aviator, broke all aeroplane records for duration of flight and distance, and won the Michelin cup. The previous best record was made by Farman at Rheims last August when he won the Grand Prix de La Champagne, traveling 180 kilometers (111.78 miles) in 3 hours, 4 minutes and 56 2-5 seconds.

In his annual report, M. O. Chance, auditor of the postoffice department points out that during the last 20 years foreigners, by means of postoffice orders, have sent back to their homes \$431,956,632. More than half this enormous sum went back during the past four years. Eighty per cent of the money went to Austria, Great Britain, Hungary, Italy, Norway and Russia. Auditor Chance argues that if the United States had postal savings banks many of these millions would remain in this country.

Witnesses who have testified before the State railroad and warehouse commission in the investigation into express rates in Illinois have shown that rates charged in this State are from 20 to 30 per cent higher than those charged in any other State.

The Illinois Legislature, at its next session, will be petitioned to pass a law requiring all male applicants for marriage licenses to pass a physical examination. The petition will come from the Southern Illinois Medical Society, which ordered it drafted at their annual meeting at East St. Louis.

Robert Burns' "Poems Chiefly in the Scottish Dialect," a rare octavo, printed by John Wilson at Kilmarnock in 1786, was purchased recently at the auction sale of the private library of the late James Brown, a publisher, by George Clark of Kilmarnock, Scotland. The price paid was \$1,025. Mr. Clark, who lives in Burns' old neighborhood, will take the book to Scotland with him.

Following the resignation of James F. Smith of California as Governor General of the Philippines, the appointment is announced of W. Cameron Forbes of Massachusetts, at present the acting Governor General, as Mr. Smith's successor. The appointment takes effect November 11. Smith resigned to resume his law practice. The new governor is a grandson of Ralph Waldo Emerson.

The contract has just been let for the huge dam across the Conchos River in Mexico. This dam will form a reservoir of 1,840,000,000 cubic meters capacity. The hydro-electric plant which will obtain power from this source has a capacity of 25,000 horsepower, which will be used at a number of large mines within two hundred miles of the generating station.

In a paper read before the National Conference of Pellagra at Columbia, S. C., prepared by Dr. F. M. Sandwith of London, England, and read by Dr. J. M. Babcock, superintendent of the South Carolina hospital for the insane, the assertion is made that pellagra and hookworm travel hand-in-hand. It is argued that the scientists must fight both at the same time.

The Turkish ministry will urge upon the Ottoman Parliament soon after it reconvenes, Nov. 15, the adoption of a naval programme, providing for the expenditure within the next seven years of \$100,000,000. According to this programme, it is learned that seven battleships of the North Dakota type would be constructed, together with a number of torpedo destroyers and one hospital ship. Contributions to a public fund for the construction of a battleship are said to be pouring in by the thousands.

Nearly a year ago the Texas Legislature appropriated \$40,000 for the establishment of a leper colony. The Governor was authorized to appoint a commission to select the site. This he has failed to do, and complaints are numerous. In order to force action leading physicians have arranged to send a delegation of lepers to Austin to plead with Governor Thomas M. Campbell. There are 400 or more lepers in Texas. They can not get employment nor are they admitted to hospitals.

Beginning with the coming new year, the French people will have aluminum coins for their small change, in place of the present copper and nickel ones. Copper and nickel are rising in value while aluminum is falling, and aluminum goes a great deal farther, as it is so light. The new coins are of five, 10 and 25 centimes, or, as they are more commonly called one, two and five sous, in denomination. A sou is the same value as an American cent. This is the first time aluminum has been adopted by any nation for coinage, on any large scale.

The inauguration of railway travel through the tubes of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company between New Jersey and Long Island took place recently without any demonstration and under very prosaic conditions. The first trip was made by a train of dump cars hauled by an ordinary switch engine, which passed from Jersey City beneath the North River, Manhattan Island and the East River to Long Island City. The formal opening of this great work will probably take place within the next few months.

Dr. James B. Angell, president emeritus of the University of Michigan, was recently notified that he has been decorated by the Emperor of Japan with the first class of the Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasure. The notification of the honor came to Dr. Angell in the form of a letter from K. Matsim, charge d'affaires of the Japanese embassy at Washington. The letter read in part as follows: "I have the honor to inform you that his majesty, the Emperor of Japan, has been pleased to confer on you the first class of the Imperial Order of the Sacred Treasure in token of his high esteem for you as one of the foremost educators of the age."

The town of Grand Falls has lately been created in the wilderness of the interior of Newfoundland. Lord Northcliffe, the great London publisher, has invested \$6,000,000 in forest lands and paper mills and is building a town at this point. A 25,000-horsepower electric plant, run by water, has been developed, and the paper will be shipped direct to England from the port of Botswood. Lord Northcliffe thought he was paying more than he should for the paper used on his sixty or more periodicals and so, in his characteristic way, he came across and set up a mill of his own, where the wood from which the paper is made was cheap.

No nomination of a justice to succeed the late Justice Peckham is likely to be made until December. With the exception of Justice Harlan, who was appointed by President Hayes, November 29, 1877, all the justices have been appointed during the sessions of Congress. It is an unwritten law that this custom be followed as the President is expected to confer with members of the Court before making the appointment. The objection to the seating of a justice during a recess of Congress is that the failure of the Senate to confirm his nomination would seriously impair the weight of any decisions on important cases in which he may have participated.

Although the trick ballots made it possible to throw out thousands of negative votes, the proposed constitutional amendment under which it was planned to disfranchise 50,000 negro voters in Maryland, has been defeated by a majority of about 15,000. Four years ago a similar but more drastic amendment was defeated by a majority of 34,058. The trick ballots, it is claimed, practically nullified the negro opposition to the amendment, so that the vote against the amendment represents white opposition.

By a unanimous vote the board of managers of the National Geographic Society has approved the report of the special committee appointed to examine the records of Commander Robt. E. Peary. The report was to the effect that Peary reached the north pole on April 6 of this year, as he claims. The board also decided to appoint a committee "to examine the records of other explorers." Although Dr. Cook was not named in the resolution it was directed at him. Gold medals were awarded by the board to Commander Peary and Capt. Bartlett, skipper of the *Roosevelt*.

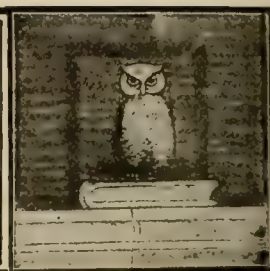
John D. Rockefeller somewhat electrified things when some time ago he announced that he had given a million dollars to be used in fighting the hook-worm disease, a form of anemia which is caused by a parasite especially prevalent in some of the Southern States, and which was but recently discovered by Dr. Charles Wardell Stiles of the United States public health and marine hospital service. The presence of the parasite in the human system renders the individual much more susceptible to other diseases such as consumption, fevers, etc. Mr. Rockefeller has appointed a board composed of prominent men, and they have chosen to call their body the Rockefeller Commission for the Eradication of the Hook-worm Disease.

William J. Gaynor, Democrat, has been elected mayor of Greater New York by a plurality of 77,000 over Otto T. Bannard, the Republican-Fusion candidate. William R. Hearst, independent, ran third in the mayoralty race, his vote falling about 30,000 below that of Bannard. Tammany's New York County ticket, including district attorney and sheriff, was swept to defeat. The Fusionists also have elected their city ticket—the comptroller and president of the board of aldermen, and all borough presidents. Gaynor's victory is a hollow one so far as Tammany is concerned, for with the loss of the control of the all-important board of estimate, made up of the mayor, comptroller, president of the board of aldermen and borough presidents, its actual defeat is overwhelming.

The S. H. Wakeman collection of the manuscripts of Poe, Hawthorne, Thoreau, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Emerson, and Holmes, brought together with great care and expense during the past ten years has been sold to J. Pierpont Morgan. This addition to the millionaire's already fine collection makes his superior even to the W. H. Bixby and other collections. The price paid for the manuscripts is said to be not less than \$50,000 and may be much more than that. The additions which he has now made to his collection of Poe manuscripts makes Mr. Morgan's the finest in existence, and the Thoreau writings are especially noteworthy. They include the "Journal" which comprises 14 out of 20 volumes of Thoreau's published works, and in the original manuscript it covers 39 closely written books, still in the wooden chest made by Thoreau's own hands and in which they were left at the time of his death.



Among the Magazines



MR. TAFT'S WARNING.

It is now quite safe to assume that President Taft will not commit himself on the proposition to dig a 14-foot waterway through the Mississippi valley until after his return to Washington.

It is further evident that the President will not at this time commit himself on any other proposition that is now engaging the attention of the people, unless that proposition is one to which, or against which, he has already been pledged by the Republican party platform.

In the West, while the executive expressed himself favorably to resource conservation and to irrigation, he was silent regarding particular enterprises, or, if not actually silent, he at least avoided making definite pledges.

In the Mississippi valley the President, while loudly proclaiming his friendly attitude toward waterway improvement in the abstract, has very carefully avoided telling the people whether or not he approves of the plan to build a 14-foot channel through the Mississippi valley or to deepen the channels of the Ohio and Missouri Rivers.

At Memphis Mr. Taft even sprinkled a little cold water in the faces of the Lakes-to-the-Gulf waterway enthusiasts. He declared "most emphatically" that Memphis had not grown by reason of its river facilities, but by reason of its railroad facilities. "If you have the river and it is not used," he said, "then there is no use in pouring millions into it to improve it. You men of Memphis . . . are now shipping your cotton and your goods by railroads even when you have the river at your door, and you are not going to ship your cotton and goods by river even when you have a deep waterway from the lakes to the gulf unless you know that it will be of profit for you to do so. I use these words as words of warning to you."

It is evident that the President regards his present trip as one for investigation and study of conditions in the several sections of the country. He does not intend to permit local enthusiasm to sway his judgment. He wants the cold, hard facts. "This proposition of a 14-foot channel," he declares, "requires much serious thought and study. The entire river must be studied by experts." There is little reason for believing from what the President has thus far said that a Lakes-to-the-Gulf deep waterway bill will be passed by the present Congress at the regular session which begins in December.

Senator Theodore E. Burton, chairman of the waterways commission which has been making a tour of Europe, did not give an interview when he passed through Washington, but a statement was published purporting to reflect his views. These views were so like those which Burton is known to hold that it may be taken for granted that whatever talk he had was along the lines published. It is not very encouraging for those who are anxious for a 14-foot waterway from the lakes to the gulf.

It was stated in this story that the commission would have to make a preliminary report by the first of January, but that it would be a year at least before a comprehensive report could be made or an examination of the waterways of the United States concluded which would enable the commission to make such a report as would give Congress proper information upon which it could make future appropriations. Coupled with this was an intimation that there would be no river and harbor bill at the coming session of Congress which would throw it over to the short session and endanger its passage. Without a river and harbor bill in the coming session of Congress anything in the way of substantial improvement of the Mississippi River will be thrown back at least two years. Of course, Burton is not the whole thing on the commission, and the others may be able to overrule him.

Another intimation that was decidedly against the 14-foot waterway was the statement that Burton believed the people of the Mississippi valley should be satisfied with a nine-foot channel, and they might have to wait for that. The nine-foot channel in the Ohio River was commended.

Taking all these things into consideration, it is possible the Mississippi River is not going to profit very much at the hands of the waterways commission which has been making a tour of investigation in Europe.—Woman's National Daily.

FIRST DECISION IN PANAMA LIBEL SUITS.

The first judicial decision in the famous Panama libel suits brought by the Government at Theodore Roosevelt's instigation against the New York World and the Indianapolis News is almost universally approved as another guaranty of the freedom of the press. In refusing to sign the order for the removal of Delavan Smith and Charles R. Williams of the Indianapolis News to the District of Columbia, Federal Judge A. B. Anderson took the position that publishers charged with criminal libel must be tried in the jurisdiction in which the libel was most obviously committed—that is, at the place of publication. Judge Anderson did not prepare a written decision in this important case, but said in part:

"This indictment charges these defendants with commission of a crime in the District of Columbia. Now, the Constitution of the United States, in one of the amendments, provides that the accused shall be tried in the State or district where the offense is committed.

"The Indianapolis News is owned by these defendants, conducted and published by them, printed by them in the city of Indianapolis, State of Indiana. At the time covered by this indictment it had a daily circulation of about 90,000 copies. All but about 2,000 were circulated and disposed of in the State of Indiana; some four or five hundred more in one or two of the adjoining States, and to the District of Columbia there were sent by mail about fifty copies to subscribers, persons who ordered them sent. The defendants have no agent or bureau or office, and

maintain no agent or bureau or office in the city of Washington, in the District of Columbia, for the circulation of papers within that district.

"So the question, do the defendants when they prepare and publish fifty copies in the city of Indianapolis and deposit them in the United States mail in this building to be transmitted by mail to fifty subscribers in Washington—do they publish those fifty copies in Washington? If they do, if they did, the court has jurisdiction of the offense. I will not go so far as to say that it has of the defendants. But if they did not, then the court has neither jurisdiction of the offense, nor the defendants.

"To my mind there is but one conclusion to be drawn. Everything that the evidence shows that the defendants do or did, they do and did in the State of Indiana, city of Indianapolis. . . .

"Where people print a newspaper here and deposit it in the postoffice here for circulation throughout the counties and districts, there is but one publication, and that one is here. If that is true, then there is no publication, according to the evidence, in Washington."

Then he added by way of final comment:

"To my mind that man has read the history of our institutions to very little purpose who does not put very little valuation on the possible success of evidence such as this. If the history of liberty means anything, if the Constitution means anything, then the prosecuting authority should not have the power to select the tribunal if there be more than one to select from, at the capital of the nation, nor should the Government have the power to drag citizens from distant States there for trial."

If this decision had been in support of the Government's contention, says the Brooklyn Eagle (Dem.), the result would have been to put every newspaper in the country at the mercy of the Attorney-General, an agent of a party administration. Admit that the libel is committed wherever any copy of a publication is sold, and we have the possibility of hundreds of simultaneous prosecutions, all before Federal courts, and all based on a single publication. As Judge Anderson did not pass upon the question of guilt—although he touched upon this informally in his speech—but merely on the question of jurisdiction, it is still possible for the Government to prosecute *The World* in New York City and *The News* in Indianapolis. *The New York Sun*, however, thinks that the present Administration would welcome any dignified excuse for throwing these cases overboard.

It will be remembered that the purpose of the suits was to punish the papers named for publishing sensational charges of graft in connection with the Government's purchase of the Panama Canal, these charges involving among others William Nelson Cromwell and Douglas Robinson, Mr. Roosevelt's brother-in-law. Says the Boston Advertiser (Rep.):

"The decision of Judge Anderson, of the United States District Court at Indianapolis, is right, and wrong. It is right in condemning the plan to drag a man from Indianapolis to Washington to answer for an alleged offense committed at Indianapolis. But he is wrong in trying to argue that to call a man a thief, swindler, or liar is permissible, because the charge was made because of political, rather than social or personal animus. . . .

"We doubt whether the average man will assent to this view. The chorus of calumny, that ended in the death of President McKinley, for example, was more dangerous and more despicable than the most scurrilous letter about some private individual. The abuse of public men in this country has become a disgrace and abominable outrage.

The fact that lies about a public man are circulated by political workers should not excuse the offenders.

"On the other hand, Judge Anderson is wholly right in maintaining that it would be unwise to establish a precedent that a man can be arrested in the place where his offense has been committed, or where it is alleged that the offense was committed, and then taken to Washington to stand trial—unless under the order of the court for a change of venue, on proof that a fair trial is impossible at the place of arrest."

In regard to the actual decision involved, however, the press, regardless of party lines, voice a chorus of approval.—Literary Digest.



THE SO-CALLED "SPANISH SWINDLE."

The Department of State, at Washington, has received a report from the American Consul-General at Barcelona, Spain, in regard to the band of swindlers operating in various towns and cities in Spain, who make a practice of writing to persons in the United States respecting the imprisonment of a relative and the guardianship of a child.

The Consul-General states that the alleged prisoner generally describes himself as a political prisoner of Cuba; he is at the point of death and has but one friend—the prison priest—through whose good office he is enabled to smuggle an occasional letter out of the prison fort.

The prisoner is rich. He has a fortune in cash on deposit in the United States, but the certificate of deposit is concealed in a secret receptacle of his valise; the valise itself has been taken possession of by the court at Carthagena, which tried and condemned him, and will be held until the prisoner or his representative has satisfied the cost of the trial. The prisoner has an only daughter; dying in his prison, his sole thought is of this beloved offspring. He has no friend or relative in Spain to whose care he can commit her. In this emergency his thoughts turn to the distant relative in the United States whom he has never seen and of whom he knows only through hearsay or the family tree. Will the distant relative assume the guardianship of the darling daughter, and the darling daughter's fortune of about \$30,000? If the distant relative accepts the trust one-fourth of the prisoner's entire fortune will be the material reward. The good priest will go at once to the United States and take the darling daughter with him. There is but one condition; the ready money which the prisoner brought with him to Spain has been exhausted; the distant relative is therefore requested to send enough to liberate the valise containing the secret receptacle and the certificate of deposit. The money is to be sent to the good priest at an address indicated, and, having received it, the good priest will at once secure the valise and start for America, the "land of the free and the home of the brave," with the darling daughter.

The above is generally the first letter of the series. It is quickly followed by another in which the prisoner pathetically states that his strength is rapidly failing and the end is near. He beseeches his dear distant relative to assume the trust and be a loving father to the darling daughter. The third letter is from the good priest himself, who in brief, touching terms, and hopelessly bad English, announces the death of the unhappy prisoner; the good priest adds that the darling daughter is under his care. He is ready to put his promise into execution and start for the United States as soon as he shall have received the necessary funds from the distant relative.

The good priest frequently incloses with his letter a bogus newspaper clipping announcing the death in prison at Barcelona of the famous Cuban patriot (sometimes called Augustin Lafiente); the newspaper notice also speaks cunningly of the confiscated valise and the darling daughter.

It is a simple scheme, but presented in such a plausible way that almost any unsuspecting "distant relative" of European extraction would be more or less deceived by the glad prospect of falling heir to the agreeable custody of a darling daughter with a big fortune, and a one-fourth interest therein as an additional recompense.

Naturally the first impulse of the distant relative is to ask a lawyer or a judge or some authority what course he ought to pursue in the premises, but as he thinks of doing this his attention is taken by the warning in the prisoner's letter beseeching him not to mention the matter to any living soul lest the secret of the valise and the hidden receptacle be indiscreetly betrayed.

The valise, after all, with its concealed certificate of deposit, is the key to the situation and possession must be taken of it before anything can be done or said. This (so cunningly set forth by the prisoner) is very evident to the distant relative, and so he quite frequently preserves the secret intact, and instead of consulting a lawyer or writing to the American Consul-General at Barcelona he quietly sends a draft for the sum demanded to the good priest and awaits results. Of course he waits in vain, and the poor, dead prisoner and the good priest and the darling daughter in the course of time pass out of his life forever, leaving him only an uncomfortable memory of the money he so cheerfully contributed to the confidence game.

For nearly twenty years these same knaves have been practicing their swindle, and it is needless to suggest that they are very carefully organized; they have confederates not only in the United States but in most other countries. The confederates in question select a man and find out all they can about him; they get hold of family names, family origin, and family characteristics. This information is transmitted to the rascals in Spain, and letters are at once written to the prospective victim. The scheme is presented and developed in a very plausible way and many of our fellow-countrymen have "bitten" promptly and cheerfully.

Under the Spanish laws a felony must be consummated before the police may act, and a mere attempt to obtain money by false pretenses does not appear to warrant arrest. The money must be actually paid over and the prosecuting witness must be present in propria persona to testify; otherwise prosecution would be useless.

Recently the letters written to the distant relative have varied somewhat from the original; the political prisoner having become a noted Russian banker who absconded, leaving a deficit of some millions of roubles, killed in a quarrel in England another Russian, and finally took refuge in Spain, where he was apprehended and charged with manslaughter.

This change of character, however, is immaterial, and in the future more new characters will probably be introduced by the gang. The scheme is the same, and the public is warned to place no credence in such or similar letters.

Every effort has been made by the Department of State and its representatives in Spain to unmask these scoundrels and bring them to justice, and the Spanish authorities have also been active and several members of the gang have been apprehended and held for trial, but so far no convictions have resulted, owing probably to the

peculiarity of the Spanish law referred to in the report of the Consul-General at Barcelona.

Department of State,

Washington, D. C., October, 1909.



A FORTUNE IN POPCORN.

People who are thrown on their own resources or who want to help out an income that is meager, often ask what work they can take up which they can do at odd times and which will net them a little extra cash. There are hundreds of little enterprises that can be undertaken to advantage in such cases. It is best not to let your ambitions soar too high but to choose some sort of occupation which meets an existing and common demand, and then start on a small scale, until you learn the ins and outs.

In many towns and cities widows and others have made a good living preparing and selling popcorn. This is an industry that has been discovered within the last few years, but now there is scarcely a place which hasn't one or more popcorn makers. There is no food which is more wholesome or more digestible than popcorn, and many people would rather have it than the finest confectionery. When carefully popped and bagged it finds a ready market almost everywhere. The public prefer it with a little melted butter mixed through it, and salted; sometimes sugar is called for instead of salt.

You may scoff at the idea of making money off popcorn, but there's a fortune in it, as there is in many another neglected and despised trade. At a number of the World's Fairs the men who have held the popcorn concession have become rich in a few months. A still more striking case is that of the Humphrey family in Cleveland. They were left 12 years ago badly in debt, and there seemed to be nothing in the city which would give them a living. However, instead of bewailing their fate, denouncing conditions, joining the army of the unemployed, or waiting for some one to help them, they set to work at the likeliest thing they could think of, which was to pop corn on the kitchen stove and peddle it about the streets.

They were honest people, they gave good measure and used good materials; the public found out that their popcorn tasted "more-ish" and steadily their circle of customers grew until the demands were too great for their modest home plant to supply. Then they devised machinery for doing part of the work and went into the business on a larger scale, adding taffy and a few other simple articles to their line.

After a while they got the popcorn concession at Euclid Beach Park, a local pleasure resort. But the place ran down owing to its reputation as a resort for boozers, and it deservedly failed. The Humphreys had saved up a little money and were able to take the management of the park over. They changed things entirely, cut out the questionable attractions and made the place a resort for decent people. The result was that in the first season they made \$10,000 off their popcorn alone. There are eight of the Humphreys in the company now, and though their concern is capitalized at only \$5,000, they do a business of \$350,000, it is said.

It would be misleading to assert that their success could be repeated anywhere and everywhere, but the fact remains that there are similar opportunities all around us, only waiting for us to see them and develop them. It is not necessary to do big things, and especially not necessary or wise to begin big; the enterprise which is started on a small scale and grows steadily with the demand is the one that pays best in the end.—The Pathfinder.

Syracuse, Ind., June 1, 1909.

Mr. James Glass, Big Timber, Montana.

Dear Sir: I arrived home day before yesterday, after a most pleasant and instructive visit to your Montana proposition.

I have been on the lands and investigated the irrigation system of Glass Brothers Land Company, and am convinced that the essentials of a very prosperous community are there, namely, plenty of water, rich soil and much sunshine; and I would say that the fine appearance and phenomenal yields of domestic fruit orchards in the vicinity of your lands, which have no spraying or other care given them, lead me to believe that commercial orchards of great value may be grown on your lands; and I would not hesitate to plant quite liberal of the hardier apples, cherries, plums and pears; and smaller fruits in the berry line.

Because of these conditions I hope and expect to be one of the number to possess these goodly lands.

(Signed) EDWARD DEETER.

Mr. Deeter is a noted horticulturist of northern Indiana and is a son of Elder Deeter of the Church of the Brethren.

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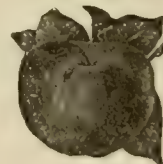
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If my plans as now fixed are realized, myself, wife and babies will be sitting in the sunshine of perpetual summer ere these lines appear in print. We expect to be busy, but never so much so but that, with plenty of help available, we can do more. One brother who has bought land in Mexico wants a number of acres cleared at once and sown to alfalfa. Some will want their land planted to corn, some cotton, some garbanzas, some sugar cane, some bananas, some oranges or other fruit, and my part of it will be to employ native help and oversee this work of improvement and cultivation. In fact one of the conditions that makes farming operations so very profitable in Mexico is the cheap labor there. Good hands can be had at 45 cents per day, they boarding themselves. This being the case, many will buy land in Mexico (are doing so, in fact) and have it farmed for the handsome income it brings, and others with a view of going to it after it has been brought into a good state of cultivation. By making a down payment of \$6.25 per acre for the land and investing a small sum in improvements investors realize a good income from their land in a very short time. The land can be bought in tracts of ten acres or more. For further information address:

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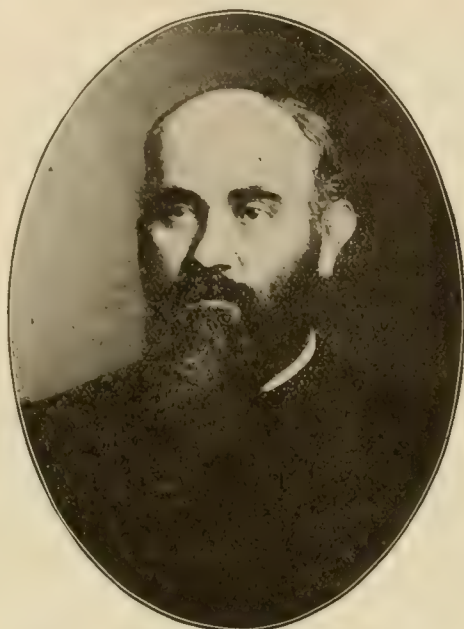
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57. Ye belong to Christ.
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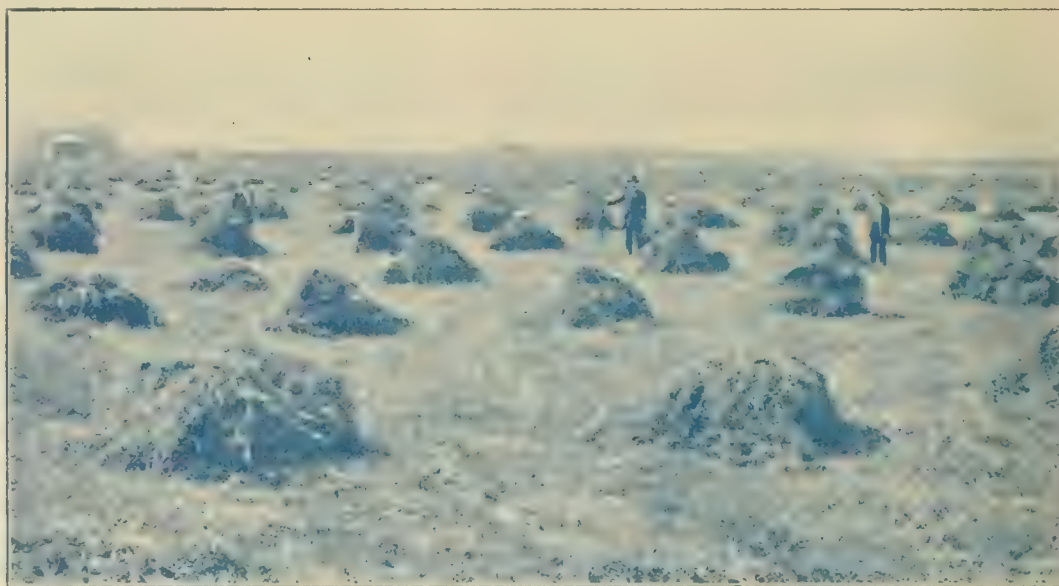
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This picture shows a 20 acre Alfalfa field, seeded March 1, 1909.

"The Alfalfa shown above was cut six times this season, as follows: May 20, yield 8 tons, July 1, 21 tons, August 15, 36 tons, Sept. 24, 35 tons and expect to cut it again Nov. 1, making five cuttings, with a total of about 130 tons, or six and a half tons per acre the first season.

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"In 1903 this county ranked 16th, in dairy products, now it stands first, because of our good irrigation system and the fine growth of alfalfa.

J. M. Bomberger, Modesto, Cal."

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C. A. Gilstrap, Ceres, Cal."

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"Church Extension by Colonization" is our motto. Write us for fuller information about the Colony lands, prices, etc. for homeseekers.

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November 23, 1909

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L. U. HULIN

Another year with blessings filled, has passed away;
With thankful hearts we sing God's praise this gladsome
day;

His liberal hand, throughout this glorious land,
From lakes to ocean strand hath freely given.

Another year has passed away, and all is bright;
No clouds our land are hovering o'er to mar the light;
Gayly our flag unfurled speaks peace to all the world,
And every land concurs with welcome voice.

Another year has passed away, and lo, the change!
Yet, in a world so great as ours, is it so strange?
Some voices sweet in song, we heard so oft and long,
Have joined that happy throng, the heavenly choir.

Another year before us lies, little we know,
What is in store for us as on we go;
But if we do our best and leave to God the rest,
Our work will stand the test, though tried by fire.

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ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

While the apple crop in Colfax County this year is extraordinary heavy, it is not as great as it has been for several years past, still it is a fair average, and the apple output from the various orchards in Colfax County will be enormous. The orchard of M. M. Chase, north of town, is the largest in Colfax County, and it is estimated that he will raise this year the sum of 18,000 boxes of the finest apples grown in the southwest. Each apple box contains about a bushel of apples and sells from \$1.00 to \$1.75. A carload of apples consists of six hundred boxes, and from this it will be seen that Mr. Chase will produce thirty carloads of apples.

Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

Sugar beets now being shipped from Springer are netting the growers 50c more per ton than in the Arkansas Valley, because of the very high percentage of sugar. They are testing 16.6% while the average test in the Arkansas Valley is only 12%. This showing will hasten the building of a factory in this community.

You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

Write us and learn when you can get cheap excursion rates to Springer, New Mexico, via A., T. & S. Fe Rwy. to see Miami Ranch.

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Springer, New Mexico.

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C. J. MILLER & CO., Smithville, Ohio.

NEFF'S CORNER

If my plans as now fixed are realized, myself, wife and babies will be sitting in the sunshine of perpetual summer ere these lines appear in print. We expect to be busy, but never so much so but that, with plenty of help available, we can do more. One brother who has bought land in Mexico wants a number of acres cleared at once and sown to alfalfa. Some will want their land planted to corn, some cotton, some garbanzas, some sugar cane, some bananas, some oranges or other fruit, and my part of it will be to employ, native help and oversee this work of improvement and cultivation. In fact one of the conditions that makes farming operations so very profitable in Mexico is the cheap labor there. Good hands can be had at 45 cents per day, they board themselves. This being the case, many will buy land in Mexico (are doing so, in fact) and have it farmed for the handsome income it brings, and others with a view of going to it after it has been brought into a good state of cultivation. By making a down payment of \$6.25 per acre for the land and investing a small sum in improvements investors realize a good income from their land in a very short time. The land can be bought in tracts of ten acres or more. For further information address:

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Apartado 65 Culiacan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

ON THE SWEET GRASS



J. F. Appleman and wife, Plymouth, Ind., and R. E. Arnold, Elgin, Ill.

Glass Brothers Land Company, Big Timber, Montana.

Big Timber, Mont., May 8, 1909.

Gentlemen: I have taken several days in looking over Sweet Grass County, Montana, and have looked over your irrigation project. I have been careful in my investigation, looking into the grain, stock and fruit raising, and must say that I am more than pleased with what I have found and wish to recommend same to my friends; and I also feel that anyone looking for a home should not wait until tomorrow, but go now as these lands will surely be sold in a short time on the liberal terms you are offering settlers. The lands and irrigation works are far better than you have told me.

Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing you success, I am,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. F. Appleman, Plymouth, Ind.

Formerly State Superintendent of the Mexico (Ind.) Old Folks' & Orphan Children's Home.

Glass Bros. Land Co., Big Timber, Mont.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 18, 1909.

Gentlemen: It was my pleasure to spend several days investigating your lands and irrigation project in Sweet Grass County, near Big Timber.

The longer I looked the better I was impressed with the possibilities of the country. Alfalfa fields were the finest I ever saw. Oats, wheat and other grains were in abundance. I am fully convinced that apples will grow to perfection there. Wherever orchards were seen the trees were full of perfect apples and not a wormy one could be found.

Your irrigation system is well constructed and my opinion is that it will supply more than ample water for your lands.

I was so well pleased with the conditions and possibilities of the country that I purchased 160 acres and propose to put a tenant on it and improve it, and also expect to put at least 19 acres in apples in the spring.

Persons desiring to better their conditions should investigate your lands. Your terms of sale are very liberal.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

R. E. Arnold.

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THE INGLENOOK

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MARK HOPKINS

D. C. REBER, PRESIDENT ELIZABETHTOWN COLLEGE

"THE first of living educators," as Prof. A. P. Peabody calls him, was born at Stockbridge, Mass., in 1802. At twelve, he attended Clinton Academy in Oneida Co., N. Y., while staying in the family of his uncle, Dr. Sewell Hopkins. Here he began to study Latin. Returning to Massachusetts, he worked on the farm and pursued his studies at home, receiving but little private instruction from Rev. Timothy Woodbridge at Pittsfield. Under the tuition of Rev. Woodbridge, Hopkins sought him as a constant companion.

At the age of seventeen, Hopkins undertook the study of law, being now ready to enter college; but becoming dissatisfied with his progress he taught a district school in Richmond, Mass., and continued his studies, so that he could enter the Sophomore class at Williams College. This he did in 1822, during the presidency of Dr. Griffin. Hopkins proved himself a brilliant student, preferring metaphysical studies. While at college, he delivered an oration entitled, "Modern Chemistry-Revelation Confirmed by its Discoveries." Hopkins graduated at the age of twenty-two and was the valedictorian of his class.

Next we find him studying medicine at Pittsfield. In the spring and summer of 1825, he taught in an academy at Stockbridge and in the same year became a tutor in Williams College. During the first year of his tutorship, a remarkable revival took place in the college. The president, Dr. Griffin, said: "That revival saved the College." It did settle its destiny. The college thereafter stood on a permanent and prosperous footing. The associate tutors, Harvey and Hopkins, took a prominent part and their influence was extensively felt. Upon receiving his master's degree, he delivered an oration entitled, "Mysteries," which was republished several times.

Hopkins went to New York to study medicine where he devoted part of his time to teaching; but in 1827, he returned to Pittsfield, Mass., to continue his professional studies. While at Pittsfield, he assisted

Prof. Dewey in the high school. In 1829 he received the degree M. D. from Pittsfield; and in the following spring (1830) he was elected professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric in Williams College, succeeding Prof. Wm. A. Porter. He had completed arrangements for a permanent residence in New York City, but this election changed the whole course of his life. Henceforth he devoted all his time to teaching,—a congenial pursuit. Dec. 25, 1832, he married Miss Mary Hubbell, of Williamstown.

Mark Hopkins achieved eminence along several lines. He was a very busy man all his life, of which more than half a century was devoted entirely to the cause of education in one form or another. His greatness rests upon a noble ancestral heritage, profound scholarship, upon being an inspiring and devoted teacher, an ideal college president for thirty-six years, an eminent Presbyterian theologian, a scholarly lecturer, and an author whose works have become useful textbooks.

If heredity contributes any elements to a man's greatness, Mark Hopkins had an endowment such as was well utilized by him and which he transmitted to posterity not diminished but honorably increased,—a rich legacy to succeeding generations.

His Genealogy.

The name Hopkins is of Puritan origin, and his American ancestors were men of sterling character, brilliant intellect, and several became very prominent. His great great great grandfather (therefore he belonged to the sixth generation of Hopkins in America), Stephen Hopkins, moved from Massachusetts with Davenport, and settled at Hartford, Conn., in 1636. John Hopkins, the eldest son of Stephen, settled at Waterbury, Conn. Timothy Hopkins, the fourth son of John of Waterbury had nine children. The oldest was Samuel Hopkins who was a graduate of Yale College in 1741, and who afterwards published a system of

divinity. He was called "The Divine." The youngest was Mark Hopkins, the grandfather of Mark Hopkins, the subject of this sketch. He graduated from Yale in 1758 and became eminent as a lawyer. He entered the Revolutionary War as Colonel, took sick at White Plains, N. Y., where he died two days before the battle at that place in 1776.

Archibald Hopkins, the eldest son of Col. Mark Hopkins, settled at Stockbridge, Mass. He married Mary Curtis, a woman of uncommon strength and excellence of character. Their eldest son was Mark who became the president of Williams College three years before the death of his father in 1839. His mother was present at the first commencement of Williams College in 1795, although the college was founded in 1792. The grandmother of Mark was a daughter of the well-known missionary Sargeant and a niece of Ephraim Williams, the founder of Williams College. Sargeant married the half-sister of Ephraim Williams.

Hopkins as a Teacher.

Some one defined a university as being "Mark Hopkins at one end of a bench and James A. Garfield at the other end." In my early boyhood, the life of Garfield became a model for me worthy of imitation and now to study the life of his honored teacher has given me new aspirations. Hence I have taken pains to enter into details. Dr. Hopkins' great work as a teacher was done at Williams College. As professor of moral philosophy and rhetoric for six years, he showed himself worthy of promotion, and competent to become the President of the College; and when he attained his three score and ten, he declined to perform the arduous duties of his office, as he had said he would upon reaching that age, but still served as a professor in the college for more than fourteen years, yielding his post of duty only to the summons of Death.

He served Williams College as tutor and professor, for fifty-nine years, of which fifty-seven were years of continuous service. In 1886, 1726 alumni were still living, of whom all except thirty-one were taught by him. Of the alumni deceased up to that time, he had taught five hundred and thirty-four making a total of two thousand two hundred and twenty-nine. Out of all the alumni of the college, there were only six hundred and thirty-one or one-fifth whom he did not teach.

Perhaps the pupil of Hopkins who became the most famous and most revered, was Pres. James A. Garfield. Garfield entered as a Junior in Williams College in 1854, and graduated in 1856 with high distinction. Garfield ever manifested great interest and love for his alma mater, and became an influential trustee. He visited the college annually and had his children educated there. Upon one of these annual visits, at a reception held at Dr. Hopkins' house, Garfield then a U. S. Senator, paid a beautiful tribute to President Hopkins. In the midst of the throng, he put his arms

around him and said, "I don't believe you know how much we love you."

On the evening before the inauguration of President Garfield, he attended a reunion and banquet of his classmates. And on the very day of the inauguration, after he had taken the oath of office and had delivered that splendid inaugural address, he returned to the White House, and gave a reception to the alumni of Williams College. Dr. Hopkins was present at this occasion, and in behalf of his fellow alumni, he paid a high compliment to President Garfield.

Within less than two years after that, after Garfield had been assassinated and had died, at the first meeting of the trustees since his death, a commemorative service was held at Williams College, for which occasion Dr. Hopkins prepared a masterly and eulogistic memorial address, at the request of the trustees, July 4, 1882.

Hopkins as a College President.

When the presidency of Williams College became vacant in 1836, Dr. Absalom Peters had been chosen as the successor of Dr. Griffin but declined to accept the honor. The trustees then elected Dr. Mark Hopkins, and on Sept. 15, 1836, he was inaugurated as the fourth president of the college. He was then only thirty-four years old, but he proved himself fully capable for the responsible position.

Williams College is situated at Williamstown, Mass. It has been called and truly so, "The Cradle of Foreign Missions," as the first foreign missionary, sent out of America, Samuel J. Mills, was a student of Williams College from 1806-1808. Mills was one of the three young men who dedicated themselves to the cause of foreign missions at what is called the "Haystack Meeting." The other two men, Gordon Hall and James Richards, while students of the college, had been led by Mr. Mills to take a walk. They were led to a distant meadow, where behind a stack of hay, they spent the day in fasting and prayer and conversing on the duty of missions to the heathen. These men with others formed a missionary society in 1808 in the northwest lower room in East College, one of the buildings composing Williams College.

During the administration of Mark Hopkins many improvements were made at Williams College, the resources greatly increased, and the attendance more than doubled in the first quarter century. The Astronomical Observatory, the gift of David Dudley Field, was erected in 1836. This was the first building exclusively built for that purpose in the country. When Hopkins entered as a student only one building constituted the equipment of the College. Old East College was burned in 1841. The following buildings arose during Hopkins' connection with the institution: Griffin Hall, The Field Observatory, Old West College, East and South Colleges, The Chapel, Lawrence Hall, Jackson

Hall, Kellogg Hall, Clark Hall, Morgan Hall, and the gymnasium. The first gymnasium in the country was located at Northampton at the Round Hill School taught by Cogswell and George Bancroft. This consisted of a trapezium, and a few horizontal bars in the open air. Through the instrumentality of Dr. Hopkins, a regular gymnasium was built, the first of the sort in the country. The alumni have built one building called Alumni Hall. Besides these, the grounds were enlarged, additions were made to the libraries, philosophical and chemical apparatus was provided, the productive funds of the college were increased, and the professorship of Christian Theology was founded by Mr. Jackson of New York in 1858.

While president of the college, Dr. Hopkins performed multitudinous duties in addition to his official labors. In that position he exerted a powerful influence. Let us take a birdseye view merely of his official relation. The position itself involves great responsibility owing to its powers and opportunities. He is the representative of the institution, the head of an influential board of trustees. The impress of his character is stamped on those under his influence. He needs the respect and confidence of the community and society at large. His character must have sufficient weight to reconcile his subordinates. He must conduct the college through scenes of special exigency and trial. President Hopkins encountered two such crises. The first when Old East College burned in 1841 resulting in a total loss threatening a withdrawal of students. But not one left. The other was during the Civil War, when prices arose so enormously, the funds were insufficient to pay adequate salaries to the professors. But the State of Massachusetts, through the influence of a few friends of the college in the Senate, gave twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) annually to save the institution. As president, he must guide the studies of aspiring young men in the last year of their college course, govern the college successfully, attend to the wants of all and turn quickly from one engagement to another. He sustains a parental relation to all the students, must give his personal attention to students guarding their morals, and promoting their religious development.

He changed and enlarged the course of study. It was his custom to conduct the freshman class for a short time at the beginning of every college year to become acquainted with all the students. He taught anatomy and physiology, metaphysics, and ethics to the senior class.

On 'Saturday forenoon, the senior recitation was theological, the textbook being the shorter catechism, in which respect this college stood alone.

The discipline of the college was administered according to his own individual system. The following quotation gives his views on the subject: "The end

of a college is education. There should therefore be no regulation or restraint which is not subservient to that end; and when it becomes necessary to enforce those regulations that are thus subservient, it would be treason to the cause of education not to do it, at any sacrifice whatever. That college is in the best state in which the least government is necessary. It is always unfortunate when much is thought or said about government."

The educational world soon recognized the power and influence emanating from Williams College; but to the urgent invitations to occupy other posts of usefulness, he uniformly replied, "I dwell among mine own people." In 1837, the degree D. D. was conferred on him by Dartmouth College. From the University of New York he received the title LL. D. in 1857.

Dr. Hopkins as a Minister.

Hopkins made a public profession of religion in 1826, uniting with the Congregational Church at Stockbridge. He was licensed to preach in 1833, though he never pursued a theological course of study. While a professor in Williams College, he assisted Dr. Griffin in supplying the college pulpit. At the time of his inauguration as president of the college, he was ordained pastor of the college church in which capacity he served a long time.

He took an active part in the deliberations of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions of which he was president for a number of years (1857-) at Providence, R. I.

He delivered many sermons and discourses on special occasions. His baccalaureate sermons were published in book form. His subjects were:

1850—Faith, Philosophy, and Reason.

1851—Strength and Beauty.

1852—Receiving and Giving.

1855—Perfect Love.

1856—Self-Denial.

1857—Higher and Lower Good.

1858—Eagles' Wings.

1859—Manifoldness of Man.

1860—Nothing to be Lost.

Hopkins as a Lecturer and Author.

His published works were the result of his work as a teacher, minister, and lecturer. In 1844, he delivered a series of fifteen lectures before the Lowell Institute of Boston. These were on the Evidences of Christianity, were published as a textbook, and are still used as such in many colleges.

In 1847, a volume of miscellaneous essays and discourses was published. He delivered lectures on moral philosophy in 1858 before the Lowell Institute, of which I am unawares as to their being collected in book form.

The next work was entitled, "The Law of Love and

Love as a Law, or Christian Ethics" and appeared in 1869.

Probably his chief work as an author is entitled "An Outline Study of Man" which was published in 1873. It is a textbook on psychology. He treats man both from a physiological and from a psychological standpoint. A new feature of the book in its day is the analytical chart accompanying it, presenting to the eye in schematic form the various mental powers, their classification and relations to each other.

His last work appeared in 1874 under the title "Strength and Beauty." Dr. Hopkins lectured in the Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D. C., and before various scientific and literary associations. He died in 1887 at the ripe age of eighty-five.

Elizabethtown, Pa.



HOW THE BIG APPLE CROP WAS SAVED.

S. Z. SHARP.

FOR ten years the fruit growers of Grand Valley, Colo., had large crops, but in 1907 an unusually late frost destroyed the fruit except in a few favored localities. The majority of the growers hoped that next year the same thing would not occur and they would reap the usual large harvests. A few extensive growers were not willing to take chances. They had learned that the orange growers in California sometimes saved their crops by means of "smudge pots" and these few growers made investigation and were induced to make an experiment in their apple orchards. Mr. Haines near Fruita, prepared to "smudge" the trees in ten acres of his eighty-acre orchard. A few others in other sections did the same thing, making an experiment on a small scale with very satisfactory results.

The growers were surprised when in 1908 another late frost swept away an unusually large prospective crop. This put the growers on their mettle. Something must be done. There was but one thing to do to save the crops, that was to use the smudge pots. Public meetings were held and competent lecturers employed to present clearly and forcibly the importance of smudging. The growers were thoroughly aroused and nearly all agreed to enter into a combine against Jack Frost. The members of the fruit growers' association made investigation in regard to the best and cheapest materials for smudging. Railroad corporations were induced to haul crude oil from the wells to

the growers free of charge. Coal companies sold coal at a reduced price for the purpose of smudging. Bankers were so sure that the effort would be a success that they agreed to aid the farmers with loans, being assured of large bank accounts. A system of signals was agreed upon to notify each farmer when the frost was coming. Merchants, tradesmen, and professional men tendered their services to go into the orchards in a rush and light the smudge pots, watch them during the night, and refill them if the frost should be of long duration. Orchards lighted up for twenty-four miles in a stretch gave the appearance of campfires of a



mighty army. Although the temperature fell to twenty degrees Fahrenheit, the fruit crop was saved, since the heat in the orchards was raised eight degrees where the proper methods were employed.

The result is an enormous fruit crop in Grand Valley, and several other valleys where the growers resorted to smudging. A very fair idea of the operation may be gained by the accompanying cut which is a photograph taken in one of the orchards. The certainty of saving the fruit crop has given an additional impetus to fruit growing in Grand Valley, where a single crop from a full-grown orchard will reward the owner with as much as a thousand dollars per acre if the proper variety of fruit was selected.

Fruita, Colo.



"If the saloon is not a benefit to a community either socially, financially or intellectually, why maintain it? If it is a liability and not an asset, why not eliminate it? If it does more injury than good, why tolerate it?"

MISSIONS FOR OCEAN'S TOILERS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

THE majority of writers on sea life and seafaring people seem to take delight in showing up the baser elements to be found in such connections, but, in the words of a bethel worker: "Jack, given the same environment as the landsman, will show as many adverse types." As a class, those who gain their livelihood from the sea compare favorably with people in like strenuous vocations in other lines. They include all classes and conditions of men, from the highest to the lowest. Old ocean demands of its votaries the most sturdy physical manhood, and naturally attracts many who are low in the moral and spiritual life. But as Paul tells us, in Romans 5:20, "Where sin abounded grace did much more abound," and we find the leaven of grace working a great improvement in the seafarers as the decades roll around. The army, the mines, the lumber camp, the range, the building trades, railroad and canal construction are fields already ripe to the harvest. The seeds sown by faithful workers are bringing forth fruit, and where Paul has planted and Apollos is watering, God is giving the increase.

Missions on shore, in the larger seaports, for the benefit of the seaman, are generally known as "bethels," and in them the sailor finds a substitute for the old-time sailors' boarding house with its bar and worse attachments. In the early days these boarding houses were the only resorts for the stranger from the ships, and it is not to be wondered at that many were led astray. But the bethels cater to the higher elements of man's nature, and tend to lead him into the better ways of life.

There is also another class of missions for the betterment of seafarers: the seacoast missions, which do their work among the men and in the families of the fishing communities along the coast. Perhaps the best known of these is the mission of Dr. Grenfell, who makes periodical trips along the bleak coast of Labrador, in a staunch steamer fully equipped to minister to the wants of the people in things spiritual, mental and physical. At every visit he sees to it that no person whom he can reach shall suffer for the want of food in either of these lines, if he can prevent it. Spiritual workers attend to the needs of the soul and the mind, advancing the cause of religion and education. Skilled surgeons care for the sick and injured, and the physical needs in food, clothing and shelter are all looked after. The people are taught how best to help themselves, and whatever they cannot do is done for them.

Other missions of lesser scope but along similar lines are maintained along the coast. The Maine Seacoast Missionary Society has a steamer, the *Morning Star*, that makes monthly visits to many points along the Maine coast not reached by the regular lines of travel. The coast line, direct, from Portsmouth, N.

H., to Eastport, Me., is two hundred miles and the headquarters of the society is at Bar Harbor, about midway between. This mission is four years old, and is the outcome of a vacation visit by Alexander P. McDonald, a theological student of Bath, Me., to some of the outlying islands. He saw the needs of the people, and called a meeting of the wealthy summer residents at Bar Harbor, at which he laid the matter before them. The responses were liberal and the society was organized. At first a small sailing sloop was used for the trips, but the needs of the work soon outgrew her capacity and the *Morning Star* was bought. The trips occupy about ten days each and are made monthly. There are fifty-two stations at which the society reaches more than five thousand persons in nine hundred and fifty families. The principal articles furnished are winter clothing, boots and shoes for the children, and medicines. The society has a circulating library of four thousand volumes, the books being exchanged at each trip of the steamer. Mr. McDonald is an ordained minister and is also competent to minister to the ills of the body in less serious cases. Patients who he thinks need it are taken to hospitals on the mainland. A Sunday school, on the home department plan, has six hundred and fifty members. During the year closing July 28, 1909, two hundred and sixty religious services were held, and five persons were baptized. The Lord's Supper was observed six times. The work of the mission for the common schools has resulted in increasing by five (5) the teaching force of the districts visited.

The seamen's bethels work along similar lines, but deal with the sailors who visit the larger seaport cities and towns. A fair representative of this class is the Seamen's Friend Society of Boston, which has headquarters at No. 287 Hanover Street, and a branch at Vineyard Haven, the port most visited by vessels going to and from New York by way of Long Island Sound. The Boston building is now being remodeled and enlarged to meet the growing demands upon it. During the past year more than thirty-five thousand seamen visited the Boston rooms and twelve thousand the branch at Vineyard Haven. Representatives of the society meet the various vessels as they come into port and invite the sailors to the rooms. Men who are in need are supplied with food and clothing and given such advice and help as will tend to uplift them, each case being treated according to its own conditions. Religious services are held every Sunday afternoon, and at others times, and frequent concerts, lectures and other elevating entertainments given. Comfort bags are distributed among the men of outgoing vessels, together with much comfortable clothing and other necessities as the wants of the individuals are learned by personal investigation. Every comfort bag contains, besides the usual supply of buttons, thread, needles, etc., a New Testament.

The society also maintains a bank at which many a sailor saves his earnings from the till of the rumseller, by making a temporary deposit while in port, or on a voyage, while some have permanent accounts there. There is a fine library, with the best books in many different languages, as the sailors visiting such a port as Boston come from all portions of the habitable globe. The reading room, with a postoffice attachment, gives opportunity for reading, receiving mail, writing letters and all the conveniences along those lines. The superintendent is in daily receipt of letters from thankful sailors, their mothers, wives and other relatives, in recognition of the aid extended to the sailor father, husband, brother or son. The society is ably seconded by the Woman's Seaman's Friend Society. This is but one of the many seamen's aid societies working in the seaports of the country, and many of the larger cities have other and smaller ones working along similar lines.

The sailors' bethel of the Hanover Street Baptist church in Boston has the Lord's Prayer in fifty-four different languages, and no sailor has ever visited the place who could not find it there in his native tongue.

One of the most unique of sailors' bethels is a dismantled ship on the beach at Rattlesnake Island near San Pedro, Cal., transformed into a chapel, with audience room, library, gymnasium, reading room, baths, and other accessories.

It is not alone when he is in port that the sailor is provided with good reading matter. The societies maintain "floating libraries," from twelve to fifty volumes according to the number of men and the length of the voyage, being placed on board any vessel whose men desire them. Each library contains a Bible and Pilgrim's Progress, and other books are chiefly selected by the sailors themselves. The class of reading called for by the sailors compares favorably with that taken from the public libraries with shore patrons, and the sailors' libraries are, as a rule, as well cared for as in the homes on shore.

The United States navy department has established savings banks on the ships where enlisted men may deposit their earnings, and the results prove, according to the report of the official in charge, that sailors are not, as many suppose, a shiftless class, but, given a chance, will save their money in preference to spending it uselessly. The proportion of men in the navy who have savings in the ships' banks is greater than the average in the mechanical trades ashore.



CHOCOLATE AND COCOA.

THE three cacao products known to commerce are cacao butter, cacao powder and cake chocolate, the manufacture of chocolate requiring skill and knowledge in special degree. The butter is merely the oil or grease of the kernel, usually extracted by pressure, and

leaving a residue still containing a certain amount of vegetable fat, which being ground, is used in making the beverage commonly known as cocoa. When chocolate is intended to be produced, the carefully cleaned kernels are crushed into a mass, flavored and manipulated according to many methods, and then, after an addition of pure cacao butter has been made to the natural content of the mass, it is pressed into small cakes and sold.

The cacao bean is composed in weight of 88 per cent of kernel and husk and 12 per cent of shell. The shells and husks are treated chemically in Holland for the production of a low-grade butter, the reduction being effected by ether or benzine. The kernel, which contains 50 to 55 per cent of oil, was formerly treated, when the extraction of butter was contemplated, by boiling, roasting and crushing in 10 times its weight of water; the oil then rising to the surface was decanted, and the residue pressed mechanically for the elimination of such butter as it still contained. This method has been abandoned, and the kernels, freed from their envelopes, are now ground to a mass, brought to a temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees C., placed in coarse linen sacks, and finally pressed in steam-heated machines. After this first application of pressure the cacao cake contains from 20 to 35 per cent of fat; it is then ground and re-pressed until not more than 15 per cent of the fatty matter remains. The oil or grease which has been extracted is called "cacao butter," which is used chiefly by chocolate manufacturers, and in smaller quantities, in the soap, perfumery and pharmaceutical industries, in which, owing to its neutral qualities, it is especially valuable.—*Selected*.



THE DAYS THAT PASS.

The eager bird, on hurrying wing, is speeding o'er the sea;
No more among the fragrant flowers labors the droning
bee;

The cricket pipes his cheery call among the grass blades
sere;

The woodlands wave their banners gay, the Frost King
shouts: "I'm here!"

It's good-bye to the pulsing life of summer,—it's good-
bye

To joys that blossomed in our hearts beneath a sun-kissed
sky.

It's welcome to the warmth and cheer of firesides all
aglow

With hopes that stir to life beneath the winter's man-
tling snow.

And we whose hearts have met them both,—the promise
and the pain,—

Wait patiently, with hopeful trust, to fare with them again.

—Helen M. Richardson.

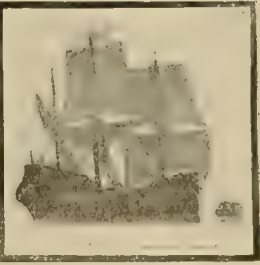


"If the saloon is not a benefit to a community either socially, financially or intellectually, why maintain it? If it is a liability and not an asset, why not eliminate it? If it does more injury than good, why tolerate it?"



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter II.

NEW ENGLAND originally comprised the territory between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of latitude, and extending east and west from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. It was part of what was then called "North Virginia," and was granted by King James I to the Plymouth and London Companies. At present New England comprises the six eastern States of the Union—Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut, and embraces an area of 65,000 square miles, with a joint population in 1900 of 5,591,952. While the area is less than one-fiftieth of the total area of the United States, the population is nearly one-thirteenth of the entire population of the republic.

The principal occupations of this section are farming, lumbering, and most of the industries found in other parts of the country. Shipbuilding has always been one of the leading pursuits of the people. The inhabitants as a rule are honest, upright, hardy, industrious and thrifty.

Gosnold, master of a small bark, the *Concord*, was the first to make a direct voyage from England to the coast of New England. In 1602 he reached the coast of Maine, explored southward, visiting Cape Elizabeth (Maine) and Cape Cod (Massachusetts), where May 14, a settlement was made. On this voyage Martha's Vineyard and other points were visited. Coming direct from England to Maine he had shortened the route as made by other navigators, about three thousand miles. Taking in a cargo of sassafras-root, which was highly esteemed as a medicine, he returned to publish favorable reports of this vicinity.

Martin Pring who was sent out by several English merchants with two vessels—the *Speedwell* and the *Discoverer*—came to Penobscot Bay in 1603, and explored several harbors and the shores of Maine. He traced the coast of Massachusetts, south to the sassafras region, landing at Martha's Vineyard, and returned to England with cargoes of furs and sassafras.

Capt. Popham was sent out the same year with a colony and made a settlement at the mouth of the Kennebec River (Maine), but they returned home the next year, being discouraged by the severe climate. In 1605 George Weymouth anchored among the islands of the St. George River in Maine, and explored the harbors

and sailed up the river, opening trade with the natives.

The Plymouth Company under the leadership of Capt. John Smith, after making several unsuccessful attempts to settle farther to the southward, examined the coast from Penobscot Bay (Maine) to Cape Cod (Massachusetts), drawing a map and calling the country New England. Smith gave very glowing accounts of the country, enabling the company to obtain a new patent in 1620, under the name of the Council of New England. This patent gave them authority to settle, make necessary laws, and carry on trade over a very large territory from the Atlantic to the Pacific, which comprised over one million square miles. New England was, however, destined to be settled without consent of either king or council.

One stormy day in December, 1620, the *Mayflower* with one hundred pilgrims on board, anchored at Cape Cod harbor. Before landing they gathered in the cabin, and drew up a constitution by which they agreed to enact just and equal laws which all should obey. Following is the compact which was copied from what is claimed to be the original article. The spelling and wording are given exact:

"In the name of God, Amen: We, whose names are underwritten, the loyall subjects of our dread soveraigne, King James, by the grace of God, of Great Britaine, France, and Ireland, King, defenders of the faith, etc., haveing undertaken, for the glorie of God, and advancement of the Christian faith and honour of our king and countrie, a voyage to plant the first colonie in the northern part of Virginia, doe, by these presents, solemnly and mutually, in the presence of God, and one another, covenant and combine ourselves together into a civill body politick, for our better ordering and preservation and furtherance of the ends aforesaid: and, by virtue hearof, to enact, constitute, and frame, such just and equall laws, ordinances, acts, constitutions and offices, from time to time, as shall be thought most meete and convenient for the generall good of the Colonie. Unto which we promise all due submission. In witness whereof we have hereunder subscribed our names, at Cape Codd, the 11th of November, in the year of the reign of our soveraigne lord, King James, of England, France and Ireland, the eighteenth, and of Scotland the fifty-fourth, Anno Domini, 1620."

To this article each person signed his name. An exploring party landed at Plymouth, as it was called on Smith's chart, December 21 (December 11, old style), and found the location suitable for a settlement. The landing was made amid a raging storm of snow and sleet, and they at once began building their rude huts.

The little boat sent out from the *Mayflower* to reconnoitre before the landing was made, after losing rudder, mast and sail, "brings to" in a furious storm of rain, and hail, and sleet, on Saturday night. The morning dawns and time is very precious. Their companions wait in suspense, but the Sabbath must be observed. Cold and wet and weak, with their clothing frozen stiff with the spray from the sea, they carefully dismiss all earthly thoughts, and the time is spent in sacred devotion. There is no wonder that the influence of such a people has been felt throughout the whole land. December 21, and the rock, "Forefathers' Rock," have ever, and will ever be, held in grateful remembrance by their posterity and all the citizens of New England.

The character of these first settlers was well suited to the rugged, stormy land which they were to subdue. Coming into the wilderness with their families, searching for homes, a place where they could educate their children, and worship God as they pleased, they were ever ready to endure the most severe hardships. They were earnest, sober, industrious men, who were actuated in all things by deep religious feelings. Their sufferings were severe during the winter, and by spring nearly half their number had died. In the spring there were many graves, yet not one thought of returning to England.

These Puritans had been known for over fifty years as a separate sect in England. They were called "Dissenters," or "Nonconformists," having left the established church; and on account of their purity of life, had received the nickname of "Puritans." They were readily distinguished by certain peculiarities. Long sermons and prayers were given in their meeting-houses, in tones peculiar to themselves. In naming their children they would often use whole sentences from the Bible, and in their common conversation would use scripture style and phrases. They denounced wigs, veils, flowing sleeves, and other fashions of that day, and the minute events of life were conducted upon formal and precise principles. They were subject to much derision and persecution owing to these singularities and their open rebuke of evil wherever found. This becoming unbearable in England they fled to Holland with their pastor, Rev. John Robinson. But evil influences still surrounded their children, and they longed for a land where they could worship God according to the dictates of their own hearts, and save their children from the follies of this world. Such a home was offered in America, so they came

with the resolve to brave and endure every danger and hardship, "trusting to God to shape their destinies." In Holland the Puritans were ill at ease, although not so badly persecuted. They were strictly English and unfamiliar with the Dutch language, which sounded harshly upon their ears. John Carver and Robt. Cushman were sent as commissioners for the Puritans, before the king and his ministers. They were given encouragement by the Plymouth and London Companies, but the king and his ministers, especially Lord Bacon,



Plymouth Rock and Canopy. Plymouth, Mass.

turned against every measure which might help them. All King James would do was to give them the promise "to let the Puritans alone in America." The commissioners returned with this report, but this people were not to be easily daunted, so they resolved to make a home for themselves in the American wilds. Whether the king gave permission or not they would plant a new state in the new world. Two vessels were provided by contribution and sacrifice, which were the first to carry emigrants from Leyden to Southampton, where the company joined the *Mayflower* with another party from London.

After receiving the parting blessing of their pastor, they put to sea, on the 5th day of August. One vessel being found unfit for the voyage, put back to Plymouth, England, and most of the emigrants gathered on the *Mayflower*. September 6 the first colony of New

England, numbering one hundred and two souls, left old England. After a stormy voyage of sixty-three days Cape Cod was sighted.

Miles Standish, the great soldier of the company, accompanied by some of the braver men, went on shore exploring, but found nothing of value or interest. Being in the midst of a severe storm their clothes were changed to "coats of mail" by snow and sleet, and half by accident and half by the skill of a good pilot, they reached a safe harbor, and on the Monday following landed.

It was midwinter, and many died of hunger, cold and despair. A site for settlement was found near the place of landing and January 9, 1612, these heroic toilers began the foundation of New Plymouth, each man building his own house. The ravages of disease grew worse, and at one time there were only seven men to build houses to shelter them. Provisions were so nearly exhausted that only a few kernels of corn could be given to the starving women and children each day to keep them alive—only five kernels three times a day to each member of the family. But an early spring came, bringing sunshine and gladness, thus saving the colony from utter destruction.

These were a few of the privations and griefs by which New England began its existence. Clams were often their only food. At a social dinner where clams were the only food, the host gave thanks to God who "had given them to suck the abundance of the seas, and of the treasures hid in the sand." They were not disturbed by the Indians. The treaty made when Samoset and Massasoit visited them lasted over fifty years.

In four years the colony numbered 184. All working in common, having failed, each was given a tract of land. Abundance followed.

The colony was never organized by royal charter, and so elected their own officers and made their own laws. Not until ten years after landing did they obtain a grant of the land they occupied, from the council of New England.



IN THE CLEAR OR IN THE FOG, WHICH?

W. O. BECKNER.

ONE evening just about dark, there was a fog settled down upon us. We were out somewhere on the broad Pacific. The compass told us our course and the sextant had given us our latitude. But we had no way of telling where there might be another ship. We knew of none, but there might be those of which we did not know. The watchman was kept in the crow's nest and one on the bridge all the time, on the lookout for anything that might be spied. But the fog was settling down and the watchmen could not see ahead.

The fog whistle was sounded. Then just one minute later it blew again. Then in exactly one minute more

it blew again. And so on until the fog lifted. We were making fifteen miles per hour, one mile in four minutes so that the whistle was sounding every quarter mile.

I went to sleep moralizing that night. It was the first time I had ever heard a fog whistle and the newness of the experience aroused thoughts that may not come to old timers on the sea. Our ship could sail with safety only when in the clear. Many the young man who has launched into a career of business with fog surrounding his ideas of right doing. Many the young person that is allowed to leave the home of father and mother without having clear and clean-cut notions of strict morality. Such get out on the big sea where they have the fogs of temptation thick around them and they are blind to their surroundings. The compass points true and the sextant will not lie, but neither one is of value in the hands of the careless. The only safe way is to keep an ear open for the warning of others. We have heard them say that it is dangerous to tinker with sin and to listen to temptation. But now in the test is where that warning must be heeded or danger becomes a wrecked reality.

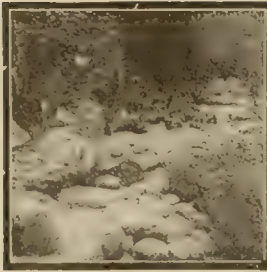
It is a dangerous thing for a young person to go out from the care of his parents without having his notions mighty well clarified about certain vital moral questions. If his eye is beclouded and befogged, if he has not put it down in irrevocable terms that he will be a clean man, he is most sure to fall. The temptation comes and it doesn't look so black as he expected at all. Others are doing that thing right along and they would like for him to engage with them. Maybe his early decision was made too hastily and without as much knowledge as he now has. Maybe just as well change those early decisions.

Such is the line of argument presented by the tempter. Young man, in the time of a temptation is no time to change a decision that was made when the mind was free and cool. No, never. Wait till in surroundings where you are free, where there is not the heat and pressure of the presence of others. Wait till you are without associates except your God, then change if you think best. But never change in the midst of temptation. The old saw, "Poor policy to swap horses in the middle of a river," is sound doctrine. Get out of the fog.

Bogo, Cebu, P. I.



DISCONTENT has never injured anyone who has entertained it as a stimulus to action. The American comes nearest to the ideal man in having a multitude of desires which prompt a multitude of activities and lead to the improvement of society, the creation of wealth and the establishment of life on a higher and broader plane.—*Baltimore American*.



NATURE STUDIES



NATURE STUDY.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

IT was with much interest that I read the articles on Nature Study as told in previous issues of the INGLENOOK.

Many of the readers of these articles are teachers or pupils of the public schools and I have often thought that they might be of mutual benefit to each other.

My idea is this: Let them exchange specimens with each other. The list of articles suitable for exchange is almost unlimited. Seeds, leaves, wood, minerals, shells, etc., could be sent. Nor need the article be a curiosity to you. Recently I asked an intelligent class doing eighth grade work to describe the grain of buckwheat or of a beech nut and not one was able to do so. In exchange for such as these the members of that class would be glad to send things from their locality.

A class near the seashore could send shells, coral, and the like; those in wooded countries woods, barks, leaves, and seeds; from the mountain regions might come various minerals; while the agricultural regions would send the products of their soil and the cities manufactured articles.

By each class making no charge for the articles the only cost would be the postage. Of course the specimens should be so wrapped that the postmasters could inspect them and each article should be marked so that the person receiving it would be able to identify it. Some person should act as secretary for the various classes, or would it be better to call it an exchange? A class not knowing to whom to write could send there for a list of those who are willing to exchange, or better still the list could be published in the Nook as soon as they expressed a willingness to participate. In such an event I am willing for my name to be entered as correspondent for one class.

As an illustration, I at present know of a class making a collection of seeds placing them in bottles holding about one-fourth ounce, another collection of woods about four inches by one-half inch, one of minerals and fossils, and another of products of the sea. Oh, yes, I also know of an industrial collection containing silk in its various stages of manufacture, and other things distinctly urban. This is an agricultural region and in exchange for similar articles to those now on hand we would be glad to send such as are produced here.

If this meets with the approval of the editor send in your names for publication and begin work.

When the list is published select the locality from which you wish specimens, state what you are collecting, what you have to give in exchange, and how large an amount you wish sent. Then only send a small amount of each kind, thus the party to whom you send will get more varieties for the amount of postage.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

[We are heartily in favor of the exchange planned by the above writer and will gladly publish the name and address of one representative from each school desiring to participate in this plan. We will publish the list of names and addresses once each month during the school year so that a school may join the circle of exchange at any time during the year and have at hand the full list of addresses, or schools, from which he may select those which he believes can contribute to his collections. Discuss this matter with your school at once and send us the name and address of your representative. Let us have a large list for our first month's publication. We already have No. 1 for that list. Who will be No. 2? You can tell us on a postcard.—The Editor.]



ANIMALS AND MUSIC.

MANY of the forest folk are very fond of music, and seem to take as much pleasure in it as we do ourselves. A young blue jay at one time spent two months as a guest in my home. We all know what harsh voices the jays have. Did any one ever hear one sing a sweet tuneful little song, I wonder? While the small jay lived with me it was my custom to practice singing for half an hour every morning. No sooner had I seated myself at the piano and struck a few chords than "J-J" hopped over the doorsill and settled himself on the rung of a near-by chair. He listened with rapt attention, and after a few days he tried a bit of song himself. At first I had to stop and laugh, his performance was so amusing; but after a few weeks' practice he could sing very sweetly—not exactly the tunes he heard, but little ones that he made up as he went along. If any noises pleased him, he began to sing. A heavy thunder shower or the whirr of the sewing machine always moved him to express his delight in song.

More than two hundred years ago a young violinist,

Isidore Berthaume, was obliged to practice on his violin many hours daily. One day he saw a spider peeping at him from its crack in the wall. Soon it ventured forth, and every day it grew a little bolder, drawn irresistibly by the sweet sounds which issued from Isidore's fiddle. At last one day the boy had the great pleasure of seeing the spider take its place on his bow arm. Presently his stepmother, coming into the room and seeing the spider, killed it with a blow of her slipper. The death of his pet was such a blow to the boy that he fell fainting to the floor, and was ill for three months afterwards.

When the great herds of cattle on the plains become restless, the cowboys sing them to sleep, and often prevent a stampede in that way. They say that the steers are especially fond of "My Bonnie," "Lorena," and "The Cowboy's Lament."

Squirrels and mice are ardent music lovers. Dr. Chomet tells us that one day while strolling in the woods he sang an air from an Italian opera, and, chancing to look around, he saw a number of squirrels, all listening with delight to his song. The next time you take a woodland ramble try singing a few songs, or, if you play a flute or fiddle, play a few tunes, and see what effect it has upon your little forest friends.—*Nashville Visitor*.



A SNAKE CHARMER AS DENTIST.

PERHAPS you cannot fancy anyone being brave enough to pull out a snake's tooth, but in India, where there are many different kinds of snakes, some whose bite is so poisonous as to cause death within twelve hours, the snake charmers have to be snake dentists as well; and very clever and quick they are about it, as you may imagine when you think how dangerous and slippery a patient they have to do with. The snake's poison-bag, which is really his weapon of defense, is at the back of his jaw next to his last tooth, and as long as that is there the snake is so dangerous that even a snake charmer cannot make friends with him.

The snake charmer first sets to work by finding out the hole where a snake lives, and in front of this he plays on a musical instrument rather like a humming-

top, which sounds like a bagpipe, having first put an earthenware pot, with something dainty to eat in it, at the mouth of the hole, to tempt the snake to go into the pot. On hearing this music the snake comes out, and finds his way into the pot, the mouth of which is about as large as a breakfast cup; then the snake charmer quickly throws a cloth over the mouth and ties it down.

We once offered a snake charmer a present if he would take out a cobra's poison-bag before us. One morning, therefore, he arrived with a friend, carrying a pot with a cobra inside. This is one of the most poisonous, as well as the prettiest snakes in India. When angry it raises its body about a foot high, and the top of its head spreads out like a hood, on which there is marked a pair of yellow spectacles.

The man began his work by turning over the pot on the ground, then loosening the covering, which was pulled gently away. One of the men then gently shook the pot, taking care to leave a very small opening, through which the cobra's tail appeared, and which the snake charmer seized with his left hand. He then began slowly pulling out the snake with his right hand, while he moved his hand up the whole length of its body till he planted his thumb firmly on its head by way of pinning that to the ground, the other man being careful to raise the pot only enough to allow of its body being slowly pulled out.

This man then held its tail and body while the snake charmer lifted its upper lip and lanced its gum with a sail needle. He then took a fowl's feather and drew it through the cut, and doubled it over, giving it a pull, when out came a small bag in the shape of an India rubber hot-water bottle, about the size of a little finger nail. This was the terrible poison-bag. The snake was then let go to crawl about quite harmless, and it would remain so, I believe, for a few months till the poison-bag grew again.

We kept this bag for some time in spirits of wine; it looked as if made of gelatine, and the poison inside like glycerine. After this interesting operation we, and not the patient, paid the dentist's fee.—*Selected*.



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WHY should I observe Thanksgiving?



HAVING respect for other people's opinions doesn't mean that you are to swallow their opinions whole. You need not accept them at all. But whether you accept them or not, do some thinking for yourself and never adopt the views of anyone without giving them the careful weighing that will make them really your own.



WE are glad to be able to give our readers the excellent article on the life of Mark Hopkins which appears in this issue. Few men have attained to the high distinction gained by this noble man as a teacher and educator. Our own humble spheres and our daily tasks take on a new significance viewed in the light of what he accomplished, and we take courage.



Do not fail to read the plan suggested for an exchange by John H. Nowlan in the Nature Study department. The idea is to increase the nature study collections of classes in the public schools by exchanging material with classes in other parts of the country. Increased value to the work and increased interest in the subject are sure to result from a number taking part in the plan and we trust that it will be taken up at once by all our readers who are interested in the subject. If you are not in school or do not belong to a class but are making an individual collection, you are free to send in your name and address and call upon others and be called upon for exchanges.



THANKSGIVING.

THANKSGIVING DAY has come to be so fully taken up with sports and the gratification of a perverted sense of pleasure that it is to be feared it will soon lose its real meaning. To be sure, a thankful heart

may mean a merry heart, and an expression of thankfulness may take the form of bountiful meals and pleasant social intercourse. But while these are not inconsistent with Thanksgiving Day, they should not be engaged in for the mere gratification of the senses but with the real meaning of the day in mind. Eating a bountiful meal should recall the source of such bounties and in the same manner everything engaged in that is a blessing to us should be followed back until we come very close to the munificent Hand that has cared for us so well and we feel ourselves humbled to the dust with a sense of gratitude and of our unworthiness.

Of course if one talks very much on Thanksgiving Day about being thankful the cold water pouter is likely to tell him there are no more reasons for being thankful on this particular day than on any other day—that one ought to be thankful every day in the year—every day ought to be a thanksgiving day. This is true indeed. But do not let the admission decrease your earnestness or cool your enthusiasm. If you are sincere and thorough in the matter of finding your actual position today as a needy pensioner of innumerable bounties, your attitude will be so completely changed that all the days that follow will find the grateful spirit warm in us and easily quickened to the degree that makes a thanksgiving day.



"STAY ON THE FARM."

WHILE stopping off at Jackson, Miss., in his tour through the States, President Taft addressed a body of people largely made up of those actively engaged, or at least interested, in the profession of farming. During the course of his speech he took the opportunity of adding his voice to the growing chorus going up from our statesmen, ministers, and social reform workers, urging our country boys and girls and men and women to "stay on the farm."

Here are some of the things the President said on the subject of farming:

"I am glad to be in a State in which agriculture is your chief trade and occupation. We must admit that the occupation of the farmer is among the one or two most important occupations that go to make this country great—and a State which is great because of it is entitled to recognition as typifying Americanism in the highest degree.

"We have arrived at a time in the development of this country and the world when old methods of agriculture must be discarded if we would keep up with the profession. Land is becoming too valuable to treat it in the old wasteful way. The profession of the farmer has become a real scientific profession.

"In Mississippi you have been able to restrain the tendency of young men, laborers and others, to come into the cities and live in tenements, in order that they

may be where the wheels go round. The truth is, if I were advising a young man in this country as to his future profession I should say to him that there was probably greater opportunity for real reward in assiduity, industry, attention to business and scientific investigation in the profession of agriculture than in any other profession this country affords.

"The tendency toward the country and country life is a tendency that we ought to encourage. It tends toward sane, philosophical and quiet consideration of the problems of life. It takes out that nervous exhaustion of energy; it takes out the gambling spirit; it takes out of the life of the citizen that hurry and rapidity that carries men quickly to the grave, and it makes for the happiness of individuals and families far more than any trade or profession that brings you into the great maelstrom of city life."

We are sure that these words of the President and the words of other wise and unprejudiced men to the same effect will have an influence toward checking the movement of the country population toward the cities. But more than any other influence toward keeping for the country its own is the condition of affairs now existing in which the farmer finds himself in the front ranks of the money-making class. In no other peaceful period of our country's history has the tiller of the soil received such large returns for his labor as at present. This, indeed, is not the best and most far-reaching argument for country life, but nevertheless it is *the* argument that counts with the American people. This, and the improved machinery and the conditions that call for intelligence, wisdom and wide-awakeness are the forces that will bind the country population to the fields of their fathers and to their fathers' occupation.



SOME NOTED BOYS WHO BEGAN WORK EARLY IN LIFE.

As a general proposition, the boys of this world who became men began work very early in life. They had no lazy bones in them, and as soon as they had the strength and knowledge to do something helpful they wished to be up and at it.

At six years of age Benjamin Franklin was dipping molds for candles. He wrote in his after life: "It was uncommonly hard work for my age, but it kept me busy and I was content with it."

At the same age, Elias Howe, who was to give the sewing machine to the world, was sticking wire teeth through leather straps used for carding cotton. He earned the first money for his education in that manner. At six Peter Cooper, one of the greatest philanthropists the nation has known, began earning money by pulling hair from rabbit skins.

John Ericsson, who invented the monitor type of fighting ship, from which the modern submarine boat

has been evolved, before he was eleven years old, with a file, gimlet and jackknife as his only tools, had made a miniature sawmill. It was a marvel of ingenuity. He used an old watchspring for a saw blade, while a broken bit of tin spoon turned the crank.

Thomas Edison was a newsboy on the trains when he was twelve years old. During the hours when he was not on duty he fitted up a small laboratory in the corner of a baggage car and there made his earliest experiments. He was reading and digesting at the same time that ponderous but valuable work, Fresenius' "Qualitative Analysis."

Philip D. Armour and George M. Pullman, afterwards to become great factors in the world of work and invention, were plowboys at ten years of age, each working hard on a New York farm. The Stanford brothers started their business careers at six years of age digging horse-radish and selling it. They also scoured the woods for chestnuts and made quite a revenue out of the sale of these.

M. M. Atwater says of this kind of boys, the boys who must be working because work is good: "It is in the red blooded youth of healthy and animal spirits and cheerful, buoyant optimism that our interest lies—the boy who works to help his people at home, who works to buy a suit of clothes, who works to be able to spend a little money and to save a little.

"For the boy who has begun to feel that there is no place for him in this world, who has the false notion that everybody is against him, who thinks that 'luck' and not industry can send him ahead, there is no better cure than hard work. It is the best medicine he can take into his system."—*Glenwood Boy*.



WE THANK THEE LORD!

We thank thee, Lord, for spring's glad hours,
For summer's sunshine, birds and flowers,
Full harvests, and good cheer;
For autumn's rainbow hues and glow,
And winter's mantle white of snow—
For blessings through the year!
For food and raiment and increase
Of harvest plenty, and for peace;
For pleasure, joy and grief;
For toil and pain, for care and loss,
For sleep, for strength to bear life's cross,
For kind and glad relief—
For liberty and Fatherland,
For a united household band,
For all our needs supplied;
Oh, God, our Father, we today
Give thanks for all; and thee we pray
With us still to abide!

—Henry Coyle, in Independent.



"ALL God's love in the past calls for our loyalty in the present."



"A CROOKED life cannot lead on the straight way."



THE HOME WORLD



WASHING AND IRONING

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"COME in, and do excuse the dusty sitting room. We have been ironing all day and were too tired to do anything more."

"You look tired, of all things, ironing always worries me the most; if I ever get a headache it is on ironing day," said Mrs. Stahl.

"In this age of inventions, why, oh, why can't we find some easier way to get our clothes clean and ready to wear again?" queried Mrs. Boulton. "Now we are too tired to be pleasant this evening; I really believe the family dreads ironing day as much as I do; you see the sitting room is not as homey looking as usual and we all feel it."

"I suppose if it was something that men had to do instead of women, we'd have had a machine for it long ago; but as it is, we have to do it ourselves."

"I have tried hiring some of it," continued Mrs. Boulton, "and inevitably I find that the towels and sheets are beautifully done, but my shirtwaists and baby's dresses were not fit to wear; I had to wash and iron them over again before we could wear them."

"Well, all I can say," answered Mrs. Stahl with an air of finality, touching in its helplessness, "is, it beats me."

Mrs. Boulton laughed. "The only thing I am thankful for, is that the entire week is not taken up with washing and ironing, two days is bad enough."

Perhaps that is the reason we see so little about laundry work in the magazines which print exhaustive articles on cooking and dressmaking. The editors recognize the fact that the subject is distasteful to their readers, and they have so little to offer in the way of helpful suggestions. And yet we see that it is one of the vexing problems in domestic economy which is never solved satisfactorily where the housekeeper does all the work. The weekly wash-day has its terrors in the average family. Some—but their number is very limited—do not hate washing and ironing. The average housekeeper dreads the two days out of every seven when the clothes of the family are being

washed and ironed. It interferes so with the little home pleasures; meals are stinted and hurriedly eaten, because the washing must be put out as early as possible. Or because, as was the case of Mrs. Boulton, those who ironed are too tired and have a headache, perhaps they are irritable too.

Then suppose under an accumulation of circumstances you put off washing for a week, see what occurs. The undusted sitting room calls forth no complaint, the supply of jelly may run low unnoticed, different other little household tasks may be slighted without any perceptible ripple on the domestic sea. But let the washing go, and there is not a day in which some member of the family will not plaintively inquire, "Mother, I need my white dress to wear this afternoon, and now here it has never been washed!" You explain that she may wear some other dress. "But the white one would be so much more suitable," is the response. When you have succeeded in convincing her that another dress can be substituted for the white one, the boy inquires for a colored shirt. No difference if your children are well supplied with clothes, they usually want something that is not washed, and you resolve never again to put off washing-day. Cooking, washing and mending are three things which apparently brook no delay.

Many girls get no practical experience in laundry work. Then when they encounter some of the difficulties which come in the natural course of events to most housewives, they learn how to do up fine nainsooks and linens by sore and sharp endeavor, often at the expense of the fabrics themselves. They have to learn to distinguish between the fabrics which require but little rubbing and those which can be washed by anybody and *look* right after the process. Every girl should have a course in fine laundry work; it will save her much trouble as well as wear and tear on clothes; then she can supervise the washing and secure the best results.

We women, whose work is never done, have a way of going doggedly about it, never sparing ourselves until we tire out, then we grow desperate and careless and let things take care of themselves in any haphazard fashion. Now if we stop to think, there is really no sense in doing things by the hardest, when there is—as there almost always is—an easy way. But we are forced to admit that there is less chance to improve our methods of washing and ironing than almost anything you think of. There is an easy way of doing hard work and we may find that way for wash-day. A boy gave this definition of hard work: "It is anything you don't want to do." There you have one cause for the difficulty on Monday morning,—we hate to think of washing and we dislike to put the wash boiler on the stove. Good soap and washing machines aid the washerwoman; just the same there is a sigh of relief when the clothes are all clean again. Electric irons are a convenience, and lighten the labor somewhat. A mangle which will smooth all towels and flat pieces without the application of heat, and with a minimum of strength and time does something toward mitigating the situation on ironing day. However, if we do not enjoy wash-day and its privileges we can console ourselves with the reflection that we are doing our share of the world's work; and we enjoy the results of our labors. Meanwhile we hope that inventors will turn their attention to lightening the labor of washing and ironing.



WOMANLY WASTEFULNESS.

THERE are no persons more economical or more wasteful than women. The most valuable possession that a woman has, is time, and this is frequently most sadly wasted. Says Elizabeth Cummings: "I am convinced that at least *one quarter* of the work performed by women is unnecessary, and that the world would get on quite as well without it. It is like the ottoman cover I once saw a lady working. She was all bent up, and was putting her eyes out counting stitches. 'I don't get any time for reading,' she said plaintively, as she picked up some beads on a needle. 'You must have a great deal of leisure.' But yet she had spent more time embroidering a ridiculous dog on a piece of broadcloth, than would have sufficed to read twenty good books. It did not have the poor merit of being economical, for the price of the material would have bought enough handsome damask for two covers. The meanest work that makes home a lovely, sacred place, is consecrated, and fit for the hands of a queen; but delicate work that ministers to no human need, even if it has artistic merit to recommend it, if it consumes the hours a woman ought to use in training her mind to think, and her eyes to see, is busy idleness and a waste of time. I hope the day will come when every woman

who can read will be ashamed of the 'Columns for the Ladies' printed in some of our papers, and which tell with more sarcastic emphasis than any words of mine how some women choose to spend their leisure. Surely if they have time to follow intricate directions for making all sorts of trimming, not so good as that sold in the shops for two cents a yard, they may, if they will, find a few moments in which to read a book."

It is a painful sight to see women squandering their precious time on such miserable trumpery, and wasting their lives on needless and worse than useless frivolities. And this same wastefulness is visible in various departments of household life. Women who cannot find time to read the Word of God, will pore over a library of well-thumbed cookbooks and occupy whole hours in compounding and cooking indescribable mixtures of fanciful and unhealthful food, killing themselves cooking what other people kill themselves by eating.

Trouble came into this world by a woman's tempting a man to *eat*; and the practice has been pretty thoroughly kept up. Men supplied with plain wholesome food are quite sure to eat all that is for their good; and more, without urging; but if in addition to the force of their natural appetite, the women devote their energy and skill to compounding and preparing tempting articles of food, and then coaxing them to eat them, they are quite likely to yield to the snares that are spread before them and become gluttonous and dyspeptic. All such useless work occupies the time, exhausts the strength, and wastes the energies that might be devoted to the good of humanity and the glory of God. An old lady once said to the writer, that when she was young she could cook for a family of a dozen as easily as she could for a family of three now, when there were so many different dishes to be prepared. Gluttony is one of the sins of the age, and while multitudes are pining for daily bread, Christian people are contriving to see how much money they can spend, how much material they can use, how much time they can waste in tempting persons to eat what they do not need, and in stimulating jaded appetites, which need nothing so much as plain living, fasting and prayer, and as a result of their luxury they derange their digestive organs and ruin their health, so that probably ten persons die of overeating where one dies for want of food. The poor also ape these miserable fashions, and the means which would supply them abundantly with wholesome food, are squandered on nicknacks and ill-cooked luxuries, until means are exhausted, and destitution stares them in the face.

Our Lord Jesus warns his people against "surfeiting," or *overeating*; saying, "Take heed to yourselves, lest at any time your hearts be overcharged with surfeiting, and drunkenness, and cares of this life, and so that day come upon you unawares." Luke 21:34.

The days before the flood were days of gluttony and intemperance. They ate, they drank, they bought, they sold, "and knew not until the flood came, and took them all away." At the foundation of the sins of Sodom lay luxury, "pride, fullness of bread, and abundance of idleness." Ezek. 16:49. And in the gluttonous habits of the present day may be found the root of the temptations to sensuality and sin which overcome so many.

Women are almost universally overworked, but if they would omit the *useless work* they do, the rest could be performed with a reasonable expenditure of strength. But all the appliances and conveniences of modern life fail to give woman the rest she desires. Much of the work done by woman's hands in the days gone by is now done by machinery. The spinning wheel and the hand-loom have given place to the powerful machinery of the factories, and the sewing machine has relieved the weary needle-woman of much of her work; but though a sewing machine will take twenty stitches while a woman can take one, it sometimes happens that they put twenty times as many stitches into their clothing as they did before, and so gain nothing by the improvement. Thank God there are some whose hearts are devoted to higher things, who follow the example of Dorcas of old,—the only woman who was brought back from the grave, and whose life was lengthened out to bless the church and the world; and who will not waste their energies upon trifling things while humanity suffers and souls are perishing around them—*H. L. Hastings, in The Common People.*



A FRIENDLY NEIGHBOR.

"I JUST ran over for a spoonful of baking powder. No, indeed, I haven't a minute to stop, so it is no use to ask me to sit down. I had everything ready to bake a cake, when I happened to remember that my yeast-powder was out. I was sure that you had some, though; you are so thoughtful, and keep a supply of such things on hand. Now as to me—why I can never think of half I shall need when the grocer's boy comes for the order, and—oh, dear!

"Why, I haven't sugar enough for that cake! Now, I declare, if that isn't just like the goose I am. So you will please let me have two cupfuls of sugar and a small piece of butter, say about half a pound. My butter man never comes until afternoon, and I always like to bake in the morning.

"Why, now! there is another thing I had nearly forgotten—eggs. Well, if it were not for you I am sure that I could never get along. So you may let me have, say, about six eggs. You see I had everything ready for that cake, when I happened to think I was out of one thing or another, and I was sure that I could depend upon you. I was saying to John only yester-

day, that it was such a comfort to have a neighbor whom you could ask to let you have a trifle once in a while, and—

"Yes, yes, I had clean forgotten about the flour. Just let me have a quart or so, will you? It is always best to have plenty of flour, don't you think? When I got everything ready to bake and the oven was nice and hot, I remembered that I was out of a good-sized cake-pan—no use to run to the store for everything, is it? So I will have to trouble you for that nice one you bought last week. It is a beauty.

"You can put the few little things I mentioned in it, after you have put them in separate paper sacks. They will be more convenient for me to carry that way.

"I believe that I shall let my children come over and play at your house, as it is too damp to play outside; I can get on with my work so much better when they are out of the way. Well, I'll just run along now and bake my cake, as I have everything ready and the oven is just right."—*Renice Radcliffe, in Farm Journal.*



SALTED ALMONDS.

If you wish to have your almonds
The daintiest in town,
Just try this way of making them
An even, golden brown!

First drop in boiling water,
A minute let them stand,
Then turn on the cold water,
Rub off the skins by hand.

In white of egg half beaten
Roll each one carefully,
Then salt and put in oven
To crisp them thoroughly.

Occasionally stir them 'round
And you will soon espy
The nuts turning a creamy brown
Well crisped and yet not dry.

—St. Nicholas.



SELECTED HELPS FOR THE LAUNDRY.

TAKE a piece of tallow candle, melt it, and dip the spotted part of the linen that has been stained with ink in the melted tallow, then put it into the wash. It will become perfectly white, without any spot or hole. This is better than milk, spirits of salts, or salts of lemon.



To make washing fluid use one pound unslacked lime, ten cents' worth of soda ash, and two gallons of water. Mix and let stand until settled. Use one cupful to a wash boiler of water in boiling clothes. Will neither fade nor injure the finest fabrics and is inexpensive, costing less than fifteen cents and lasting for many washings.



After laundering Battenberg pieces, which you have

made, pin the pattern on which they were worked to a rug, and then pin each piece to its own pattern, having first dampened it as for ironing. There will be no puckering of the linen center and each piece will be as perfect in shape as when first made.



When ironing take an old tin pie plate, turn upside down on the gas burner, and you will be surprised to see how little gas is required and how clean and smooth your irons are.

The Children's Corner

WHY "UNCLE HERBERT" GAVE THANKS.

T. H. FERNALD.

"UNCLE HERBERT," as he was called by the people of the village, came from the far West over twenty years ago, and was, as far as any one knew, alone in the world. He was a very cheerful man, and loved children dearly. He occupied a little one-story building on a twenty-foot lot where he lived and sold magazines, papers, toys, candy, nuts, fruits, and small useful articles for the house.

This building contained only three rooms,—the large front one, where he had his little store, containing long counters for his goods, at the rear of which were his living room and bedroom. His only companion was a beautiful white cat which he called "Tabby."

Having only himself to care for, he had laid by a neat little sum of money, but was by no means a miser, as all the children of the village and even for many miles around could testify. His genial smile and generosity had made him a general favorite with both young and old.

Thanksgiving was near and Uncle Herbert had decided that as God had been so good to him and had prospered him, he would make some poor boy happy by giving him a job in his store, and would pay him \$3.00 a week, and board. So the evening before Thanksgiving he printed a large card—"Boy Wanted"—and put it in his window, after which he locked the door and went in to prepare supper.

The living room was very clean and cheerful. There was a rag carpet upon the floor, a little round table in the center covered with a bright damask tablecloth, several chairs, including three rockers, and a large lamp with a beautiful shade which cast a cheerful and mellow light upon the other articles in the room. While he trotted back and forth preparing his meal, talking to Tabby, he heard a knocking at the door of his shop. He was not in the habit of opening his shop door at that time of the day, but something prompted him to go and see what it was.

As he unlocked and opened the door, the snow blew

into the room, and he partly closed it, and asked, "Who is there?"

A child's voice answered, but it was so faint that he could not distinguish what it said, so he hurriedly opened the door, and there stood before him in the raging storm, a little girl bearing in her arms a baby closely wrapped in a blanket. This sight touched Uncle Herbert's heart, and he at once brought them inside.

"Why are you out in such a storm as this?" asked Uncle Herbert, pleasantly. "You wanted a boy and so I thought I would bring my little brother," said the girl.

"Yes," said he laughing heartily, "but I wanted one to help in the store. But I'll tell you what we will do—just come into the back room and we will have supper and talk the matter over."

After they were comfortably situated beside the cheerful fire Uncle Herbert said: "What is your name, my dear?"

"Gretchen Gaylord and brother's is Ernest."

"Where are your parents?" said he, becoming greatly interested in these little ones.

"Mother died only two weeks ago, and father was killed in a railroad accident only six months before. I am too small to work as mama did, as I am only twelve years old. You said you wanted a boy and I thought Ernest might do. He is awful good, and don't cry much. May I come and see him sometimes?"

Tears were now falling fast from little Gretchen's eyes, and there was a telltale something in Uncle Herbert's eyes.

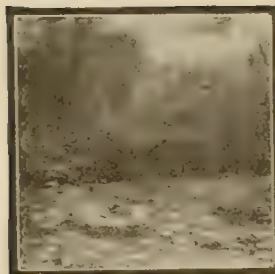
By way of changing the subject he said, after clearing his throat several times: "Well, now, we are forgetting all about supper. Come, my little man, if you are to be my boy, you must sit upon my knee and drink milk from this beautiful cup."

It was a merry supper; the Indian pudding and milk never tasted better to Uncle Herbert than it did now, and the children had never tasted anything better.

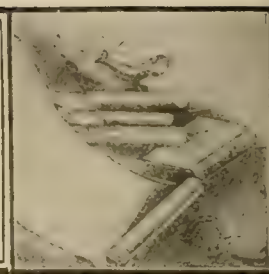
Little by little their story was told by Gretchen. They were alone—Uncle Herbert was alone; so it is not strange that the customers at the store saw the next day and for many days after, a quiet, bright-faced little girl waiting upon them, while a light-haired, bright-eyed baby toddled about making friends of all.

"Have found some of your people, have you, Uncle Herbert?" people would ask, and his only reply would be a nod of the head, while his face beamed with such happiness that all congratulated him, and left the store feeling that they had received some of the good.

It is not necessary to state that Thanksgiving at the little store was observed in an appropriate manner, with thanks to God, and a nice dinner for Gretchen and Ernest, and a lot of good things for all the children of the village. Uncle Herbert did not forget the poor, but sent them all a good dinner.



THE QUIET HOUR



THINK AND THANK.

A Thanksgiving Message by Richard Braunstein.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all his benefits."—Psa. 103: 2.

"THINK and Thank," was the motto on the family crest of Sir Moses Montefiore, the lamented philanthropist. Indeed, the two words, differing only in one vowel, have the same derivation. In the old Anglo-Saxon, thankfulness means *thinkfulness*; the thinking recalling our blessings in such a way as to be moved by gratitude.

I. We are prone to forget God's benefits. We have excellent memories for all our trials and sorrows and losses, but fail to recall our blessings. It seems that the very abundance of God's favors and their ever-unbroken flow tend to make us all the more forgetful of the Giver of them all. But it is our duty to remember, to be thankful. It seems that we could be more ready to count our mercies, to consider the blessings we have, instead of complaining of things we seem to lack. A man of very good circumstances once said: "I look at what I have not and think myself unhappy; others look at what I have, and count me happy." Why not reckon up a few of the things we have and be thankful? To recall our blessings, to add up only a few of our mercies, would awaken the voice of thanksgiving from many a silent soul.

Saadi, the Persian poet, whose words breathe a wisdom and kindness, not unlike that of inspiration, informs us that he never complained of his condition but once,—when his feet were bare, and he had no money to buy shoes; but meeting with a man *without feet*, he instantly became contented with his lot and thankful for his mercies.

Carlyle has somewhere said that every man should put himself at zero, and then reckon every degree ascending from that point as an occasion for thanks. That is the true standard. Precisely on this scale does the Bible compute our mercies. Demerit places us at the very nadir. Every step we take from the point where conscious unworthiness would consign us, should call for our offering of gratitude.

II. *When we recall our blessings, how much occasion we find for thankfulness.*

It is simply because we are not more *thankful* that we are not more thankful. If we *think* we cannot but

thank. With only a little effort to recall our blessings we would soon find ourselves ready to adopt the words of the Psalmist and say, "How many are thy gracious thoughts of me, O Lord! How great is the sum of them! When I count them they are more in number than the sand."

We have read of a father, who, one winter's night, was walking along, hurrying toward home, with his little daughter at his side. Suddenly she said to him, "Father, I am going to count the stars." By and by he heard her counting—"two hundred and twenty-three, two hundred and twenty-four. Oh, dear," she added, "I had no idea there were so many!"

Christian people, have you never said with your soul, "Now Master, I am going to count thy benefits," and soon found your heart sighing, not with sorrow, but burdened with goodness, and you saying to yourself, "I had no idea that there were so many?"

Count your mercies. At this thanksgiving season, think, and then thank. Thank God for your home, a Christian home. Thank him for your parents, your children. Thank him for the family, that blessed institution out of which grow all other good institutions. Thank him if your family has not been invaded by death, thank him for the memory of the loved ones, if they have been taken away. Thank him for the goodness that made you a son, native or adopted, of this land most favored by his smiles. For blessings, temporal and blessings spiritual, for blessings personal, family and national, for such multitudinous blessings that when you attempt to count them, you find them more in number than the stars in the heavens, or the sands upon the sea shores—for them all thank him who is the Giver of them all. *Think* and as you *think* "*in everything give thanks.*"



THE WAY TO GOD.

MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT.

Love illumines all the world
With a radiance divine,
And through it our Father's face,
With benignant light will shine.
Love the motive power is
To uplift men's souls to God,
It was through its holy paths
That our blessed Savior trod;

Teaching men the way to live,
 Feeling a sweet brotherhood,
 So that we might cease to do
 Aught but what was true and good.
 He desired us to love all
 And cast selfishness aside.
 It were better for mankind
 Were his teaching always tried.

Philadelphia, Pa.



"THE OLD PATHS."

A MUCH-USED, and, we might say, much abused expression, is this "up-to-date." We hear of "up-to-date preachers," "up-to-date churches" and "up-to-date services, music, sermons and religion," and again for the sake of rarity the changes are rung in "The Twentieth Century" and "for the times," and the limit of nonsense is almost reached in the ridiculous aphorism, "A Twentieth Century Gospel." Are we to understand by this that the human heart is so far gone in unrighteousness that the old remedies have lost their virtues and force, or does it mean that humanity is so much better than of old times that contrition and conversion are no longer necessary? Do we then need a newfangled church, Gospel and religion to suit this generation and century? How refreshing to sing occasionally F. W. Faber's noble hymn, "Faith of our fathers living still."

Do we not need to preach with much earnestness, "Contend for the faith once and for all delivered unto his people"? It is said that "history repeats itself," and it seems that in the days of Jeremiah the people desired the same kind of novelties in religion, for he exhorts them to "stand in the way and see and ask for the old paths, where is the good way, and walk therein. and you shall find rest for your souls." There is no new way for rest of soul, the development of Christian character, the favor of God, and the joys of heaven, but the old way which our fathers and mothers trod and gloriously reached through faith and prayer, obedience and by sacrificing service of God. The old paths of salvation, joyful living and triumphant dying are by the way of Mt. Zion and the Decalogue, Calvary and the Cross, repentance for sin and faith in the atonement of Christ.

The medicine for the moral diseases of the twentieth century is a bold and unhesitating preaching of the doctrines of the Bible as it has come down to us from the fathers, and as presented by them with holy fervor as in the days of the past. Like sin and error, which are both ancient and modern, is the truth of the Gospel, old, and yet always new. No matter what this age may want, it needs the old doctrines of faith and obedience. In all the history of the world there has never been any spread of the Gospel, the reformation of nations, the conversion of souls, or any successful evangelistic work among men, except by the old-fashioned, distinct doctrines, as preached by the early Christians.

The old paths that will lead to revivals of religion in these as in former times are the following: Faithful, parental instruction, family worship in spirit and in truth, regular attendance of the means of grace by parents and children, the earnest anointed preaching of the whole Gospel, the loving coöperation, the intelligent and tactful heart-to-heart work of members, and this not spasmodic and periodical only, but systematic and continued.—*Selected.*



IS HOLINESS OUT OF DATE?

WRITING under the above caption the *Sunday-school Times* says:

"It may be questioned whether the bustling minister or Christian worker with his finger in a dozen pies, diplomat, politician, reformer, sociologist, man of affairs, errand boy, is altogether so much more admirable in God's sight than the still saint in his cell on his knees in mystic contemplation of his Lord. He certainly is not if he has not found time and strength in his busy life to immerse himself in the presence and Spirit of God, day by day. For what men need supremely is neither politics, civic reform, Sunday schools, soup kitchens, or sociology; it is to come into touch with the living God. Our very service will otherwise degenerate into a new Pharisaism, more hopeless in its snug self-satisfaction, and inner deadness than the old. And the fountains of all this beneficence to man will dry up unless they are fed from the deep sources of the life of God, which never yet found their way into human hearts except through channels dug deep by prayer and aspiration and passionate seeking after God. We want that word back in our vocabulary, filled with the modern meaning, but not missing the old high sweetness. It is God's word and we must not lose it. Out-of-date holiness is out of date, of course; but with all our philanthropy, reform, beneficence, practicality, we need a profounder life, hid with Christ in God, speaking forth on the housetops what is heard in the closets, supreme consecration, deepest communion, translated into whole, hearty human living, the living, working holiness of Jesus Christ."

No, holiness will never be out of date. Scriptural terms may be misused and little understood, but the one essential for the church is *holiness*. It is not necessary to repair to a mystic cell to obtain it, neither is it necessary to leave the earth in order to live it. Through consecration to God and faith in the all-cleansing blood of Christ, we may walk before him in the beauty of holiness right here on earth.—*Selected.*



"WHEN we set out to suggest to our brother how he shall mend his ways, we are surely called upon to approach the matter in a spirit of humility and not of superiority."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The exports of domestic products from the United States for the month of October last increased \$21,000,000 over the exports of the same month in the preceding year. The value of exports in October of this year was \$123,643,720.

It is reported that a series of wireless telegraph stations are to be installed in Siberia which will enable the War Department of Russia to keep in communication with the easternmost parts of the empire. These stations are to be large enough to operate over a radius of a thousand miles.

Rice forms the chief cereal food of about one-half the world's population and wheat the chief cereal food of the other half. Curiously enough, the quantity of these two cereals produced apparently differs but little, the latest estimate placing the world's rice crop at about 175,000,000,000 pounds and the wheat crop at about 190,000,000,000 pounds.

Because across the American flag which floated from the peak of the Roosevelt were the words "North Pole," commander Robert E. Peary will be prosecuted. Charges of desecrating the flag have been instituted in the New York supreme court by Attorney Roswell R. Moss, historian of Newton Battle chapter, Sons of the American Revolution.

Prof. Metchnikoff, says the Scientific American, advocates the drinking of much fermented milk to check the intestinal putrefaction of food, and thus prolong life. In furtherance of his end, bonbons have been prepared, consisting of a lactic-acid product surrounded by a sweetened chocolate coating. The sugar of the coating assists in lactic-acid fermentation.

The demand for structural steel for next year already exceeds the capacity of existing mills by about 2,500,000 tons, according to operatives at Pittsburg. The West and Southwest and making unexpected demands on the manufacturers, and although plans are now complete for increasing the capacity of the mills by 200,000 tons a month, it is feared that even this output will not be sufficiently large.

It is stated at Washington by close friends of the administration that in his message to Congress the President will advise amending the interstate commerce act so as to extend its scope to include restricting the issues of bonds and stock of railroads, empowering the interstate commerce commission to suspend a rate until it has time to investigate its fairness, authorizing the commission to act on its own initiative without waiting for complaints and creating an interstate commerce court which will pass on appealed cases involving the decision of the interstate commerce commission.

"Red Cross stamps" will be put on sale in all parts of Illinois on Thanksgiving Day. The stamps are sold to raise money to fight tuberculosis. The distribution will be made by the Illinois branch of the Red Cross through the Chicago Tuberculosis Institution, 158 Adams Street, and will continue until after the holidays. The stamps will be on sale in department stores, hotels and other public places for use during the holiday season on letters and packages sent through the mails.

St. Louis merchants are in receipt of fine rice grown in Arkansas in the Grand Prairie country. Sample bags are being sent all over the United States and even to Europe by the Cotton Belt railroad. Arkansas rice grades 60 per cent higher than any other rice while the yield is 25 bushels more per acre than that grown elsewhere, it is claimed. This year the Grand Prairie section will raise about 1,750,000 bushels which means an income for this new section of from \$1,250,000 to \$1,500,000.

The Socialists have made heavy gains in the diet elections in several of the German states. This result is regarded as a popular protest against the recent increases in taxation and a consequence of the rapid shifting of population from the rural districts to the big industrial centers, where the socialistic propaganda thrives. Numerically, the Socialists are now the strongest party in Germany, but as there are several other parties, they do not wield the balance of power.

Canadian dairymen have discovered what was no doubt an unintentional "joker" in the new U. S. tariff law. The old duty on cream going into the United States worked out at five cents a pound, but the new duty is only five cents a gallon, while the duty on butter is six cents a pound. The Canadian creameries therefore are now taking advantage of this loophole in the tariff and shipping quantities of rich cream over the border at the low rate, instead of making it into butter and paying the higher rate.

New York, Nov. 14.—Reports of enormous damage by flood, hurricane and earth tremors continue to come in from the West Indies. Hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of property has been ruined and the death list may be large when complete information comes from the interior of the islands. Hayti, where violent earth disturbances are reported, and Santo Domingo, caught the brunt of the gale and the unprecedented rains. Hayti reports very heavy damage and some deaths at Port de Paix and Gonaives. Kingston, Jamaica, has registered 48 inches of rainfall since the storm began last Friday and the property damage to that city alone is estimated at half a million. Railroads have been wrecked and shipping blown ashore throughout the West Indies.

A campaign intended to make Denver a dry city was launched Nov. 8 at a meeting of prominent clergymen. The question will be submitted to the voters next spring. The originators of the movement express great hope of the outcome, as women will vote. One speaker declared that should the women of Denver fail to join and support the movement the women of no other State in the union will be able to get suffrage for twenty years.

Members of the Missouri State board of prison inspectors have decided to raise the price of convict labor from 60 to 70 cents a day. New contracts are to be awarded January 1, and an effort will be made to interest manufacturers in bidding for the services of prisoners. The State furnishes the contractors with guards, buildings, shafting, light, power, etc., and also feeds the prisoners. About 1,750 convicts are now employed at 60 cents a day.

Nearly 300 women attending the Southern Methodist home mission conference for the St. Louis district have pledged themselves to work and talk for the introduction of the Bible in the public schools of that city. The pledge followed the delivering of an address before the conference on "Christian Education, the Basis of Good Citizenship." It was made clear before the pledge was signed that the women were not advocating the introduction of creeds into the public school system, but were only asking "that the moral principles about which there can be no doctrinal discussion," should be taught.

At a conference with President Taft in connection with the Glavis charges, Secretary Ballinger demanded the retirement of Gifford Pinchot, chief forester. It is expected Ballinger will further reply to the charges in the Alaskan coal land cases. Mr. Pinchot will not resign at Ballinger's dictation. He will only quit when Taft dismisses him. Mr. Pinchot is many times a millionaire, cares nothing for the salary of the office, but is anxious to see the Roosevelt policy of conservation carried out. He ridicules the report that he is part of a cabal to discredit Taft and pave the way for the renomination and election of Roosevelt in 1912.

That breakfast food concerns, interested in driving corn products from the market, are responsible for the recent widespread belief that pellagra is caused by eating corn, and that there is ground to believe this theory, is the statement of Dr. Harvey Dillon of the Louisiana State board of health before the Southern Medical association recently. Most of the doctors agree that there is no ground for believing corn produces pellagra. Dr. G. C. Savage, of Nashville, president of the association, disputes the corn theory. He says the disease is caused by a germ which has not yet been discovered, and believes it is highly contagious.

A virulent outbreak of cholera at Simferopol has driven the Russian royal family from the imperial estate at Lividia and hurried them north to St. Petersburg. Thirty-five deaths have already been recorded in Simferopol and the authorities have little hope of checking the cholera outbreak before it spreads to the entire Crimean province. Because of the presence of the royal family in the vicinity, the sanitary department made an unprecedented effort to stamp out the disease in its incipency. They have been unable, however, to impress the inhabitants of the Crimean villages with the seriousness of the situation and an enormous death roll is expected before the plague passes.

Strange as it may seem to the uninitiated, the cost of operating an electric car depends to a large extent on the motorman. The economical motorman will permit his car to coast whenever possible and in this way will effect a considerable saving of power. Each application of the brakes means a waste of power. Recently an apparatus has been devised for keeping a record of the periods of coasting of different cars. The device is connected both with the electrical controller and with the air brakes and operates only when both the controlling apparatus and the brakes are in the "off" position. The record is made on a paper ribbon driven by a clock. This record makes it possible to judge of the relative economy of different motormen operating on the same line and encourages them to let the cars coast whenever it is possible to do so without falling behind their schedule.

On the first day of next year 1,765 employes of the New York Central railroad will begin drawing pensions. Plans to this end have just been completed by the directors of the road. Two classes of employes are to be pensioned, namely those who have reached the age of 70 years and who have been continuously in the service for 10 or more years and those who have been continuously in the service for 20 years. The scale of pensions is to be 1 per cent for each continuous year of service, based on the average rate of pay received by the pensioner during the ten years preceding retirement. When the system is fully operating it is estimated that its cost to the railroad will be about \$500,000 a year. It is expected that 100,000 employes will eventually be benefited. The plan is to be immediately extended to the Big Four, Boston and Albany and other subsidiary lines of the New York Central. The pensions will be awarded by a special board.

By a vote of 397 to 149 the history-making tax-increase bill which has so long been the chief topic in England was passed by the house of commons. The "government," as represented by Premier Asquith and his cabinet, are greatly pleased at this hearty support of a tax program which is so revolutionary. It now remains for the house of lords to say whether it will also approve this program, or bring a deluge of popular wrath upon its head by vetoing it. In England the upper house of parliament is not expected to oppose any measure which the lower house really insists on; the lords want to kill the new tax budget but probably dare not. Premier Asquith in a speech declared inasmuch as more revenue was needed, the taxes must be increased, and that it was a choice between this bill and a tariff. He dared Arthur Balfour, the opposition leader, to propose a tariff measure. Heavier taxes on the persons most able to pay was the only thing open, said he.

The government has just concluded an interesting and important series of experiments to demonstrate the comparative values of gasoline and alcohol as fuel for generating power. It is found that a gallon of denatured alcohol can be found to do the same amount of work in an engine as a gallon of gasoline. Moreover, the alcohol does not produce smoke and is less liable to yield obnoxious odors, but the lower price of gasoline makes it the cheaper fuel. Where the restrictions placed on the use of denatured alcohol are less stringent than those placed on the use of gasoline or where safety and cleanliness are important requisites the advantages to be gained by the use of alcohol engines in place of gasoline engines may overbalance a considerable increase in the fuel expense. This is so if the cost of fuel is but a small portion of the total expense involved.



Among the Magazines



INVESTIGATE THOROUGHLY BEFORE GIVING.

The first essential to wise giving is a realization by the giver of his fallibility and the limitations of his knowledge, writes John M. Glenn, secretary of the Sage Foundation Fund in *The Delineator* for December. To give by intuition or on partial information is neither humane nor beneficial. Nowhere is it truer that knowledge is power. Gifts based merely on belief in the worthiness of a cause and in the sincerity of its agents are often harmful. There should invariably be a thorough investigation of every proposed beneficiary.

To know whether an enterprise should be aided, the field of its operation must be searched to find out the real needs of its territory and of its proposed beneficiaries; if a real need is found, whether there is any other agency that is supplying that need; whether its aims will satisfy that need. Its proposed methods of operation must be scrutinized and compared with similar undertakings elsewhere to determine whether they will probably bring good results.

The quality and capacity of its governing body and of its officials must be known. Have they sound judgment? Do they realize the extent of the responsibility and opportunity their undertaking offers? Are they capable of putting good plans into effective operation? Are they giving the necessary thought and attention to secure steady progress?

Thorough investigation is a great help to those who require financial aid. No enterprise is so well managed that it can not learn from intelligent persons who view it from the outside. A few well-directed questions, tactfully put, may open up a vista of opportunity not seen in the steady course of daily pressure of work. Friendly investigation is evidence of sympathy, and welcomed most by the most efficient. Nothing is more educational.



WAR CHIEFS ON ALCOHOLISM.

The fearless attitude of General Grant in reply to liquor critics and his participation in Chicago's temperance demonstration has provoked widespread editorial comment and discussion. A characteristic editorial opinion appears in the *Nashville Tennessean* Oct. 4 in these words: "By attempting to humiliate General Grant for participating in the great law enforcement parade in Chicago the saloon power made a fatal error. Rebuffed by General Grant and made ridiculous by the ruling of Secretary Dickinson, the Chicago liquor crowd stands before the world snubbed and discredited. Its foolish attempt to force support from government sources revealed the weakness of its position more truly than a thousand speeches by temperance orators."

Military Leaders Agree with General Grant.

A leading article in the *Chicago Tribune* Oct. 17, writ-

ten by the well known correspondent "Ex-Attache," declares that "among those who think like General Fred D. Grant are Field Marshal Lord Wolseley, his brother field marshal, Lord Kitchener, and most of the generals who have served under the latter in Egypt, South Africa and in India, Admiral Lord Charles Beresford and many another military and naval commander of equal note and standing."

Continuing, the *Chicago Tribune* correspondent shows a remarkable change in the military attitude toward the use of liquors during the past few years. Referring to British progress toward a military basis of complete total abstinence, "Ex-Attache" says:

"When one remembers how devoted the Englishman is to his beer, the Scotchman to his 'mountain dew' and the Irishman to his poteen, modern history abounding in the upset of British cabinets ill advised enough to attempt to increase the tax on these stimulants, which are regarded not as luxuries, but as actual necessities of life, the boldness and likewise the difficulty of Lord Kitchener's innovation will be appreciated. But his scheme more than fulfilled all his expectations. Thanks to total abstinence, the men were able to make forced marches of the most extraordinary character across the burning desert and under a blazing sun, the heat of whose rays can only be appreciated by those who have lived under the equator.

Liquor Tricks Soon Thwarted.

"All kinds of devices and tricks were resorted to in the earlier stages of the famous Sudan campaign of Lord Kitchener," continues the *Tribune* story. "One wily Greek liquor dealer even managed, no one knows exactly how, to get several wagon loads of spirits up beyond Wady Halfa for the purpose of retailing them to the officers and men of the expedition. But fortunately Kitchener obtained an inkling of the affair, captured the convoy and caused every bottle and barrel to be mercilessly destroyed, the liquor merely serving to poison the sand and to slake the thirst of the ever parched desert."

On sea and land alike the demand of military competition has driven out alcohol, and "in order to slake the thirst engendered by the heat, exertion and smoke inseparable from a naval combat supplies of oatmeal and water for drinking are arranged all over the British man-of-war," states "Ex-Attache."

"Today," concludes this remarkable *Tribune* discussion, "three maritime powers surpass all others in the matter of naval gunnery—Great Britain, the United States and Japan," and, knowing the strenuous total abstinence regulations now in force by these three nations, "may we not assume," it asks, "that the superiority of English, American and Japanese naval gunnery is attributable to the total abstinence encouraged or enforced?"

Pointing out the fact that the "modern warship is the most complicated piece of machinery in existence" and that "the slightest mistake might result in an appalling

catastrophe, with the destruction of the lives of all the crew of 600 or 800 men, "Ex-Attache" says:

"Men who have to shoulder this burden do not dare to drink. The risk is too appalling. That is why inebriety, formerly treated with relative indulgence, is now punished with such great severity in the American and English navies and why drinking has gone out of fashion among naval men."



THREE PEACE FORCES.

There are three great forces in our civilization, each of which, more potent here than elsewhere in the world, voices for international peace, and government of and by the people will heed those voices. First, the business interests. Nowhere are there more varied and larger business enterprises carried on than in the United States. Our merchants sweep the entire horizon of the world in their pursuit of business. Our manufacturing industries, some of them gigantic in extension, search the whole realm of industry in the furtherance of their work. The inventor and the mechanical engineer are very busy devising new methods of toil, new machines, for accomplishing more and better work. Over eight hundred thousand patents for new and useful inventions have been issued from the Patent Office at Washington. The means of locomotion and the facilities for communication are extending in every direction. We have more miles of railroad than any other nation in the world and almost as many as all other nations put together. Mountains are no barrier, rivers do not stay their course. Now all these interests look askance at the prospect of war. They dread the destruction of property and business. They hate to see the efforts of the brainy turned away from the furtherance of these interests into devising additional means of killing and sowing the land with the seeds of destruction. When Mr. Carnegie said that if any controversy arose between Great Britain and the United States it could be entrusted to the merchants of London and New York, who would settle it peacefully and with honor to both nations, he expressed the longing and faith of all business interests, and may be looked upon as seer and prophet.

Second, the laborers. The great mass of the American people are toilers, and their votes determine the policy of the government, for it is a government of and by the people. In England the labor party pressed upon the government the consideration of a limitation of armament, and the government, obedient thereto, dared not withhold presenting the matter to the recent Hague Conference. Mr. Kier Hardie, the leader of that party in Parliament, in a recent address in this country, declared that the laborers of the world were all opposed to war and demanded that all difficulties between nations should be settled by arbitration. The toilers see that war means the waste and destruction of property. They know that it takes life, that the army is drawn from their numbers, and that their homes are drained to fill the cemeteries of the battlefield. They also realize full well that the cost of armies and of war is enormous; that that cost is made good by taxes, and they are beginning to appreciate more and more the fact that they pay the bulk of the taxes. They see the great nations of the Old World piling up from year to year and from decade to decade an ever-increasing burden of debt, and they also perceive that this country (which during thirty years had paid off two-thirds of the debt created by the Civil War) has since then for military armament and naval display not only ceased to reduce, but has practically ceased all efforts at

reduction. They are weighing the earnest words of Secretary Root, when, appealing to the South American States for a closer union, he declared:

"Let us pledge ourselves to aid one another in the full performance of the duty to humanity which that accepted declaration implies, so that in time the weakest and most unfortunate of our republics may come to march with equal step by the side of the stronger and more fortunate. Let us help one another to show that for all the races of men the liberty for which we have fought and labored is the twin sister of justice and peace. Let us unite in creating and maintaining and making effective an all American public opinion, whose power shall influence international conduct and prevent international wrong, and narrow the causes of war, and forever preserve our free lands from the burdens of such armaments as are massed behind the frontiers of Europe, and bring us ever nearer to the perfection of ordered liberty. So shall come security and prosperity, production and trade, wealth, learning, the arts, and happiness for all."

It is a startling commentary on these words and these efforts of Secretary Root that, impelled by the action of this nation in building up a navy, Brazil and Argentine have lately commenced the enlargement of theirs and decline to enter into an agreement to stop the increase at a certain limit.

The laborers, as all others, know that debt piled up for a navy is just as heavy a burden as a debt piled up for an army. They know that while the stock gamblers of New York may water stock there is no power that can water a debt—not even a debt for a navy. It remains a constant burden, whose interest is an annual drain, and whose principal stands in the way of those works of peace which will promote the happiness and comfort of all. We hear from them already in the declarations of their organized bodies that arbitration must be the rule, that international peace must be the object, and that military and naval armaments must stop their growth. Nowhere in the world is the toiler such a power in the government. Nowhere is he such an intelligent force, so fully understanding the curse and cost of war, and his opposition will grow more and more emphatic until every lawgiver hears and heeds.

Third, woman. I am not now speaking as champion or prophet of female suffrage. I note only the fact that the last half century has changed her position. She is no longer a purely home body, but has entered largely into public life. Whether voting or not, she has become an active and vigorous force in the national life. Her patriotism is as certain and as strong as that of her brother, and whenever the need comes, although she may not shoulder the musket or draw the sword, she does all that is possible to ameliorate the hardships of war. The Red Cross is her work and her glory, and the noble bands of women who are giving their time and strength to increasing its efficiency and extending the reach of its influence are among the heroines of the nation. But while all this is true, you need no assurance that her voice is and always will be potent for peace. No mother nurses her baby boy and rears him to manhood without dread that his life may in its prime be cut off by the merciless bullet. She looks forward to old age in the hope and faith that that boy, in the vigor and strength of manhood, will be her comfort, support and glory. There never was a time since the beginning of days that woman longed for bloodshed or the carnage of war, and the more fully she realizes its waste and destruction the more earnest will become her opposition. Nowhere in the world is she so potent a force in public life as in this country, and you may be sure

that that force will be ere long concentrated in steadfast opposition to war and in favor of the settlement of international disputes by arbitration. She cannot be sneered or laughed out of her faith, and he who looks for public recognition in this country will do well to take note of this fact.

These are three great forces in the life of this nation, and as they unite in the effort for arbitration and international peace, they will compel the public men of the day to heed their demands.

I believe in the promises of Scripture, that his word shall not return unto him void, but shall accomplish that which he pleases and shall prosper in the thing whereto he hath sent it; that the time will come when the swords shall be beaten into plowshares and the spears into pruninghooks, and when men shall learn war no more forever.

With the eye of faith I see unrolled on the canvas of the future a glorious picture, in which shall be seen every laborer dwelling beneath his own vine and fig tree, receiving ever a living wage for his toil, every merchant and manufacturer pursuing his business and his industry without a thought of interruption by the ravages of war, and men of science and wealth combining in the achievement of more and more gigantic results, adding not merely to the necessities, but also to the comforts and luxuries of life, taking possession of land and water and air, and all the forces to be found in them, and making them minister to human life. In the foreground will be seen that highest type of womanhood, the Madonna, and across her bosom will be these words: "Mary hath kept all these things, and hath pondered them in her heart"; while underneath will shine in letters of fadeless light, "The United States of America has fulfilled its mission."—Hon. David J. Brewer, Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, in *Advocate of Peace*.



LUXURY AND LUCKY FARMERS.

A news item which perhaps did not attract general attention, but which must be regarded with concern by every thoughtful observer, was the explanation of the present high price and prospective prohibitive price of butter. The reason given was that the farmer was now too rich to milk his cows. This sounds plausible. Naturally enough, the first task a farmer would omit would be milking. Every story of the early life of a great man of rural origin begins with the matter of fact statement that he used to rise at 3 A. M. and milk the cows. Now, rising at 3 A. M. is irksome, that is, to a rich man especially—take note of this change in rural conditions—especially to a rich man who has been riding in his automobile most of the night before, after the present habit of our farmers.

Perhaps we can stand the rise in the price of butter due to the spread of luxury among farmers. It is only one more commodity that is higher. But where is this tendency to stop? Now the luxurious farmer ceases milking. What duty will he next find interfering with his comfort? Here he is growing richer and richer each year. You have only to read the impressive figures of Secretary Wilson, showing how his crops are worth \$8,000,000,000 or so annually to imagine his rapid strides into the forefront of the leisure class. His

ubiquitous automobile is only a symptom of the prosperity that eight new billions each year spell. His swelling bank account, his strongbox full of railroad stocks, his daughter being "finished" in Paris—these are, all of them, the marks of a man who can afford to be fastidious about the work he does and the hours he keeps.

Now, there must be other farm duties that the plutocrats of the plow meditate cutting off when Secretary Wilson's next \$8,000,000,000 is counted up and collected. Hoeing corn and potatoes, picking berries and gathering up the sheaves of wheat under glaring July suns are assuredly tasks which cannot altogether please a rich man's fancy. Indeed, we could mention a hundred duties in a farmer's life which, if he has begun by ceasing to milk his cows because he is too prosperous, he would naturally stop doing as his wealth piled up year after year. It is the habit of man to increase his leisure as his means increase, and when wealth multiplies at the thumping rate of \$8,000,000,000 a year great and rapid changes in the ways of life will naturally ensue. We used to rejoice over that \$8,000,000,000, over the automobiles, over the bank accounts and all the other signs of wealth rivaling that of Ormus and of Ind. . But now they are positively alarming. What if the farmer, as he grows richer and richer, should stop farming altogether? Something must be done and done at once to teach the idle rich on the farms that it is their duty to keep on milking.—*New York Tribune*.

Between Whiles

Warning Her.—A deaf but pious English lady, visiting a small country town in Scotland, went to church armed with an ear-trumpet. The elders had never seen one, and viewed it with suspicion and uneasiness. After a short consultation one of them went up to the lady, just before the opening of the services, and, wagging his finger at her warningly, whispered, "One toot, and ye're oot."—*Christian Register*.



Sir Colin Campbell, when in India, wrote in an official report: "A lot of young fellows come out and they drink and eat and die, and then write home and tell their friends the climate killed them."



Painless Punishment.—One day a dentist had occasion to punish his 5-year-old son for disobedience. As he picked up the rod the little fellow said: "Papa, won't you please give me gas first?"—*Chicago Daily News*.



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THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM THE NAMPA RECORD, NAMPA, IDAHO, OF SEPT. 30, 1909.

During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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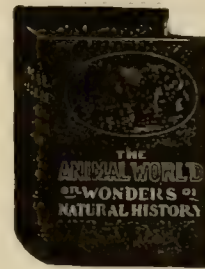
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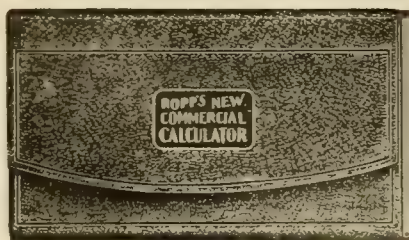
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This picture shows a 20 acre Alfalfa field, seeded March 1, 1909.

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J. M. Bomberger, Modesto, Cal."

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November 30, 1909

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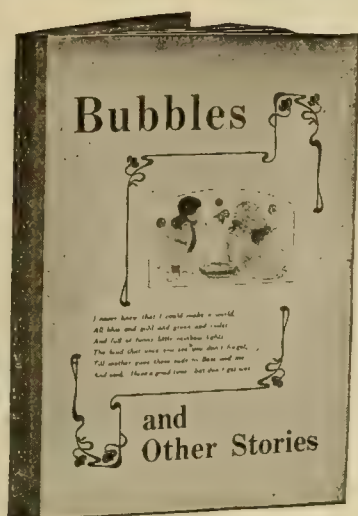
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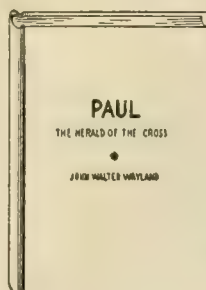
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Cimarron Citizen—

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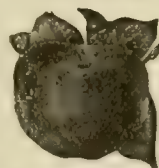
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THE FOLLOWING IS TAKEN FROM THE NAMPA RECORD, NAMPA,
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During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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Salt Lake City, Utah.

THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

November 30, 1909.

No. 48.

BATTLE OF THE MISSISSINEWA

PROFESSOR OTHO WINGER, MANCHESTER COLLEGE

IN the early history of our country there were many unfortunate struggles with the Indians. Only a few of these have been given much notice by the historians. Some are of little historical importance, but are full of interest to those who are far removed from the scenes of that savage strife. One of these battles was that of the Mississinewa. It was second in importance only to Tippecanoe in the conquest of Indiana.

The battle occurred on Dec. 18, 1812. The causes were as follows: In June of that year war had been declared against Great Britain. A few weeks later General William Hull ignominiously surrendered Detroit, and with it much of the Northwest Territory passed into the hands of the British and Indians. Steps were immediately taken looking toward the recovery of the lost territory. This task was entrusted to General W. H. Harrison, who had won the famous victory at Tippecanoe the previous year.

How to deal with the Indians was a most serious question. A general peace had been declared after Wayne's victory in 1794, but now the red men were again in arms, urged on by the great warrior, Tecumseh, and his prophet brother. These two had planned a general uprising of the western tribes but had suffered a great defeat at Tippecanoe. Among the Indians that sided with Great Britain in the war of 1812 was a Miami tribe living in what are now Grant, Wabash and Miami Counties, Indiana. They had taken part in various marauding expeditions and attacks on frontier forts. It was plain that no safe advance could be made against Detroit until these Miami Indians had been crippled so as to curb their activity.

This work was assigned to Colonel John Campbell, who was given a large portion of General Harrison's army, which was then stationed at Greenville, Ohio. The expedition proceeded into the Indian country unnoticed until they reached a point on the Mississinewa River about seven miles northwest of Marion, Ind.

Here they came upon one of the enemy's towns, which they took without opposition, killing several warriors and taking many prisoners. They continued down the river several miles and burned other villages, which had been deserted upon the approach of the Americans. Having thus destroyed the base of supplies, they returned to the first village and encamped for the night. A well-formed camp was arranged; and well was it too, for the Indians were planning vengeance. On the next morning, one hour before daybreak, the Indian warwhoop was given and three hundred braves rushed to the attack. The Americans were taken by surprise but soon recovered their bearings and held the ground. When daylight came a cavalry charge drove the Indians in flight. The American loss was eight killed and many wounded; the Indian loss was very much larger.

Colonel Campbell's army now began its return march to Greenville. It was not altogether unlike Napoleon's retreat from his victory at Moscow. It was biting, cold December weather. Behind them lay the burned villages, while they marched through an inhospitable territory. When Greenville was reached, over three hundred had been frost-bitten and rendered unfit for service.

One of the braves who distinguished himself in this battle was destined to be a prominent character in Indiana for two generations. This was Me-shin-gome-sia, son of Me-to-cin-yah, grandson of A-taw-ataw, and great-grandson of Osandish. Me-shin-gome-sia had nine brothers, whose names I will give you if you will pronounce them: Ta-con-saw, Mack-quack-que-nun-goh, Shop-on-do-she-ah, Wa-pe-si-taw, Me-tack-quack-quah, So-lin-jes-yah, Wa-can-con-aw, Po-kung-e-yah, and We-cop-e-me-wah.

Me-shin-gome-sia was born about 1782. About 1815 he married Tack-a-quah, daughter of So-a-nah-ke-kah. After the death of his father, he became the chief of his people and was highly respected until his

death in 1878. In that year death reaped a heavy harvest by garnering in the chieftain and many of his friends. A few of his descendants survived him, but these are now rapidly disappearing. The writer's first three years' experience in teaching school was among this interesting people. The old Indian school-house stood upon a hill in sight of the battle-ground. Every eighteenth of December these children would listen with eagerness to the story of that struggle of long ago.

Recently interest has been revived in the battle of the Mississinewa by a notable gathering that took place on August 29 of this year when fully ten thousand people met on the old battle-ground. Distinguished speakers were present; also many Indians, among them two veterans of nearly a century's age. The sounds of war were silent, feelings of hatred unthought of while white and red men, in a friendly spirit, repeated the story of the struggle of their fathers. Steps were also taken looking toward urging Congress to establish a national park at the battle-ground, whose location on

the Mississinewa is very picturesque; also to have an appropriate monument erected to mark the site of the conflict.

The traces of the red men are fast disappearing. Another generation will know the Miami Indians only from the stories of others. They cannot stand against increasing civilization, or, shame to say, against the greed and unprincipled schemes of white men. As one Indian put it, in explaining how they lost their land, "Indian can't trade with white man." Their land is gone from their possession and soon they will be no more; not fully either, for all know the truth of the poet's observation:

"You say they all have passed away,
That noble race and brave,
That their light canoes have vanished
From off the crested wave,
That 'mid the forests where they roamed
You do not hear their shout;
But their names are on your waters
And you cannot blot them out."

GIVE THE BOY A CHANCE

JOHN H. NOWLAN

MUCH has been written about keeping the boy on the farm and recently one writer gave an article on "Keeping the Old Man on the Farm." With so much on the subject it may seem a little superfluous for me to add any more, yet I am constrained to offer a few thoughts on the subject.

Last but not least of the products of the farm we will consider the boy.

Why does he desire to leave the farm? Let us look at his environments. What are they? The girls have the choice of rooms and he takes what they do not want, because he is only a boy and anything is supposed to do for that class of animals.

He sees the boy from town better dressed, and with better social and educational advantages. He hears people, even in his own home, make discrediting comparisons between the two classes of boys and, though he says nothing, in his heart he secretly rebels.

About the first of March the boots that served him for school are in bad condition, yet he must wear them, as leather is dear. As he places his wet socks by the stove at night he looks forward to the time when he may wear better shoes and not be compelled to trudge through the mud.

When summer comes he gets no new ones but must plow barefoot, sometimes around hedges.

When time to hoe comes the hired man and the boy

are sent to the same field to work together. One of the hoes is a new light one, while the other is dull, rusty, and has a rough, massive handle. The hired man is being paid for his work, so he must have good tools to work with, while the other will do for the boy. And yet the boy is expected to hoe as many rows as the hired man and do the work as well as he.

As with the hoes, so with the cultivators when corn plowing time comes. Equal skill is expected of each, though the hired man is twenty-five years old, and the boy is fourteen.

When a load of coal, etc., is needed from the village the hired man is sent. If the boy asks to be allowed to go instead he is told that the hired man works hard—is the best hand ever on the farm, and, if not treated properly, at the expiration of his term may not renew his contract. Or it may be he is informed that the hand is not to be trusted to work without a boss and the boy can. Does this make the boy feel like continuing to put forth his best efforts when his only reward is more work?

Saturday night the hired man disappears not to reappear till Monday. The boy gets no holiday save to go to the country church occasionally, after having been enjoined to be home in time for the noon chores, as no one else will be there to do them.

He is only fourteen yet through the entire season he

"made a hand" at the threshing machine, and you boasted that you had to hire no help as the boy "changed" enough work to do all of yours.

Did you speak a kind word to him? No, but you gave him *fifty cents*! Yet you wonder why he does not take more interest in the farm work.

Boy wonders (aloud) why you do not have the hired man do more of the rough jobs and he is informed that he can't be spared—the hired man is not so necessary. Do you wonder that the boy looks longingly forward to the time when he too may leave at will?

Last fall you gave him a corner to sow to wheat to have for his own. What was the yield? About thirty bushels. What did the boy do with it? You needed it! Were you honest? He is your boy and you can do as you please. Be careful! You claim to be a Christian and yet you have broken your promise. What influence will that have on his future?

He has a liking for school and you promised him to allow him to start to school early in the term if he would work well during the summer. With this in view he worked faithfully, even when ill, in order that he might not be called a shirk. When did he start? About the middle of November. Why not sooner? The corn had to be husked? You knew corn husking time was coming, so why did you promise? Thought he didn't care, as he said nothing. If he were your neighbor and you dealt thus with him would he consider you honest? Would he have grounds for legal action?

And you wondered why he showed no more interest when you promised to send him to college some day!

Be careful what you promise him and then be careful to keep that promise.

When he does good work tell him so—don't think it is enough to tell him when he does poor work.

If you expect him to be a successful farmer begin now to let him exercise his judgment and do not wait till he goes to work for himself. Teach him how to do all the work on the farm and let him operate every machine.

Don't tell about your boyhood days, of your holidays and how you enjoyed them, and then leave him to draw comparisons between you and grandfather.

Treat him as though he were a rational being—as well as you do the hired man. Be honest and just, and see if you are not able to keep him on the farm after his twenty-first birthday.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



A NEW SCHOOL FOR FARMERS.

SHOULD the taking of the census of 1910 be conducted strictly along the broad lines already marked out for it, one of the incidental results will be to establish a course of practical business training for farmers which promises large and substantial results.

One fault of many, perhaps of a majority, of our farmers, is that they do little or no bookkeeping. As a rule the farmer who sits down to reckon up the results of his year's work has to base his calculations upon facts drawn from memory or from records which are incomplete as well as unbusinesslike and untrustworthy.

The government, through the mechanism of the census bureau, seeks to abolish this slipshod system of farm accounting and persuade farmers to replace it with definite business forms like those used in other extensive enterprises. The change, it is pointed out, would be valuable not only to the farmer himself, but to the government. The farmer who at the end of the season is unable to present a clear, comprehensive statement of the year's work, setting forth in detail the financial operations of his industry, is not a successful farmer in the broad sense of the term, no matter how abundant his crops, herds and other ventures. His affairs lack the careful, methodical accounting which he expects of the bank in which he deposits his money and which he requires of the men he elects to office at the county seat. He would immediately and properly withdraw his funds from a bank incapable of making a clearer statement of its financial operations for the year than he could make of his own.

The government wants the farmer to exercise a practical business supervision over his own affairs, and to that end it has asked him to be ready in 1910 to give the census takers certain definite information based upon written records kept by himself with reference to his operations in 1909. He will be asked for a statement of the acreage, yield and selling price of all crops harvested this year, together with the value of his live stock, dairy products, poultry, eggs, fruit, etc. In addition, he will be called upon for an inventory of all live stock, poultry and bees on hand April 15, 1910. The government will ask how much money he paid out for fertilizers in 1909, how much he paid for farm labor, what amount he paid for hay, grain or other articles not raised on the farm, but purchased for feed for domestic animals and poultry, what acreage he planted for each staple in 1909 and what acreage he intends to plant for each in 1910, the number and value of animals sold in 1909; the number and value of animals slaughtered on the farm, either for home use or for sale, the number and value of wool fleece sold, the quantity of milk and of butter in pounds produced, and a comprehensive statement of mortgaged indebtedness, etc.—*New York Mail*.



DRUNKENNESS is not only the cause of crime, but it is crime; and if any encourage drunkenness for the sake of the profit derived from the sale of drink, they are guilty of a form of moral assassination as criminal as any that has ever been practiced by the bravos of any country or age.—*John Ruskin*.



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter III.

CHARLES ENDICOTT and his associates were granted a royal charter in 1629, and all rights were transferred to the Colony. Puritans from all sections came to this land, in large numbers. Soon Salem, Charlestown, Dorchester, Watertown, and Boston were founded.

The first thing to be done was to see how the Indians would treat the settlers, and Capt. Miles Standish was sent out to gather the desired information. The New England army consisted of only six men beside the general. Deserted wigwams were found; smoke from campfires arose in the distance; savages were occasionally seen in the forest, but they fled upon seeing the English, and Standish marched back to Plymouth unmolested.

Shortly after Standish's adventure, Samoset, sachem of the Wampanoags, came into the village of Plymouth, offered his hand and gave the settlers a welcome. Having been with the whites at different times since the landing of the earliest voyagers, he spoke broken English. He told them of the number and strength of his people, and how a few years before the country had been swept by a plague, and many of his people had died, to which malady—which had destroyed their fathers—he attributed the feeble and dispirited condition of the red man at that time.

They were soon after visited and welcomed by Squanto, an Indian who had been on shipboard with Hunt in 1614, and could speak good English. Squanto confirmed all that had been said by Samoset. Massasoit, great sachem of the Wampanoags, came in early spring with a treaty which lasted fifty years. This compact was very simple, providing that "no injury should be done by white men to the Indians or by the Indians to the whites," and that "all offenders and criminals should be given up by either party for punishment according to the laws and usages of the two people." This treaty was entered into by nine of the leading tribes, who acknowledged, according to their understanding, the rule of the King of England. Some sachems grew suspicious and hostile, and at one time Standish was obliged to lead out his soldiers against them. Gov. Bradford received a bundle of arrows wrapped in a rattlesnake's skin, from Canonicus; the governor filled the skin with powder and balls and returned it as an answer, to Canonicus, who refused to

receive it, sending it on from tribe to tribe until it was finally returned to the governor—an unaccepted challenge.

The first year at Plymouth was unfruitful, the colonists being brought to the point of starvation. Others arriving without supplies made the situation worse. These remained with the Pilgrims during the winter; then in the early spring crossed to the south side of Boston harbor and laid the foundation of Weymouth, but not being prosperous—instead of honest labor they tried to live by dishonest trade with the Indians—and being at the point of starvation, they abandoned their settlement and returned to England.

The third year—1623—brought a bountiful harvest to the people of Plymouth. The Indians brought in the products of the hunt, which they exchanged for corn. John Robinson made an attempt to bring the main body of the Pilgrims who had remained at Leyden, to America, but the London adventurers who had the management of the enterprise, would not furnish either the money or transportation, and at the end of the fourth year New England contained only one hundred and eighty white persons.

John White, a minister of the Puritans, at Dorchester, England, led a party who settled at Cape Ann in 1624. After two years the whole party moved southward, where they founded Salem, having found the first situation unfavorable. Two years later John Endicott arrived with his company, and was appointed governor. King Charles I granted this company a patent and the settlement was incorporated under the name of the governor and company of Massachusetts Bay in New England. Immigrants to the number of two hundred arrived the same summer, some settling at Plymouth, and some at the peninsula on the north side of Boston Harbor where they laid the foundation of Charlestown.

In 1630 about three hundred of the leading Puritan families in England came to America, led by John Winthrop, who was chosen governor. He chose to suffer with the Puritans, although an Episcopalian, leaving a home of luxury and comfort to share the destiny of these persecuted pilgrims in the New World.

The same year the governor crossed the harbor with a few leading families to Shawmut and there founded Boston, which was "destined to be the capital of the

colony and the metropolis of New England." The civil life of the people from the first had a tendency toward democratic liberty. A representative form of government was formed in 1634, and was accomplished against the opposition of the British ministers. Between three and four hundred voters gathered on election day, and after listening very attentively to the learned Cotton, who preached very forcefully against the evils of republicanism, the election went on. The old method of public voting was replaced by the use of the ballot box. The only bar now to the true democratic form of government in New England was that only church members were allowed to vote.

About this time the Connecticut colony—one of the earliest—began. The council of Plymouth made a grant of territory to the Earl of Warwick, who the following year assigned the claim to Lord Say-and-Seal. Lord Brooke, John Hampden, and others. Before these men were able to avail themselves of this grant, the Dutch settlers at Manhattan came to the Connecticut River and built on what is now Hartford (Conn.) a rude fortress, which was called the "House of Good Hope."

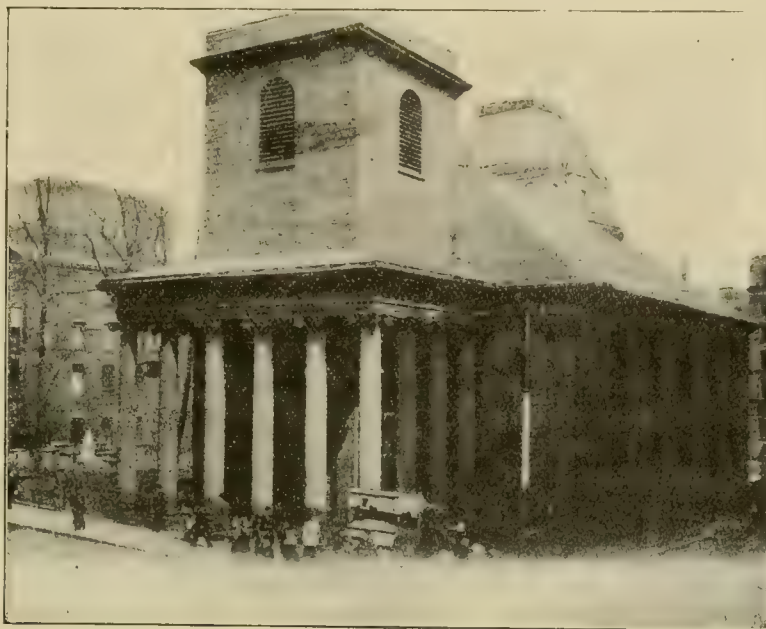
The valley of the Connecticut was claimed by the Plymouth Colony, who upon hearing of this intrusion, sent a force to compel them to vacate. The colonists of New Plymouth claimed the territory westward beyond the Hudson and Connecticut Rivers which covered the Dutch settlements of New England. Entering the Connecticut River the English of New Plymouth passed the "House of Good Hope," defying the Dutch, and built a blockhouse seven miles up the stream, which was called Windsor.

The Boston people not satisfied in 1635 sent a colony of sixty people to take possession of the Connecticut valley, and settlements were made at Hartford, Windsor, and Wethersfield. John Winthrop, Jr., arrived in New England this year, with a commission to fortify the mouth of the Connecticut River, and also to drive the Dutch from that section. He built a fort at the entrance of the river and founded Saybrooke which was named in honor of Lords Say and Brooke,

who had chosen this country for colonization. This brought the then most important river of New England under the Puritans' control.

Rhode Island was founded by a young minister named Roger Williams, from Salem. He was a radical Anabaptist and had received baptism in infancy. Being convinced of the invalidity of his baptism he decided to be rebaptized, selecting a layman to perform the ceremony, the layman being in turn baptized by him, as were ten others. Here began the organization

of the Baptist church in America. He taught that all had the right to "follow the dictates of his own conscience and worship God according to the dictates of his own heart." He contended that "each person should think for himself in religious matters, and be responsible to his own conscience alone." He was ordered sent to England but fled to the forest in the dead of winter. Being thus cast out by his



King's Chapel, Boston, Mass.

Christian brethren he found refuge among the Indians. The next year he was given a tract of land by Canonius, the Narraganset sachem, where he founded a settlement which was called Providence.

Roger Williams was born of Welsh parents; the date of his birth is a subject of dispute. After leaving college he studied theology. He was admitted into holy orders and is said to have had parochial charges (Church of England). On account of his Puritanic views he came to America and was given charge of the church at Salem in 1631. To escape the persecutions he went to Plymouth where he became assistant pastor. He enjoyed the friendship of such men as Milton, Cromwell and others. He lived to be about eighty-four years old, but the exact date of his death is not known.

The Narraganset and Pequod Indians were always the most bitter enemies, but by persuasion Roger Williams brought about a reconciliation and made a treaty of friendship with the English. This treaty soon became a source of danger. For being friendly with the Narragansets, the Pequods violated the treaty with the English, and they committed many outrages, which were avenged by the militia. The Pequods,

finding they were not equal to the English, persuaded the Narragansets and Mohegans to join them in the annihilation of the whites. The situation became very critical, and Williams defeated their plans by first notifying Governor Henry Vane of Massachusetts of the peril, then going alone to the tent of the chief of the Narragansets (Canonicus), where he found him in council with several Pequods. For two days he pleaded with this chief to withdraw from the alliance and to stand firm to his vow of peace with the whites, and received the promise of the chief to renounce his purpose. The English easily conquered the Pequods, burning their forts and killing all but seven of their warriors.

Williams believed that the government had to do only with law-making, tax-collecting, restraining law-breaking, punishing for crimes and protecting all in the enjoyment of equal rights. The narrow-minded settlers of New England could not tolerate such belief and so Williams was arraigned and expelled from Plymouth Colony. They declared his teachings as "heretical," being "destructive to the interests of society and inimical to the best interests of man." He was driven out of the colony in the dead of winter, and for fourteen weeks his bed was in hollow trees, and his fare parched corn, acorns and roots, which simply saved him from death by freezing and starvation. He was at last taken in by the Indians whose rights he had defended and Massasoit and Canonicus entertained him at their wigwams.

Williams at last made his way to the banks of the Blackstone River, near Narraganset Bay, planting a field and building the first house in the village of Seekonk, Mass. It being found out that he was still within the bounds of Plymouth Colony—five companions having now joined him from Boston and Salem—he left his house, crossing to the west side of the bay, purchasing a tract of land of Canonicus, and in June, 1636, he with his followers, laid out the city of Providence, and thus became the "Father of Rhode Island."

In the years 1622 Sir Ferdinand Gorges and John Mason received a grant of land between the Merrimac and Kennebec Rivers, and from the sea to the St. Lawrence River, and hastened to secure this right by planting a settlement. In the spring of 1623 Mason and Gorges sent out a small company to hold their province. Twenty years previous New Hampshire had been visited by Martin Pring, and Capt. John Smith in 1614 explored and made a map of the coast.

The settlements on the Merrimac were the oldest in New England after those at Plymouth. This colony progressed slowly, the first villages being only fishing stations. After six years the proprietors divided the territory between themselves, the northern part taken by Gorges, and the southern by Mason. A minister named John Wheelright came to New Hampshire, purchasing the right of the natives to the country occupied by Mason, and secured a second patent, and the name was changed from Laconia to New Hampshire.

CHRISTIAN EDUCATION

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

THE education of the rising generation is a matter of vital importance to both church and state.

An intellectual and secular education is not sufficient to secure the welfare or safety of society. Rome had more intelligence and culture when she fell than when she was in her prime. The "shaggy" demons of the wilderness who trampled out her civilization were more moral than her citizens. The golden age of Grecian and Roman culture and civilization was that of foulest corruption and impending destruction. The fine sense of beauty has no necessary connection with duty, and the grammatical declensions of virtue have no connection with its practice. Education may create most accomplished rogues and dangerous neighbors. It is said that after Russia had tried secular education for awhile, her prime minister said to the Czar, "*We are raising a race of demons.*" The tree of the knowledge of good and evil in Paradise brought in the devil's millenniums.

Knowledge of good and evil affords no assurance of a greater love of the one, or of a greater hatred of the other than would exist in ignorance. Our first parents no doubt found the devil well enough informed. The archangel, Michael, and the arch-devil, Lucifer, may have the same intellectual ability and the same intellectual attainments but the fidelity of the one and the disobedience of the other make heaven and hell. Unless knowledge ripens into moral force it becomes the tool of selfishness and sin. Corrupted intelligence is worse than misled ignorance. Knowledge perverted is misused power. Give the printing-press to vicious men and they will only do harm with it.

There is today a superstitious faith in spelling books. Men who ought to know better will tell you with census tables and statistics of all kinds in hand, that *ignorance is the cause of crime*. Ignorance is only one of many concomitants of crime. Intelligence is another. And knowledge is a third. It is purely a ran-

dom inference of careless writers that because ignorance and crime are often together therefore ignorance is the cause of crime. We must educate the moral and religious nature by the word of God. We cannot make children honest by teaching them the multiplication table, nor virtuous by teaching them grammar, nor benevolent by teaching them geography. There is no logical connection whatever between a secular education and a good character. To make men and women *moral* we must educate the moral nature on the basis of revealed religion.

Washington said: "Religion and morality are the essential pillars of civil society." And again, "Virtue or morality is the necessary spring of popular government. Whatever may be conceded to the influence of refined education upon minds of a peculiar structure, reason and experience both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

The Word of God furnishes the only valid sanctions of sound morality. If we reject or neglect this and rely on the "unperverted instincts of human nature," as well shut up our schools and wait for some Cæsar with his drawn sword for a scepter. Great populations, especially when congested in cities, must either be trained to the liberty of the Gospel or be ruled by a tyrant. Where God and his will are *not known* and acknowledged no imperative motives can be found to make men noble and good. The mass of men who believe they are to die like dogs will live like dogs. Says John Stuart Mill: "If a man prefers to be a contented pig, we should have no positive reason for thinking him wrong; even did we think him so, we should have no positive reason for telling him so, and even if we told him, we should have no means of convincing him." And can such persons be qualified to maintain civil order and free institutions? "Unless morality is rooted in a reverent love of God it will be driven before the sudden gusts of temptations like rattling autumn leaves before winter winds." If it looks upon religion as the best *Chief of Police* merely, and not as the interpreter of everlasting verities, it must of necessity be destitute of force. Short of the willing sacrifice of self to the righteous claims of God, and the cheerful movement of the mind within the limits of a supreme law, there is no pure or durable morality. Religion is the root of which the purest morality is the flower. The flower cannot exist without the root; and the root cannot exist and have vitality without the inflorescence in morality.

Our Christian education and evangelism, to be most effective, must begin with the young. Statesmen tell us that we must stop *raising* rogues, if we would get rid of the race. Christian instruction should begin with the dawn of existence, and predominate through the whole course of education. "First, midst, and last,"

we should teach "what man is to believe concerning God and what duty God requires of man." As eternity surpasses time in importance so does this surpass all other knowledge. If our children are trained in secular schools and grow up godless, our boasted science will soon shine like an electric light over a moral graveyard. We must begin from the first to train the heart and conscience along with the intellect.



THE LEGENDARY IN LITERATURE.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

"INTERWOVEN with the fabric of our English literature, of our epics, dramas, lyrics, and novels, of our essays and orations, like a golden warp where the woof is only too often of silver, are the myths of certain ancient nations."

Myths of nations were born in the infancy of the people. They are creations of the imagination; so airy, so fanciful, so artistically woven together by threads of romance, that we marvel at their beauty and simplicity. Gods and goddesses, nymphs and dryads, Fates and Furies, Titans and Cyclops, march in solemn grandeur before us. Ignorance concerning the creation, concerning the universe, concerning the true God, led these people to attempt explanations of the mysteries about them.

"To the ancients," says John Fiske, "the moon was not a lifeless body of stones and clods; it was the horned huntress Artemis, coursing through the upper ether, or bathing herself in the clear lake; or it was Aphrodite, protectress of lovers, born of the sea foam in the East, near Cypress. The clouds were not bodies of vaporized water; they were cows, with swelling udders, driven to the milking by Hermes, the summer wind; or great sheep with moist fleeces, slain by the unerring arrows of the sun; or they were mighty mountains, piled one above the other, in whose cavernous recesses the divining-wand of the storm-god, Thor, revealed hidden treasures."

To them their gods were beings who loved, hated, acted nobly or despicably. They were often the embodiment of their ideals. In the characterization of these beings we catch a glimpse of the longings and aspirations of the Greek mind. Human nature was the same three thousand years ago as it is today. The study of these myths often results in a lesson in psychology and in human nature.

The Greeks were lovers of the beautiful in art, in literature, and in nature. Their natures were susceptible to the beauty of the sky and mountain about them; and in their literature they voice their aspirations and longings for the beautiful, for the unattainable.

The Romans borrowed their myths largely from the

Greeks, so do not contribute so much legendary lore to literature.

The deeds of Norse heroes and gods are extolled in Norse mythology. As we read these stirring tales, our pulse quickens and our imagination carries us to the cold, bleak northern country where the wind moans and sighs around the great halls of king and warrior. We see their heroes warring with the great Frost Giants; we see them battling against the very elements themselves. These tales are vigorous in style, pregnant with life and action.

These myths are not to be considered as mere foolishness and folly; they are interesting products of the human mind. Myths give the early history of a people who were yet unenlightened, who did not see things in their true perspective. They were yet unable to ex-

plain many phenomena in nature, therefore, were unable to record accurately. These airy products of the imagination have ever been a source of inspiration to the true poet. As the wanderer turns to a sparkling fountain, as the flowers turn to the sun, as "turns to sunny isles the sea," so turns the poet's mind to the myths of all nations. To understand the literature of any country we must be acquainted with these golden tales and rich fancies.

The beauties and the wonders of nature are a fable of things never fully revealed. For lack of imaginative training, of sympathy, of awe we have not yet valued the mysterious beauties of nature; we have not yet discovered the potential poetry about us on all sides.

BEHIND GRAY STONE WALLS

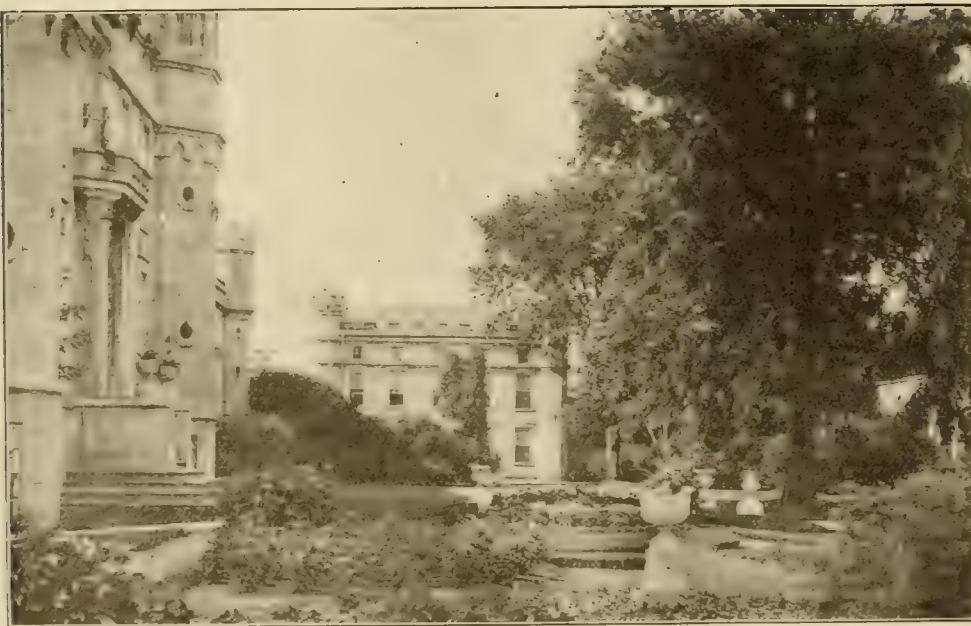
HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

AN institution for the punishment of wrong-doers is at best an unpleasant object to contemplate. Yet since such places and conditions exist, we may help a little toward their improvement by giving them a bit of study as well as sympathy regarding their unfortunate inmates; for public opinion is only the concrete action of many individual minds, and it is public opin-

ion that demands and accomplishes all works of progress. The hardest that confronts society, is growing with every decade nearer a Christian solution. The hard old Mosaic law of "a life for a life, an eye for an eye," etc., is slowly but surely giving place to the gentler teaching of the Master, a spiritual as well as literal "gathering up of the fragments" of broken lives. Yet it is not only necessary, but humane and just, to shut those erring ones away from their kind, when they have so demonstrated that they are unfit for society, that it is unsafe both for themselves and the public, to trust them with their liberty.

In the State of Wisconsin there is no crime heinous enough, in the eyes of its inhabitants, to warrant the taking from one of their fellows that sacred gift of their common Father: LIFE. If an individual member of its society has transgressed this holy law, he is not visited with a like fate, hideously dealt him in cold blood by strangula-

tion or electricity, and his soul sent into eternity with its terrible burden still upon it; but he is placed where there will be no opportunity for him to break that law again. There is a case on record in this very peniten-



Front Yard, State Prison, Waupun, Wis.

tion that demands and accomplishes all works of progress.

What to do with criminals is a world-old, world-wide question, a problem which, though one of the

tiary where a physician was sent up, having in a moment of passion struck a member of his household. The woman fell backward, her head coming sharply against some hard object, the wound resulting in her death. The physician was under life sentence; but his conduct was such in the prison that he soon came to be trusted to treat the sick there, and finally to be sent on parole to attend the families of the officers who lived outside. On one such occasion he was attracted by the angry disputing of some children.

"Oh! boys!" he remonstrated, pitifully, "don't quarrel! See what a dreadful thing happened to me, just because I lost my temper!"

As a matter of fact, this same man was later pardoned, and lived to a useful and respected old age, in a quiet home under the shadow of the very walls within which he had learned so bitter a lesson of self-control. What a wide contrast to the fate of the scaffold or the electric chair!

With crime as with every other evil, it is truly said that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure, hundreds of times over. Intelligent Christian training and education, the real sort that develops physically as well as spiritually, is without doubt the "ounce of prevention" in this case. The public and Sabbath schools, the church, the home, the Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, have each their grand parts in the work, none less important than the rest. But training and education, for the most, have passed out of the reach of the miserable denizens of this walled and guarded retreat. The golden time of youth has slipped by forever, for the majority of them. They have grown into manhood neglected, ignorant, with blunted sensibilities and hardened hearts.

So, if one may indulge in a truism, the best that the authorities can do, is to do the best they can. And those same authorities have made honest endeavor. The arrangements in the State penitentiary at Waupun are excellent, from both economic and sanitary points of view. The flagged floors of the long corridors are spotlessly clean, the rows of cells opening upon them marvels of neatness. The cells themselves are good studies of character, even at its lowest. Some are bare and devoid of individuality, as if their occupants merely existed there in mute protest against

fate; others are trimly kept, with a shelf of worn books, or a collection of picture-cards adorning the walls.

The State has lately fitted up a fine new dining-room, and the kitchen and bakery are wholesomely kept. It requires some two hundred and fifty loaves of bread,—and it looked light and tempting—per day, to feed the eight hundred inmates. We saw huge pans




of steaming, fragrant baked beans, and the monster glistening coffee-boiler sent forth a delicious odor. The chief cook himself, despite his stripes and shame-faced air, was clean and bright-looking. Stripes are worn only by the intractables. No visitor is allowed to hold conversation with the inmates, or carry a package, even a camera, inside the building. Neither are male visitors allowed in the female prison.

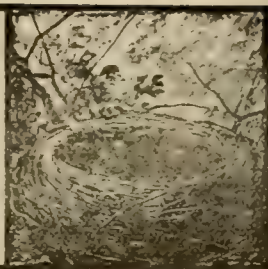
As the result of cleanliness and nourishing food, there is very little sickness in the institution. The main industry is the knitting-shops. The grounds are most beautifully kept, the convicts performing all the labor there. Weekly religious services are held in the chapel, and some excellent music rendered. Lately there has been organized a military band of some thirty pieces, which holds rehearsals twice daily within the walls, and gives an open-air public concert every week. This innovation was censured at the start by some conservatives; but the more charitably-minded residents of the city enjoy it, and heartily endorse the plan. The warden himself declares that he can already see a good influence resulting, in the easier management of the men.

One evening we met a company of "trusties" coming in from work on the State farm a mile from the in-

(Continued on Page 1165.)



NATURE STUDIES



EVERGREENS—PLANTS IMMORTAL.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE evergreens are typical of immortality. They are the immortals of the plant world. As the deciduous trees and plants are the glory of our summer woods, the evergreens—plants immortal, are the glory of our winters.

In the South's woods that large shrub, sometimes attaining the size of a tree, the holly, attracts attention. Its broad, green, thorn-guarded leaves cannot hide the rich clusters of glowing berries. The sharp spines on the edges of the leaves are the hardened woody fiber extended beyond the rest of the leaf.

These leaf-spines have queer tales to tell us. They are only used for self-protection. The holly, when young, and dangerously near nipping teeth, has very many and stiff spines, but as the tree grows older, and the branches reach up out of harm's way, the spines become less numerous. The evergreen oak, as a tree, has smooth leaves. If kept trimmed into a shrub it puts spines upon its leaves. A famous botanist says: "Such observations throw us back on the unity of design in nature, leading us away from the earth to him who is the end of problems and the fount of certainties."

Near the holly stands that beautiful evergreen, the juniper, abundant in hoary, blue berries. This is the best-beloved tree of our winter woods, joy of the artist's eyes, and good providence to the hungry birds. "Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough," sings the poet.

Around the holly and the juniper stand the tree immortals—fir, pine, hemlock, cedar, spruce, balsam. They have not the gay fruits of the holly and the juniper, but their brown cones, large and small, pointed or round, compact or loosely opened, have their own beauty.

The slippery needles or close-pressed scale-leaves of our northern evergreens shed snow masses which would soon break the broad-leaved trees to pieces. The flakes fall from the curved and shining surfaces, and sift through the feathery branches towards the ground. Winds which snap the branches of the broad-leaved trees, whose spreading foliage resists them, sigh harmlessly through the plume-like boughs of the coast mountain pines and firs. Thus the needle or scale-

bearing evergreens are fitted to cope with the trying conditions in which most of them pass their lives.

The leaves or needles are bound together firmly in bundles and are well secured to the tree, while the shape offers little resistance to wind or snow. This insures their long continuance on the tree. The pine tree leaves remain three or four years; the spruce and fir five or even seven; the yew eight; some others are even longer-lived, and remain from sixteen to eighteen years. They gradually dry and wither for a year or two before falling, and they do not all go in a single season. As some fall others develop; there is continual loss and replacement. Thus we find the ground under the evergreens always well carpeted with their leaves, while in undimmed glory the green immortals among trees seem to watch with wonder the falling of the autumn leaves around them.

While walking among those immortals of the tree world while the first December snow falls lightly over them, we see beneath them smaller forms of evergreen growths. The beds of ground-pine are depths of verdure; we may gather yards of it for Christmas decorations. The common name is misleading, for it is not a pine at all, but a club-moss, a lycopodium. Its vivid green in the winter woods will remain upon it for weeks after it is gathered, and then it will fade to a beautiful brown with tawny or dull golden edges.

Most of the ferns have withered to the underground stems in December weather, but the Christmas fern lifts sturdily its stiff, serrated fronds well above the snow. Owing to the enduring nature of the fronds, they have been extensively used in floral decorations in recent years. Millions of them are now used annually in all our large cities. It is doubtless from this use of its fronds during the winter holidays that the plant derives its name of Christmas fern.

The checkerberry or wintergreen, and the partridgeberry, just as deeply green in its vines and as brilliant red in its berries, but less aromatic in flavor, have met winter courageously, and bright green leaves, and bright red berries, smile from under the white edges of the snow blanket.

The mosses are also beautiful evergreens. Brush the snow from the dark velvet-like cushion of green, covering decayed wood, or carpeting the spaces about the feet of the giants which keep perpetual watch above

them. Dark green, light green, under a microscope they show many variations in their little bright, sessile leaves packed along the main stem.

While we have many plants and trees that equal the evergreens in beauty during the summer months while clothed with a wealth of leaves, it is only the glorious evergreen plants that deserve to be ranked in the cohorts of the immortals.



THE WOOING OF DOMESTIC FOWLS.

To a considerable extent, geese, guineas and pigeons are monogamous, and, where the sexes in a flock are equal, each male will be true and faithful to his mate. With ducks, turkeys and chickens this is not the case. The common barnyard fowl is the greatest Mormon, often having as many as twenty-five wives.

The gallantry of the gander is truly an object lesson. He will ever be the constant companion of his choice, never allowing her to get out of his sight for a minute. Should he be separated from his mate, and placed with another, he will seldom accept the new one so long as the old mate is anywhere within hearing distance.

When the goose is hatching, the gander at once stations himself close by the nest, standing for weeks on one leg, and one eye half-closed, keeping guard. The moment the first gosling breaks forth from the egg, this vigilant guardian draws his defense closer, and stands or walks on both feet.

Pigeons, when mated, are true to each other, and share the labor of rearing their young. It has been noticed that during incubation, the hen will occupy the nest from four o'clock in the afternoon to ten o'clock the next morning; and the moment she leaves, the cock bird will take her place, remaining at his post until it is time for the hen to return.

Jointly they build the nest and, after that work is completed, the cock will be seen driving the hen to the nest to lay. Pigeon nature is indeed peculiar. Fifty mated pairs in a pen will live harmoniously together, each male attentive only to its own mate, not only helping in the work but protecting his spouse from harm. The presence of an odd cock in the pen will raise a disturbance. Desiring to secure a wife, this intruder will visit every nest, but only to be fought off in the most desperate manner.

The wooing of the pigeon is a very pretty sight. The cock holds his head erect like a drum major, coos loudly, and lowers his wings and spreads his tail so that he may make himself look attractive. Should Miss Pigeon not care for a mate, she will stand quietly by, giving no encouragement.

Then, should the "love-sick swain" approach her, she will coo softly and move her head back and forth. If this does not act as a positive refusal, and if the persistent lover gets too close, the insulted maid will

strike at him with her bill and one wing, to remind him that she cares nothing for him.

But, on the other hand, should she fancy his advances, she will notify him by bowing her head, winking her eyes, giving a trembling action of the throat, and slightly fluttering her wings, raising the shoulders and spreading the tail. At times she will reach out her beak as if wishing to be caressed.

This courtship of the pigeon recalls the wooing of the turkey while in the wild state. Early spring is the love season, during which time the males roost apart from the females. From every direction the voice of the male bird is heard calling from early to late. For days the females pay no attention to this call, but instead remain quiet for some time. Finally they become less obstinate, and coquettishly return the call. As soon as this joyful sound is heard, the males promptly respond, uttering notes of joy. Should the flirting female be on the ground at the time of the call, the gallant males will come up to her and parade before her in the proudest style, spreading their tails, depressing the wings so that they trail along the ground. The head is drawn back on the shoulders, and thus they swell, gobble and march, each one evidently trying to outdo the other. It is a regular contest, with the possibility of only one winning the prize.

But to these fanciful displays of love the female seems indifferent, merely being audience to their displays of gallantry. Then should this performance fail to win the prize, the contestants challenge each other to mortal combat. The conflict is deadly, and the winner is at once congratulated by the flirting miss and walks off with his prize in the most nonchalant manner. A close watch results in the opinion that the hen does not accept her mate purely from love, but rather for the faith she has that only the fittest survive.—*Farm Journal*.



NOVEMBER.

All the flowers are blown away
By the winds that sweep the fields;
Autumn all her golden wealth
To the gray November yields.
Mournfully the brooklets creep,
Overhung by grasses sere;
To the naked, moaning boughs
Cling the last leaves of the year.

Yet amid the season's gloom
Comes a day of beauty rare;
Sunshine spread o'er field and wood,
Dreamy skies and balmy air.
Summer's spirit has returned,
And, with pitying, tender sigh,
Bends above the grieving earth,
Kisses hill and vale good-bye.

—Minnie Reid French.



THE great art to learn much is to understand a little at a time.—*Locke*.

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SUPPOSE all people were to follow the idler's aimless, empty program even for one day. Who would want any experience in the results?

HAVE you read the offer to new INGLENOOK subscribers given in the advertising pages of this issue? Read it and then show it to your neighbor.

WHAT is the idler's idea of life? It would be hard to say. Evidently it is not a very clear one and not at all a just one. "To every man his work" doesn't leave the smallest bit of space in this world for the one who has nothing to do.

To every man his work many mean a particular work for each worker, but we believe it means most of all work that needs *to be done* which one is able to do. At least no allowance is made for any one to fold his arms until his particular job turns up.

PROFESSOR J. S. FLORY of Bridgewater College, Virginia, the author of "Literary Activity of the Brethren in the Eighteenth Century," is known to many of our readers and they need no assurance as to his reliability. Professor Flory is a fine scholar and student of history and the field of this work naturally appealed to him for the best he could give it. That he has fully answered the appeal is the verdict of all who have read the book. The book is one that will not grow old or out of date. It is one that all who are interested in our church's history should have for study and for reference.

THE INGLENOOK Cook Book is a popular book of its kind wherever it is known. It is a collection of recipes of the common dishes used by the mass of Amer-

ican people. The recipes were collected from experienced cooks—mostly from country homes—and each one is followed by the name and address of the woman who recommends it. More than fifty thousand homes in our land now possess one of these cook books; the fifty-seventh thousand has been published and is now being sold. If you wish to avail yourself of the offer referred to above and already have the Cook Book, send for the INGLENOOK and make a present of the Cook Book to one of your friends.

SUPPOSE that for one day all who can work were to take hold of the work of the world with the energy and earnestness of the world's best workers. The results would be so gratifying that the majority would want the experiment repeated over and over. If the idlers would once become sufficiently interested in some work to take hold of it heartily and earnestly they would soon recognize that far from being pitied or despised the laborer is to be envied because of the real enjoyment he gets from working and from the results. It is natural that the enjoyment of the worker should be greater than any pleasure the idler may have, since he is meeting the purpose of life and lives in harmony with the One who worked "while it was day."

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

It will be impossible to observe Christmas in its real significance without the Christmas spirit. To be sure, one may go through the form, may observe something, but it will not be the day that marks the advent of the Savior into the world unless the spirit that emanated from his self-sacrificing life in some degree rules over the life. And this spirit cannot be had simply for special occasions. One cannot wait until Christmas to get into the Christmas spirit and then expect to don it as one would a garment. Besides, if one desires to observe the day properly it is necessary to have the spirit a long time before the day itself appears. The Christmas spirit must superintend the making of gifts and the Christmas shopping.

On all sides one hears talk about getting ready for Christmas, and here and there one sees marks of the strain this Christmas preparation has laid upon some. All this would be changed if the preparation for Christmas began with getting into the Christmas spirit. Then the whole program would be a pleasure, a joy. Gifts would be sensible and appropriate and therefore highly appreciated by the recipient. The Christmas spirit leads one to be extremely generous—extravagant, we may say—but only with the things of which he has large possessions. It will not lead one to spend money lavishly unless he has money in abundance. But of those things the supply of which is limited only by one's will—love, kindness, helpfulness, cheerfulness,—

one *must* give lavishly,—it is the strongest evidence that one is in possession of the Christmas spirit.

Let us get into the Christmas spirit *now* and see what a blessed Christmas season it will help us to have.



PLAN WAYS TO SAVE THE BABIES.

RECENTLY there was held at New Haven, Conn., under the auspices of the American Academy of Medicine, a conference looking to greater thoroughness in the prevention of infant mortality. The conference was made up of physicians and laymen particularly interested in this important work, and lasted through two days. We note the names of several speakers and the subjects from which they pointed out the influences having a vital effect upon the infant.

Dr. J. H. Mason Knox, Jr., of Baltimore, considered the danger to infants of alcoholism on the part of their parents. "The lowered vitality of parents consequent upon the habitual use of alcohol," he said, "has a direct effect upon the vitality of the child. If alcohol is indulged in in large quantities by the expectant mother, it will be apparent in the lowered vitality of the child. The indirect effect of chronic alcoholism in the home on the life of the young child is to weaken its powers of resistance to disease and to deprive it of the right which every child should have for a normal, healthy existence."

Dr. R. A. Urquhart, of Baltimore, advocated the passing of laws which would provide for the prevention of contagion from social diseases. "The false position on social diseases assumed by the authorities," he said, "and the consequent ignorance of the far-reaching effect of such diseases is an everlasting disgrace to our modern civilization. It is high time that physicians, knowing its perils, force upon the powers that be the right of the public protection, as in the case of any other contagious disease. The details of the required laws and methods of making them efficient will work themselves out.

"After all, however," the doctor concludes, "the most potent influence will be in giving the public some knowledge of the serious and far-reaching effects of such diseases. It is not merely prohibiting a fool from his folly. Too frequently the innocent suffer, the State is called upon to support weaklings and racial degeneracy begins."

Dr. Alice Hamilton of Hull House, Chicago, discussed the subject of "Excessive Child-Bearing." She gave the results of a statistical study of one hundred sixty families, showing that through insufficient care and the exhaustion of mothers from excessive child-bearing infant mortality increased out of proportion with the increase in the size of the family. Grouped according to nationalities, the Jewish families showed the lowest child death rate, with the American-born next. The highest death rate was found in the Italian

families, with the Germans, Irish and Slavs ranging in between in the order named.

Sherman C. Kingsley, superintendent of the United Charities of Chicago, in a paper on "The Responsibilities of General Relief Agencies in the Prevention of Infant Mortality," said: "Our philanthropy and our municipal housekeeping ought to be brought to this test: Do they furnish forth conditions that are right for the baby? Where the white hearse goes most often there you will find the weakest places in your municipal housekeeping." Mr. Kingsley advised the nurses from charitable organizations, among other things, to continue their visits to a home until the mother had profited by their instructions; he urged also that they be more patient in winning the confidence of the foreign mothers and teaching them.

The conference took hold of its work in a very practical way as is shown by the above, and we believe much good will result. The meeting itself is a source of encouragement and inspiration to all who earnestly seek the highest good for the race.



LITTLE THINGS.

A good-bye kiss is a little thing,
With your hand on the door to go,
But it takes the venom out of the sting
Of a thoughtless word or a cruel fling
That you made an hour ago.

A kiss of greeting is sweet and rare,
After the toil of the day,
But it smooths the furrows out of the care,
And lines on the forehead you once called fair
In the years that have flown away.

'Tis a little thing to say, "You are kind,"
"I love you, my dear," each night,
But it sends a thrill through the heart, I find;
For love is tender, as love is blind,
As we climb life's rugged height.

We starve each other for love's caress;
We take, but we do not give;
It seems so easy some soul to bless,
But we dole love grudgingly, less and less,
Till 'tis bitter and hard to live.

—Christian Endeavor World.



BEHIND GRAY STONE WALLS.

(Continued from Page 1161.)

stitution. There were about thirty of them, and under the direction of only two guards. A trusty rarely betrays the confidence reposed in him, it is said. Those faces were a sight to make the heart ache. Some of them were stupid, some hopeless, some hard and bitter, the large majority unmistakably foreign-born, and one and all showing plainly that primal cause of crime and degradation: the lack of right education. . . . We could but judge that the warden is right. It is too late to mold. All that can be done for them now is to throw around them the best and most humanizing influences that can be commanded.



THE HOME WORLD



WOMAN AS WIFE, MOTHER AND HOME-BUILDER

ELIZABETH B. GRANNIS

THE topic on which I am writing is not intended to imply that all responsibility or honor depends upon the woman, wife or mother in successful planning or achievement of home-building.

Women have accomplished much in home-building who were neither wives nor mothers. I have known spinsters who have proven successful home-builders for variously constructed families. Some of these have earned their financial capital, while others have inherited it. My time allotted for this subject could be profitably spent in recounting what I have known of private and philanthropic home-building by unmarried people both men and women.

Wives and mothers generally serve as the chief cornerstones of model homes. Sometimes they embody the pillars, the framework and the embellishments in addition to the financial support. The delicate artistic touches of all home sentiment are expected to emanate from the heart, brain and hand of woman. She performs the bulk of service from the foundation to the capstone of the home. It may be remembered that we have had no more popular lecturer on home-building than Joseph Cooke, who declared that every model home must be the habitation of a husband, wife, at least one baby and one grandparent, though we may not all agree with Joseph Cooke in this special declaration. A wife to do her best in home-building should have acquired knowledge from both scientific and spiritual research, relative to mating in marriage. Such knowledge not only benefits the chief partners in wedlock and their offspring, but it aids every member of the home. Natural laws which are God's laws relating to mating and marriage have been ignored, not alone by ignorant people but by most scientific students in the past. If the church and scholarship both have failed to render helpfulness in this most important relationship in life, shall we not appeal on this momentous subject to our modern women thinkers?

Why do women and men fail, according to their noblest desires and best intentions, in seeking to marry those whom they have substantial reasons to believe are able to aid them to the highest all-round development!

Every woman considering wedlock should first seek the one man who she believes can aid her and be helped by her above all others, through marriage, to attain her highest achievement in wifehood and motherhood; or in other words, to the highest spiritual, mental and physical citizenship. A woman thoroughly well-informed on matters of general interest, adds much to comradeship with an intelligent husband and proves an able and competent mother of children. The heart and brain forces of women neither lessen their graces, detract from the daintiness of their attire, nor in any respect restrict their fascinations to worthy men. There is no responsibility in a woman's life which equals that of selecting her mate in marriage. Wedlock not only involves the fatherhood of her children, but the life partnership in home-building for all who are to share their haven of human rest.

Most of us are familiar with the unwise and flippant expressions of the thoughtless relative to the most sacred relationship of human life, such as "Oh, she is too much in love with her husband!" There is no possibility of a wife loving her husband, children or home too much! She may, however, love unwisely and, lacking self-control or firmness to hold to her good judgment she may permit herself to manifest injudicious indulgence to members of her family.

Every woman should decide this question before she assumes the responsibility of wifehood: Is she the one best fitted to develop, restrain and prove the true helpmate for the life companion upon whom she has bestowed her purest love? She should be convinced that the man of her selection will prove her truest

friend to aid her to attain her best in every human association.

Home-building in all its varied phases is neither dependent exclusively on the woman nor the man. Society, so-called, has largely restricted and stultified the duties and privileges of the sexes. Each should be the counterpart of the other. Each is dependent on the other, and each is to supplement the other when necessity or emergency requires.

While the wife and mother is the chief factor in the home, her duties and privileges should not be dwarfed by conservative adherents.

Who is authorized to decide the specific privilege or duty devolving upon either half of the unit in wedlock which jointly builds the practical model home? If one of these partners possesses musical or artistic talent for the elevation of the people, who is to sit in judgment and nullify these gifts by preventing their cultivation? Shall narrow prejudice continue to barricade the development of wife or mother, or any phase of womanhood on account of sex?

Woman is equally accountable with her brother to develop and exercise every dormant gift and talent, whether for scientific discovery, research, mechanics, stock-raising, railroad and mine promoting, or along any other line from which substantial aid may accrue for the successful building of the home. Every girl child should be trained from infancy that it is her right and privilege to earn money in skilled industries, the proceeds to be applied according to her best judgment to home-building or to any other worthy object.

That which is woman's work is man's work, and *vice versa*. It is as absurd to humiliate the male-man inventor or researcher because he is not a successful moneygetter, as it is to stigmatize the wife as unwomanly for attempting to utilize and develop her God-given talents to earn money for family and home-building.

What about the knowledge to be sought by a wife and home-builder on her decision to become a mother? The advent of the first baby is an event seldom equalled by any other factor in home-building, and every Christian virtue should be possessed by a well-equipped mother, to aid her in the discharge of her increased responsibility. The love and responsibility of parenthood is only surpassed by the fulfillment of the highest conception of the Creator for both partners in marriage.

No home-builder should thoughtlessly assume the responsibilities of motherhood. She should be thoroughly persuaded that she can do her full part to clothe an immortal soul with a human body able mentally and physically to render at least seventy years of good service to its fellows. A mother should have the knowledge that she is best fitted by her Creator and her heredity, to know more of her own child and render it bet-

ter service than any other individual except its father. Parents should know better than any one else the strong and weak qualities possessed by each of their children,—a lesson learned by a study of their own heredity.

A mother above all others should acquire implicit self-control in order to exert a helpful influence by her example upon other members of her home.

No home is so humble that it can evade its responsibility or be ignored in its influence upon national home-builders.

Who could estimate the increased influence of the scriptural triplet—"Love, Joy, Peace" in the modern home if the medical profession were absolutely supplanted by a health profession?

When the greatest civilization known in the history of the human family has learned to teach the masses to practice according to physiological and hygienic facts, "Love, Joy and Peace," will greatly increase for home-builders and their dependents. There is a small minority of progressive, conscientious, self-sacrificing physicians of regular practice who are working toward mighty reforms in the restriction of the use of drugs and are talking about revolutionizing the financial methods of the medical profession.

Every intelligently managed home would greatly prefer to pay a district health official its allotted stipend for keeping the home in good health by natural methods, than to pay a doctor to treat its diseases, most of which are caused by ignorance of natural laws and self-indulgence.

Every aspirant to successful home-building should first know how to build and keep in order his or her own body in order to know how to produce and provide for other bodies.

The home-builder who is competent to see that a child sleeps well, is properly aired, wholesomely fed, well bathed, and enjoys free scope in natural exercise, can, when whooping cough, measles or even scarlet fever knocks at her doors prepare for these disorders in a natural and mild form. These and similar illnesses can be provided for with Nature's common remedies, good ventilation, warm baths, plenty of cambric tea, etc., and there need be no fear of any consequences to patient or home.

Now for a word on the mother-in-law and grandfather. Some of us will doubtless wisely contemplate the advantage to the average home of the historic, loving, wise counsellor in a mother-in-law like Naomi. In many cases the home, including each occupant, owes much to and is truly dependent upon, the heredity which produced the wife and mother, who is the chief home-builder. It is a common incident for an audience to be either entertained or disgusted by weak, flippant allusions by public speakers to mothers-in-law. An audience is seldom cajoled into manifesting amuse-

ment at the expense of fathers-in-law. We have many Naomis of today, who are reaping the harvest of loving home environment in which they have been a producing factor in building their Ruths' homes. Both mothers- and fathers-in-law have proven equally interesting studies, to me, in home-building.

It might be profitable for any audience to look into the life-history of home-building in its relationships to fathers- and mothers-in-law.

It was my good fortune to be entertained during a church missionary convention recently for a period of four days, in the home of a "beloved physician," in Canada. I learned there many of the factors which produced an attractive home life. Even the husband, father and son-in-law, exemplified as much genuine filial affection to the old Scotch Presbyterian mother-in-law, as of loving companionship with his little daughter. And not least interesting was the fact that this mother-in-law and grandmother was really only the spinster sister of the real mother of the wife. She took her deceased sister's child into her own household when she was but three years old and later was convinced that she could better adopt a son than to live without the daily companionship of her niece and foster daughter. No one was more honored or efficient at social functions, in the care and supervision of the children, and in sharing all the weighty responsibilities of home-building in this charming home, than this loving old mother in Israel!

Another home with which I have been intimately acquainted for more than twenty years is that of a wholesale coal merchant in New York City. He is husband to a very dear wife and father to six children. This partner in home-building has often expressed to me his conviction that he had in his mother-in-law more of value in his home for his entire family, than could be summed up in any other one member. "Why, mother is our legal counselor. I appeal to her judgment in business, both for wife and myself, realizing that we even owe the lives of the children to her care." He often says he believes a double portion has been meted out to him in his mother-in-law, because his own mother died when he was but six years of age, and that he has enjoyed more of natural affection and motherly companionship with his mother-in-law and his wife and children in his twenty-two years of home life than most men have enjoyed from babyhood throughout the threescore and ten years allotted to man.

There is no question of greater moment to be considered by the state than that of marriage and home-building. The family and home life of the church and state largely decides whether they are to become an example or a warning to all peoples.

THEORIZING AND PRACTICING.

You may see continually girls who have never been taught to do a single useful thing thoroughly; who cannot sew, who cannot cook, who cannot cast an account, nor prepare a meal, whose whole life has been passed either in play or in pride. You will find girls like these, when they are earnest hearted, cast all their innate passion of religious spirit which was meant by God to support them through the irksomeness of daily toil, into grievous and vain meditation over the meaning of the great Book, of which no syllable was ever yet to be understood but through a deed; all the instinctive wisdom and mercy of their womanhood made vain, and the glory of their pure consciences warped into fruitless agony concerning questions which the laws of common serviceable life would have either solved for them in an instant, or kept out of their way. Give such a girl any true work that will make her active in the dawn and weary at night, with the consciousness that her fellow-creatures have indeed been the better for her day, and the powerless sorrow of her enthusiasm will transform itself into a majesty of radiant and beneficent peace.—*Ruskin.*



THE ROSE QUILT.

My mother made a patchwork quilt

When she was seventeen,

With roses of red calico,

And leaves and stems of green.

A thing of beauty it was deemed,

And still it is to see,

For when her quilts were portioned round,

This one came down to me.

I keep it as she used to keep,

In rose-leaves laid away;

And only bring it forth to grace

A favored festal day.

But sometimes in the rainy spell,

When orchards are in flower,

I spread it on my chamber bed

To while a lonesome hour.

And as I trace her handiwork,

In stitches fine and true,

And think how patiently she toiled

Those maiden moments through,

That the flower and leaf might stay beyond

The span of her own days,

I think that in her self-set task

She won a meed of praise.

For who of us, in song or book,

Dream to outlast the hours

When twenty springs have swept our graves

As lives her patchwork flowers?

—Cora A. Matson Dolson.



A CAUSE OF FAILURE.

THE mother's influence should certainly be at its strongest during the early years of her son's life. And

yet it not unfrequently is spoilt by the time he has reached the age of fourteen. In talking with the mother of an unsatisfactory son I can see how anxious and thoughtful and truly good she is, and I wonder what can be the reason that her control over him is so slight. Perhaps at this juncture he comes into the room, and in a moment the mystery is solved. Almost before she has greeted him, she charges him with having inked his collar, or smashed his hat, or she assumes that he will be late for breakfast next morning. In short, she "nags" him.

Now the fact must be faced that little boys are often irritating people to live with; and it sometimes happens that the mother's equanimity is imperilled merely by the persistency in little tricks. It is easy to talk of always serenely compelling your son to obey, but if he will drum on the table with his knuckles, or make a noise when the baby is having his regular nap, something must be done and speedily.

The first thing to be sure of is, that if you "nag," you will lose your influence without curing the annoyance, the reason being very often that the boy is laboring to cure himself, and how can you expect him to continue in his effort if you give him no credit for it? Your business is to set yourself to see the beginning of good in him, and it is very probable that these very annoyances are the outcome of a vigorous vitality, one of the most precious endowments any one can be blessed with.

To "nag" about trifles is very foolish, because you want your powder and shot for other things. As to the general problem, the first thing is to settle what you mean to stop. Make it then a matter of obedience, and come down on the violation of your orders sharply and promptly. The worst "naggers" are those who make offenses out of things perfectly innocent to a child, simply because they exasperate the elders. But "nagging" is more than foolish. It is the indication of a failure of love, and if the mother's love ever fails, whence is the boy to learn the idea of the love of God? Any display of temper by the parent, no matter how keen the exasperation, is a weakening of the bond, and the immediate conquest will be paid for afterward with compound interest. Remember you are training your son to be a man. Before you revile him, think of what you want him to be twenty or thirty years hence. Or, better still, try not to forget that it is for eternal life that you propose to be training him, and ask yourself, in view of that, if these little annoyances ought to upset the balance of your mind. A mother who often ponders on eternity will not "nag."—*American Motherhood.*



He hath ill repented whose sins are repeated.—*St. Augustine.*

"WHEN a carpet does not require to be lifted from the floor, it may be much brightened and improved by first sweeping thoroughly and then going over it with a clean cloth and clear water containing about two tablespoonfuls of ammonia to two-thirds of a bucket of water. An occasional thorough sweeping with salt assists in keep carpets free from dust."

The Children's Corner

HOW A TREAT WAS LOST.

MRS. RUPERT'S four boys were a great trouble to her; they were so disobedient. One thing especially annoyed her: when they left school, instead of coming straight home, they frequently played about the fields, with the consequence that the dinner was seriously delayed, and their mother's domestic arrangements thrown into disorder.

"Now, boys," said Mrs. Rupert one morning, as they were about to set out for North College, "do make a point of coming home punctually today. I have a very particular reason for asking you to do so."

They promised obedience; but I am sorry to say that the instant they were let out of school, John, the eldest exclaimed—

"I say, let us go and have a game at leapfrog on Lemon Hill."

Little Claud, who had good impulses, but was seldom strong enough to withstand the influences of his elder brother, replied—

"But mother particularly asked us to be home early today."

"Oh," replied John, "that's only because she wants to get the dinner over quickly, and have the room cleaned, or the chimney swept, or something of that kind. It's of no consequence."

And so off they scampered to Lemon Hill, and for half an hour played at leapfrog in the long grass, garnished with daisies and buttercups.

A surprise awaited them at home. Their mother uttered not one word of reproach as they entered, but in perfect good humor bade them sit down to dinner.

"Where is Katie?" asked John, presently, on noticing the absence of his little sister.

His mother quietly replied—

"She has gone with your father to the Crystal Palace. He was going to take all you boys as well, but you did not come home from school in time, and it was impossible for him to wait, as it was necessary to catch a particular train."

I think these disobedient boys were punished very properly. They never stayed afterwards on their way home from school to play leapfrog on Lemon Hill.—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR



THE TRUE PATRIOT'S BANNERS.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

The cross and crown, the stars and stripes,
Are banners fair that e'er should float
Upon the breeze throughout our land,
And in the hearts of all mankind
Who find a home within our realm
Should be inscribed the sentiments
Their varied emblems teach:

Of love to God above,
And service in his name
While here on earth.
And in the end the crown
Reserved in heaven for all
Who faithful prove.

Our country, next to God,
Calls us to love and serve
In many ways;
If not on fields of blood,
Harvests of peace are ripe
To toilers' hands.

To serve God best serves man,
The same of country's true
In every sense.
He who the cross takes up
And country's calls obey
True manhood shows.



WHOSE IMAGE?

S. S. BLOUGH.

IN the 22d chapter of Matthew we find the record of a conflict. The Jews asked, "Is it lawful to give tribute to Cæsar?" Jesus taking the tribute money said, "Whose image and superscription is this?" They say "Cæsar's." He then says, "Render to Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's and unto God the things that are God's."

This piece of money as a medium of exchange, having accomplished its purpose returned again into the treasury of Cæsar. It thus becomes a symbol of the soul, which stamped by the image of God goes forth into this world and having accomplished its work at length returns unto God who gave it. There is this one difference. The coin leaves the mint perfect and returns often badly worn, the soul is as bullion stamped in the mint of human life. While the coin is stamped by outside forces, the soul fashions its own character and fixes its own destiny.

The word translated character originally meant an

engraver's instrument, but later came to mean the thing engraved. Character is that which is engraved on the soul. There are many influences at work engraving the superscription upon the soul. There is the chisel of environment. No one will question that surroundings do much to shape character, but if he will, a man may transform an unfavorable environment and, like Jacob of old, change stones into downy pillows and see in visions, the angels. It is not to be supposed that God would have us yield our souls submissively to all the shapings of a corrupt environment. He has given us a will and with it we may turn the chisel of environment into right channels. To a very large degree man can triumph over circumstances. The grace of God that bringeth salvation enables the human will to be strong in the Lord. Thus may we triumph over the most adverse conditions and resist the severest temptations and thus conquer through him who loved us.

Then, again, there is the chisel of heredity. "The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge." "Visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children." Too little attention is given to this phase of life. One is born with a morose disposition, a weak will or a nature heir to every evil beast of passion; another with a high moral tone. This makes a vast difference in life, yet even this gives no license to be evil. However strong the hereditary appetite or passion, the human strengthened by the grace of God can conquer it. It is said that Socrates only by unceasing vigilance and constant struggle had been able to lead a pure life. He is a type of thousands. One never commits sin but he feels that he had power to have refrained from it. There is danger of losing this power. Passion unrestrained brings a time when evil habits bind like a network of iron. Conscience at first protesting loudly, becomes fainter, the will is weakened, the moral nerve is cauterized, the Holy Spirit can find no admittance and so ceases his work. That soul is reponsible for its own condition in spite of any hereditary weakness. Remember, "There hath no temptation taken you but such as man can bear." What image, then, is forming in the soul day by day? This is the paramount question. Every thought, deed, desire leaves its impress upon the soul and helps to form the character. Repeated action forms habit, con-

solidated habit forms character in whatever image you will. Do good deeds, think pure thoughts, cherish holy desires and by an immutable law your soul will grow into the likeness of Jesus. On the other hand, by the same law, evil deeds, an unbridled rein to evil desires and passions will lose the Christ image. Shall it be?

Finally death comes and will not change a single line of the image stamped upon the soul. What shall it be? Is the image that of the sweet and loving Christ formed amid life's storms and struggles? it will be freely drawn into the bosom of God, and to blessedness. Let then the will be transformed by the grace of God so as to thwart all evil tendencies and impressions, and acquire the beautiful state of Christed purity.



UNFRUITFUL TEXTS AND INGENIOUS PREACHING.

SOME preachers choose texts with apparently no other purpose in view than to display their own wonderful ingenuity. It is, no doubt, possible for a man to preach a very pathetic and earnest sermon on the words in Ezra 1:9: "Nine and twenty knives"; or on the description of the bedstead of Og king of Bashan, in Deut. 3:11, "His bedstead was a bedstead of iron; is it not in Rabbath of the children of Ammon? nine cubits was the length thereof, and four cubits was the breadth of it, after the cubit of a man." But when I hear a man announce a text of this sort and watch the process by which he develops from it the doctrine of justification by faith, or the necessity of regeneration, or a theory of divine providence, or some interesting speculation on the millennium of the future blessedness of the righteous—and a sermon on "nine and twenty knives," or on Og's iron bedstead, may cover anyone of these subjects equally as well as another—I always think of the tricks of those ingenious gentlemen who entertain the public by rubbing a coin between their hands till it becomes a canary, and drawing out of their coat sleeves half-a-dozen brilliant glass globes filled with water, and four or five goldfish swimming in each of them. For myself, I like to listen to a good preacher, and I have no objection in the world to being amused by the tricks of a clever conjurer; but I prefer to keep the conjuring and the preaching separate; conjuring on Sunday morning, conjuring in church, conjuring with texts of Scripture is not quite to my taste.—*W. R. Dale.*



THE WOMAN WHO COULDN'T SPEAK IN MEETING.

DR. GRENFELL, of Labrador, tells how some years ago he buried a young Scotch fisherman and his wife in a desolate spit of sand running out into one of the long fiords of Labrador. Amidst the poverty-stricken group that stood by as the snow fell, were five little orphan children. Having assumed the care of all of them, he advertised two in a Boston newspaper and

received an application from a farmer's wife in New Hampshire. Later on he visited the farm, which was small and poor and away in the backwoods. The woman had children of her own. Her simple explanation as to why she took the children is worth recording: "I cannot teach in the Sunday school or attend prayer meetings, Doctor. They are too far away, and I wanted to do something for the Master. I thought the farm would feed two more children."

"I was glad," says Dr. Grenfell, "that she *could not speak* at the prayer meetings. Perhaps after all we grade our Christians by a wrong standard. How many are losing the chances of preaching sermons that need no oratory? It is one of the causes of the failures of the churches that so much undeveloped capacity remains in the pews?"—*Selected.*



AGGRESSION AND PROGRESSION.

WE sometimes hear people talk as though a man could not be sound in doctrine and aggressive at the same time. When a man sits down and does nothing some people call him a "conservative," while the man who tries to do something is called a "progressive." The fact is, aggression is not necessarily progression towards worldliness, nor is it right to call indifference conservatism. It is only when people drift from true Christianity to worldliness that their progression hurts them and the cause of Christ. When Paul described the true Christian Church as "a peculiar people, zealous of good works," he described a Church which is both progressive and conservative. True conservatism is taught in the admonition, "Prove all things; hold fast that which is good." True aggression is taught in the command, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel unto every creature." Whenever we get so zealous that our whole being is devoted to the cause of Christ and the Church, and so righteous that we will not knowingly depart from any gospel precept, we are about where God wants us to be.—*Gospel Herald.*



PERPLEXING TO THE LAST DEGREE.

"Fear ye not, stand still, and see the salvation of the Lord."—Ex. 14: 13.

OFTEN God seems to place his children in positions of profound difficulty—leading them into a wedge from which there is no escape; contriving a situation which no human judgment would have permitted, had it been previously consulted. The very cloud conducts them thither. You may be thus involved at this very hour—it does seem perplexing and serious to the last degree. But it is perfectly right. The issue will more than justify him who has brought you hither. He will not only deliver you, but in doing so he will give you a lesson that you will never forget; and to which, in many a psalm and song in after days, you will revert.—*F. B. Meyer.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



In addition to the 16,000 freight cars that have already been bought this year, the Pennsylvania railroad has ordered 10,000 coal, coke, flat and box cars.

Great Britain's reform administration in India has begun. The country is to have an embryo constitution and natives are to have some voice in the government.

The great shops of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company at Altoona, employing 12,000 men, are now working full time. This is the first time since the financial depression of 1907 that all departments of the great shops have been operated.

The full records of deaths for the past season from mountain climbing in the Alps is 84. In most cases the victims were tourists who failed to take guides with them who were familiar with the regions, or who took foolish risks to secure coveted flowers or mineral specimens, etc.

In its annual report the committee on charities and correction of the Washington, D. C., board of trade recommends the censorship of all plays and cheap places of amusement, the abolition of all Sunday amusements, including Sunday concerts, and a curfew law. Public baths are also recommended.

A ship subsidy law, at least one for the benefit of vessels carrying mails between this country and South America and this country and the Orient, is almost certain to be passed by Congress at the winter session, according to well-informed politicians. President Taft and leaders in Congress are said to have reached an understanding to this effect.

Owing to very encouraging market prospects, the Southwest Texas Truck Growers' association will increase its onion acreage by about 25 per cent over last year. In view of the fact that the association sold over 3,000 cars of onions last year, favorable crop conditions would put this year's output at about 3,750 cars.

Secretary Ballinger has announced the withdrawal from settlement of 2,682 acres along the White River, 20,820 acres along the Crooked River, 6,441 acres along the middle fork of the John Day River, 9,031 acres along the north fork of the same river, and 7,930 acres along the south fork. All of these lands are in Oregon and are presumed to contain water power sites.

Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, in a statement made to the house of commons, declared that on account of the high-license measures of the government revenue from the liquor traffic would this year be only half what it formerly was. High license was causing an enforced improvement in the habits of the people, said he; in Ireland the consumption of liquor has been reduced two-thirds, and in Scotland one-half.

The recommendation of the executive committee of the American Railway association that an increase be made in the per diem rate for freight cars will probably be adopted. The present charge is 25 cents a day and the new charge will be either 30, 35 or 40 cents. The object of the increase is to insure the prompt unloading of cars after they have reached their destinations.

Charles N. Crittenton of New York, widely known as the millionaire founder of the Florence Crittenton Rescue Homes for Girls, died at San Francisco, Nov. 16, of pneumonia after being ill less than a week. He was 76 years old. Mr. Crittenton founded seventy-three rescue homes in this country and several in Japan and China, which he named in memory of his daughter Florence.

William M. Laffan, publisher and chief owner of the New York Sun, died at his county residence, Laffan House, Lawrence, L. I., Nov. 19, following an operation for appendicitis performed several days previous. Mr. Laffan was 61 years old and had been an active worker in the art and newspaper life of this country since he arrived from Ireland more than forty years ago.

In consequence of a series of conferences held at Berlin between Berlin financiers and attorneys representing American bankers, the chief difficulties in the way of apportioning the participation of each of the factors in the \$30,000,000 Chinese railway loan have been adjusted. The only question now open is whether or not bankers who participate in the loan shall be required to dispose of their bonds in their own countries. The Americans oppose this plan.

Mrs. Ella Flagg Young, superintendent of Chicago schools, has in mind plans for a radical change in the course of study in Chicago high schools. Fewer studies and more time on each one is her aim. She indicated her ideas on the subject in an address before the annual conference of high school and academy teachers at Mandel Hall, University of Chicago, and later announced her intention of applying them to the schools under her supervision.

When President Taft and his cabinet officers submit their message and annual reports to Congress, economy will be the keynote. "Carve to the bone" is Taft's order. Last winter Congress created a position for former Senator Hemenway of Indiana. He has gone over the long list of appropriations and finds that for 10 years they have increased at the rate of \$50,000,000 a year. The last session of Congress appropriated \$1,044,000,000. His report will suggest reductions in several cases. Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh has lopped \$20,000,000 from the \$36,000,000 asked by Secretary Dickinson. It is thought prospects for liberal allowances for river and harbor work are poor.

A new trolley car is being experimented with in New York City. The new car is operated by gasoline, and is also supplied with an electrical equipment. In the event of a blockade or accident on the road, the new cars can be switched over to another track and be run by gasoline. Riding in the car is very much like riding in an automobile, there being an entire absence of the jerk which is so disagreeable in electric cars. The radiator is on the roof.

Washington, Louisiana, Mississippi, Arkansas and Wisconsin, in the order named, constitute the big five in producing the country's lumber supply, whose valuation for last year runs far above the half billion dollar mark. Texas, Michigan, Oregon, Minnesota and Pennsylvania came after the first five States, and others followed in decreasing amounts down to Utah, the lowest on the list, with Nevada and North Dakota, having little timbered area, not rated at all.

Fearing that the recent transfer of control of the Western Union Telegraph Company to the Bell Telephone-Postal Telegraph interests means the swallowing up by the big combine of the main links in the long distance service of the independent telephone system, representatives of independent companies in St. Louis, Kansas City, Detroit and Ohio and Indiana towns are planning defensive action. The independents have been holding secret meetings and the course of action that they are considering can not be ascertained.

The heads of the Catholic church in France have declared war on the French public schools. Catholic parents have been forbidden to send their children to these schools or let them study the regulation textbooks. As a result the schools are in a chaotic state and the matter is being taken into the courts. Catholic voters are urged to support only those candidates for office who will agree to protect Catholic interests. This agitation is the after-result of the severe laws passed several years ago abolishing the Catholic religious and educational institutions.

An exhibition was recently made by Mr. Louis Brennan's monorail car which, it will be recalled, is held in upright position by means of gyroscopes. Since the first announcement of his invention, Mr. Brennan has been at work developing the car to practical dimensions and the present model is large enough to contain forty passengers. The car was operated both on a straight and a circular track, and maintained its equilibrium perfectly. So sensitive was it to the shifting of the center of gravity, that when the passengers all crowded over to one side, the car immediately righted itself and maintained its horizontal position.

Much satisfaction is expressed at the way the children living along the railroads of South Africa, in the sparsely settled districts, are being provided with schooling. The government railway department has organized a system of railway schools to fit the case. Wherever the railway employes can guarantee as many as 10 pupils, a school is established, and the children are carried to and from school for some distance along the line by rail free. These railway schools are regularly inspected, and the grading is the same as in the regular public schools. There are over 50 of them now, with upwards of 2,500 pupils in attendance. The system was suggested by the central-school idea as developed in the United States.

Free art under the new tariff law is resulting in large importations. Deputy Consul General Yost at Paris has been giving attention to the matter and his records show that the exportations during the last two months are nearly 500 per cent greater than the corresponding period of last year. Taking the first two months under the present law, the authenticated invoices of works of art and antiquities of his office show an increase in exportation of exactly 461 per cent over the same months of 1908.

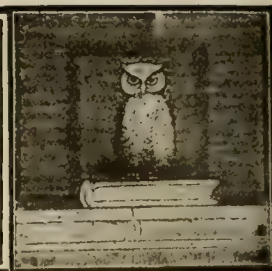
Some five years ago there was started in France a fight against the use of white lead in the paint, the claim being that its use was poisonous to the painters, a fact which is pretty well known. Of course there was a great deal of opposition to the effort to pass a law, but eventually it has been passed, and after an expiration of three years it will be unlawful to make use of it in painting a house either inside or out, the delay being made in order to give the manufacturers time to dispose of the product they have on hand and get into some other business. One reason why the proposed law was fought for such a long time was that while it was acknowledged that painters suffered from the use of white lead, only one in 7,000 or 8,000 died from the effects.

For the manufacture, sale, use and operation of flying machines, more particularly aeroplanes, the Wright Company of New York, capitalized at \$1,000,000, was recently granted a license to do business by the Secretary of State of New York. The directors are Wilbur Wright, Orville Wright, George A. Stevens, Henry S. Hooker of Dayton Ohio; also Cornelius Vanderbilt, August Belmont, Howard Gould, Robert J. Collier, Andrew Freedman, Morton S. Plant, E. J. Berwind, Theodore P. Shonts, Allan A. Ryan and Russell A. Alger. DeLancey Nicoll, counsel for the new company, said that one of the Wright brothers would be president, and that the executive committee would include the Wrights, August Belmont, Andrew Freedman and Theodore P. Shonts. The concern will manufacture and sell Wright aeroplanes, and also will seek to protect the Wright patents and to give the two Dayton inventors time to further develop their machine. A factory will be situated at Dayton, according to Mr. Nicoll, while the general offices will be in New York.

The final cost of the Panama Canal will total almost two and one-third times the amount adopted by Congress in 1906, according to the annual report of the isthmian canal commission, prepared by Lieutenant Colonel George W. Goethals, chairman and chief engineer, and submitted to the Secretary of War. The report is dated Aug. 20, 1909, and is for the fiscal year then ended. The total cost of the canal will reach \$375,201,000, according to the report. Of this \$297,766,000 will be the cost of engineering and construction and the balance will be the purchase price. The congressional act of June 28, 1902, authorized the construction of the canal at a cost of \$144,233,358, but a modification adopted in 1906 fixed the total cost at \$139,705,200. The increased cost of the canal is attributed to the fact that nearly 50 per cent more work will be necessary to complete the project than was originally estimated, because an increase in wages of from 30 to 60 per cent has been required and because of the introduction of the eight-hour working day. Increased wages were necessary in order to induce workmen to go to the canal zone, on account of the unsavory reputation of the isthmus in regard to health conditions and on account of the prosperous conditions in the United States.



Among the Magazines



A TEST OF TAFT'S POWER.

Friends of postal savings banks should look alive and begin a campaign at once in favor of the legislation if they want to be able to meet the strong opposition which has been organized against that pledge in the Republican national platform. Not until one makes inquiries among representative public men from different parts of the country does he realize the strength of the opposition to this legislation. The bankers have not been idle, and they have planted the seeds of distrust in the minds of many people and have seen to it that the people communicate their opinions to senators and members of Congress.

One of the most potent arguments that has been used is the statement that the postal savings banks will draw money from the country and centralize it in Washington for use in Wall Street. One public official, a man who has not given any particular attention to the subject, but who is very influential, thus voiced his opposition: "The postal savings banks will simply be like so many thousands of suckers, reaching out into all of the smaller communities and drawing the money into one place. The money will gravitate to Washington, and Washington will turn it over to Wall Street. The people do not want four or five hundred million dollars stacked up in Wall Street, which the bankers can use at any time, and will use for campaign funds to carry the country for anything they want. The bill will be beaten. All of the country bankers are against it, and they are a power in the land."

Perhaps this official did not know he was making a strong argument in favor of postal savings banks when he intimated that it would result in deposits of \$400,000,000 or \$500,000,000. That in itself is a pretty good argument, although he had been taught to twist it to mean that the money would be placed in New York. At the same time, one also can observe that it is a very insidious argument, and will alarm the business men of the small communities, who will fear that the money will be centralized and that they will be unable to get their usual banking accommodations in their towns. Of course, the postal savings banks in Canada and other civilized nations of the world have not operated on the lines suggested by the opposition, but the opposition is determined to defeat the legislation and is using arguments which facts will not sustain.

It is well known that Speaker Cannon and many of the leaders who surround him are determined to defeat the postal savings bank legislation. It is well understood that enough Republicans will be with Cannon to make it impossible for the members of that party, who believe in keeping the pledge of the platform, to pass the legislation alone. Democratic support is necessary. Southern men say that this Democratic support will not be forthcoming; that most of the representatives from the South will not favor postal savings banks or help the Republicans carry out their platform pledges. In many instances when Roosevelt was unable to get legislation he wanted from

his party, he borrowed enough support from the Democrats to secure such legislation. Several times the Republican party was forced to get together in order to avoid a split. President Taft may be able to do the same in regard to postal savings banks, unless there is a deep-set Democratic opposition to the legislation, as is claimed by many of those who oppose the measure.

At all events, the postal savings bank bill will test the power of President Taft in Congress.—*Woman's National Daily.*



RETURNERS AND RETIRERS.

Recurring to that fascinating subject, the return to the soil, there was a truly edifying recital in a far western paper recently that points a moral beautifully. The subject was a "returner" who made a deep impression on an interviewer by an apt illustration. He said that you could teach a dog all kinds of queer tricks and that the animal would learn to do them fairly well. He would never like them, however—never do them naturally with ease and pleasure. But take that same dog, one that had been trained from the time that he was a puppy and that had never been allowed to run about freely, and turn him loose in the country and he would need no instruction whatever as to chasing a rabbit. He would enter into that sport at the first provocation and then have his first experience of the joy of life.

The returner went on to say that he had done pretty well in business back East. He had learned the tricks and achieved at least a modest success. But it was not until he went to living in an orange orchard that he began to chase his rabbits. Probably he has had to chase the real thing, since rabbits sometimes show a liking for orange orchards, but, of course, he was speaking figuratively. He had found work that he loved, and, like the dog, he had entered into the joy of life after many years of waiting.

Of course he has made a success of raising oranges, and if all returners could only be sure that they would have the same zest and delight in the new employment there could never be any doubt about the wisdom of their change of work. Too many of them, however, are not real returners. They are retirers, who expect the soil to produce for them as if by magic, and who are so used to the busy haunts of men that they want to resume some of the old tricks, if not all of them. Before giving up the tricks be sure that the natural instinct is as strong as it should be to bring the longed-for joy and content.—*Chicago Record-Herald.*



ENGLAND'S GREATEST INDUSTRIAL RIVAL.

The expansion of Germany in recent years has been marked by a tremendous development in industry, and so in wealth and power. Her population has increased

by one-half since 1870, and among the leading nations of Europe her birth-rate is relatively the highest. Yet today her narrow boundaries limit her expansion to an intensified industrial life, and thus only in a mediate way can she share in the progressive development of the world. Her necessities for further growth are imperative.

Incomprehensible to many of our contemporaries, the most fabulous change is taking place before our very eyes. Mark its significance. In the eighteenth century Germany had no exports whatever to balance the importation of luxuries for her several courts. Aside from her bales of linen, the ships that left Germany went ballasted in sand,—sand which the French jeeringly called "*le produit d'Allemagne*." National poverty continued throughout the greater part of the nineteenth century. States grew up that were famous for poetry, music, philosophy; but this was for other than the creative civilization of wealth.

It was during years yet recent that Disraeli, in his "*Endymion*," pityingly pictured the German diplomat who went from the world's metropolis and its society of illustrious dames and world mastering statesmen back to his exile of home. His people's only wealth was their wooded plains and hills. They needed a fatherland got "*by blood and iron*," were his prophetic words. Today like Midas, the king, Germany touches unseemly raw stuffs and under her hand they become coinable gold,—Germany, the new industrial state, rising in greatness, and soon, perhaps, to equal the colossal power of England!

For our grandfathers such a prophecy would have seemed the illusion of madness, and yet there are Germans who doubt the future. Others of our countrymen, blinded by the glitter of the golden rain, forget the spiritual sources of the down-streaming bounty. They are wholly lost in wonder at the magical growth of our industrial life and see nothing even of political causes: Sedan and the Proclamation of the Empire, when they crowned the Kaiser in the Hall of Mirrors at Versailles.

This growth so marvelous has made Germany the first commercial and industrial rival of England in many parallel lines of production. In her exports of iron and manufactures of iron she is already a competitor on equal terms, while in the eighties she seemed left forever behind. In mere production of iron and steel she has already outstripped Great Britain. Her progress has continually been filled with menace and damage, sometimes disaster, to British commerce.

Take the single striking case of indigo,—a flourishing branch of Indian trade that has fallen to ruin. It was one of the great staples of India and had been the important means of placing the raw material production of the Indian empire on a basis of money exchange. At the beginning of the nineties the total crop of indigo was estimated from \$20,000,000 to \$25,000,000, with both culture and trade almost exclusively in English hands. But in Germany science progressed, the output of coke wonderfully increased with the spreading iron works, and the new nation acquired the raw material for manufacturing coal-tar dyes. Today the Germans by chemical processes make three-quarters of all the indigo used in the world. The total yield of indigo in India has meanwhile fallen to a quarter of its former amount. Since 1903 England has imported from Germany more indigo annually than her average yearly purchase from Calcutta in the years 1881-96.—From "*England and Germany—Peace or War?*" by Gerhardt von Schulze-Gaevernitz, in the American Review of Reviews for November.

CROPS AND CLIMATIC CHANGES.

That considerable changes in climate, during past ages, are revealed by the abandonment of cities or of whole regions, once inhabited, and by alterations in cultivated plants over large districts, has long been a widespread popular belief. If we are to credit recent investigations, however, there is really no reason for thinking this to have been the case. Such changes have uniformly been due to other than climatic causes. Says a writer in *Cosmos* (Paris, September 14):

"Explorations in Central Asia have revealed to travelers once flourishing villages now ruined and abandoned. Mr. A. Boutquin shows in *Ciel et Terre*, by historic evidence and by the scientific observations of recent centuries, that the abandonment of these regions by man is not due to such meteorological variations as the general cooling of the climate or a progressive drying-up of the globe. His investigation extends to other countries than Asia. Here are some of his remarks concerning Europe and the neighboring regions:

"A sensible variation of the temperature and a diminution of precipitation—rain or snow—should bring about a marked and continuous retreat of the glaciers. Now facts collected during more than two thousand years support no such hypothesis. Heim has proved that in the Middle Ages the Alpine glaciers occupied a much smaller area than during the second half of the nineteenth century, during which they have been retreating."

It has long been asserted, the writer goes on to say, that the west coast of Greenland has not always been uninhabitable, owing to a former more favorable climate, whence the name given to the country. But the historical investigations of Rink and Von Maurer have established the fact that the disappearance of the settlements founded by the Norsemen was due wholly to the introduction of a contagious disease and to an unfortunate governmental policy on the part of Norway, which provoked the hostility and the attacks of the Eskimos. Similarly false statements have been made regarding Iceland. Moreover:

"Wheat was formerly much more cultivated in the north of the British Isles than at present, but simply because this crop was then more remunerative. It lessened when the importation of foreign grains lowered the price. Nevertheless, it has required a struggle to enforce belief in this elementary truth; the belief in a change of climate or of weather has long been much stronger than the evidence. The same is true in Belgium and other countries, where the crops have changed almost entirely under the influence of economic laws, of better management of the soil, or of a more intelligent selection of products to be cultivated.

"In the Middle Ages, and up to the fifteenth century, the vine was cultivated in Bavaria and in the other regions of Germany, as in Belgium; it has almost entirely disappeared in our own day. Climate has nothing whatever to do with the change. The wine produced was generally of mediocre quality, and taste having improved, consumers preferred imported wines or the good beer that brewers had learned how to make.

"In Belgium there are still vineyards. Many persons doubtless do not know that the vine is still cultivated . . . at the Abbeys of Auerbode and Tongerlo, where the wine as obtained is used in the celebration of the mass.

"The investigations of Dufour have also established that, contrary to general belief, the olive has been raised in Switzerland, although they grow only in gardens and there

are still only a few orchards, which would die if not carefully cultivated. In regard to all other cultivated plants, the situation has not varied."—Translation made for the Literary Digest.



FINDING MONEY IN UNEXPECTED PLACES.

OLD stockings are proverbially the saving banks of the poor—and no interest on deposits. Today, when all towns have their banks, the family hoard is usually more safely placed than in a domestic cranny.

Queer hiding-places are, however, still uncovered. There are savers who will not trust the banks. An English exchange, having collected facts in a number of cases where money has been found in very strange places, presents the following interesting incidents in this way:

A few months ago a dealer in old furniture secured for thirty shillings, at an auction held at Llandrug, a village near Carnarvon, Wales, an oak dresser, part of the property of an old lady who had just died. On his arrival home he proceeded to overhaul his purchase, when to his surprise he discovered, on the top shelf, a mustard-tin filled to the brim with sovereigns and half-sovereigns.

An old bicycle was not long since knocked down to a gentleman for a mere song. In due course it was sent to a cycle repairer in Hampstead to be put in working order. During this process nine half-sovereigns were found concealed in the handle-bars.

In October of 1899 a gentleman residing at East Dulwich purchased at a local auction-room for a few shillings a parcel of second-hand books, among which was an old Bible. On the following Sunday his wife, on opening this, found several of the leaves pasted together. These she took the trouble to separate, when six £5 Bank of England notes dropped out. On the back of one of these notes the former owner of the Bible had written his will, which ran as follows: "I have had to work very hard for this, and having none as natural heirs, I leave thee, dear reader, whosoever shall own this holy book, my lawful heir."

A curious law case was heard recently in the Lancashire County Court. A widow, residing at Hartlepool, bought a picture, which besides being very old and dusty, was further disfigured by a most unsightly frame. The woman, however, took the trouble to clean her purchase, when between the frame and the canvas were found seventeen £5 notes. Overjoyed at her good fortune, she noised abroad her discovery, which coming to the vendor's ears he laid claim to the money. On the purchaser refusing to fall in with his views, he appealed to the law, with a result, however, that ran counter to his hopes.

On the appraisers of the estate of an old miser, who died a year or so back at New Burgh, searching his house they came upon an old cupboard seemingly filled with rubbish. This they overhauled, to find in a corner

a family of young mice comfortably ensconced in a nest constructed of bank-notes to the value of £400.

A mouse was the cause of a still greater find. As an old Paris hawker, named Mme. Jacques, was endeavoring to dislodge one of these little animals that had taken refuge in her chimney, she knocked aside some bricks and laid bare a cavity containing a number of bank-notes, amounting in value to £1,600, which had belonged to a former tenant of the house, who had died seven years previously.

'Tis an ill-wind that blows no one any good. Some time ago an old Birmingham woman, who had the misfortune to lose her leg, purchased a pair of crutches at a second-hand dealer's. Not long after one of the crutches snapped beneath her weight, disclosing a hollow in the wood, within which were secreted £20 in notes and a diamond scarf-pin, which was sold for as much more.

Among a quantity of household effects, forming one lot, that a gentleman purchased some years since at a sale in Kent, was a stuffed parrot. This being of no value was given over to his children, who, after the manner of their kind, proceeded in due course to inspect its anatomy. Curiosity in this case met its reward, for within the bird reposed fifteen sovereigns and two spade guineas of George III—no bad return for the few shillings invested originally in the purchase of the entire lot.—*The Scrap Book*.

Between Whiles

Doctor—So your insomnia is not quite so bad, eh?
Patient—Not quite, sir; sometimes my foot goes to sleep now.—*Boston Transcript*.



Keeping on the Safe Side.

Every new reporter is duly cautioned against the enormity of his offense if one of his statements should be made the basis of a libel suit. One young man made up his mind to take no chances.

Said the editor: "You must learn never to state a thing as a fact until it has been proved a fact. Do not say, 'The cashier stole the funds.' Say, 'The cashier, who is alleged to have stolen the funds.' That's all. Now get something about the first ward social tonight."

And this is the report turned in by the young man who heeded the editor's warning:

"It is rumored that a party was given last evening to a number of reputed ladies of the first ward. Mrs. Smith, gossip says, was the hostess, and the festivities are reported to have continued until half past eleven in the evening. The alleged hostess is believed to be the wife of John Smith, the so-called 'low price grocer.'"

ON THE SWEET GRASS



J. F. Appleman and wife, Plymouth, Ind., and E. E. Arnold, Elgin, Ill.

Glass Brothers Land Company, Big Timber, Montana.

Big Timber, Mont., May 8, 1909.

Gentlemen: I have taken several days in looking over Sweet Grass County, Montana, and have looked over your irrigation project. I have been careful in my investigation, looking into the grain, stock and fruit raising, and must say that I am more than pleased with what I have found and wish to recommend same to my friends; and I also feel that anyone looking for a home should not wait until tomorrow, but go now as these lands will surely be sold in a short time on the liberal terms you are offering settlers. The lands and irrigation works are far better than you have told me.

Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing you success, I am,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. F. Appleman, Plymouth, Ind.

Formerly State Superintendent of the Mexico (Ind.) Old Folks' & Orphan Children's Home.

Glass Bros. Land Co., Big Timber, Mont.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 18, 1909.

Gentlemen: It was my pleasure to spend several days investigating your lands and irrigation project in Sweet Grass County, near Big Timber.

The longer I looked the better I was impressed with the possibilities of the country. Alfalfa fields were the finest I ever saw. Oats, wheat and other grains were in abundance. I am fully convinced that apples will grow to perfection there. Wherever orchards were seen the trees were full of perfect apples and not a wormy one could be found.

Your irrigation system is well constructed and my opinion is that it will supply more than ample water for your lands.

I was so well pleased with the conditions and possibilities of the country that I purchased 160 acres and propose to put a tenant on it and improve it, and also expect to put at least 19 acres in apples in the spring.

Persons desiring to better their conditions should investigate your lands. Your terms of sale are very liberal.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

R. E. Arnold.

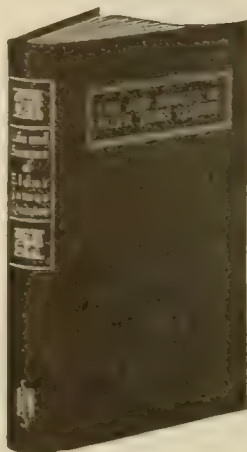
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For price, terms, etc, address,

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The book contains 426 pages, large, clear print, on excellent book paper. The frontispiece is a splendid likeness of Elder Quinter and adds much to the appearance and value of the publication. The introduction is written by Eld. H. B. Brumbaugh. Besides the interesting sketch of Bro. Quinter's life and labors there is a full account of the funeral services and numerous tributes of respect from his coworkers.

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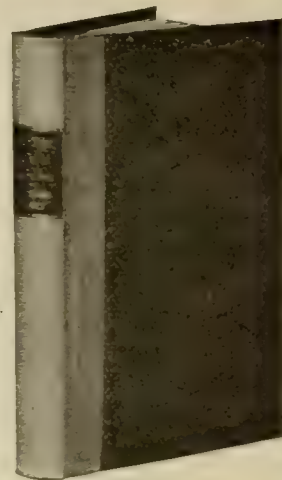
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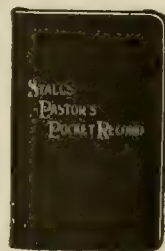
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This picture shows a 20 acre Alfalfa field, seeded March 1, 1909.

"The Alfalfa shown above was cut five times this season, as follows, May 20, yield 8 tons, July 1, 21 tons, August 15, 36 tons, Sept. 24, 35 tons and expect to cut it again Nov. 1, making five cuttings, with a total of about 130 tons, or six and a half tons per acre the first season.

"I now have 260 acres in alfalfa, all that was one year old and over from seeding, made an average of 9 tons per acre last year, in five cuttings. Some of the best acres produced from 10 to 12 tons each, the hay was sold for \$11.00 per ton at local market.

"In 1903 this county ranked 16th, in dairy products, now it stands first, because of our good irrigation system and the fine growth of alfalfa.

J. M. Bomberger, Modesto, Cal."

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C. A. Gilstrap, Ceres, Cal."

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The Appendix.

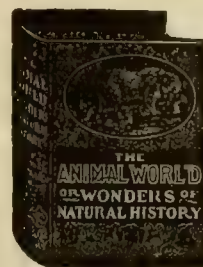
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Cimarron Citizen—

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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

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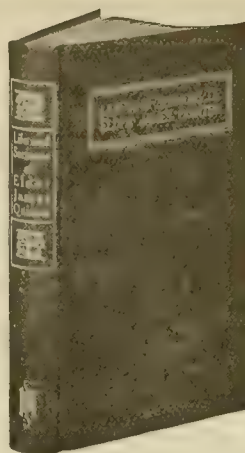
Importance of Personal Work. Personal Experience and Equipment in the Holy Spirit, the Word of God, Prayer and Faith. Personal Conduct in Dealing with Souls. How to Approach Persons. How to Get Cases. The Fundamentals of Salvation Texts for Christians under All Conditions of Sin. The Natural and the New Heart. The Way of Life and the Way of Death. Hell. Answers to Nearly Every Question Asked by Skeptics, and all Classes of Unconverted. False Hopes Swept Away. Guidance for Those Seeking to Find Christ. The Holy Spirit, Acts to First John. The Divine Nature of Christ. The Human Nature of Christ. A Personal Devil. Bible Readings on Prayer and Thanksgiving.



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Part Two contains some forty of Brother Quinter's choicest sermons, delivered here and there throughout the Brotherhood.

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During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

Land is advancing rapidly in price. Still there are fine opportunities to buy unimproved land at reasonable prices. More land will be placed on the market under the Carey Act in a year or less. This land is in the Snake River Country and the finest in Idaho.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

December 7, 1909.

No. 49.

THE GREATEST PROFESSION IN THE WORLD

BY JOHN WOODARD

THERE is an idea among some people in America that farming is an occupation of inferior degree. Anyone can be a farmer, they think, but it takes a man of brains to be a lawyer or a doctor. It is hard to tell where this idea originated, but it probably started with some one about as well informed as the woman who saw some white hogs and asked what kind of animals they were. "They are hogs," was the reply. "Oh," she said, "they must be quite old; they are turning gray."

It doesn't make much difference what these people think of the farmer, their opinion is not worth considering. But some of the country people, especially among the boys and girls, have accepted this idea and they want to get away from the drudgery of the farm and go to the city. They think they have too much ability to waste their time and talents in the country. Some want to be merchants, doctors or lawyers while others are content to become bricklayers, carpenters, or plumbers, but all think they are entering occupations of higher degree where there is more opportunity for men of ability and where they will make a better living and enjoy themselves more.

During the last few years, a great deal has been said about, "keeping the boy on the farm." We have concluded that too many of our country boys (and girls too) are going to the city and we should do something to keep them in the country. Is this a good thing to do or had we better keep on sending them to the city? If farming is an inferior occupation and there is more opportunity for persons of ability in the city, it would be hardly right to keep your bright boy out in the country and make a drudge of him when he could do better in the city. But, if, as we have believed, farming is as honorable and dignified as any occupation and has as many opportunities as any other, the movement is a

good one and we should encourage it. Then let us investigate the subject and see if agriculture is an occupation that we can encourage our brightest young people, both from country and city, to engage in.

All industrial activities are for the purpose of supplying man's wants. Food is the most pressing want. So man's first industrial activity was getting a supply of food. Undoubtedly man's food at first consisted of nuts and fruit which he found growing wild and collected as he needed them. From collecting the wild fruits and nuts it was but a step to planting a few trees where they would be handy when it was difficult to collect wild fruits. Soon man learned, probably by accident, that flesh was good to eat, so he became a hunter and from hunting it was but a step to the domestication of some of the wild animals which would come in handy when the hunt was unsuccessful. Of course, agriculture at first was crude. Very little attention was paid to the trees except to pluck the fruit when ripe and all the care the stock had was to keep them from wandering too far. But as man spread out and occupied new sections of the earth, he found new conditions. The old methods of getting a living were unsuccessful in his new surroundings, so he had to try new methods. Every new difficulty caused man to devise methods of overcoming it. This was one great factor in the progress of man. Another was the multiplication of wants. When man had secured sufficient food, other wants appeared and, when they were satisfied, still others appeared. These two factors worked together to bring about progress. When man prospered, he developed new wants and, when hard times came, he had to give up some things which he had been enjoying or else devise methods to procure them in spite of the hard times. It is not difficult for man to get along without things that he never had,

but he finds it very hard to part with things which he has begun to consider a necessity. A man who has never had a watch gets along very well without it, but the man who has carried a watch for some time thinks he can't get along without it.

With the multiplication of wants came not only better farming but the building of houses and other occupations. At first each individual farmer carried on all of those activities for himself, but in time it was found that a man could build better houses if he gave all his time to building, so some gave up farming and gave all their time to building, thus leaving the farmer more time for his farming so he could raise better crops and stock. From time to time other occupations ceased to be carried on in the farm home and were engaged in by those who worked at nothing else. Industry became more and more complex and specialized.

At first all men were farmers and each supplied the necessities of his family, but, with the specializing of industry, part of the population ceased producing food products and produced other things which they gave to the farmer in exchange for food. Thus the farmer had to raise more than he needed for his own use. The per cent of people engaged in agriculture has constantly decreased while the per cent engaged in other pursuits has as constantly increased, but the farmer still has to feed the world as he did when all were farmers. From this, it is evident that the number of people each individual farmer must feed has constantly increased. At first he produced food only for his family; now he produces food for many more. It is quite evident, then, that agriculture has improved along with the improvement of other industries and it must continue to improve or we will not be able to feed the world. That is why we have farmers' institutes and agricultural colleges. That is why we are trying to introduce agriculture into the high schools and even the elementary schools. We didn't need them at one time. We could produce enough without, but now the burden laid on the farmer is so great that he needs all the training he can get to carry it. If the farmer fails to feed the world we will have famine. India and China and Russia have famines because their farmers sometimes fail to raise enough to supply those nations, and whenever the United States fails to raise enough to feed the nation, we can look for famine.

All farmers have not developed as rapidly as they should, nor have all in other occupations. But we can truthfully say that the best of our farmers have developed as rapidly as the best in others lines. And they must continue to develop as rapidly as other industries or disaster will follow. All other industries depend on agriculture. Agriculture could get along without the other industries, but it would be primitive agriculture. It would be a return to barbarism. No modern industry can exist alone. They are all interdependent.

But agriculture is the central one on which all the others depend. Industry is like a tree of the conifer type. It starts with a root and straight stem without branches. Later branches appear and these branches give off other branches, but all the time the straight central stem continues to grow, keeping ahead of the branches. If you destroy the stem you destroy the tree. If you damage the top of the central stem so the branches grow faster than it does, the symmetry of the tree is spoiled. The same would be true if any of the side branches were lopped off. Agriculture is the stem and other occupations are the side branches. As the destruction of the true stem destroys all the branches, so the destruction of agriculture would be the destruction of all industry. And, as the injury of any branch damages the whole tree, so the injury of any industry damages the others.

Then there should be no quarrel between industries. Helping one helps the others and they must all advance together. Business men, lawyers, doctors, and those in other professions and trades should help provide training schools for farmers as well as for their own professions and trades, and farmers should help provide training schools for other professions and trades.

Shall we keep the boy on the farm or let him go to the city? That depends on the boy. As the population of the world increases, the number of people engaged in farming will not increase as fast as those in other occupations. The city population will increase more rapidly than the country population. Some of the country people will have to move to the city. Which ones they will be will not depend on their ability but their liking for and fitness for certain occupations. There are boys born on the farms who will make greater success in other lines than farming, and there are boys in the cities and towns who will make a better success as farmers than they would in any other occupation. And the same could be said of the girls. A person's birthplace does not need to determine his or her occupation. What we need is a system of education that will make it possible for every boy and girl to find out what he or she is best fitted for and then study to fit himself or herself to engage in that chosen occupation, whether it leads from the country to the city or from the city to the country.

Everyone should choose his occupation for himself or herself. All that others should do is to present the merits of certain occupations so they can choose intelligently. We don't want to decide anyone's occupation for him, but we do want to show him the merits of farming so he can tell whether he is better fitted for it or something else. And when we invite anyone to investigate the merits of the country life we may know we are inviting him to enter the greatest profession in the world. The opportunities for the farmer are as

great as those in any other occupation and as great ability is needed. There is not the chance of making great fortunes like there is in other occupations, but there is not the chance of making as great failures. But after all, is money the chief end of life? Is a great fortune a blessing or a curse? A great fortune removes the necessity of making an effort and progress comes through the necessity of making an effort. This is why so many rich men's sons never amount to anything. Much better than a great fortune is an occupation that yields a good living and leaves time for one to enjoy it. There is no occupation in which a larger per cent of the people engaged in it acquire such an income than in agriculture.



A GAMBLER'S ADVICE.

G. WILFORD ROBINSON.

A NOTED gambler was dying. Lying in a snowy white bed in a cozy room of his palatial residence he told a reporter what he thought of the future—his future.

"I know I will get a square deal," he said. "I'll have as good a chance as I ever had in this world—better, for the Maker plays no favorites.

"I've been a gambler. So are most all men. Most business is a form of gambling. Think of Wall Street."

But this knight of chance looked upon this profession as an unprofitable one, for he says: "The higher you go the lower you go; the more you succeed the more you fail."

He was asked if a boy came to him for advice what he would tell him. As his head sank deeper in the big pillow he said:

"There wouldn't be any use giving it—he wouldn't take it, but I would. I'd say: 'I can't tell you what to do, for no two people in the world are alike. You'll have to find your work for yourself.' But I'd say to him, 'Take any road but the crooked one.'"

What better advice could be given to a young man as he starts out in life's career?—Take any road but the crooked one. This advice is valuable, for it is from one who knows. It is from one who has stood in the vortex of the exciting game. It is a warning from one who has felt the scorpion's sting and whose pangs are alleviated (if alleviated at all) by the thought that he will at least get a square deal.

There is a crooked road and it is a dangerous one. This fact is attested by the wrecked lives that are strewn along the way, and the mariners on life's voyage should mark on their chart the hidden rocks and perilous shoals which have been the destruction of those who have gone before.

Gambling is a reef on which hangs many a wrecked life who otherwise might have made a safe voyage if

he had not been tempted by the exhilarations of the game. Many a promising youth who has been allured by this temptation, and whose manhood and character is now gone, can trace the cause of his wrecked life back to the time when his passions were aroused by the winning of a stake on some small game of chance.

Young man, if you are indulging in this vice you are on the crooked road. Your eyes will lose their honest glance; your heart will lose its purity. Your whole life will be blighted and you will be utterly duped in the end. Then when the last game is played, and the stakes are won, and life is over, you will find that the Arch-gambler has been the winner and your soul has been the stake.

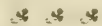
The dying gambler may not have practiced what he preached, but his advice is good,—“Take any road but the crooked one.”



IN THIS WORLD OF TROUBLE.

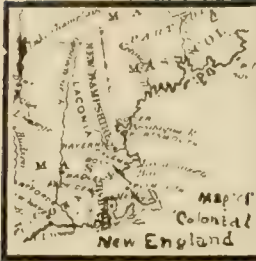
NANCY D. UNDERHILL.

How we worry, chafe and moan,
In this world of trouble.
How we grumble, grieve and groan—
Make our suffering double.
We make so much of sorrow,
And oft are caught in strife:
We look ahead to borrow
Some care to last through life.
Small slights were scarce intended
To crush, or harm, or grieve:
Small hurts might soon be mended—
Forget them and forgive.
So let us cease to wonder
That many souls are sad:
So oft we err or blunder—
Henceforth, let's make them glad.
And let us not be fearful,
But smile away the blues:
We should be always cheerful—
Paint clouds with rainbow hues.
And when we reach life's sunset,
We'll see 'twas better so:
The glory is to come yet,
In God's land, where we go.



CHINESE PROVERBS.

1. The gem cannot be polished without friction, nor man perfected without adversity.
2. What is told in the ear is often heard a hundred miles off.
3. A wise man forgets old grudges.
4. Riches come better after poverty, than poverty after riches.
5. A bird cannot roost but on one branch.
6. When a pool is dry, the fish can be seen.
7. You cannot strip two skins off from one cow.
8. Dig a well before you are thirsty.
9. Who swallows quick can chew but little—*Selected*



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter IV.

IN the year 1635 about three thousand colonists led by Hugh Peters and Henry Vane arrived in Massachusetts. The Puritans in England had come to see that it was worth while to live in a country where the principles of freedom were rapidly spreading. The settlements of Massachusetts Bay were for awhile overcrowded. Those of more adventurous spirit plunged into the wilderness to find homes. Simon Willard with a company of twelve families marched through the woods until he came to open meadowlands, sixteen miles from Boston, where they laid the foundation of Concord. Another colony of sixty persons marched westward, the same year, to the Connecticut River and in the spring founded Windsor, Hartford, and Wethersfield.

The Puritans came to America to enjoy freedom of conscience, but were not willing for others who differed from them in belief to enjoy the same privilege. All must be Puritans and worship as they did. None but their church members could vote. A minister named Lyford who was sent from London to the Puritans, was refused and expelled from the colony because he favored the Church of England. Two members of the Endicott council were arrested by him and sent back to England as "factious and evil conditioned people," because they used the liturgy in their worship. The Puritans were without a pastor for eight years. The ruling elder and other brothers exhorted on Sabbath afternoons, at which time "a question was propounded, upon which all spoke who had aught to say." They did not think that the thing most needed was tolerance for others. Bigotry and narrow-mindedness had been inherited from the middle ages and was not easily cast out. The colony suffered from religious dissensions after the first year of its planting. It was the great delight of these fathers and mothers to discuss issues which were impossible to settle. The conversation of those who built the houses was about difficult questions of theology. The sermons preached by the ministers had to pass the ordeal of criticism and review.

Toleration was not one of the virtues of that age, and the Puritans of Massachusetts Bay were more exclusive than were those of New Plymouth. They at once built a civil government upon the church. Con-

gregations were organized in every settlement and only members of the church were allowed the rights of citizenship. Church membership was not an easy thing to possess. It required a public avowal of religious experience to which everybody would not submit. Ministers had the right to reject candidates of whose conduct they did not approve or whose opinion they distrusted. Not over one-fourth of the adult population was ever admitted to the church. Much less than one-fourth of the male adult population were qualified to vote. This stern theocracy, armed with the scourge, branding iron, and the halter, exerted the gloomiest but not the severest despotism to which an English people ever submitted. It was really a usurpation. This condition seemed to be maintained by the cordial consent of the majority, who, if they wished might have put an end to it all. When it was finally put down, it was by the Crown and not the Puritans.

In all the Puritan communities the introduction of the Church of England was an object of much dread, and "prelatists" were punished or expelled as unfit to inhabit the colony.

Though morose, superstitious, bigoted and severe the Puritans showed from the first some of the highest qualities of the founders of a free state. With the Virginians they represented the chief sources of the national life. The contrast between these two classes of people could be no more striking and picturesque, yet they had many things in common, especially their brave and self-reliant spirit. The Puritans had less sense of personal liberty but more desire for political independence. Their civil government being founded upon the church, and the church adopting the Congregational practice, each settlement enjoyed to a certain extent a system of home rule. The development of the self-government of the towns was easy and rapid. Jealousy of the interference of England grew into an ardent attachment to the principles of political freedom. The people of New England were industrious, enterprising, and full of resources.

Under these circumstances the bolder minded tended strongly to larger religious liberties. Such persons, however, were under the rule of the more orthodox, and particularly of the preacher. This condition of affairs led to the expulsion of Roger Williams from Salem.

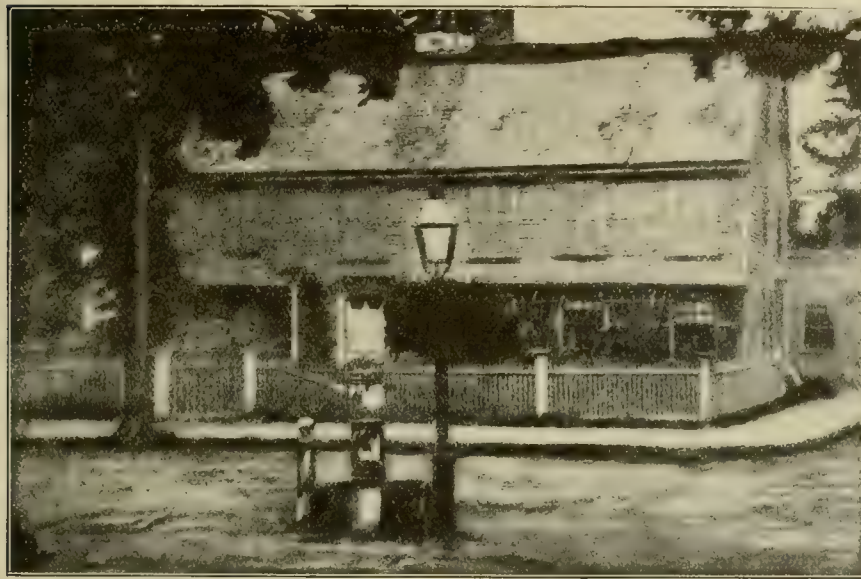
In the ship with Henry Vane came Mrs. Anne Hutchinson, a woman of great gifts, who was a great believer in religious freedom, claiming that it meant that others had the same rights to religious beliefs as they themselves, and she was said to "be as bad as Williams or worse." She claimed the right to be heard at the weekly meeting, saying she was moved by the spirit, but she was refused that privilege by the elders. They claimed that women had no right at the assemblies, and that most of them needed their tongues bridled at times, like common scolds. Mrs. Hutchinson became the champion of her sex, denouncing the ministers for "defrauding women of the benefits of the Gospel." She called them Pharisees, and she was

made more severe, but others rushed forward to brave the terrors. The Assembly of the United Colonies was called together, and Massachusetts was advised to pronounce the death penalty against these disturbers (?) of the peace.

The tidings of the end of the English commonwealth, and that Charles II, who had long been a fugitive from his father's kingdom, was restored to the throne, reached Boston. It was now the turn of those who had overthrown the monarchy and trampled the people under foot, to fly for their lives. Edward Walley and William Goffe, two judges who had passed the sentence of death upon Charles I, came to Boston, where they were received with courtesy by Gov. Endicott. They were followed by the agents of the British government.

These "king-killers," as they were called, escaped the officers and made their way to New Haven, where they were concealed for weeks—no one, not even the Indians, telling of their hiding places. They at last reached Hadley in the Connecticut valley, living in seclusion the rest of their lives. When the savages attacked the village of Hadley, Goffe came from his hiding place. On Fast Day, June 12, 1676, the Indians surprised the people of Hadley, while at church. Seizing their muskets at the sound of the savage war whoop, the men rushed from the meetinghouse to fall into line. The foe was on every side. Confused and bewildered

the settlers were about to give way, when a strange old man with long white hair and in ancient dress appeared among them, and giving a quick, sharp word of command, recalled them to their senses, and following their mysterious leader they drove the enemy before them. The danger being past they looked for their deliverer, but he had disappeared as mysteriously as he came. The good people believed that God had sent an angel to deliver them. History reveals the secret. It was Colonel Goffe, who was fleeing from the vengeance of Charles II, with a reward for his capture, and who had for years wandered about living in mills, caves, and any place he could find, but had at last found refuge in the home of a minister at Hadley. From his window he had seen the Indians stealthily coming down the hill, and being anxious to do one more good deed for God's people, he rushed forward from his hiding place, led them on to victory and returned to his retreat, never to return. He was supposed to have died in 1679. The others also lived in seclusion. At one time they were nearly caught. They



The Old Witch House (Built in 1636), Salem, Mass. From an Old Photograph Taken 1860.

in turn declared unfit for the society of Christians. She was banished from Massachusetts, as were others. They made their way to the home of Williams. A Narraganset chief, Miantonoma, gave them a beautiful island which was called Rhode Island, and in March, 1641, they founded a little republic of their own.

In July, 1659, the first Quakers arrived in Boston, among them being Ann Austin and Mary Fisher. It seems very strange to us that the coming of such an innocent people would have created such a great dread. The plague in their midst would not have caused more alarm. These women were caught and searched for traces of witchcraft, their trunks broken open, their books burned, and they put into prison. After several weeks they were released but were driven out of the colony. Others who came were whipped and exiled. But they constantly returned, glorying in their sufferings. After four had been executed the people began to consider them as martyrs, and gradually relaxed their persecutions. The laws against this people were

were sitting under a bridge which crossed Mill River, and their pursuers passed over the bridge, not seeing them. The names of these three judges have been given to two avenues and one street in New Haven, Connecticut. The cave in which they lived for some time, has since been called "Judges' Cave," and is regarded with great interest by the inhabitants.

King Charles II sent a royal commission to America to settle all disputes and questions of intercolonial controversy that might come up in the colonies. They arrived in July, 1664, but were treated so coolly by the people who quickly understood the meaning of this act, that they were obliged to return home.

After this the people had rest for awhile, but as soon as James II came to the throne the old charter of Massachusetts was revoked, and all the colonies from Nova Scotia to Narraganset Bay were united in one, and Joseph Dudley appointed Governor-general or President. New England not being able to openly resist this encroachment upon their liberty dissolved

the Colonial Assembly and returned sullenly to their homes. Sir Edmond Andras was appointed royal governor the next year, and his rule became so odious that when the news reached Boston that King James had been expelled from the throne of England, the royal governor received the same fate from the hands of the colonists. Every colony had its freedom again in less than one month.

The conflict which was ended by the treaty of Ryswick involved the English possessions in New England, and in 1697 the boundary lines of these colonies were established as before.

Massachusetts possessed a thriving commerce—built ships in her first year after settlement. In spite of the Navigation Act the Colony opened trade with the West Indies. An English officer who attempted to enforce the act was forced to return home. Charles II seized upon this excuse to make Massachusetts a royal province. He died before his plans were completed.

LITERARY STYLE OF NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE

W. ARTHUR CABLE

MANY and varied have been the appellations conferred upon the subject of our sketch, Nathaniel Hawthorne. "America's prose writer," "a profound anatomist of the heart," "a dweller among visions," "moralist of moralists," and a host of others of rare significance, clearly interpret the author's literary achievements. "The last wizard of Salem" seems a fitting designation of his magic power to penetrate the secret recesses of the soul, and bring forth some new truth which is scarcely capable of human conception.

After reading a tale from Hawthorne's works, we are apt to say, concerning some psychological principle which had never before been presented to our mind in any form whatever; and which, indeed, upon first thought seems incapable of consideration: "Now I see through a glass darkly."

In continually dealing with the vague questions of conscience; viewing human brotherhood through the medium of the unspeakable which pervades humanity; and permeating the ethereal universe in which all creation is enveloped; the chronicles of that mind, even though he choose the fittest words conceivable by mortal whereby to express his emotions, will of necessity seem weird and fantastic to our less creative visions, and all the more so, because of the intense imagination which this recorder of wonders possessed.

For he has been holding intelligible yet indescribable intercourse with that same infinite medium. Indescribable, I say, for his writings, no matter to what wild heights your mind may have been carried by them, are the merest symbols relative of the commerce existing between the two.

Hawthorne's works may be divided into two classes. Tales and Romances. Both are substantially alike and they differ chiefly in that the latter are greatly elaborated and contain a sharper delineation of character. The former were written at various times, the last to be completed being "Tanglewood Tales," which together with the "Wonder Book," comprise a delightful series of Greek and Roman myths. "Twice Told Tales" and "Mosses from an Old Manse" entertain high ideals, and many and valuable are the lessons which they contain. They are characterized by New-comer as "running through the whole gamut of fancy, from the wildly whimsical and humorous to the intensely sombre and profoundly sad. And woven into them, as the very life and substance of them, are speculations upon many of the gravest problems of existence. Indeed, more of the spiritual history of New England may be found in a single tale like 'Young Goodman Brown,' or 'The Minister's Black Veil,' than in a hundred sermons of the theologians."

The four completed romances deal with the various

phases of sin. The greatest of these and also unparalleled in imaginative prose writings, is "The Scarlet Letter." The central truth of the tale is "the effect of sin upon opposite natures."

But let us consider the first title cataloged which is applied to this man of letters. And the best method of convincing anyone of its truth, is to quote a selection. The following is an extract from "The Intelligence Office," and tells of some of the wishes recorded in the great folio volume:—"Old people wished for the delights of youth; a fop, for a fashionable coat; an idle reader, for a new novel; a versifier, for a rhyme to some stubborn word; a painter, for Titian's secret of coloring; a prince, for a cottage; a republican, for a kingdom and a palace; a libertine, for his neighbor's wife; a man of palate, for green peas; and a poor man, for a crust of bread."

Notice the picturesque style, the extensive yet harmonious deviations of that following each other in rapid succession. Newcomer's specification of the author's whole writings might well be applied to the foregoing. "Airy, sparkling, graceful, flowing, pellucid, . . . Hawthorne plays upon language as upon an instrument of many stops, and the swiftest changes, from irony to pity and from humor to pathos, are made without a discordant note."

Again, he was called "a profound anatomist of the heart." He had the rare gift of penetrating to depths of heart which none else dare attempt, and of pointing out the pure and the evil tendencies, with appalling exactness and surety. Take, for example, in "The Artist of the Beautiful," the yearning after friendship of one whose lot is apart from the multitude; or the repeated fits of sadness and melancholy shivering the soul of one baffling with the coarser elements in his strenuous endeavor to add to the beautiful; also the danger of the finer sensibilities when in contact with the sensuous, material coarseness.

Or again, consider "The Bosom-serpent" which you recall with a convulsive shudder akin to those caused by Poe's tales, or such as Aylmer suffered as often as his eyes fell upon the birthmark on the cheek of his pure wife. Remember the Egotist in his torment! And what expression could one imagine to be better suited to the agony than that which so often escaped Roderick Elliston's lips: "It gnaws me! It gnaws me!"

If you doubt Hawthorne's visionary ability, and have but a few minutes to spend off this material earth, visit the man of fancy, who resides in the realm of Nowhere. Banquet, along with his "Select Party" at his castle in the air; and do not fail, during your sojourn there, to read "the untold tales of Chaucer's Canterbury Pilgrims, the unwritten cantos of the 'Faerie Queene,' the conclusion of Coleridge's 'Christabel,' and the whole of Dryden's projected epic on the

subject of King Arthur." Or if you wish to live beside yourself and not in the least suspect that you are near at hand, delve into the pages of "The Scarlet Letter."

Moralism was with the writer a native trait, and one well improved. The "pearl of great price" which he possessed did not escape him through neglect as it did the man of woebegone and downcast look, who sought his lost treasure at The Intelligence Office.

Cast an inquiring glance over "The Virtuoso's Collection." Observe closely the fire stolen by Prometheus, and behold the scene with the author:—"I gazed into the fire which symbolically was the origin of all that was bright and glorious in the soul of man, and in the midst of it, behold! A little reptile sporting with evident enjoyment of the fervid heat. It was a salamander. 'What a sacrilege!' cried I, with inexpressible disgust. 'Can you find no better use for this ethereal fire than to cherish a loathsome reptile in it? Yet there are men who abuse the sacred fire of their own souls to as foul and guilty a purpose.'"

But to "The Birthmark," which caused Aylmer so much worry, and the removal of which brought death to his wife. We perceive from this the magnifying and enlargement in one's mind of one little fault, until all good qualities are lost to view.

Now "Feathertop" can live his short life over again. We will let the two following quotations speak for themselves:

"Amid the general admiration excited by the stranger's appearance there were only two dissenting voices. One was that of an impertinent cur which, after snuffing at the heels of the glistening figure, put its tail between its legs and skulked into its master's backyard, vociferating an execrable howl. The other dissentient was a young child who squalled at the fullest stretch of his lungs and babbled some unintelligible nonsense about a pumpkin."

And a little farther:

"There was a mysterious kind of a smile—if indeed it might not better be called a grin or grimace—upon his visage, but, of all the throng that beheld him, not one individual appears to have possessed insight enough to detect the illusive character of the stranger, except a little child and a cur dog."

Now see the apparition,—if I may term him such,—wooing the Governor's pretty daughter, and the author comes forth again. "O, pretty Polly Gookin! Why should these imps rejoice so madly that a silly maiden's heart was about to be given to a shadow? Is it so unusual a misfortune—so rare a triumph?"

Mother Rigby strikes a voluminous chord when she says: "There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world made up of just such a jumble of worn-out, forgotten and good-for-nothing trash as he was, and yet they live in fair re-

pute, and never see themselves for what they are."

"The Intelligence Office" is well worth studying again. Give ear to the man begging for the pearl of great price. He has said before, "While I possessed it, the contemplation of it was my sole and sufficient happiness." But now the Intelligencer calmly replied to the pleading man: "You have no greater claim to it—nay, not so great—as any other person. I cannot give it back." We learn that whatever talent has been given us, it is our serious duty to immediately go to work, and with Longfellow, "act—act in the living present"; not waste the most precious part of our life in dreaming about out endowments, for "from him which hath not shall be taken away, even that which he seemeth to have."

Unto a searcher of tomorrow the man of intelligence said: "Continue your pursuit, and you will doubtless come up with him; but as to the earthly gifts which you expect, he has scattered them all along a throng of yesterdays."

The humor, sly, and subtle, should not in the least be left out of range of this discussion. One illustration, a wish recorded in that great folio volume, must suffice:

"An astronomer who lived far more among the distant worlds of space than in this lower sphere recorded a wish to behold the opposite side of the moon, which, unless the system of the firmament be reversed, she can never turn towards the earth. On the same page of the volume was written the wish of a child to have the stars for playthings."

Observe now a few philosophical statements. The first from Hawthorne's own lips, recorded in "Fancy's Showbox": "Man must not disclaim his brotherhood, even with the guiltiest, since, though his hand be clean, his heart has surely been polluted by flitting phantoms of iniquity."

Conway says: "His writings are overcast with the pain of a heart held under a necessity to expose its innermost recesses to the world."

The tribute paid by Miss Tappan, "His narratives are one-tenth matter and nine-tenths spirit," is a true complementary.

Scottville, Michigan.



THE PEN.

M. M. WINESBURG.

The artist paints, the sculptor chips
His blocks of wood and stone,
But the pen describes and a record keeps
Of what the world has done.
Some pens portray in vivid shades
Human life in the cities fair;
The deeds that darken the city's slums
Or the rose in beauty's hair.

They who were born on the mountain heights
And watched the sun's first glow,

And saw the mists like a silver veil
Arise from the valleys below,
Are at home amid the rocks and glens
Where nature's pulses thrill;
They claim a part in the woodland wild
And a friend in each gushing rill.

And those who have watched the sunset's glow
Across the rolling plain,
And saw its crimson shadow fall
On fields of golden grain,
Can best describe the beauties there,
'Mid the scenes they love so well,
And can make us see what they have seen,
As they their story tell.

And they who breathe the salt sea air,
In a home by the ocean wide,
Can tell us best how the breakers roar—
Of the rush of the wind and tide;
Can tell us best how the soft waves splash
On a golden summer's day,
As they ripple and curl on the soft sea sands
Like a dimpling child at play.

The artist and the sculptor's work
May faded and crumbling lie,
But the noble thought the pen inscribes
Is work that can never die.



A FEW FREAKS OF FASHION.

JOHN S. FERNALD.

THE present attenuated style of women's dress recalls to people of the older generations many extremes adopted by American women at the behest of Dame Fashion. The illustrations here given are not cartoons from the so-called funny papers, but are reproduced from the leading fashion magazines of the country at the times they represent. These extremes were not confined to the young and giddy nor to the ultra followers of fashion, but prevailed in all classes of society. The first ladies of the land wore the crinoline in its extreme form as is seen from photographs of Mrs. Abraham Lincoln, Mrs. U. S. Grant, and the wives of other distinguished officials and diplomats. These pictures, taken at the time, are now being reproduced by some of the leading magazines, in articles on official life in Washington and not in any sense fashion articles. Current paintings of official ladies of earlier decades, and photographs of those of later days show that they adopted even the most extreme styles.

In the early days of the civil war we find a style that, according to critics of a few years later, was not only an absurdity as to size and appearance, but was decidedly uncomfortable for the wearer, as well as unhygienic. In an editorial in the *Lady's Friend* of Philadelphia, for November, 1865, we find the following:

"We cannot think without a shudder of the style which immediately preceded that of hoops. The eight or ten skirts that even sensible women wore, have



Grecian Bend, 1884.

weighed down thousands of women, through successive stages of wasted effort, miserable uselessness and untold suffering, into premature graves. The weight and heat of this superfluous clothing would be intolerable if the wearers had nothing to do but endure it, whereas most of them had their full share of duties in addition."

The editor then refers, at some length, to two still earlier styles, one a huge pad of feathers on the back, and the other a pair of similar appendages on the arms, the padding being worn not only on social occasions but while the wearers were about their household duties.

The large number of heavy skirts was followed by the "hoop skirt," a device which, while retaining the earlier form, relieved the wearer of most of the weight and heat. The hoop skirt was made by sewing into an ordinary underskirt a few rounds of rattan about the size of a present-day lead pencil. One was at the bottom of the skirt and the others at intervals upwards.

But the extreme of skirt spreading was by the "crinoline," which sometimes measured a yard and a quarter in diameter near the floor. Imagine wearing such a dress in a close carriage or crowded horsecar. The crinoline, or skeleton, as it was sometimes called, consisted of a large number of small, flat steel hoops, gradually diminishing in the size of the circle from the hem upward, and supported by strong tapes attached to the waistband.

From the extra large crinoline there was a gradual decrease in the size for about fifteen years, the efforts of the dressmakers being directed more to new combinations of color, styles of trimming, etc. In 1831 women's dress had assumed a normal size and shape, but was much plaited, flounced, tucked, puffed and ruffled, with overskirts and other accessories galore.

But the most uncouth fashion ever adopted was the "Grecian bend," which had a deservedly short run about 1884. The wearer stooped forward, the dress clung closely in front and was accentuated by a huge "bustle" just below the waist-line, behind. To the credit of our American women this monstrosity was not generally adopted, and its reign was short.

But the change of style between the crinoline of 1865 and the attenuated skirts of 1909 shows the extremes into which fashion will lead its votaries. The 1909 dress, surmounted by any of the ultra styles of millinery, makes a picture that will be as interesting, when its day is passed, as are the pictures of the crinoline and Grecian bend to people of today.



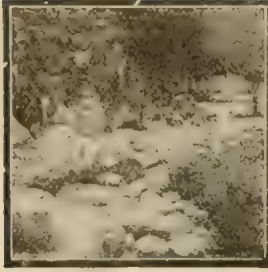
Carriage Dress, Worn Over a Crinoline.



A Much-Plaited and Draped Dress and Overskirt. Front and Back View, 1831.



Attenuate Dress of 1909.



NATURE STUDIES



SQUIRRELS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

IN this department we have been told about many kinds of pets. Some of them have been of an unusual nature—yes, even strange. All things can be tamed, but some are much easier tamed than others. And even among those tamed with equal facility there is a wide range in the desirability as pets. The snake is not a difficult animal to pet—at least such has been my observation; but I have gained all my information about them at long range. It may be early training or it may be a natural antipathy, but just the same I prefer to study them at long range or make a post mortem examination.

If you wish an interesting pet, and one that at the same time is easily tamed, get a squirrel.

In my youthful days my first great disappointment was hushed by the promise of a young squirrel from a nest in a tree to be cut soon. But "there's many a slip," etc., and in my case the proverb held true. Others reached the tree first, secured the young ones, and again I was doomed to disappointment.

Early impressions are the most lasting, and for years I wished for and attempted to secure a squirrel for a pet. "All things come to him who waits," and incidentally watches all corners. Last spring we went out to make some posts and after cutting down a tree found that we had wrecked the home of a squirrel.

Three little squealing, struggling baby squirrels were found trying their best to hide in the ruins of their home. What was to be done with them? Not feeling sure that the mother would find and care for them, we decided to do so.

They were funny, furry little creatures, about the size of a small kitten, and seemed to be principally head, with large protruding eyes.

A bed was made for them in an old milk can; they were taken to the kitchen and given their first meal from human hands. How? By means of a spoon. It was no more trouble to teach them to drink than to teach a calf. In fact I have seen calves that were much more rebellious.

The next day a rubber nipple was secured and placed on a small bottle. To see them feed was truly amusing. They would fight and struggle for the first turn

at the bottle. One of them would take almost the entire nipple in her mouth, grasp the neck of the bottle in her paws, and thus bid defiance to her equally greedy, but less shrewd, brothers.

There is as much difference in the disposition of them as there is in people. Though they are handled just the same, one of them is much wilder than the others. When the cage is opened he objects to being handled and does not want even to be noticed.

It was not long until they were able to jump up in the can, knock the cover off and then how they would scamper around! How they seemed to enjoy racing around the room!

As they grew older they exemplified the expression "as nimble as a squirrel." Turn one loose in a room and it will run around till almost tired out, then it will come up as if to tempt you to catch it. Make the attempt and before you can realize how it is done the little fellow is across the room waiting for you to make another attempt. I have seen one jump up in the air, turn over as if to grasp a limb, then turn back and alight on its feet with a nimbleness exceeding anything I ever witnessed in any member of the feline race. Sometimes when sitting on the shoulder of some member of the family one of them will leap and try to catch on the pattern of the wall-paper. Failing in this it does not fall, but whirls and alights on its feet on its old perch.

Of course the children must give them names. The greedy little Miss was called Flossy, her smaller brother Fluffy, and the unsocial one Furry.

What do they eat? It would be easier to tell what they will not eat. Bread, nuts, acorns, in fact anything that a chicken will.

When they have more than they want for the present they bury it in the sand in the bottom of their cage.

They like to get out of the cage and run up and down the tree under which it stands, but when tired they are ready to come down and go in again.



HUMANE EDUCATION—A FIRST STEP.

"W. B.," in *Our Dumb Animals* for July, 1909, writes in very general terms of the need of humane education—of its beginning in the family. I should

like to detail a specific instance of such education with its very broad results.

Here in this family of mine are four small boys, little savages each of them, as full of life and curiosity as red squirrels, fuller, indeed, of curiosity and interest in every sort of living creature—as is every normal boy who has a chance to be. I have watched this interest narrowly for the supposed natural cruelty of the natural child, but have not found a trace. They do not differ from other children; they simply have this advantage over some, namely, that they themselves live as natural animals in a natural world, and the life of things, as it moves and behaves, is so entirely interesting that they never thought of killing or torturing for the sake of abnormal behavior that follows pain. With this interest to begin with (which, I believe, is natural to all children), their specific education in ways humane became simply the quickening and extending of the knowledge and curiosity they already had.

As they lived in the fields they naturally kept doing this for themselves; but something more, something larger, was necessary: their knowledge needed to be organized, related, their interest directed.

First, some of the modern animal stories were read to them; but it was too often the story rather than the animal that held their interest and besides most of the stories were either so goody-good, or so viciously untrue as to be morally harmful. Then Arabella Buckley's "Life and Her Children," and "Winners in Life's Race," were begun and the boys carried carefully through these accurate and delightful volumes with this result; they got a view of life from the amoeba to elephant, of the orders and families of animals, their habits, characteristics, relationships, and distribution, and the parts they have played in the making of the world.

Here was something more than a pretty-kitty story, or a super-fox story, or a sermon on how cruel it is to throw stones at anything in general. Here was genuine science, fascinatingly, simply told, that gave these children a knowledge of life as a whole, and an interest in life for its own sake—sound, true, wholesome, moral knowledge and interest.

After this it was inevitable that the small lives and the large lives about them—the caddis in the brook, the fox in the woods—should have for them equal value and equal interest, for a caddis fly in "Life and Her Children," was just as worth while as the elephant in "Winners in Life's Race."

With this sort of an introduction to life, a rusty tomato can full of leaf mold and a snail is just as good to watch as a cage full of polar bears. I have seen it over and over. All life has become interesting, and interesting as it lives and behaves naturally. There is no desire to kill, no desire to watch the abnormal behavior that follows pain.

There is nothing—neither sermon nor story—that will take the place of the simple truth about things—the whole scientific truth. It is amazing how little *chickenlicken* literature the child needs, and how much scientific truth he can take in and grow on.—*Dallas Love Sharp, in Our Dumb Animals.*

THE TAIL OF A SQUIRREL.

JET and Brownie are our two dogs. We have recently moved from the city to a suburban home, and both the dogs are as pleased as the children are with the large yard to run and play in. Jet is a valuable, large black-and-white setter and has been a member of the family for several years. Brownie is an adopted dog—a curly water-spaniel who was a lost dog, belonging nowhere, forlorn and half starved when she followed us home one evening a year or two ago. She has refused to leave us since that time, and has repaid our kindness by the most devoted affection.

She knew all there was to know about city streets and alleys, about where to find stray bones and how to dodge boys and policemen, but the country sights and sounds were all new to her. A few days after we had settled ourselves and our furniture in our new home, we found a dead squirrel in the yard. Knowing that one of the dogs must have killed it, we decided to prevent any more such performances by trying an old-fashioned remedy. Each dog was shown the dead squirrel, which was then tied around the neck of each in turn for a few hours. It did not take long to convince us which one was the culprit.

Jet seemed annoyed by the unusual necklace, but was not cast down in spirit by having to wear it, and was as friendly and dignified as usual; while Brownie hung her head and tail and took refuge under tables and chairs to escape the public eye, looking the picture of shame and woe. At bedtime the squirrel was taken from Brownie's neck and carefully placed near the back gate to be removed next day by the garbage collector. Before his arrival, however, the squirrel was missing. Every one was questioned, but no one knew what had become of it.

Later in the day Uncle John discovered a tuft of something sticking up out of a fresh mound of earth in the corner of the yard. It proved to be the squirrel's tail moving in the breeze like a plume over its grave. Then it was remembered that Brownie had come into the house late in the evening with a little pyramid of dirt at the end of her strong, sharp little nose. Brownie had buried the squirrel all but the tip of its tail!

She had evidently made up her mind that she had had enough trouble about the squirrel and did not intend to have it hung around her neck again, and had carefully put it underground where, she thought, it could bring her no more punishment or disgrace. She never touched another squirrel.—*Farm Journal.*

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It is coming time to cast up our accounts for the year. Will the expenses—good deeds done—balance with the good received?

MAKING an excuse for an acknowledged mistake is the poorest sort of way of getting the mistake covered up; but a very good way to have it remembered by both parties.

MEET Jack Frost with a cheery, easy manner and he is a fairly companionable fellow. Meet him with a frown and a shrinking mien and he is most disagreeable. Same thing is true of folks of our own race.

SOME of the things we worry most about and strive hardest to secure are of the least value after we have won them. We cannot always know this beforehand, but it is a wise thing to know all we can and thus save our efforts for needful things.

ALL stock expressions are in the majority of cases carelessly and thoughtlessly used. "I haven't time" is no exception to this rule. The one who pleads this excuse generally has time,—all of us do, as our countless wasted moments can testify. Being plainly honest with ourselves and with others will make this expression well-nigh obsolete to our own lasting good and to the benefit of the world in general.

THE fact that our very busiest men can be appealed to most successfully for additional service but proves the law that one's capacity for service grows with the demands made upon it. "To him that hath, shall be given," said the Master, and no man has yet sounded the depth of that truth in his own experience. To excuse ourselves from service on the plea of time is to doubt the Master's word and block up our own way to the highest usefulness.

LIVING IN THE SUPERLATIVE DEGREE.

By the above term we do not mean living with every faculty of the mind and body at the highest tension. To be sure, that would be in one sense the superlative degree, but it would not be the one that would bring the greatest results and results are the things that count,—the things that one should keep in mind. By living in the superlative degree we mean living up to one's highest possibilities,—doing one's best every day. This would not call for haste or any abnormal strain, for every worker knows that as a rule he does his best work when under no strain and the best days' work generally leaves him in the best condition mentally and physically. The habit of doing one's work by fits and spurts is much harder on the worker than if he were to go at it with a steady persistence, using every faculty at just the place where it will accomplish the most at the least cost.

When one considers the matter a little he is pretty sure to conclude that we have so much work done of a low grade not because we have few geniuses and many of mediocre ability, but because workers are satisfied merely to be workers—not better workers nor the best workers but workers of the positive degree—moving along in a well-worn groove, doing as much as the average or just enough to keep one's place.—Did we say mediocre workers are satisfied merely to be workers? Satisfied is hardly the right word. Their actions would make it appear that they are satisfied with conditions, but in many cases this is not true. They may be satisfied with themselves, with the amount and kind of work they are doing, but they are not satisfied with the one who lives in the superlative degree, with what he is doing and with the results he is reaping. And they are not satisfied with their work. That is they are not happy in it, they do not enjoy it. They never know the keen joy of the worker who can write "more and better" after the record of today's work. They make up the large army of restless, discontented workers who are always kicking because "the other fellow has a snap."

Doing one's best is the sure and only way to grow and improve. It must therefore be the normal condition for man, since growth and improvement are the natural evidences of health. A glimpse into the lives of the world's greatest and best workers shows that their great accomplishments were the result of making the most of their opportunities, of making each day's record better than that of the preceding day. And these great workers will testify that living in the superlative degree not only makes one's life broad and full but that it is conducive to long life. The strenuous life, free from strain and worry, means the long life,—long in years and long in the amount of work accomplished.

NEED OF ECONOMY.

It is not strange in these prosperous times, when there is scarcely any limit to the things people have set down as "must haves" and at the same time scarcely a limit to the prices set on these "must haves," that men of foresight, men who know the artificiality of present-day conditions, should sound the alarm and endeavor to point out the way leading to safe and sound ground. James J. Hill, one of the leading railroad builders of modern times, is one of the men who sees disaster ahead if the present course of things is continued.

Recently Mr. Hill was at the White House and had a conference with the President. Later he expressed his views on the extravagance that is so generally prevalent and on the present high prices. He had no panacea to offer for the ill that he sees threatening the country but he thought that economy—the cutting down of useless expenditures—individual and governmental—would go further than anything else toward aiding in improvement of conditions. Mr. Hill bases his pessimistic view of the future on history—the records of the past. He says he finds that natural decline begins when the cost of living becomes a burden to the masses, while the immensely rich are in no wise affected.

Mr. Hill believes that the great minds of the country should turn their attention to this question rather than to the many dealing with laws unless these laws can aid in the solution of the problem. Our statesmen spend much time, he says, trying to devise laws for better and more honest living and yet neglect the one problem that directly touches the millions whose welfare constitutes the very existence of the nation.

There is ground, it is true, for Mr. Hill's position, and it should be given consideration, but while it is true that the present high prices affect only the poor, the extravagances of this class have increased in about the same proportion as the extravagances of the rich; and this extravagance has something to do in the making of the present high prices. This was not the case with the nations of the past whose decline began "when the cost of living became a burden to the masses while the immensely rich were in no wise affected."

The conditions that allow the rich to become richer while the poor are growing poorer need reforming, and that soon, but at the same time the majority of us need to lay aside some of our "needs" that are really extravagances. We can do much toward helping matters in this way while the country's leaders are adjusting the main machinery so that there is an even-
ing up—a fair trade between the extremes in the financial world.

DUTY.

It is sometimes said that the word duty is a stern word. Very few boys and girls like to be told that something is their duty, but whether they like it or not duty is always near at hand, and if we take time to look it in the face and see just what it is, it is not such a stern thing after all. It lies at the basis of much of the best things in the world. Here are some good words about duty and its meaning for life:

"The path of duty is the way to glory."

"Do your duty and leave the rest to God."

"The windows of heaven open directly over every post of duty."

"The real duty is neglected when we step over one duty to perform another."

"Simple loyalty to today's duty is the only preparation for tomorrow's greater one."

"When God gives a duty, he is ready, also to give the grace needed for the doing of it."

"The boy who succeeds is not the boy who insists upon his rights, but the boy who attends to his duties."

"Only the combined sweetness of all the flowers in the world can compare with that which comes from duty performed, for

"The highest duties oft are found
Lying upon the lowest ground;
In hidden and unnoticed ways;
In household works, on common days,
Whate'er is done for God alone,
Thy God acceptable will own."

—Selected

ONCE IN AWHILE.

Once in awhile the sun shines out,
And the arching skies are a perfect blue;
Once in awhile mid clouds of doubt
Hope's brightest stars come peeking through.
Our paths lead down by the meadows fair,
Where the sweetest blossoms nod and smile,
And we lay aside our cross of care
Once in awhile.

Once in awhile within our own
We clasp the hand of a steadfast friend;
Once in awhile we hear a tone
Of love with the heart's own voice to blend;
And the dearest of all our dreams come true,
And on life's way is a golden mile;
Each thirsting flower is kissed with dew
Once in awhile.

Once in awhile in the desert sand
We find a spot of the fairest green;
Once in awhile from where we stand
The hills of Paradise are seen;
And a perfect joy in our hearts we hold,
A joy that the world cannot defile;
We trade earth's dress for the purest gold
Once in awhile.

—Nixon Waterman.



THE HOME WORLD



CONCERNING THE PURITY CONGRESS AT BURLINGTON, IOWA

BY CATHERINE BEERY VANDYKE

THE present widespread agitation on the matter of cleaning up the personal, social and political filth that exists in this our "land of the free (?) and home of the brave" (?), is not *more* widespread than the need itself. For the satisfactory readjustment—or perhaps I might better say—the *adjustment* of a reasonable degree of decency in our political, social, educational and—I dare say—our *religious* lives it will require all the best influence of the Prohibition party, the W. C. T. U.'s and similar organizations and the combined efforts of individual humanitarians and Christians.

When we stretch our eyes wide open to the real facts of the liquor trade, the traffic in white slaves, the disease of gambling, the ubiquity of street-reared children, the paralysis of parental indifference, and the cancerous processes of some of the present-day high schools and universities, we will wonder how we ever had a moment's peace, when not engaged in the conflict against this fearful state.

It is too often the case that we do not care to bestir ourselves in behalf of humanity until some of our own loved ones are found in the vortex of destruction. Very often it is too late then to rescue the particular loved one but, thank God, not too late to prevent some other person's loved ones from going down to ruin. Ignorance does not excuse us from the penalty of a broken law—no more in the physical than in the civil—so it is not safe to console ourselves with the idea that we are "free from the blood of all men" because we *didn't know of their peril*. The weak is ever dependent upon the strong and it is the glory and to the honor of the strong to rise to the emergency.

Among the interesting subjects discussed at the Congress were addresses taking up various phases of the White Slave Traffic and the Social Evil, Purity Among Children and Youths, Immigration Restriction, War

Against Segregation, Improved Marriage Laws, The Sunday School and Purity and the Primacy of Prayer and Preaching in Purity. I wish only to give enough of the subjects, at this time, to cause parents and educators some reflection upon a vital issue which has been too long shunned.

The address on the white slave trade which helped me most was that given by Clifford G. Roe, Assistant State-District Attorney of Chicago. Following are some of his statements: "The white slave traffic is nation wide. It reaches into homes throughout our country and is undermining the very foundation of our social system. Secrecy has been the success of the white-slave-traders. In their effort to conceal their operations they have been unconsciously aided by fathers and mothers, since the latter have been unwilling to talk to their daughters about the details of a subject so revolting. Why do I ask parents to bring into the family circle facts which are so black and ugly? It is because fathers and mothers are oftentimes morally responsible for the downfall of their daughters by not taking them into their confidence at the fireside. Neglect by the parents in the raising of their daughters is a factor in the making of white slaves. The highest aim of parents should be the proper rearing of their children."

In the making of white slaves there are three stages: "The procurer must become acquainted with the girls and win their confidence. Then, they must get them into immoral houses. Finally, the girls must be kept in those houses. The baits are love, vanity and ambition." Here he gave an account of a sixteen-year-old girl, telling her name, and a girl friend of the same age who were lured into a house of ill fame through love (?) last July in Chicago.

He said further: "It may seem strange that girls can be led astray so easily, that they will fall in love

at first sight and go so unhesitatingly and confidently with almost utter strangers, but truth is stranger than fiction. Wayward girls who flirt merely for the fun of flirting, who frequent the public dance hall and roam about the streets at night, are the ones who are most easily entrapped by the vanity method. The procurers make no distinction between the innocent and the wayward girl.

"After the girls are in the disreputable places their stories are all about the same. Their street clothes are taken away from them and flimsy parlor dresses are given them to wear. They are not allowed to communicate with their family and friends in the outside world. They are placed in debt and this system of indebtedness has been the backbone of the white slave traffic."

The matter of instructing children and youths concerning sex and its meaning was largely in the hands of Mrs. Della Thompson Lutes of Cooperstown, N. Y., editor of *American Motherhood*, and Dr. Winfield Scott Hall of the N. W. Medical School, Chicago. A forenoon was devoted to the former while the latter at different times gave talks to boys under eighteen, to men and to public school teachers and also to the public at large.

Mrs. Lutes was assisted by Miss Phelps of Michigan from a teacher's standpoint, by Evangelist Florence Ethel Smith from a minister's standpoint and by Dr. Josephine Young from a physician's standpoint, while Mrs. Lutes herself gave a very practical paper upon the importance of being physically prepared for marriage and its consequent responsibilities and duties.

Miss Phelps told how the process of animal reproduction was explained to a certain class of children in the public school by a wise and careful teacher to the benefit of all, using a pair of rabbits for the illustration. Her argument was that if the parents neglect to teach their children a pure knowledge of sex, then the duty devolves upon the public schoolteacher. She demanded that all public schoolteachers should be obliged, before being permitted to teach, to take a course in sexual hygiene.

Miss Smith told of a case of a little girl whose mother had not told her the truth about girls and boys and babies and who, when she did find it out, was turned against her mother and confidence with her wholly destroyed.

Dr. Josephine Young showed how lack of sex knowledge brought about shocking conditions in children. She spoke of the need of inspection of closets in school buildings and other places where children gather. If anything improper was discovered it should be investigated. Contagious venereal diseases were oftentimes contracted in these closets and their supervision could not be too strict. If lewd or obscene drawings were found on the walls they should be traced down to their source,

not for punishment but for investigation and help, if possible. The person would usually be found a youthful pervert and his perversion might sometimes be traced to home influences or companionship. She told how these lies and evasions of the parents allowed their children to grow up with false conceptions which led them wrong. Young girls could not understand the sensations they had when they touched the hand of a person of the opposite sex, but thought it was love, and so fell victims to the unscrupulous man or boy whom they believed they loved. She said lack of true knowledge of sex taught young men and boys to treat girls as playthings, whom they could treat as they pleased and the girls, knowing no better, allowed shocking liberties. The child should be trained in the control of its emotions, in the care of its body, mind and soul, in order to grow up pure and clean.

The Congress not only abounded in splendid, helpful addresses by men and women well acquainted with their subjects, but practical suggestions were made for reform and many good resolutions were proposed and adopted for more telling work in the future. I quote some suggestive remedies to suppress the social vice:

"Publicity is the important factor in extending the work."

"Publicity and pressure."

"Placing lobbyists at the State Capitals and at Washington during Congress and the meeting of assemblies."

"The greatest need of a boy is a friend."

"Immigration restriction: To increase the steamship head tax; to debar undesirable aliens by the illiteracy test; a money requirement and a character certificate; to require young girls to be accompanied by or to come to a near relative; and to fine the steamships \$300 for bringing an undesirable alien when the undesirability could have been ascertained before embarkation."

"Police experience proves that segregation does not segregate but rather serves as a nucleus from which the rottenness radiates in every direction." "The system of segregation is as indefensible as it is pernicious." "Eliminate the wrong and put in the right."

FATHER.

J. I. MILLER.

WE have given the above subject much thought, and have seen some of the things we shall mention farther on in this article.

There are thousands of people of both sexes and from youth to old age that do not have the proper respect for that endearing name, "Papa" or "Father." Thousands of men could relate how at their earliest recollection they enjoyed a play or "romp" with Papa. When Papa would come home from town how

they would run out to meet him to see if he had any candy for them, or when he came in from the field how Johnny would run out to meet him and tell him Jim found a hen's nest with a whole lot of eggs, or George caught a big fish down in the branch, or Katy found the old cat with a lot of kittens. And there was no one like Papa. But after awhile Johnny and Katy get BIG and assume the names of John and Kate. Then Papa begins to grow older and in the estimation of the children he does not know as much as he used to and does not talk like he used to, and is getting too particular, and when they are in their teens "Papa" and "Mama" are dropped out and it is the "old man" and the "old woman." Shame on the young people who will use such irreverent names for their parents!

We remember of a family that consisted of father, mother, two girls, a large boy and two small ones, grandpa and grandma. Grandpa had a good horse and buggy. Grandpa was old and feeble; he took sick and while he was lingering, waiting for the Master to call him home, a neighbor met the big boy and said: "Your grandpa is very sick, is he not? Do you think he will get well?" The grandson replied: "I don't know if he will get well or not, but we can do without him; I'm all right for the horse and buggy any way." Grandpa died; the horse and buggy never did the grandson much good. At this time the grandson was about twenty-one years old, a stout, hearty young man and had the prospects of a long life, but a year or two later fever laid hold of him and in a few days, sad to contemplate, he was called to the great beyond.

Then we know of a family where the grandchildren used to like to visit the grandparents when they were little tots. But later they grew up to be big and the grandparents came to live with their children, but you know they were old and made so many mistakes and when the young folks had fashionable company the "old folks" were told they had better wait and eat at the second table. Such irreverence!

While our children are all grown up and married except one, we had never had any personal experience along that line, thank God. But in years past we often wondered if our turn would ever come to be treated that way by our children. We read a story in our boyhood days which goes as follows:

"Once there was a man whose father was an inmate of his home, and father or 'Grandpa,' as he was called, was blind. One day the man took his ax and went to the woods. His little son went with him. The man cut down a small tree and began to work on it. The son asked him what he was making. The man said, 'I am going to make a trough for Grandpa to eat out of; he is blind and breaks so many dishes, I will put a stop to it!' The son said, 'Well, papa, I'm going to watch you make it and when you get old and blind I will make one for you.' The trough was never

finished. The man went home; Grandpa's mistakes were not so many in the future and were overlooked."

We once had a family for neighbors for eight or nine years and we can not remember that we ever heard the grown boys call their father anything but the "old man."

We appeal to every boy and girl, large and small, never to allow the word "old man" or "old woman" to come from your lips relative to your parents or anyone else. It is a mean expression. Address all people with respect as you wish to be addressed.



BUTCHERING.

LET the meat get thoroughly cold through, but never let it freeze before salting, or it will not keep. Trim hams and shoulders neatly and add the trimmings to the sausage and scrapple meat. Lay them skin side down on a board and rub into them the following mixture:

For every 100 pounds of meat take four pounds of best salt, four ounces of brown sugar and two ounces of saltpeter. If you have more or less than 100 pounds, graduate these in proportion. Rub this into and all over the hams till they will take no more, and push some into the hock around the bone. Let them lie for a week, then rub in the rest of the mixture. Let them lie for sixteen days altogether, then hang in the smokehouse by a string through the hock, and smoke for two or three days with smoke from hickory or apple chips, smothered with sawdust. They will keep without smoking, and by some are liked as well unsmoked.

The lighter, thinner hogs, such as when dressed weigh about 150 pounds, are best for bacon. The hogs should not be swill fed, but be given corn, barley and other grains; and if they can run in the woods where there are beechnuts and acorns to be picked up, all the better. Cut the sides into strips, and if you cure them in pickle put them for six weeks into brine made in this proportion:

For 100 pounds use six pounds each of salt and brown sugar, and four ounces of saltpeter, with just water enough to cover the meat when closely packed in a clean barrel. Sprinkle a thin layer of salt on the bottom so that the meat will not touch the wood. Put the skin side down and be sure that the whole contents are covered with brine and kept under by a weight. At the end of six weeks take up the meat and smoke to a tan color with hardwood chips of hickory or apple. Sew up in muslin bags and whitewash on outside. Store in a dry, cool place.

To dry cure it, rub with salt for three or four days, raising the pieces on slats for drainage. Mix equal parts of salt and sugar, with an ounce of saltpeter to each pound of salt. Moisten this with New Orleans molasses till it is sticky. Rub this on every other day

for two weeks, letting it drain, and turning it every time; then smoke and put away as above. Hams can be cured in the same way. The salt that drains off will be relished by the stock.

To pickle pork: For fifty pounds of meat allow two and a half pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of saltpeter, and salt to make a brine with about nine gallons of water (depending on the size of the vessel you pack it in). Mix the sugar and saltpeter with the water, and add salt until it will float an egg. Pack the pork down in a tub, but leaving space for the brine to get around it; pour it over and skim off all that rises. If the pickle does not quite cover, make more of salt and water. Put a weight on top and examine carefully each day, and skim. It may be necessary to make a new pickle in about two months. Pork should be pickled twenty-four hours after killing.

Chop sausage meat fine and use plenty of firm fat with it. For fifty pounds of meat mix a pint of salt, a third of a cupful of black pepper, two teaspoonfuls of cayenne pepper, and a closed handful of sage. Work this thoroughly through the meat. Pack the sausage for winter use in clean, sweet, stone crocks and run two inches of hot lard over it. That to be kept for next summer is best canned. Make into small cakes, cook about two-thirds enough for the table, or until the water is all out, then pack in jars, fill with boiling lard, and seal. Keep in a cool place. When cooked next summer it will be more delicate if you drain off every drop of fat after it is fried, then pour a little cream in the pan, boil the sausage a moment in it, and serve.—*Ruth Brown in Farm Journal.*



MAKING THE "DRUM-STICK" TENDER.

EVERY housewife should know how to draw the tendons, or tough sinews from a fowl. If the fowl is bought ready dressed in the market, the butcher will draw the tendons, if asked to do so, but for the home-grown and dressed fowl, the housewife or husband should know how to remove them. The legs should be left on the fowl after dressing, when it should be turned on its breast, and the back of each leg, one at a time, held in the left hand. With a sharp knife in the right hand cut very carefully just below the knee joint, through the skin, but not deeper; inside will be found the group of tendons, eight of them in each leg, lying snug in a groove; these are attached to the foot, but run away up through the dark meat into the leg, well into the upper joint. With a strong wire skewer lift each tendon separately, hold the fowl firmly and pull steadily. If the fowl is a young one and tender, the tendons will come out easily, requiring but a slight effort. If the bird is an old one, the job will require more muscle, but it is the old bird that needs the removal of the tendons. If the fowl is a turkey, a long, strong pull is required; cut the skin in the leg half way

between the knee-joint and the foot, and the group of white shining tendons will be readily seen. Slip a strong skewer, or the point of the carving-set sharpener, under the bunch of tendons, lift them carefully, then twist around two or three times to get a good hold, give a strong, steady pull, and they will come out. Everyone of the eight must be removed, so, if one is missing among those drawn, hunt it up and remove it.—*The Commoner.*

The Children's Corner

THE STORK'S LESSON.

MATTIE had pouted because her mama had corrected her at the supper table for not saying, "Please" when she asked for things. She was sitting in a chair looking at her picture book. Finally she looked up at her mother, her face showing she had gotten over her temper, and said: "Did you ever see a stork, mama?"

"No, I never did, but I've read about them," replied the mother. "Why did you ask?"

"Here's a picture of one, and I was just wondering about how storks live. I wish you'd tell me about them. This one has such long legs and neck and bill."

"Well," began her mother, "we don't have storks in this country. They live in Africa, Holland and Germany, and make their homes near the ponds and rivers, for they like frogs and fish. Their legs are long so they can wade in the water to catch them. They snatch them out of the water with their long bills and soon eat them up. They don't sing or make any noise except when snapping their bills. They are kind and gentle birds, and in some towns they walk along the streets and are petted by the people. They build their nests of sticks and reeds on the tops of the houses or in church steeples, where they hatch their young."

"Is that all you know about them?" questioned Mattie, when her mother paused. "I wish you'd tell me something more."

"Oh, I had almost forgotten," continued the mother. "The stork has a lesson for little folks."

"Tell me what it is," pleaded Mattie before her mother could proceed.

"Well, a stork that is tame will often get very hungry, like little girls do, you know, and when some one feeds him he will crouch down and make a very low bow, as much as to say, 'I thank you very much for giving me some nice food.' I hope my little girl will always show her appreciation of those who provide her food by thanking them for it."

"I'll try after this to be as good as the stork," said Mattie, and her mother couldn't help but give her a great big hug.—*Selected.*



THE QUIET HOUR



THE BALLAD OF THE SAINT.

The Little Cherubs whispered,
 "What strange, new soul is this
 Who cometh with a robe besmirched
 Unto the Place of Bliss?"
 Then spake the Eldest Angel,
 "The robe he wears is fair—
 The groping fingers of the poor
 Have held and blessed him there."

The Little Cherubs whispered,
 "Who comes to be our guest
 With dust about his garment's hem
 And stains upon his breast?"
 Then spake the Eldest Angel,
 "Most lovely is the stain—
 The tears of those he comforted,
 Who may not weep again."

The Little Cherubs whispered,
 "What strange, new soul is he
 Who cometh with a burden here
 And bears it tenderly?"
 Then spake the Eldest Angel,
 "He bears his life's award—
 The burden of men's broken hearts
 To place before the Lord."

"The dust upon his garment's hem—
 My lips shall bow to it;
 The stains upon the breast of him
 Are gems thrice exquisite.
 Oh, little foolish Cherubs,
 What truth is this ye miss?—
 There comes no saint to Paradise
 Who does not come like this."

—Theodosia Garrison, in the November Everybody's.



THE TRUE LIGHT.

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN.

IN the Holy Scriptures we learn that *God is light*. (1 John 1: 5.) The phenomenon of light has been an active source of thought to men all through history, and it is not strange that it has had influence upon religious ideas. The most holy verse in Vedas is addressed to the sun. "No part of the Egyptian religion," says Rawlinson, "was so much developed and so multiplex as their sun worship." The Assyrians worshipped Shamas the Lord of fire. The religion of ancient Persia was fire worship. The Incas of Peru worshipped the rising sun. The mythologies of India, Greece, Rome and Scandinavia are all probably solar.

Such is the effect of light upon the thought of early history.

Today we do not build altars to it, but none the less light is a source of wonder to us, which is all the greater because it is intelligent. The most purely scientific book about it is as inspiring as the most imaginative poetry. We are still more impressed, when we think of it in our daily life. It is the condition of all vital existence, of knowledge, of beauty, of art. No wonder we love to bask in it, no wonder science is thrilled by it, no wonder the ancients worshipped it, no wonder John, trying to tell men about God said: "God is light."

What did he mean? The word light is so large, so full, that we might perhaps think that John did not mean any one thing; that he just spoke the one syllable which meant the most possible, and said God *is that*. But we may analyze his thought, and in two ways, according as we take his words literally or figuratively.

But you say, what literal meaning can they have? Suppose that just as we have our bodies, so God should have some form of manifestation, a spiritual substance of some kind back of the attributes of personality. Light is the word which comes nearest of any word we have to describing this substance of God's being. We are dealing with a great mystery; nevertheless, with Haupt we can admit that it is a great thing to know that in God there is an essential nature which is to be called light, though we do not know how we are to conceive of it.

But John's words are no doubt capable also of being understood as a metaphor. In that case they indicate that the moral nature of God is light-like. That involves first, the idea of holiness. The color for sin is black—its works are works of darkness. Light gives us the thought of purity. A second idea is that God reveals himself, as light reveals itself. You do not have to light a candle to find the sun. You need not search to find God. He is shining in upon our souls all the time. A third idea is that God imparts his character to men, as light makes whatever it shines upon also light. "Be ye holy, for I the Lord your God am holy," may be translated in the future sense. Humanity is a poor, insignificant thing morally; but let God come into it with the beauty of his Holiness, and he can make it outshine the angels of light.

RELIGION.

IRA P. DEAN.

"RELIGION is all right in its place, but its place is not to interfere with your work," said a father to his son one day. "If religion interferes with your work get a new religion. It don't pay to be always so religious that it makes you conspicuous among your fellow-workmen; people hire you to please them and not your religion. There are just as good Christians as you working and they attend to their own business and don't let their religion interfere with them. Besides, your religion won't keep your family. People go crazy over religion."

This conversation I have heard between father and son about a dozen or more times and it is very poisonous advice to give to a young man. In fact there is no logic in it. Religion never interferes with your work; it's your work that interferes with your religion. Don't get a new religion, get a new job. If meat don't agree with your stomach, get a new stomach. That is as logical as getting a new religion because your work interferes with the religion you embrace. If you cannot exercise your religion at your work something is wrong with you or your religion. If you can't exercise religion at work, where shall you exercise it? Religion is not like a suit of clothes, i. e., the religion of Jesus Christ, that it can be put on, taken off or covered with overalls. True religion shines brightest through overalls.

True religion is as a well SPRINGING up unto everlasting life. If religion is as a spring there is not much that will keep it from making itself known; a religion that has to be pumped to see is no religion. A Christian can work for a man and attend to his (heavenly) Father's business at the same time. The trouble is, too many good Christian professors (not possessors) attend to their own business and neglect their Father's business.

People never go crazy with religion, that is true religion. If they do they don't have their religion at the right place. People go crazy in the head but religion is in the heart and you never hear of people getting crazy in the heart. You can't have the religion of Jesus Christ and go crazy. Read Luke 8:26-40. Right there you will see that the religion of Jesus Christ made a crazy man safe and sane. Religion certainly can't work both ways, for Christ said a house divided against itself will fall. Jesus didn't keep his religion to himself and if you have his religion you can't keep it to yourself either. If you do, you won't have it long. Some people are praying for more religion and are not using what they have. The idea! God knows when you need more religion. Did you ever hear of a really active Christian running out of religion? I never did. Some people say they can't see much in religion. That's because they are not in it.

Get in and look out and you will see more. Some say they don't understand religion. That's all right, don't worry about that. God understands it. Oh! if the heart is right, all is right. Yes, but the heart can't be right without the religion of Jesus Christ. Ask the Lord about it.



OUR GREAT WEAPON, THE BIBLE.

THE Bible is our greatest weapon, and if we ask the native, "Is it not God's book?" the reply is, "Yes, that must be God's Word, for *no white man ever knew so much about us.*"

Not only the blacks in Africa need conversion; there are the European immigrants. I was at a big Dutch trading house at Benguella, where thirty or forty Europeans, British, Dutch and German, had congregated for a commercial conference. A Dutchman at the head of the table greeted me. I could see that they thought, "Here's the Missionary, let us have a little amusing discussion." He said, "The Bible is not believed in now. I know all about it."—His father was a worthy minister in the Dutch Reformed Church.

I replied, "I shall be glad to prove to all of you that the Bible is true. Allow me to fetch mine." I did so, sat down at the table, and asked the man to mention what portion was untrue. "Oh," said he, "it is so long since I left home that I don't remember. You read, and I'll tell you." I began to read the first chapter of Romans, solemnly.

By the time I had finished, there were only six men left, and the man at the head of the table drew his slouched hat from under his chair, and muttering that there was a nigger calling him, stole out. There was no nigger. But that was the last of the discussion that was to prove the Bible untrue.—*F. Stanley Arnot.*



WHEN GOD'S WILL HURTS.

MANY people think of God's will as something hard, to be endured, when really it is the very best thing that we could ask. Several years ago a woman, with her little baby, was riding in a stage coach in Western Montana. The weather was bitter cold, and, in spite of all the driver could do to protect her, he saw that the mother was becoming unconscious from the cold. He stopped the coach, took the baby, and wrapping it warmly, put it under the seat, then seized the mother by the arm, and dragging her out upon the ground, drove away, leaving her in the road. As she saw him drive away, she ran after him, crying piteously for her baby. When he felt sure that she was warm, he allowed her to overtake the coach and resume her place by her baby. Can we not imagine her gratitude when she realized that he had saved her life? He had done as God sometimes does, to shake us out of soul-lethargy and moral sleep which would end in death.—*Youth's Companion.*



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The annual report of the secretary of the board of agriculture, just issued, shows that Kansas farm products for 1909 were worth \$532,685,245, an increase of \$57,440,414 over 1908.

It is claimed by officials of the American Telegraph and Telephone company that they have a machine which will do away with messenger boys. By use of the device any subscriber can write a telegraph message and it will be transmitted to the main office.

Rev. Wilbur F. Crafts, who is advocating the establishment of a total abstinence association in the army and navy, has announced the receipt of a letter from Gen. Frederick D. Grant in which the latter pledges himself to aid in establishing the organization in the army.

Providing for future labor problems, the government of Japan has announced a bill for a new factory law. The bill prohibits the employment of children under the age of 12 years and prohibits women of any age and boys under 16 years of age from working at night or for more than 12 hours.

The National Grange, in session at Des Moines, unanimously passed a resolution in praise of Dr. Wiley of the department of agriculture for his condemnation of benzoate of soda as a food preservative. The grange also went on record as strongly opposed to the ship-subsidy policy.

Nicaragua is to be called upon peremptorily to pay at once \$100,000 for the execution of Cannon and Grace, the American citizens put to death by order of that government. Secretary Knox has notified President Zelaya that he will brook no delay. President Taft, it is understood, has fully sanctioned the action taken by his secretary of state.

President Taft has indorsed San Francisco's plans for an international exposition to be held in joint celebration of the completion of the Panama canal and the anniversary of Balboa's discovery of the Pacific ocean. The promoters will ask for a donation of \$1,000,000 from the government.

Orders have been issued by Dr. C. Ward Crampton, director of physical training in New York schools, that hereafter the temperature in the rooms shall be maintained at 68 instead of 70 degrees. He argues that the lower the temperature the purer the air. In England the temperature is kept at 60 degrees.

Despite the governor's veto of the county option law, the mayors and county officials of Utah, have taken action in accord with public demand, closing the saloons by local decrees in Morgan County, Watsatch County, Utah County, Sevier County, Juab County, and the entire southern part of the State.

The United States Geological Survey reports that in 1908 California produced \$18,761,559 in gold, 1,647,278 ounces of silver valued at \$873,057, and 706 ounces of refined platinum valued at \$13,414. This platinum was all produced at placer mines in Butte, Humboldt, Siskiyou, Trinity, Calaveras, Sacramento, and Del Norte Counties, three-fourths of it having been mined in Butte County.

Dispatches from Teneriffe, Canary Islands, say the flow of lava from Mt. La Solaras is so slow that the people living in the vicinity are escaping in safety. Within a week the lava, if it continues its present flow, will have engulfed the town of Santiago, which is now depopulated. The gravest problem that confronts the authorities is the condition of the thousands of homeless people.

The family of Bjornstjerne Bjornson, the Norwegian poet, dramatist and novelist, have gathered at his bedside in the Hotel Wagram, Paris, prepared for his death, and no doubt before this reaches our readers the noted writer will have passed away. Bjornson is paralyzed from the waist down as a result of arterial sclerosis due to old age. The doctors were forced to resort to artificial respiration.

A report just made by the Volkswohlfahrt bureau or public weal society shows that in 190 German towns nearly 40,000 children are sent to school without any breakfast; many are also sent to bed supperless, and nearly 100,000 children have food provided them by the charity committees. Poverty, lack of employment, the ignorance of the mothers about cooking, the German reliance on beer, etc., are the causes given for this cruel condition of things.

Herr Bernhard Dernburg, imperial secretary for the colonies, has just returned to Germany from a trip to the United States to study the cotton-raising industry. Germany has been introducing cotton culture in her African colonies and is now producing 10 per cent of all the cotton she uses. Herr Dernburg visited Tuskegee and other schools to observe the most advanced methods of negro education. In Africa the chief problem is the development of capable labor for making the crop.

Dr. James K. Loring of New Orleans, who has had about 40 years of active, medical practice in the South, says: "The hookworm may be a reality, but in many cases I fear it is only a polite term for chronic and constitutional laziness. In the South, where I was born and reared, there has ever been a shiftless, inefficient class, which is at eternal enmity with labor. They despise work, and will toil only to get a bare subsistence. The hookworm is a grand theory, and will do as well as anything else to get Mr. Rockefeller to donate a part of his surplus, but, in my opinion, nine of ten alleged hookworm victims might be cured quickly by the vigorous application of a rawhide whip."

In consequence of the indictment of Thomas C. Giddings on a charge of defrauding the government by underweighing an importation of figs, the opinion prevails here that Uncle Sam intends to investigate other than sugar frauds. Giddings was a federal weigher and he reported a shipment as weighing 30,000 pounds instead of 40,600, according to the indictment. Collector Loeb had discharged ten more assistant weighers, making 83 in all who have been ousted since he began the custom house house-cleaning.

According to Pittsburg Standard Oil men and lawyers, the decision of the court dissolving the Standard Oil Company, even if upheld by the United States supreme court, will have little effect. The plan is to select the most popular subsidiary companies—the Atlantic Refining Company or the National Transit Company—and take immediate charge of same. The principal stockholders of the Standard are stockholders in the subsidiary companies. It is said the only change made will be in bookkeeping.

Extent of the Cherry, Ill., mine horror shown in figures: Men in mine when fire started, Nov. 13, 527; rescuers burned in cage, 10; dead bodies recovered, 101; bodies in sight in third vein, 68; total known dead, 179; escaped and rescued, Nov. 13, 124; rescued alive, Nov. 20, 20; total escaped, 144; total accounted for, 323; unaccounted for 204; estimated total death list, 393. These figures were taken from a report dated Nov. 24.

Working on the theory that earthquakes are preceded by an electro-magnetic disturbance, an Italian scientist has devised an instrument which gives warning that an earthquake is about to occur a few minutes before the disturbance is felt. With this instrument the inventor, Padre Maccioni, received warning of two earthquake shocks that occurred about ten miles from his laboratory four minutes before the earth waves affected the seismograph. The instrument is connected to a clock, and is so arranged as to record the time elapsing between the arrival of the electro-magnetic wave and the seismic waves.

In Oregon where they are building a railroad south from Bend the engineers have reached the lava fields which lie in that State, and they have decided to use the lava for ballasting the road. It is held that it will make an excellent ballast and will be an economical one, as nature seems to have prepared it for the purpose. The experts say that all there is to do is to have a steam shovel, scoop up the half disintegrated rock and dump it into the cars which will carry it to the point where it is to be used. If it should prove to be a success, it is claimed that this will be the first time any practical use has been found for lava.

American cities are ridding themselves of railway grade crossings. There are general laws against them in only 10 States. Massachusetts has required their abolition within 15 years, the road paying 61 per cent, the State 26 per cent, and the locality 13 per cent. New York found in 1906 it had 6,793 unprotected crossings and 1,904 with gates, or 8,733 in all. These are being removed by the State paying 25 per cent, the city 25 per cent, and the railroad 50 per cent. In New York and Brooklyn the city can contract with a railroad on the half and half basis. In Providence, R. I., grade crossings were eliminated by the road paying two-thirds and the city one-third. Philadelphia now has more grade crossings than Greater New York.

Senator Borah, of Idaho, who has been giving some attention to irrigation matters, coming from a State that needs a lot of irrigation, has said that \$30,000,000 will be wanted from the general government for irrigation work. Congress will be asked to issue bonds or certificates of indebtedness to that amount for the purpose of carrying on irrigation projects now partially completed and for which there will not be sufficient funds. It is intended that this money shall be repaid from the irrigation funds when the government is reimbursed by the sale of lands and the payment for them by the settlers. When this proposition comes up in Congress there will be quite a lively discussion of the whole irrigation subject, and probably an effort will be made to prevent the beginning of any new projects until the completion and payment for those already started is assured.

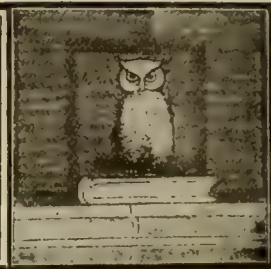
A 19-year-old American girl, Olga Steeb, of Los Angeles, Cal., is hailed by Berlin musical critics as one of the world's greatest pianists. Charles K. Keefer, a professor at one of Berlin's leading conservatories, who claims the credit for discovering the young American artist, says "no living pianist surpasses her; I believe none equals her." Keefer caused Miss Steeb to be heard by the severest critics of Europe and he says her playing amazed them. His verdict as to her proficiency is indorsed by the leading Berlin critics. The new pianist is an American girl of German extraction. She is small of stature and childish in appearance. She astonished Berlin by her repertoire, playing all of Bach's 250 compositions from memory as well as about 400 other classical and modern compositions. Her American training was received in Los Angeles, where she studied with Phil Becker. She lives at No. 1102 Mott Street, Los Angeles.

Last year a small lot of shelled corn of a kind new to this country was sent to the Department of Agriculture from Shanghai. It proved to have qualities that may make it valuable in breeding a corn adapted to the hot and dry conditions of the Southwest. The plants raised in the test averaged less than six feet in height, with an average of twelve green leaves at the time of tasseling. The ears averaged 5½ inches in length and 4¼ inches in greatest circumference, with sixteen to eighteen rows of small grains. On the upper part of the plant the leaves are all on one side of the stalk, instead of being arranged in two rows on opposite sides. Besides this, the upper leaves stand erect instead of drooping, and the tips of the leaves are therefore above the top of the tassel. The silks of the ear are produced at the point where the leaf blade is joined to the leaf sheath.

The deliberate purpose of postponing the passage of a postal savings bank law is ascribed to the recommendation of the monetary commission that Congress do nothing in that direction until the report of the commission is received. While the friends of postal savings banks are promised by the commission that the subject so dear to them will be considered, they are unable to obtain any assurances that it will be made a part of the new monetary system which the commission will propose. They assert that the commission is prepared to make a report at the coming session of Congress, but will not do so to keep the financial and currency issues out of the next congressional campaign. It is charged that Senator Aldrich and his associates have succeeded in setting in motion influences which will result in all probability in preventing the passage of a postal savings bank bill at the coming session.



Among the Magazines



IS JUDGE LINDSEY CRAZY?

The criminal law is founded on vengeance. It treats all criminals as born criminals, incorrigible and unforgivable. It is designed to save property, not to save men; and it does neither: it makes more criminals than it crushes. I believe that the methods of our Juvenile Court could be applied to half the criminal cases on our calendars. The majority of our criminals are not born but made—and ill-made. They can be remade as easily as the River Front gang was remade, if we use the methods of Christianity on them.

Does this read as if I were "crazy"? Do not think so. It is a conclusion based upon years of thoughtful experience. I have obtained a law in Colorado—the first of its kind in the history of jurisprudence, if that be anything against it—by which an adult accused of crime can be tried as our children are tried and aided and corrected by the State, as *parens patriæ*, just as our children are aided and corrected. And I am willing to stake my faith on it that if our courts and prisons ever learn how to work under such a law, you will see not only children but grown men and women going from the court rooms with their commitment papers in their hands and knocking on the gates of the prisons to be admitted. Crazy? When I first told one of our deputy sheriffs that in future I should send boys to Golden without him, he said to my clerk: "Well, I've always heard Lindsey was crazy, but I never believed it till today!" And when a hardened young criminal went from my court 250 miles to the Buena Vista reformatory alone, and presented himself at the gates of the prison, "the sentry" (as I was afterward told) "almost fell off the walls." Crazy? Do you know that over half the inmates of reformatories, jails, and prisons in this country are under twenty-five years of age? (Some authorities say under twenty-three.) Do you know that an English prison commission not long ago reported to Parliament that the age of sixteen to twenty was the essentially criminal age? Do you know that the Earl of Shaftesbury, after much study, declared that not two out of any hundred criminals in London had formed the habits that led to criminality after the twentieth year? I may be very crazy, and yet not be as crazy as the people who, in the face of these facts, believe that the criminal methods of our civilization are anything but a gigantic crime and a stupendous folly. Some day our descendants will read of our methods of handling criminals as we now read of how our ancestors imprisoned the insane in chains and used the methods of a Siberian jailer on the inmates of the madhouse!—From "The Beast and the Jungle" in December Everybody's.



PREDATORY LAWYERS.

Every now and then a lawyer is disbarred for some serious offense. Sometimes his offense is a crime which can

be punished by the courts. At others times it is near to a crime, but unpunishable for technical reasons. Occasionally serious abuse of patrons within the letter of the law also leads to disbarment.

There exists, nevertheless, a large class of predatory lawyers whom disbarment proceedings never reach, but who go forth to prey upon the weak and unprotected as unquestionably as if they operated with a jimmy and a kit of burglar tools in the middle of the night. The fact that they are tolerated and that they are allowed to exist in such large numbers is among the worst of the abuses that are to be charged against the legal fraternity at the present time.

These men are the ones who go forth hunting business in the form of damage suits, and who do not hesitate to stimulate suits of this kind where no good grounds for them exist. They cause continual heavy losses both to the defendants in these cases who are mulcted and to the prosecutors who must usually pay their lawyers exorbitantly heavy fees. The mere item of court costs alone is a serious waste of individual resources, while the accompanying burden upon the courts themselves by the unnecessary business they must handle is an added evil.

Such lawyers have been seen flocking to Cherry to secure damage suits against the mining company. They are the enemies of the company, of the ignorant and deluded people who intrust cases to them and of justice itself. Every railroad company has continually to fight fraudulent damage suits, the inception of which is chargeable to predatory lawyers. Most large factories have a similar burden. Our cities are notorious sufferers. In the case of the Chicago sanitary district the law as it exists actually puts a premium on such suits.

It is most difficult to phrase any rule or regulation for the bar which will leave lawyers free to do legitimate work and which yet will suppress this evil. To find the proper tests by which the offenders can be disbarred is the task of the bar itself. The public feels the need, but can do no more than call attention to it.—Chicago Record-Herald.



MOST POVERTY IS DUE TO ILL-HEALTH.

Self-preservation is the first law of nature, Nathan Straus, the philanthropist, says in *The Delineator* for December. Self-sacrifice in the interest of society is a prime law of civilization. Willingness to sacrifice one's pleasure and comfort in some degree to the needs of humanity—this is of prime importance in all charity.

I do not regard giving to charity as a form of special mercy. Devotion of a part of our wealth to those less fortunate than ourselves is demanded by justice, dictated by conscience and expressly commanded by the Mosaic law. It seems impossible for society to be just. If our present civilization really gave "equal opportunities to all and

special privileges to none," there would be very little need for charity. But society is unjust. It does not give the child in the slums the same opportunity as the child in the marble palace. Such being the case, it is not the privilege, but the duty, of every one able to support himself and those dependent upon him, to confer a part of the blessings which he enjoys upon others less fortunate than himself. It is our duty to do our utmost as individuals to redress the inevitable injustice that we perpetrate as a society.

If we recognize that to give to the poor is a just and necessary activity of the fortunate possessor of much or little, the question at once arises as to how it is best to give. A true philanthropist is anxious to give in a manner to accomplish the most good. A real philanthropist at once asks himself, "What are to be my principles of giving?" I have long ago answered this question, at least for myself. My purpose has always been "to help the poor to help themselves." I have decided that I can do this best by supplying them with pure food. I try to help the poor, and especially the babies of the poor, to keep well and grow-up strong by furnishing them with clean, germ-free, nourishing milk. Most poverty is traceable to ill-health, and most crime is traceable to poverty; so I am trying not only to alleviate misery by helping the poor to help themselves; I hope, also, to perform a social service in lessening the amount of crime. I feel that if we gave more of our money for pure food, we would need to give less for hospitals and also less for jails.

If we are to help people to help themselves we must not encourage begging by promiscuous giving. To avoid either encouraging begging, or pauperizing those temporarily in need of alms, I hit upon the plan of selling pure milk at a nominal price—for about a third of its value. So the man who receives the milk pays for it, and is not made to feel that he is the recipient of alms.

Each one must decide for himself how much he wishes to give to charity. I have again answered this question, at least to my own satisfaction. The old Hebrew law commands us to give one-tenth of our income to the poor. I have taken this as a minimum limit, always feeling that as I got more I should devote a larger proportion of what I had to humanity. "Of him to whom much is given, much is expected."



ILLUSTRATIONS OF DEMONSTRATED WASTE IN NEW YORK'S GOVERNMENT.

Wherever investigations have been made,—and all of the more important departments have been examined at least in part,—a high percentage of waste has been found in supplies, contracts, and salaries.

The following illustrations are taken from official records, and many of them are due to initiative on the part of the Mayor, the Comptroller, or department heads. Corrective measures have been taken in most of the instances mentioned.

The Park Department found no wrong in paying a salary to a woman supervisor of playgrounds who went to school instead of to playgrounds, or in leasing privileges for one-half to one-tenth their value. The Fire Department failed to test its hose for fear it would break. The Water Department had no means of preventing waste of water or undercharging. The Tenement House Commissioner admitted an enormous waste of energy because defiant law violators were not prosecuted. The Health Department had only 5 per cent to 8 per cent result from its school examinations. Two Borough Presidents were re-

moved by Governor Hughes for paying from two to five times the market value for supplies and for gross incompetence; a third ran away rather than stand trial; the examination of the fourth, though not yet completed, has disclosed similar earmarks. The Comptroller has declared that from 25 per cent to 40 per cent of the city's clerical staff, day laborers, etc., could be dismissed and public work both increased and improved. Civil Service appointees have, after discharge, recovered their positions and thousands of dollars for back pay because the law of discharge was blunderingly violated. Bellevue Hospital bought high-priced milk for tuberculosis patients and gave it to hospital employés, has paid \$50 more each for ambulances than the price offered, and attempted to hold in office an employé who was a confessed violator of law, a falsifier of records, and diverter of funds from authorized purposes. The Board of Education asked for less money for fuel and supplies in 1910 than it used in 1904, yet does not claim to have applied similar efficiency tests to its repairs, janitor, and educational services. Admitted condemnation graft surpasses the "dreams of avarice."

Waste is as inseparable from inefficiency as is effect from cause. The fact of incompetence is sufficiently established by the foregoing facts as to waste. They convinced Comptroller Metz that "a business administration would so check waste, swell revenues, and increase efficiency that in twenty-five years income would equal cost and no taxes would be necessary." The lesson of lessons is that a very great part of the inefficiency has been due to methods which make inefficiency both easy and certain. Whether a man loafs or blunders depends very largely upon what is expected of him. If nobody knows whether he goes to his office or not he will frequently stay away. If nobody knows whether and how he works when he gets there he will not do his best. To expect results without knowing what results are, never begets efficiency. In the past the most inefficient thing about New York has been its failure to find out whether individual officers and employés, offices and methods were inefficient or not. Not having tried to find them out, it has not known specifically where inefficiency existed. The gap between citizen responsibility and citizen action has been quite as great as the gap between official responsibility and official action. Even the leaders among New York citizens have made as bad a mess of what F. A. Cleveland has called the "business of citizenship" as have its officials of running a great municipal corporation.—From "'The Business of Citizenship' in New York City," by William H. Allen, in the American Review of Reviews for November.



NAPLES' UNIQUE INDUSTRY.

EVERY visitor to Naples must be impressed by the large number of tortoise shell shops in all its principal streets. The United States consul at that city describes the manufacture and sale of tortoise shell goods:

The shops are particularly attractive in appearance and handle shell and coral—for the two articles invariably go together—exclusively. The goods are noticeable and well calculated to catch the eye of tourists, who are the chief purchasers. The material comes to Naples in the rough state, the best quality being imported from the Island of Nassau, good quality from British and Dutch East and West Indies, Australia and Cuba,

while the commoner sort comes from Zanzibar and Madagascar. All tortoise shell is known as "light" or "dark," each of which designations embraces numberless varieties. In the crude state dark shell is worth \$1.25 to \$12 a pound; light shell \$5 to \$25 a pound. It is estimated that this consular district imports about \$100,000 worth per annum, and most of this is retailed in its finished state to foreigners visiting Naples. Exports to the United States are usually made through French business houses, which, of course, adds the profit of a middleman to the final retail price. It would seem that American importers could effect a saving by making direct importations.

In many cases a factory for tortoise shell consists of one room and half a dozen workmen, and in no case is the industry conducted on a large scale, the largest factory here having only seventy-five employes. As is usual in Italy, wages are low. Men receive from 2 to 6 lire (40 cents to \$1.20) per day of ten hours, and this includes the most skilled labor. No women are employed. As the workmen may be seated a good part of the time, the work is not fatiguing.

Finished tortoise shell is entirely a hand made product, no machinery being used. The tools of the trade are simple and few in number. The operation of manufacture will be most easily understood if some one article be followed through the various processes. A large paper knife with an openwork carved handle, for example, is constructed as follows: The rough shell is carefully scraped so that it may present clean surfaces and is then sawed into pieces of the proper dimensions. As the knife is to be thicker than the original shell, two or three of these pieces must be welded. First they are placed one upon another and tied with thread, then wrapped in a wet cloth, and the package placed between two pieces of wood about the size and shape of shingles, which in turn are put between flat iron plates already heated to the necessary temperature. The whole is next subjected to pressure in what appears to be a massive copy press, and in about ten minutes the pieces of tortoise shell have become one. Great skill is needed in order to know the exact degree of heat required, for this varies with the number of layers of shell wanted for a given article. Should the irons be overheated the material would be absolutely ruined.

The next step is to shape the paper knife to the exact form by filing, after which a design cut in thin paper is pasted on the handle. The open portions are cut out with a fret saw and the design carefully worked out by means of little chisels and gouges. After this comes the polishing, a branch of the work of great nicety, which takes a great deal of time. The paper knife is subjected to a thorough rubbing with pumice powder applied with a stick of orange wood, and rubbing is then repeated with tripoli powder and

olive oil. Finally a course of brushing with a stiff brush completes the knife for market.

When curved articles are to be made in any quantity special molds are employed in place of the heated iron plates, but the process is virtually the same. If only one article of a certain curved pattern is to be made the shell is "built up" to the required thickness and bent to the proper shape by hand, while still pliable, after pressing in the flat irons. All of the work in manufacturing tortoise shell may rank as skilled labor, with the possible exception of scraping the crude shell.—*Selected.*

Between Whiles

Maud: "She is a woman who has suffered a good deal for her belief."

Ethel: "Dear me! What is her belief?"

Maud: "She believes that she can wear a No. 3 shoe on a number 6 foot."



To Stop a Boy Catching Cold.

Mrs. Jubb—How careful your little boy is of his health! My boy is constantly running out in all sorts of weather, without overcoat or overshoes, no matter what I say. How do you manage?

Mrs. Briggs—When my boy catches cold I give him cod liver oil.



Mama's Business.—Little Minna was saying her prayers. When she had finished her usual petitions her mother said: "You have forgotten, dear, 'Make Minna a good girl,' you know."

"Oh, mother," she answered, reproachfully, "don't let's bother God about that, that's your lookout."—Harper's Magazine.



A Recompense.—Torke—"Your daughter's musical education must have cost a lot of money?"

De Porke—"Yes, it did, but I've got it all back."

Torke—"Indeed!"

De Porke—"Yes. I'd been trying to buy the house next door for years and they wouldn't sell. But since she's come home they've sold it to me for half price."—Harper's Weekly.



The Manly Man.—"After you've been two weeks in the house with one of these terrible handy men that ask their wives to be sure and wipe between the tines of the forks, and that know just how much raising bread ought to have, and how to hang out a wash so each piece will get the best sun, it's a real joy to get back to the ordinary kind of man. Yes, 'tis so!" Mrs. Gregg finished, with much emphasis. "I want a man who should have sense about the things he's meant to have sense about, but when it comes to keeping house, I like him real helpless, the way the Lord planned to have him!"—Youth's Companion.

ON THE SWEET GRASS



J. F. Appleman and wife, Plymouth, Ind., and E. E. Arnold, Elgin, Ill.

Glass Brothers Land Company, Big Timber, Montana.

Big Timber, Mont., May 8, 1909.

Gentlemen: I have taken several days in looking over Sweet Grass County, Montana, and have looked over your irrigation project. I have been careful in my investigation, looking into the grain, stock and fruit raising, and must say that I am more than pleased with what I have found and wish to recommend same to my friends; and I also feel that anyone looking for a home should not wait until tomorrow, but go now as these lands will surely be sold in a short time on the liberal terms you are offering settlers. The lands and irrigation works are far better than you have told me.

Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing you success, I am,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. F. Appleman, Plymouth, Ind.

Formerly State Superintendent of the Mexico (Ind.) Old Folks' & Orphan Children's Home.

Glass Bros. Land Co., Big Timber, Mont.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 18, 1909.

Gentlemen: It was my pleasure to spend several days investigating your lands and irrigation project in Sweet Grass County, near Big Timber.

The longer I looked the better I was impressed with the possibilities of the country. Alfalfa fields were the finest I ever saw. Oats, wheat and other grains were in abundance. I am fully convinced that apples will grow to perfection there. Wherever orchards were seen the trees were full of perfect apples and not a wormy one could be found.

Your irrigation system is well constructed and my opinion is that it will supply more than ample water for your lands.

I was so well pleased with the conditions and possibilities of the country that I purchased 160 acres and propose to put a tenant on it and improve it, and also expect to put at least 19 acres in apples in the spring.

Persons desiring to better their conditions should investigate your lands. Your terms of sale are very liberal.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

R. E. Arnold.

We invite you to investigate the possibilities of these lands.

For price, terms, etc, address,

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

BIG TIMBER, MONTANA.

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By Samuel H. Hadley

A sequel to the life of Jerry McAuley. 25th Thousand. A story of sixteen years' life and work in Water Street Mission, the famous Jerry McAuley Mission. This thrilling and intensely interesting book is mainly autobiographical, but it begins with a short account of Jerry McAuley.

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"This is by far the best book on rescue work that has been published in recent years. It is a real life story, told in a simple and unaffected way, that carries with it to the reader the conviction of absolute truth. One may search books of fiction in vain for characters as unique as 'Old Uncle Reub,' 'Pop Lloyd,' 'Bowery Ike,' and 'Billy Kelly.'"
—Christian Herald.

It is not only a living testimony to the renewing power of the Gospel, but it is a valuable step in methods of personal work with those who are lost in vice and villainy. Intensely interesting. Many full-page illustrations. 254 pages. Cloth.

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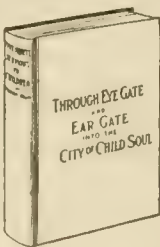
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Through Eye-gate and Ear-gate into the city of Child-soul.

BY SYLVANUS STALL, D. D.



A book for the nursery, for parents, for teachers, and for all interested in the training and education of children along moral and religious lines. Cloth binding, 256 pages.

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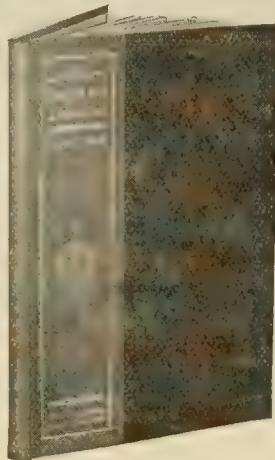
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A collection of stories and verses for young folks. Miss Smith is a writer of considerable ability, contributing to several young people's papers regularly.

The poems and stories found in this volume are among her very choicest productions.

In remembrance of her home in Kansas, the Sunflower State, she has called the collection "Sunflower Stories and Lullabies."

The book contains many such stories as "Mabel's Diamond," "The Story of a Bird," "A Real Boy," "An Adopted Family," "The Class in Number Seven," and "Sammy." Interspersed throughout are a large number of such poems as "In Chipmunk Town," "The Moon Baby King," "The Wise Crow," "The Meadow Preacher," and "The Bye-Low Boat." One hundred pages of the most delightful



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Elgin, Illinois

History of the Brethren

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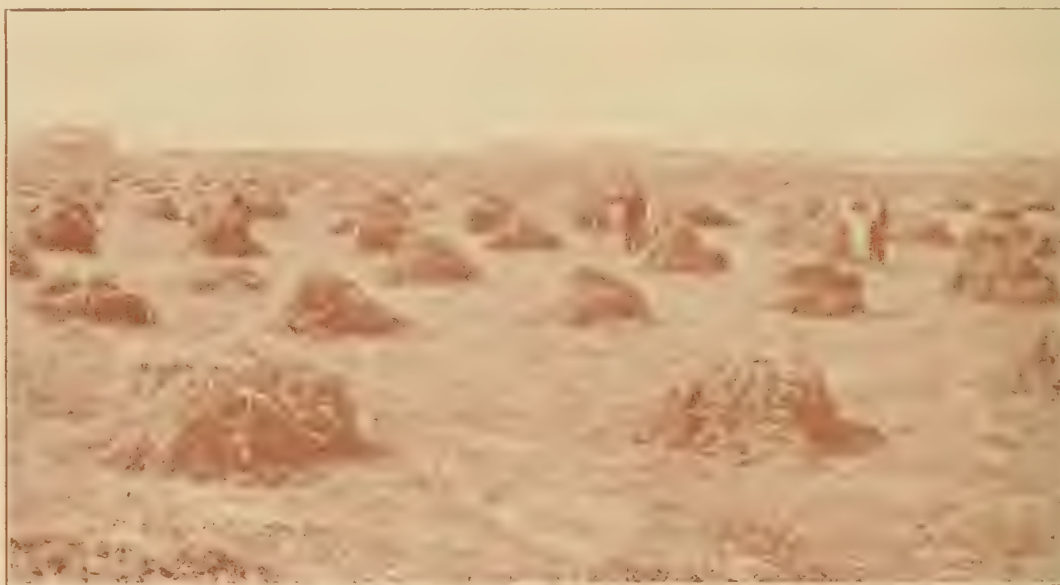
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THE INGLENOOK

December 14, 1909

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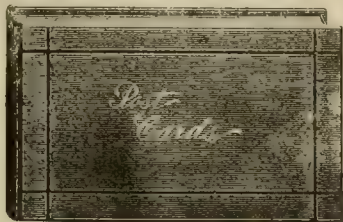
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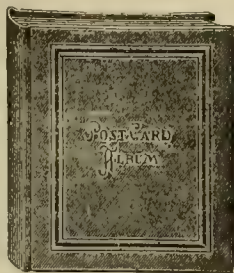
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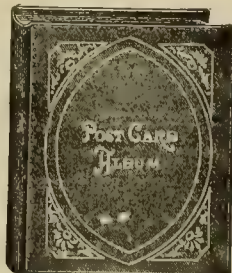


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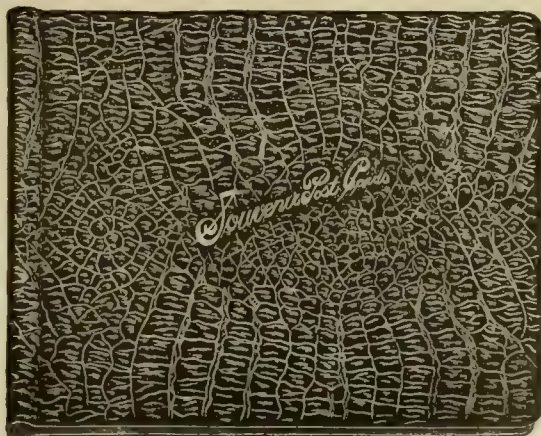
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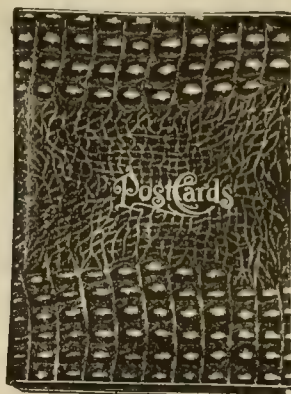
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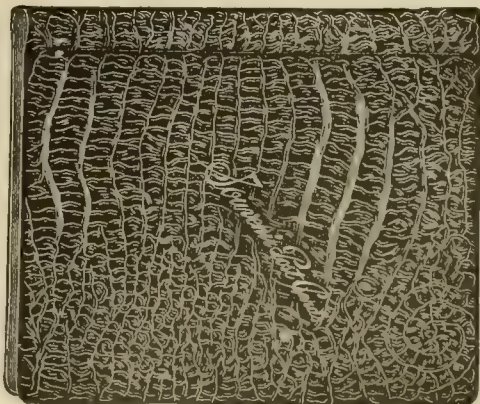
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Mr. Charles Springer will have about three thousand boxes, and other orchards around Cimarron are doing equally well proportionately.

You may conclude from this what is the future in store for Miami Ranch when her orchards come into bearing.

Other crops do equally well.

At the Colfax County Fair held at Springer, New Mexico, October 22 and 23, Miami Ranch won first prizes on onions, cabbage, water melons, pumpkins and tomatoes.

One grower displayed three onions which grew together from one set, the total weight of which was 4 lbs. 7 oz. Eleven onions weighed ten pounds. Another displayed a radish which was 20 inches long and 19 inches in circumference.

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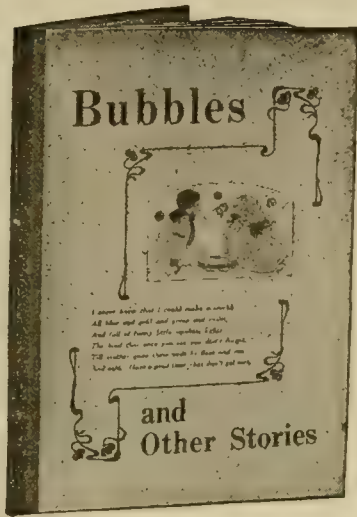
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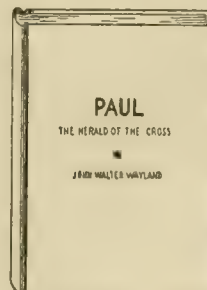
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During the past year not only a few acres have been sold for orchard purposes but thousands have been sold. Those who have bought and of whom it was written that they would later open a campaign of orcharding, were in a large majority of cases, men who were going into the undertaking business because they were convinced of the practicability of the industry in this section. The opening of next spring will witness the greatest campaign of orchard planting that this country has ever seen. The thousands of acres purchased for that purpose will be planted and the campaign of orcharding will have begun in earnest. Already we have in our midst men who made purchases and who are apple raisers of wide experience. They have come to make arrangements for the planting of their lands to apple trees next spring. Among these, of much importance, are Prof. S. A. Beach, agriculturist of the college of Iowa, and C. K. Scam, of Geneva, N. Y.

The faith of these whose experience is so wide, would certainly lead us to conclude that this is something of a fruit country and the time is not far distant when these lands will be valuable far beyond the present and rather in keeping with values that now exist in those other fruit producing sections where \$1,000 per acre is a common thing.

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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

December 14, 1909.

No. 50.

SHOULD WE HAVE AN INCOME TAX?

WILLIAM E. JUDY

AMONG the great number of important and vital questions before the American people to-day must be placed that of an income tax, which resolves itself into the two queries: *Should we or should we not, have an income tax? And if we should, what kind of an income tax?* This, like all other national questions, needs study, consideration and discussion in order that the public may become fully informed—an essential for enlightened public action.

What is an income tax?

It is a tax levied upon the income of individuals directly or collected from income at its source in the form of a tax upon dividends, interest on bonds, etc. It may be *uniform and proportional*, the same rate being levied upon all incomes, large or small; it may be *progressive and graduated*, the rate increasing with the income. Differentiation may be made between the various forms of income, such as income from labor or property, temporary or permanent incomes, etc. It is the consensus of opinion that for the present, at least, a progressive and graduated tax is inexpedient and inadvisable. The country's first attempt should be along the line of the former and simpler method, viz., uniform and proportional. In the following discussion this kind of income tax is made the basis of argument and explanation.

The income tax is no new and untried method of taxation. Solon, the great lawgiver of the Athenians, introduced the principle in his system of taxation. In modern times France, in 1793, was the first to introduce it; today an income tax produces ninety per cent of her revenue. Six years later Great Britain adopted it, and the same has ever since maintained its position as an integral part of the British financial structure. During the second half of the last century six other European countries and also New Zealand and Australia adopted an income tax in one form or other.

In our own country it was first advocated during the War of 1812 by Secretary Dallas and actually adopted in 1862. For the next ten years an income tax was an American reality. However, no satisfactory machinery was established for its application; individuals submitted estimates of their incomes. At first the rate was three per cent on the income in excess of \$800. In 1867 it was increased to five per cent and the exemption made as low as \$600. It was repealed in 1872, not because it was a failure, but because there was no further need of it, it having been adopted purely as a war measure. Not until 1894 was it again introduced, this time as a part of the Wilson Tariff Bill; but it was short-lived, as the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional on May 28 of the same year.

What does the Constitution say in reference to an income tax? Article one, section nine, reads: "No capitation or direct tax shall be laid, unless in proportion to the census or enumeration hereinbefore directed to be taken." It is manifest that an income tax, which is a direct tax, could never be justly adopted on that basis, that is, that it be levied in proportion to population. Therefore, an amendment would have to be made to the Constitution, giving Congress the power to levy an income tax. What promises to be the sixteenth amendment to that almost sacred document, the Constitution, was passed, unanimously by the Senate and almost so by the House on July 12 of this year—an amendment giving Congress power to levy an income tax. In order to become so, it now remains to be ratified by at least three-fourths of the State legislatures (thirty-one), which will likely be done.

The Federal government should levy an income tax if it needs one and if the tax will serve its purpose better than any other tax. The purpose of an income tax is revenue. Let us, therefore, answer the three questions: Do we need more revenue? Will an in-



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter V.

MAINE and New Hampshire were so closely united to Massachusetts that they have almost a common history. About two years after the Pilgrims landed, Gorges and Mason obtained a grant of a tract of land of the New England Council, lying between the Merrimac and Kennebec, and the St. Lawrence Rivers, which they called Laconia. The patent being afterwards dissolved, Mason took the land west of the Piscataqua and called it New Hampshire, for Hampshire County, England, his home. The settlers were for a long time sore vexed with suits brought by the men in whose hands the grant had fallen. Gorges took the land lying to the eastward and called it Maine, to distinguish it from the islands, which are very numerous along the coast. Massachusetts claimed this territory and to establish it paid \$6,000.00 to the heirs of Gorges. Maine was finally separated from Massachusetts in 1820. The feeble settlements of New Hampshire placed themselves under the protection of Massachusetts.

About eleven years after the landing of the Pilgrims, Lords Say-and-Seal and Brooke obtained the grant of land from the New England Council, now embraced in Connecticut. The Dutch claiming the Connecticut Valley, built a fort at Hartford before the English could take possession, and commenced traffic with the Indians. Traders sailing up the river were stopped by the Dutch who threatened to fire upon them, but they continued and landed at Windsor. Many people from Boston, brought thither by the rich lands, settled near. In the autumn of 1635 John Steele, of Cambridge, led a pioneer company "out west" as it was then called, and laid the foundation of Hartford. The next year Thomas Hooker, a most eloquent and estimable pastor, came with the main band, driving their flocks before them through the wilderness. John Winthrop established a fort at the mouth of the river, and shut out the Dutch. This colony was called Saybrooke in honor of the proprietors.

John Winthrop appears in history without a blemish. He was highly educated and accomplished, and was upright and generous. In the bloom of life he left all his brilliant prospects in the old world to follow the fortunes of the new. After his father had made himself poor in caring for the Massachusetts Colony, his noble son gave up all his large inheritance, voluntarily, to "further the good

work." Through his personal influence and popularity at Court the charter was procured from Charles II that guaranteed Connecticut her freedom. Soon after the colonists of Connecticut became settled in their new homes, the Pequod Indians tried to persuade the Narragansetts to join them in an attack upon the settlers, but Roger Williams went one very stormy night to the wigwam of Massasoit. Although a Pequod messenger was there Williams prevailed upon the old chief to remain at home. The Pequods being obliged to fight alone, commenced by killing thirty of the Colonists, but Capt. Mason attacked their stronghold on the Mystic River at daybreak on June 4, 1637, and surprised the Indians. Capt. Mason seized a firebrand and hurled it among the wigwams, and the few Indians who escaped to the swamp were hunted down, and the tribe was destroyed in a day.

The three Connecticut Colonies, the New Haven, the Connecticut and the Saybrooke, were reduced to two. The first written constitution made by the people was made by the Connecticut Colony in 1638.

Several attempts were made to infringe upon the rights of the people, and in 1693 Gov. Fletcher ordered the militia placed under his own command. Having called the colonists out to listen to his royal commission, he began to read, when Capt. Wadsworth ordered the drums to be beaten. Fletcher ordered silence and began again. "Drum! Drum!" ordered Wadsworth. "Silence!" cried the governor. "Drum! Drum! I say!" replied the captain; and turning to the governor with a meaning look, he added, "If I am interrupted again, I will make the sun to shine through you in a moment!" The governor did not press the matter.

While Roger Williams was not the first European to live within the limits of Rhode Island, he was really the founder of that State. William Blackstone, who being as dissatisfied with the yoke of his "lord brethren" in Boston as with that of the "lord bishops" in England, had moved to the banks of what is now the Blackstone River, near the present city of Providence. He acknowledged the jurisdiction of Massachusetts and had no idea of founding a new colony. Williams impressed upon the people his favorite idea that "the civil power has no right to interfere with the religious opinions of men." Williams went to England and procured a charter, and on his return the people met, elected

officers, made laws, and gave freedom of faith and worship to all. This was the first legal declaration of religious liberty adopted in England or America.

Rhode Island was so called from its reddish appearance, the Dutch calling it *Roodde* or Red Island.

When Rhode Island wished to join the New England Union, Massachusetts refused to consent, on the plea that they had no charter. She also refused Rhode Island traders a landing on her soil and threatened arrest if they ventured across the line. She also compelled Williams, when he went to England, to go from New York in a Dutch vessel, and sail *via* Holland

debt, resolved to prosecute the war with greater energy than ever.

In 1710 a squadron of thirty-six vessels with four regiments of troops left Boston and began the siege of Port Royal. The garrison was weak, and the commander had not the courage of his predecessor, supplies ran out, famine came, and after a feeble defense of eleven days the place surrendered.

The General Assembly of Massachusetts decided that their "officers should be paid in accordance to the importance of the position they held, and for actual service only." The royal commission gave to each a fixed salary, which was, occasionally, out of proportion to the services rendered. This matter was settled after many years, to the advantage of the people.

With the founding of Saybrooke, the English had possession of the most important river in New England—the Connecticut. In a few years several enterprising villages were built along the valley.

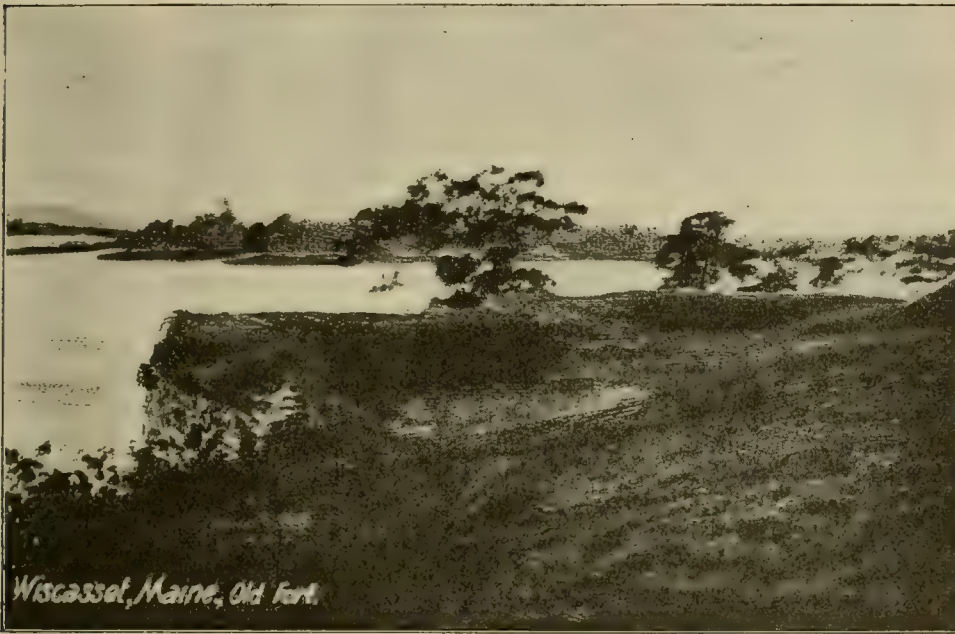
In 1639 New Haven was founded by Colonists from Boston. At a convention held in a barn they adopted the Bible as their constitution. They

called their government the "House of Wisdom," and the leaders were called the "Seven Pillars." The greatest of the "Pillars" Theophilus Eaton, was made Governor for twenty years consecutively.

The civil organization of Connecticut dates from 1639. Delegates from three leading towns met at Hartford and adopted a constitution, the only qualification of citizenship being allegiance to the State. All religions were alike respected.

Connecticut became a part of the union of New England in 1643. New Haven, which had not adopted the Connecticut constitution also united. Saybrooke was annexed to the parent colony in 1644. They were constantly in fear from the Dutch up to the middle of the century, but in 1650 Gov. Stuyvesant and the Connecticut Commission met at Hartford and framed a treaty by which the boundary between his province and that of the English was established.

With the restoration of monarchy in England, King Charles II was recognized by Connecticut as their sovereign. This was not done so much by political principles as from the hope of obtaining a charter for



Wiscasset, Maine, Old Fort

instead of direct from Boston. Through the influence of Rhode Island, Maryland extended protection to all forms of Christianity.

In 1628 Dutch vessels were seen in all the harbors, rivers, and inlets of Rhode Island and vicinity.

Massachusetts and New Hampshire were at one time under the authority of the Earl of Bellemont, an Irish nobleman of excellent character, but Rhode Island and Connecticut refused to acknowledge his rule (1696). His administration lasted only until the year 1702.

With the war for Spanish succession, the English settlements of Massachusetts and Connecticut went to war, as the present Kingdoms were trying to settle by the sword who should occupy the Spanish throne (1703-04.)

In 1707, as the war dragged on Massachusetts planned an expedition to capture Port Royal from the French, and a fleet bearing one thousand soldiers sailed from Boston, but Baron Castine, commander of the French garrison, conducted the defence so skilfully that the English abandoned the undertaking. Massachusetts gaining nothing but discouragement and

the colony from the King, for they had not as yet secured one. They sent the younger Winthrop to London for this purpose, he taking with him the charter which had been adopted at Hartford. The King was induced to sign it, and Winthrop returned to his people with great rejoicing. The charter, which was very liberal, granted everything but independence to the people. For fourteen consecutive years Winthrop was chosen governor, and the population increased rapidly; peace reigned; workmen were not disturbed in the field or shop.

This charter was a most precious document. Twenty-four years after, Gov. Andros marched from Boston over the route that Hooker had led his little flock fifty years before, "glittering with scarlet and lace," into the assembly at Hartford, demanding the charter. A protracted debate ensued. The people crowded around for a last look at this guarantee of their liberties. Suddenly the lights were extinguished. When they were again lighted, the charter was gone. William Wadsworth had seized it, escaped through the crowd, and hidden it in the hollow of a tree, which has ever since been famous as the "Charter Oak." However, Andros pronounced the charter government at an end, and wrote "Finis" at the close of the minutes of their last meeting. When the governor was deposed in Boston the charter was brought from its hiding-place, and the general court reassembled, and the "finis" disappeared.

For many years the Atlantic coast was infested by pirates. A New York shipmaster, named William Kidd, was sent out to cruise against these robbers. He turned pirate, himself, and became the most noted of all. Returning from his cruise, he was at length captured while walking boldly through the streets of Boston. He was carried to England, tried and hung. His name and deeds have been woven into popular romance, and the song, "My Name is Captain Kidd," is well-known. It is believed that he buried his treasures on the coast of Long Island, or on the banks of the Hudson River, and some believe even on the coast of New England. These localities have been searched oftentimes for the Kidd treasures.



WHY ARE WE LIVING WHERE WE ARE?

H. D. MICHAEL.

THE sun was peeping upon the distant hills, making all as pleasant as possible as our train pulled out from our station and we were soon speeding along through a sagebrush plain. But having seen it at a slower pace and pretty thoroughly I was soon watching my fellow-passengers and studying them while they watched the country we passed. The land is of a loose volcanic ash and sandy loam soil and fairly well covered with sagebrush, and as we passed along it was not necessary

to be a mind reader to tell the passengers' thoughts, as they were plainly written on their countenances.

We were in sight of homesteads and cabins out on the bare sage plain and all aboard seemed to be thinking, Desolation! desolation! what a wild, lonesome and forsaken country that is. Needless to say, I didn't tell them that my home was just back a few miles from the track there, though I was not ashamed of it. But we were soon on up the line and seeing the waving and ripened grain awaiting the harvest, while many began to take notice and seemed to wonder whether that desert just passed would ever raise such crops, seemingly not knowing that to be the history of all the wheat lands, that they seem worthless at first.

We were soon at the station where we must change cars and there met some friends going our way which made it much more pleasant, as we were to go on a cross country line between the two main railroad lines and it was one of those accommodating little lines that run the trains slow enough that all points of interest may be seen easily and still leave a margin for visiting friends on board.

This being new territory to me, the first impression I received was at a small village. It was built in a coulee with rocky bluffs near frowning down upon it and the land around seemed almost as dry, sandy and bare as the Sahara Desert. The wind was blowing a gale and the dust and sand in the air seemed almost thick enough to cut with a knife, and I could not help thinking of what thoughts I thought were in the minds of the others as they passed my home.

Then the question presented itself to me, Why are we living where we are? Soon we were going on again and came in sight of the green fields of grain, for it was later here than where we had passed and the thought only deeper fastened on my mind. Still farther on we came to still more favored parts, for the crops were heavier, while nice orchards stood guard near each farmhouse and more stock and various crops showed that there was more diversified farming being done, but on getting into the timber belt it looked more pleasant than ever and seemed to be the ideal place to live, with the timber crowning the hilltops and crowding the creek banks, while the cattle leisurely strolled around selecting the best grasses.

All this change coming in so short a distance only served to press me the more with the question as to why so many lived in those desolate parts while such beautiful homes were so near. But my answer would be, my future prospect and expectations are my reason for living where I am.

We expect this land to be irrigated some time and become a veritable garden spot of the Northwest, and to have a good home at that time, we are now living where our surroundings are not so pleasant as some.

But I have decided it is more the person than the

place that tends to give happiness, for some would not be as light-hearted and happy in a palace as others would in a cabin in a desert or in the backwoods.

Then in the little villages I suppose some are there expecting to await the growth of a large city while others are there just to ply their trade, for where would men not live for money?

But the others may have been living in their homes with genial surroundings, not thinking of or caring what the future might bring. Now not to criticise or condemn any for their choice of residence in this broad land of ours, else I might receive a large share, but are not the same classes found in the spiritual life? Those that are living a true Christian life for the promises we have of the future, those that are living only for gain, and those now having and enjoying all the sinful pleasures and enjoyments of life, content to drift on and think of nothing higher or better. Let us all then take note of where we are living and why we are living where we are. If we are living a Christian life, hoping for and through faith seeing our reward beyond, let us look well to our foundation and see that it is safe, then press on and "be perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect." Matt. 5:48.

If we are living as we are for gain only, let us reconsider our way and choose that good part that shall not be taken from us. But if we are just living as we are because our surroundings seem pleasant and because we can drift along reveling in all the world's follies and pleasures, let us awake! "Awake! thou that sleepest, arise from the dead, and Christ shall give thee light." Then receive the light, have true enjoyment here and a reward awaiting us beyond, "for the wages of sin is death, but the gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord."

Then we can give a reason why we are living where we are and a reason of the hope that is within us.

Pasco, Wash.



FRUITS OF INDIA.

ELLA M. BRUBAKER.

THE fruits in India differ quite a bit from those you have at home, and yet I have been much surprised at the similarity in many respects. One of the most common of India's fruits is the mango. It is to the people of India about what the apple is to the Americans. It contains one large seed something like a peach seed, only much larger. The pulp is yellow when ripe. The improved kinds are cut and the pulp eaten like a peach but the common ones are cut open at one end and the juice sucked out. They are oval-shaped and range in length from three to six inches. The ordinary ones often have turpentine in one end. The newcomer is likely to get one of this kind for the first one that he tries to eat, then he thinks mangoes are no good. But

if he persists he will soon find out how delicious they really are. Then if he does get a little turpentine occasionally he does not mind. Taken green and stewed, the sauce is very much like apple sauce.

The pomelo is a large, round fruit six or seven inches in diameter. It grows in sections like the lemon and orange but is red inside. It is often bitter like quinine. Some say this serves the place of quinine for our system. We use it very much on our tables.

The papai is something like a muskmelon. At first I thought they were not as tasty as a muskmelon, but now since I know how good a good papai is, I think a muskmelon would be tasteless in comparison. They have a rich, yellow, juicy pulp. We eat this pulp with a spoon and it almost melts in the mouth. The trees grow up very quickly and bear at the end of the first year. They need to be renewed every three years.

The custard-apple is a very sweet fruit and does taste very much like a real custard pie. Its peel and all grows in half-inch sections and when ripe falls apart very easily. Each section contains a seed the size of a watermelon seed but much thicker.

Star-fruit is a yellow and very tart fruit. It is about three inches long and a cross section of it has the shape of a star.

The tamarind is a bean-like fruit that grows on a very large tree. These we soak, boil, strain, sweeten and boil again, then we have our apple butter.

There is a red blossom-like fruit called the beanda which we stew and we have our cranberry sauce. It also makes a very nice jelly.

We have sweet limes and sour limes. The sweet ones are eaten like oranges; the sour ones make nice lemonade.

We can get oranges the year round in Bombay. But I have not seen them grow in this part of the country.

We have a number of varieties of plantain or banana. In color they are red, yellow and green. Our trees are bearing now for the first time. Each tree bears one bunch only and then it is cut down.

The cheverdu is a fruit that looks like a large cucumber well ripened. But the cucumbers of this country are often fifteen or eighteen inches long and five or six inches in diameter. The cheverdu also resembles a cucumber inside except that it is sweetish and mellow. We usually cut it up, sugar it and leave it set awhile before eating.

The watermelon is also found here but in this part of the country it is usually colorless and tasteless. Only once have I seen one as rich, red, and sweet as those you have in America.

The guava, found in some parts of the United States, is also found here. It is a pear-shaped fruit. The pulp is yellow in some and red in others, and is somewhat grainy. The center is full of seeds something like the tomato seed.

The jack fruit is a very peculiar fruit. When hanging on the tree it looks something like a swarm of bees. The odor of the pulp is rather offensive. It is the one fruit I have not yet learned to like.

Dahanu, India.



HOME SCENES.

M. M. WINESBURG.

WHEN persons have been away from their birthplace for some time and then return to it again, they suddenly realize that there are interesting spots in their own section of the country, around which cluster either history or traditions, and also some fine scenery, which being accustomed to in times past seemed commonplace.

The above reflections were impressed forcibly on my mind the next evening after my return to my native city, as I sped over the familiar road on the motor car—on my way to visit some friends who lived twenty or more miles from the city. The traction line runs all the way for about twelve miles along the Ohio River. On one side tower the blue hills of Virginia, on the other side of the river roll away the hills of Eastern Ohio, a section rich in historical recollections.

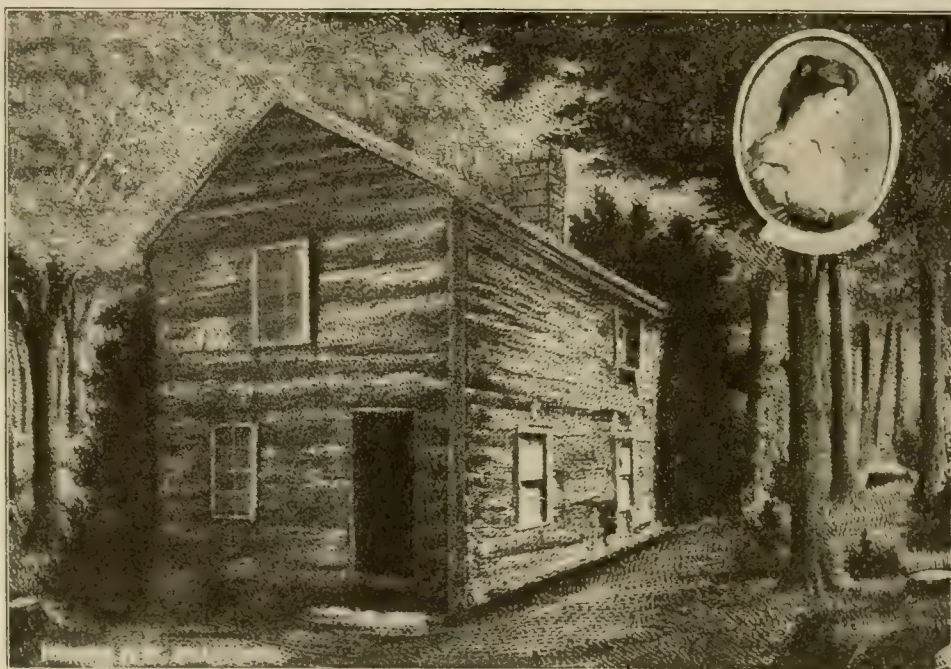
Here in the busiest portion of the city—on Zane's Hill—once stood old Fort Henry, and it was here that Betty Zane ran the gauntlet of warfare and carried powder in her apron to the beleaguered fort. Here also are left many traditions of our famous Louis Wetzel, and one street in the city bears his name.

Several miles south of the city we glide past an old two-story log house which is claimed to have been built in 1777. The house is in a dilapidated condition but it is still a landmark of the past and gone ages. Soon we are at the head of the Narrows, another historical spot in the annals of West Virginia, for here Captain Cook and twenty-four men were ambuscaded by the Indians and killed in that long ago but forgotten past. Soon the car is winding around the steep hillside and from the window one can look down on two lines of railroad below them and the rippling waters of the river.

At the Narrows, on the Virginia side of the river, the

hills are almost straight down to the water and there would be a fine chance of landing in the river if the car should jump the track. Opposite the Narrows, on the Ohio side, spread out wide valley lands, and while riding through the historical Narrows one has a fine view both up and down the river, and also of the valley opposite.

At Moundsville we glide past the courthouse, where Marshall County has erected a fine monument to her loyal sons of '61—and from the car one can almost see the mound which has given the town its name. By what race of people the mound was erected, will for-



Ebenezer Zane's Old Log Cabin, the First Building Erected in Wheeling. Built 1769, Torn Down 1908. This is the Cabin to Which Elizabeth Zane Made Her Heroic Dash for Powder During the Siege of Fort Henry by the British and Indians.

ever remain a mystery, but years ago when the mound was opened a lot of Indian relics were found inside of it. The mound is large and conical in shape and crowned on its summit with forest trees. I have walked over the top of the mound and looked down into it; but I have never been inside of it. There is a report that the mound was to be leveled down and the ground laid out into building lots, but I hope that it is only a report, for I think historical objects should be preserved, especially when they have given the town its name.

At Moundsville we took the train for the remainder of our trip. Some places there is some fertile valley land, and in other places the hills are almost straight up and down, while the road is so full of sharp curves that it has given rise to the old joke,—that anyone standing on the rear platform of the hind car could shake hands with the engineer in the cab.

About eight miles out we passed the last historical

spot, that we would pass on that trip, which is a huge rock telling all passersby that it was there, that the B. & O. Co. completed its line on Christmas eve, 1852.

In the passing glance one only sees a huge rock with its cleancut face bearing the above inscription, and while it does not proclaim any great deeds in warfare, yet it tells a story of feats of engineering through tunneled mountains and dark gorges, and across swift rushing streams, a story that connected the Eastern Coast with the Ohio Valley.

IN SCHOOL

SOME ACHIEVEMENTS AT M. C. I.

OUR Fall Term's work ended Dec. 3, 1909. During no previous period in the history of this school was there manifested greater interest and enthusiasm than the last named term. All seemed to have entered into the work with the proper spirit. We have all reasons to believe that this interest will not only continue but will increase as we progress farther into the winter.

A most valuable improvement has been recently made in our system of lighting. Each student's room is now lighted by a large twenty-candle power electric light. The chapel, halls, and all recitation rooms are furnished with large bulbs, supported by chandeliers. We gladly welcome these newcomers.

To our biological specimens has been added the skeleton of a large dog. It was prepared according to the method described in last article. These specimens are all carefully preserved for future study and comparison. The purpose in this is to gain true ideas of the various structures of vertebrates.

In our biological work we have completed the study of the protozoans. They are animals composed of a nearly jelly-like substance called sarcode. They possess no distinct or separate parts and have no definite body cavity nor traces of a nervous system. The present species of study is asteroid or starfish. It is covered with a tough leathery skin beset with prickles and has the form of a star with five or more pointers, radiating from a central disk. On the middle of the under surface is the mouth which opens into the digestive system. The latter sends prolongations into every ray.

The preparatory class in zoölogy has given the amphioxus a careful study. This is a genus of the very lowest form of vertebrates. They are a small lance-shaped, fish-like animal. At present the class is operating with the fish (pisces).

The physics class has finished the study of dynamics. The following are some interesting laws most of which

were received from the text. We have the apparatus to verify some of them. Newton's laws of motion are as follows:

(1). Every body continues in a state of rest or of uniform motion in a straight line, except when it is compelled by external forces to change that state.

(2). The acceleration of a body is proportional to the unbalanced force acting upon it and is in the direction of the force.

(3). To every action there is an equal and opposite reaction.

It was interesting to the astronomy class to learn that the following are the mean distances of the nine planets from the sun:—(1). Mercury, 36,000,000 miles; (2). Venus, 67,000,000; (3). Earth, 93,000,000; (4). Mars, 141,500,000; (5). Asteroids, 280,000,000; (6). Jupiter, 483,000,000; (7). Saturn, 886,000,000; (8). Uranus, 1,800,000,000; (9). Neptune, 2,800,000,000. Their diameters are as follows: (1). Mercury, 3,000 miles; (2). Venus, 7,700; (3). Earth, 7,918; (4). Mars, 4,200; (5). Asteroids, 10 to 500; (6). Jupiter, 86,000; (7). Saturn, 73,000; (8). Uranus, 32,000; (9). Neptune, 35,000.

The students of history have taken careful notice of the gradual westward progress of civilization. The rude oriental civilization was shifted westward to Greece and there it received wonderful improvements. Our present study has traced it no farther. One point has been especially emphasized by our instructor: "The conditions under which we as an American people exist are far superior in every respect to those existing in any of these oriental countries." This ought to inspire joy and enthusiasm for our own institutions in the heart of every American.

The logic students have carefully considered the two main views of the source of knowledge; namely, (1). Rationalism, (2). Empiricism. The former asserts that all knowledge is derived from general principles. Some of these principles have been regarded as innate and therefore deserve the name of *a priori* propositions. The latter maintains that all knowledge is obtained from experience which is furnished us through the senses. Both of these theories are true in part; but neither to the extent their advocates have claimed.

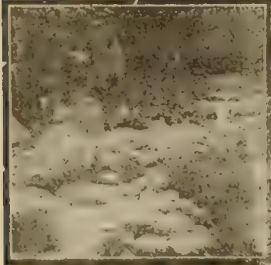
The commercial and phonographic departments are progressing nicely under the very best equipments and instructors. Students, pursuing this work, find it interesting and practical. The Pitman-Howard system of phonography is employed.

Union Bridge, Md.

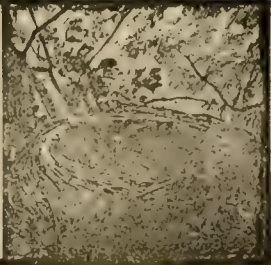
JOHN E. DOTTERER.



TOLERATE no belief which you deem false and of injurious tendency, but arraign no believer. The man is more and other than his belief, and God only knows how large or small a part of him the belief in man may be.—*A Canon of Coleridge.*



NATURE STUDIES



THE RAINBOW.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

IN all ages and among all people the rainbow has been an object of popular interest. Many are the myths and legends surrounding this wonderful production of nature.

Today it has been stripped of all its mysticism and its formation explained along scientific lines. Yet, in spite of this, those old legends of centuries ago are handed down to us in the stories of childhood.

Now, we know that a rainbow is only the reflection and refraction of light, but even yet many are ignorant of the real cause of it. If a ray of light from the sun be admitted into a dark room it makes a circular spot. Let the spot fall on a glass prism and it will be refracted and at the same time decomposed into the seven primary colors. To show it best let it fall upon a white wall or screen. Instead of a round spot it will be rather oblong.

These colors will not occupy equal spaces on the screen. Violet occupies more than one-fifth of the whole and orange less than one-thirteenth of it.

The colors in their order are violet, indigo, blue, green, yellow, orange, red. If a card be painted in the proper proportions with these colors and then revolved rapidly none of the colors will be seen, but instead it will appear white.

Any two colors are said to be complementary when, if combined in the proper proportion, they will produce white. Those separated by one-half the length of the spectrum are complementary; as red and green, yellow and violet, orange and blue.

A color shows to best advantage when shown beside its complementary color. This is the reason why in arranging bouquets some look better than others though all are composed of the same kind of flowers.

But I am wandering. It was my intention to write about the rainbow and not to give a discourse on light.

When the sun shines on falling water or on mist at the proper angle the drops act as prisms and a rainbow is formed.

Have you ever speculated on how far away the bow really is? Sometimes it seems to be near and then again it seems miles and miles away. The only time I ever had an opportunity of proving the distance was during a shower last summer when I was called to

"see a rainbow in our garden." Just east and not one hundred yards from the house is a grove and the bow was distinctly visible west of the trees; in fact it was an unusually brilliant display.

Various sacred writers referred to the rainbow, the first (Gen. 9) in the case of Noah where it is called the bow of promise. It was to be a token that no more would a flood cut off life from the earth.

A poet thus describes the first appearance:

"And when its yellow luster smiled
On mountains yet untrod,
Each mother held aloft her child
To bless the bow of God."

Ezekiel (chap. 1, verse 28) describes the glory of one of his visions as being like "the appearance of the bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain." St. John tells of a rainbow round the throne (Rev. 4:3) and the angel who announced that time should be no more had a rainbow upon his head (Rev. 10:1).

The old Greek gods let the rainbow down from heaven and over it passed the goddess, Iris, on the errands of the gods.

The Zoroastrian bridge, Chinevat, ascended from the top of the mountain, Albordj, to heaven.

With the wild Norsemen the bow was also a bridge to the abode of the blessed. To them it was known as Bifrost and reached from Migard, the earth, to Asgard, the home of the gods. It was the only way to Valhalla, the home of the brave. Over it only those who had done deeds of valor were allowed to pass; and when Heimdall sounded his horn to summon the gods to meet a hero was the only time when it was seen by mortal eye.

No more do the guardians conduct the favored ones across that bridge while the luckless, or deedless, are allowed to fall and be lost. The horn is silent and the bridge no longer reaches to Asgard; but still we look upon the rainbow with a feeling of awe, almost if not quite as great as that of the ancients.

From the Emerald Isle, the land of poetry and song, come many legends about the rainbow, showing the intensely religious nature of that downtrodden people. With them it was a bow of promise, even from the time of the Druids, and their interpretation came as near the truth as that of the Greeks or Norsemen.

"Where the rainbow strikes the ground,
There the crock of gold is found."

runs one rhyme, while another legend has it that at the end of the rainbow is buried a pair of gold slippers and the one who finds them will succeed in obtaining his heart's desire. Under the rainbow the earth gives forth a sweet odor, and a prayer prayed there goes straight to the ear of God. The morning bow brings good luck, but the evening bow, the nun's girdle, brings ill luck.

In the sixteenth century the belief was common that rain passing through the rainbow blights whatever it touches. Many African tribes to this day hold the same belief and also that death will be the lot of the man who passes beneath the arch.

With the Peruvians it was the omen of good fortune, in fact was one of their gods.

In the Middle Ages the belief was common that the rainbow, with the rainbow promise, would depart from the earth forty years before the day of judgment.

The belief that a rainbow in the morning portends foul weather and in the evening fair has a foundation on fact, but it is the climatic condition that causes the bow and not the bow the weather.

This is a practical day, and rainbow lore may be discarded as trivial, yet it has also a note of sublimity. And, though the bridge of Chivnat no more rests upon mount Albordj, though Bifrost be broken and the fleet Iris speeds no more on the errands of the gods, though we seek the crock of gold and the magic slippers and find them not, though we may never pray beneath the brilliant arch or detect the pleasant odors, yet we have more than they all in the promise attached to the "bow that is in the cloud in the day of rain."

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



BIRD MIGRATION.

SOME of the birds, including many of the delicate little wood warblers, go no farther than southern New Jersey and the big swamps fringing the Delaware and Chesapeake Bays; while others, of the strong-winged species, get clear away into the far Amazon country; and our golden plover, greatest traveler of them all, stops not until it reaches far-off Patagonia.

Early in October the chimney birds gather in great flocks, and as evening approaches they can be seen circling around and around some favorite chimney in a long spiral. Some evening a week or two later they will be missing. All have risen high into the cool autumn air, and at a concerted signal have started on the long southern journey, and will be seen here no more until April showers give promise of another springtime. They have gone to the Amazon forests, and they have all gone together.

Our little bank swallows go even to the shores of the Arctic Ocean in the early summer. When they leave us in the fall they too pass out of the range of human knowledge. In April they will appear in northern

South America, moving north, but not a hint do they give of how they came there. No one knows where they spend our five winter months.

Our well-known little songster, the red-eyed vireo, winters in Guatemala. He journeys leisurely northward in the spring at the rate of about twenty miles per day for six weeks. Just about the time northern Nebraska is reached, and before any of the contiguous country to the north is occupied, red-eyed vireos are noted in southern British Columbia, 1,000 miles away. Was that 1,000 miles traveled in a single night?

A walk through the meadows in October will show the keen observer single specimens of many of the migrating birds that have been left behind when the great body of their kind has left us. The small bird's life is comparatively a short one—probably not more than six or eight years when it lives its full life span; and these single birds are the old ones, too feeble to make the long migratory flight, and abandoned by their kind to live a few short weeks on the fat of the land, and then perish miserably as cold weather comes on apace.

The routes of migration taken by birds, through the air, are nearly as well defined and as closely followed as are the roads men make on the surface of the earth. But some of them do not come back in the spring by the same route over which they traveled in the fall.

That greatest migrant of them all, the golden plover, arrives at its breeding place in the Arctic Circle in the first week in June. Some of these plovers go hundreds of miles even farther north. They make their nests in the frozen moss, where the young are reared. By the first week in August they have retreated to Labrador, where they gluttonously feed on the native berries. After a few weeks they are found on the coast of Nova Scotia, where they strike straight out to sea and take a direct course for the West Indies.

The journey is across 1,800 miles of ocean. They may not stop on the way, flying in immense flocks over the Bermudas without waiting to rest. Most of them fly at night, and possibly they may in the daytime alight on the floating seaweed to rest. After a short stop of two or three weeks in northeastern South America they again take flight and disappear, next being seen in the prairie region of Argentina, and almost to Patagonia. Here they remain from September to March. Presently they start back toward the Arctic Circle, but not by the same route whence they came. They disappear from Argentina, but are not found anywhere on the Atlantic coast. In March they appear in Guatemala and Texas, and in April they are winging their flight up the Mississippi valley. Eight thousand miles between their northern and their southern homes, and 3,000 miles apart, are the routes they take in the United States.—*R. P. Sharples, in Doylestown (Pa.) Intelligencer.*

THE INGLENOOK

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

PUBLISHED BY

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The Inglenook stands for material and spiritual progress. Its purpose is to safeguard home life by supplanting and counteracting bad literature. To carry out this purpose a strong effort is made to develop the latent talent of the constituency.

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MANY of our readers will be deeply interested in William L. Judy's discussion of a very live subject in this issue. After reading the article if any one has anything additional to add to the argument set forth by Mr. Judy, or if any one wishes to present the other side of the question we will be glad to hear from them. The question of an income tax is before the people today and now is the time to discuss it.

HAVE our readers who are interested in nature study noted the plan suggested in a recent issue for an exchange of nature study specimens? If you wish to add to your collection by exchanging specimens of which you have a surplus for those that are rare in your neighborhood, you can do so by sending us a postal card containing your name and address and stating that you wish to join the exchange.

WANT AND EXCHANGE.

It is our plan to open our Want and Exchange column to our readers free of charge. The idea is to make it a sort of helping hand. Hereafter all advertising which relates to one's business will appear in the advertising pages and the want and exchange column will be confined to matters aside from one's regular business. In it one may ask to exchange shrubs, bulbs, seeds, patchwork, books, magazines, etc. Or if one does not care for anything in return, these things or others of like nature can be offered at a low price or for nothing except the cost of carriage. Often one has an accumulation of magazines, etc., that he would gladly give to some shut-in if he knew of such a one who would care for them. Sometimes, too, one has toys that have been outgrown that would bring pleasure to other children.

Our readers will no doubt think of many other things that may be advertised in these pages to the

benefit of both parties. In a sense the column will be an expression of the degree to which our readers possess the helping spirit. Let us make it a success.

Send in your "wants" now, with your name and address, or at least your initials and full address. A postal card may tell all you have to say. Each want will be published twice.



NATIONAL FARM LAND CONGRESS.

A VERY interesting and important meeting, that of the National Farm Land Congress, was held in Chicago during the third week of November. Delegates from nearly every State in the Union were present and leading men of the country were among the speakers and helped to make the meeting a grand success as a powerful contributor to the growing interest in farm life and farm improvement.

The bills announcing the congress set forth the purpose of the meeting in these words: "By general diffusion of knowledge to educate and accurately inform the people of the entire country of the possibilities for development of all lands within the United States and the opportunities for the homeseekers to achieve independent life and fortune; to promote the movement for farm land reclamation and farm development, the settling, colonization and bringing into permanent, productive use all lands now unsettled and uncultivated or not fully cultivated; to advance farm knowledge and generally encourage agriculture and the farm home-building spirit of the American people. It will endeavor to establish means by which the homeseekers may most easily and quickly secure definite, accurate and reliable information as to the lands and opportunities, the advantages and disadvantages of any section to which he may be attracted."

We have space only to repeat a few of the many excellent things said by the various speakers and give these in order that our readers may have some idea of the nature of the meeting.

W. M. Hays, assistant secretary of agriculture, spoke of the progress that is being made by his department in its effort to produce a strain of domestic animals that are proof against diseases such as tuberculosis. "Production of cattle which will be proof against tuberculosis infection will become easily possible to even an inexperienced farmer," declared Mr. Hays. "A start in the use of public expenditures in aiding and directing scientific breeding of domestic animals already has illustrated that co-operation with the view of stamping out tuberculosis-infected cattle can be accomplished, and within a few years at the most. As proof that we are on the road to success in the undertaking I may point to the recent accomplishments of the department and the institutions with which it is affiliated regarding the production of plants resistant to diseases which previously made the grow-

ing of the parent stocks impracticable. Disease-resistant cow-peas, cottons, cantaloupes, flax and varieties of cereal grains have been produced."

Mr. Hays spoke further of the progress agriculturally that has been made in the United States and said that we ought to send instructors in agriculture to the ends of the earth. "The sooner the inefficients of the world are educated to our standard of home-making, the sooner the harsh, economic conditions that make for war will have been removed," he said.

R. E. Dowdell, of South Dakota, aroused no small stir by his advocacy of a graduated land tax. His speech on the subject was all the more surprising in view of the fact that he owns 12,000 acres of land near Artesian, S. Dak. Under the system he proposed the owner of huge tracts such as his would be compelled to pay more taxes per acre than smaller holders. "I own 12,000 acres," said he, "and I admit that it is a sad state of affairs under which any government will permit me to hold that much without paying a tax in proportion to the amount I possess." "Landlord" Dowdell was backed from the onset by a militant delegation hailing from the rapidly developing Northwest, all of whom emphatically were in support of the measure, which, it was contended, offered practically the only legal solution of the problems that have arisen because of "land hogging" by speculators.

On the next to the last day of the meeting Senator Borah, of Idaho, delivered the principal address. This is how he expressed himself on several questions concerning farm life and progress:

"The farmer today is the most potential factor in the whole economic life of the nation. No more important phase of our industrial life has been up for consideration than the exodus of the last thirty years from the farm to the city. This government would not last for a decade if that seething mass of political corruption lately exposed to public gaze in a great metropolis did not find its antidote and disinfectant in the healthy, patriotic life of the farming communities and the business men of the agricultural village, the smaller towns and cities.

"It is estimated that not less than 70,000 will seek homes in Canada, who will take with them not less than seventy or a hundred million dollars in cash and effects. The money or its equivalent which they take I do not so much deplore, but they are the best of our citizens, men whom we can ill afford to spare. This is at a time when there are untaken millions of acres of the richest American soil that ever blossomed into prosperity, needing only that water be put upon it.

"The nation which is spending its millions for war ships and will not find homes upon the public domain for its home-hungry people is untrue to the great principles upon which is founded a republic in fact. Public men who stand in the way of wise and speedy ac-

tion in such a cause may be friends of some who seek the favors of national legislation, but they are not the friends of the home-builder or of the people."

On the last day of the congress, L. C. Irvine, of Mobile, Ala., gave a jolt to the supporters of the slogan, "Back to the Soil," adopted in an early session. Mr. Irvine's subject was "The Problem of Content with Our Environment." He indulged in his little side thrusts at the orators of the previous days not, as he said, because he was not in sympathy with the "back to the soil" movement, but because the movement, as now being carried out, shows a tendency to bring hardships to many people who have followed advice that was given in bursts of oratorical enthusiasm to learn later that they lacked the knowledge and equipment to operate a farm successfully.

"It isn't my idea to be a knocker or to stand before you as a pessimist," he said. "Anyone knows that the future of this nation depends more upon its development agriculturally than upon any other manner of strengthening and fortifying. But I do not take kindly to the oratorical 'blue print' farmer who shouts his words from the public platform and who is as guilty, in my opinion, of exploiting American citizens through the agency of sensational farming promises as is the 'wild cat' speculator who sells 'salted' mines with no thought save of his bank account. The men who are planning to locate on farms are the very best citizens we can possibly get. Tell them the truth. Be enthusiastic as much as you please so long as you keep within the truth."

Gifford Pinchot, national forester of the United States, was down for an address, but was not able to meet the date. However, he addressed a letter to the congress, from which we quote these paragraphs:

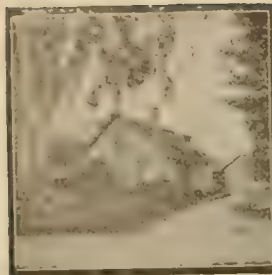
"The movement of this congress has my warmest sympathy. In view of future considerations concerning our future food supply there can be few patriotic duties more important than to promote the development and proper handling of all the farm lands of the United States.

"The stability of our national life rests in no small degree on the people who live in the country. As I have said elsewhere, the most valuable citizen is the man who owns the land from which he makes his living.

"The best product of any country is the men and women who are born and trained there. The contribution of the farm is not merely a contribution in food supply. That is important and will become increasingly so. But the contribution the farm gives to the town is vigorous, right-minded, clear-headed men and women."

After the reading of Mr. Pinchot's letter, Alva Adams, former governor of Colorado, spoke. "Back to

(Continued on Page 1224.)



THE HOME WORLD



THE GREAT FRAUD OF OUR COUNTRY

O. G. BRUBAKER, M. D.

If Mr. X were in the market to buy a horse he would be extremely careful and watchful that he got just the kind of horse represented. He would even question the intelligence and veracity of his closest friend in the matter of a horse trade, for to be cheated would not only cause Mr. X to be open to ridicule but it would lose him some money. But if Mr. X were in the market for some kind of relief or cure for a pain or disease, he wouldn't use an ounce of investigation—a newspaper ad. or the word of most anyone would be all the recommendation he would need to cause him to take into his stomach most any kind of dope. A wise man is this Mr. X. He is so typically American. He takes a world of precaution in buying a horse but no sense is used at all in buying medicine. He belongs to that class of Americans who spend every year millions of dollars in patent medicine, most of which is *water, alcohol, opium and narcotics*.

The other morning Mr. X got out of bed with a pain in his head and a distressed feeling in his stomach. He happened to pick up a paper with a glowing advertisement of "*Peruna*" in it. In this article he finds his symptoms described exactly and a little farther on in his reading he reads that "*Pe-ru-na*" is a sure cure for catarrh and indigestion. Of course, he must have a bottle of "*Peruna*." Just at this moment Mrs. X remembers that she has been suffering for several days with a lameness in the back and remembering that her friend-down the road had been so miraculously cured of kidney trouble (all backaches do not mean kidney trouble) by taking "*Swamp Root*" she has her husband buy a bottle of "*Swamp Root*" for herself and a bottle of "*Paine's Celery Compound*" for her daughter Ethel, who is so irritable and nervous.

Although Mr. X is feeling quite bad, he puts his old, gray mare to the spring wagon and goes off to town to get the wonderful "*cure-alls*." On the way to the city he meets a neighbor or two who are also ail-

ing. Mr. Jones is all worn out, has no appetite, can not sleep at night, and is pale and sallow, so he needs a tonic and has Mr. X bring a bottle of "*Hostetter's Bitters*." Mrs. Smith on down the road has been having so much trouble with her nerves. She "*flies all to pieces*," over the most trifling thing, rolls and tumbles all night instead of sleeping, and having read in her paper what a wonderful thing "*Dr. Miles' Nervine*" has done for some lady over in New York (most likely some poor unfortunate who has been paid to write the testimonial and may have never seen "*Nervine*"), she needs a bottle.

Now, when Mr. X has delivered his goods, what have they got? First of all are the wrapper and circulars printed full of testimonials and proofs of most wonderful cures, pictures of senators, ministers, farmers, lawyers and doctors—all endorsing these wonderful discoveries. All the victims above described begin to feel better already, and when they begin to take the medicine they feel new life, and the pains, distresses and aches fade away like magic—what a wonderful relief! If they had not been so elated and had read more carefully, each of these five *wise* Americans would have found that either one of these medicines would have cured all the others. For example, according to the advertisements, "*Peruna*" would cure Mrs. X just as well as "*Swamp Root*," and "*Swamp Root*" would have been just as good for Mrs. Smith as "*Nervine*." There are two things that all five of these typical American people got and which every one gets when he buys patent medicine—they got a generous portion of alcohol and they all got "*stung*," for all of these medicines contain alcohol and not one would cost over twenty-five cents to manufacture. Twenty-five per cent of "*Peruna*" is alcohol, forty-four and three-tenths per cent of "*Hostetter's Bitters*" is alcohol and twenty-one per cent of "*Paine's Celery Compound*" is alcohol.

It has been claimed on the very best statistical authority that more alcohol is consumed in this country in patent medicines than is dispensed in a legal way by liquor venders. Yet ministers and temperance workers consume a lot of patent dope. I know of drunkards who, being unable to buy beer and whiskey, take "Peruna" and other patent medicines to satisfy their depraved appetites. There can be only one reason why "Peruna" and other dope of its class have met with such a wonderful sale. The name of that reason is alcohol.

While I have mentioned five so-called patent medicines, hundreds of others could have just as truthfully been used as examples. While there may be some splendid preparations on the market and no doubt many people have been benefited by the use of some of them, the fact remains that by far the greater number of them are worse than useless and are made simply to sell to the ever-ready buyer. And it is also a fact that nearly all (better say *all*) of the patent medicines which are said to "purify the blood," give "vigor and strength" to the patient, are rich in their alcoholic content, and it is the alcohol which produces the stimulating effect that the patient gets and which sooner or later takes him to his physician for help. You pay one dollar per bottle for nearly all these remedies and you could make them yourself for about twenty cents per bottle. "Peruna," for example, costs a little less than eighteen cents to manufacture. No wonder the "Peruna" firm is wealthy. "Take half a pint of cologne spirits, 190 proof (alcohol) with a pint and a half of water, adding thereto a little cubebs for flavor, a little burnt sugar for "color" and you have "Peruna," pure and simple. On just some such cheap formula as this you will find all patent medicines made. Now the next time you make a speech against the beer and whiskey drinkers be sure you have not drunk more alcohol than they have. For alcohol is alcohol whether you buy it at the saloon or the drugstore—whether it is in the form of *beer, whiskey, and gin* or whether it is in "Peruna," "Sarsaparilla," or "Celery Compound." Now, in the name of the temperance movement, if you must drink alcohol, do so "above the counter." Don't be a "back door" drinker.

A man in search for "Peruna" testimonials was directed by a druggist to call upon a certain farmer in the neighborhood. The farmer gave "Peruna" a most glowing "send-off." He had used it for months and could say it did wonderful things, etc. The agent counted the number of empty "Peruna" bottles. There were twenty-four. The druggist added his testimonial that the old man had a "still" on all the time since he began taking "Peruna" and that he was his best customer. Needless to say the druggist's testimonial was not printed. And why not?

This brings me to the point of the testimonial. If all the testimonials of a patent remedy were printed it

would soon put it out of commission. For if you could know the injury that is done to the human system and could know the untold numbers of drunkards who are made and persist in their drunkenness by the traffic of this great fraud, you would be as much against the average patent and proprietary medicine firms as you are against the saloon. You will see pictures of so-called noted divines who have written long testimonials of "Duffy's Malt Whiskey" as well as of other articles of a similar nature. You will find on investigation that ninety-nine per cent of the noted (?) divines who write "ads" for patent medicine firms are dummies and fakes; *e. g.*, Rev. W. N. Dunham and Rev. Mcleod.

For your enlightenment here are the names of some of the leading remedies with their alcoholic content:

"Lydia E. Pinkham's Favorite Prescription" contains twenty per cent alcohol; "Hood's Sarsaparilla," eighteen per cent alcohol; "Burdock Blood Bitters," twenty-five per cent alcohol; "Ayer's Sarsaparilla," twenty-six per cent alcohol; "Paine's Celery Compound," twenty-one per cent alcohol. (The next time your wife is asked to write directly to Mrs. Lydia Pinkham, remind her that Mrs. Pinkham has been dead over twenty years and that her questions are answered by a *man* employe of the firm.)

Not only do these fraudulent remedies contain alcohol, but a great many contain highly poisonous drugs. Up to the end of the year 1903 there had been twenty-five deaths authentically reported as caused by acetanilid. All of these cases were people who had done their own prescribing and took the drug in the form of a headache powder or pain reliever without consulting a physician. Among the "sure cures," "ready reliefs," and "anti-pains" that are on the market and which contain acetanilid, may be mentioned "Orangeine Powders," "Koehler's Powders," "Royal Pain Powders," "Bromo-seltzer," "Anti-headache" "Megrimine," "*Antikamnia*" and "Cephalgin," and a host of other drugstore-vended headache cures and anti-pain remedies. Be sure your heart and kidneys are normal before you take dope of this kind. Make the druggist tell you what it contains. He is responsible and has no license to sign your death certificate if it kills you. "On October 9, Detective W. H. Hawkins, a man of powerful physique, went into a drugstore in Anderson, Indiana, and took a dose of 'Dr. Davis' Headache Powders.' Shortly afterward he fell dead on a car on his way to Marion." The coroner's verdict was that he came to his death as a result of the poisonous effect of the drug. A few years ago a young lady of Philadelphia took the prescribed dose of "Orangeine Powders" and within three hours she was dead. The next time you tell your friend to take a headache pill, tablet or powder be sure you know his condition, or be sure the drug contains no poisonous dope, for you may be prescribing his death warrant.

You have no right morally or legally to give your medicine to any one else unless the doctor says so. It is dangerous. There are so many frauds and evils perpetrated under the catchy name of "sure cure and relief" that one could go on writing page after page, but I trust there has been enough said to cause the reader to think along this line. And if you will do a little sound thinking you will be convinced that a remedy that claims to cure every ailment and diseased condition, make new blood, restore lost vitality, etc., etc., is made because there is a big profit in it and that it is the greatest fraud the American citizen has to deal with.

If I cared nothing for the credulity and respect of my fellow-men, if I cared nothing for my own honesty and respect and wanted to fill my pockets with the hard-earned dollars of the American people, I would take a little quinine, a few ounces of hydrochloric acid, and several barrels of rain water (lake water would be better). I would mix these together and bottle the mixture into twelve-ounce bottles. I would call my "discovery" "Radio-aqua" and direct a tablespoonful before each meal and at bedtime. I would advertise this "wonderful mixture" far and wide, as a sure cure for cancer, since it contains the most wonderful and mysterious element known to science, radium. For proof that it contains radium I would direct the patient to hold the bottle up to the sunlight and look at the beautiful light blue tint of radium in the liquid. And how the poor, benighted cancer patients would buy the preparation! I wouldn't stop with cancer, for radium will cure (?) eczema, headache, catarrh, lumbago, dyspepsia, etc., etc. In fact, I would have a "cure-all" far better than most on the market, for it would do absolutely no harm and there would be enough quinine in it to increase the appetite and enough hydrochloric acid to aid the digestion. While this seems very ridiculous, this is a very fair sample of the way most patent medicines are made. In fact, I got my idea of the above mixture from the dope that that great cancer fakir of St. Louis used to advertise.



HOME.

ROSA MAY MILLER.

"The dearest spot on earth to me
Is home, sweet home."

WEBSTER defines home as a dwelling place, or abode. How hollow and insignificant the definition sounds to a true lover of home!

HOME! A name that causes a vibration of every chord of the human heart; a name that thrills the very soul; a name that brings forward all the goodness, purity, and sweetness of one's nature.

Life is made up of prose and poetry. The cares, trials, and hardships, the nerve-racking business part of life that is essential to the maintenance of loved

ones, constitute the prose, and weary one becomes of constant prose. The poetry of life is made of smiles, though they be through tears, happy faces, dancing childish feet, music, be it of the brook, the birds, an instrument, or the merry whistling of the schoolboy.

"Home," some one has said, "is a paradise of children."

Paradise—an abode of perfect purity and peace. And, surely to childish hearts, home is a paradise.

And what may constitute a home?

The first essential feature of a home is a loving husband and wife. Surely one may class these two as one, for if they work not in unity and harmony, a chasm is formed, and by its slowly widening, destroys the true beauty and sweetness of the home.

One other feature of the home should be mentioned, and that is the child-life part of the home: the part that increases and emphasizes its true value.

Cynical people maintain that the upholders of home view it through rose-hued glasses. If this be the case, it is sad that they do not use glasses of like hue.

But home is not an illusion, it is a reality, wherein love dwells in all her purity and truth.

The perfect type of home, is heaven, a home of joy and peace, free from trials and vexations.

"There is beauty all around,
When there's love at home:
There is joy in every sound,
When there's love at home."



THE RELATION BETWEEN CHRISTMAS FEASTING AND NEW MOUNDS IN THE GRAVEYARD.

DR. EVANS, health commissioner of the city of Chicago, warns against overeating at Christmas dinners. He points out that the death rate among children between December 24 and January 5 is always higher than at any other period of the year. This comes of the extra allowance of meat, rich sauces, cake, pie, plum pudding, etc. Combine this with the overheated, close rooms, and these together constitute an invitation for the disease germs to set up business.

Dr. Evans pleads for Christmas table temperance and obedience to the laws of digestion. Doctors generally have their picnic the day *after* the people have had theirs.

Why not institute a reform this year? Eat simple meals during the holidays, imbibe the true Christmas spirit, help to make others happy instead of overloading your own stomach, filling your system with toxins so that you will be compelled to send for the doctor at the very time when humanity should be blessed by your genial presence.—*The Lifeboat*.



WORK well planned can be accomplished in far less time than when taken up haphazard.

The Children's Corner

THE FINDING OF JANIE.

JENNIE TAYLOR.

THE sky was gray. Rain—long slanting lines of rain had been falling. Toward the close of day, the rain changed to sleet and snow.

It was Saturday night. In the gathering darkness, a little girl, alone and poorly clothed, was hurrying homeward. Her faded dress and tangled hair were protected only by a thin piece of shawl. The worn shoes failed to keep out the cold and wet from the suffering feet.

Janie Brown was an orphan. Granny Glines, who kept her, did the best she could for her but that was very little.

Sometimes Granny was tired and ill. Then she was cross to Janie and grumbled a great deal. Finally she told the child that she could not keep her any longer if she kept going to the mission class all the time instead of helping her.

The next day was Sunday. If Janie had waited she could have seen the lovely lady who had first invited her to the mission. But Janie could not wait. She had decided to find her friend's house and leave word that she could not come to class any more because Granny was angry and did not wish it; that she must stay and help the woman who had given her a home. But Janie did not know just where her good friend lived, and in trying to find her became lost.

The truth was, Granny Glines liked Janie well enough, but she was so very poor and alone herself that she could not do very much for the child. So the thoughts of her trouble sent Janie on her urgent errand.

Only a few weeks before the day that Janie was lost, Mrs. Joyce, the lady who had given Granny Glines work to do, made friends with Janie and invited her to attend the mission on the corner. Mrs. Joyce was a teacher there. She was also one of a committee to find new pupils, and said she would look for Janie there each Sabbath.

Janie went. She liked the music, the flowers, the happy faces, the warmth of welcome. The little church room was a very good place, she thought. But more than all she liked Mrs. Joyce who had made it possible for her to come, and who had taught her many helpful truths from a wonderful book they called the Bible.

Already the child was catching a gleam of hope for her future, and dreaming dreams that some day should come true.

She would learn to be a good and useful woman, and a great lady, too. She would be kind and do many

things to teach other little folks to be good and happy.

But on that stormy night Janie thought her hopes were all blighted. She could no longer go to the mission and meet her friend, nor hear the music, nor learn any more of those wonderful lessons. Then, too, she was lost; lost in the darkness and storm on a strange street. Inside the houses, bright lights were shining.

The night grew colder. She wished that she might go into the nearest house and stay just long enough to get warm but she dared not. Drawing her threadbare shawl closer about her, Janie crept into the shadow of the porch. Since she could not find her friend, she would rest there one moment, then hurry on to her rooms with Granny.

Some one must have heard her step on the porch, for no sooner had she reached a sheltered spot than the door was opened and a bright light streamed out upon her. "Why, Mary, what is this?" asked a man's voice. A lady came to the door. It was Mrs. Joyce. She recognized instantly the big brown eyes that peeped out shyly from the shawl.

"Why, Jack, that is Janie Brown."

Janie's heart jumped for joy. She was at the very place she had been trying all evening to find.

"I came to tell you that I cannot come to the mission any more. Granny is sick. She needs me. Now I must be going. And Jane began to cry as she turned to go, for she had not quite found herself yet.

"Stop, little girl, wait a minute!" called Mrs. Joyce. "Jack, let's take Janie home. Then I can see Mrs. Glines myself."

"What will happen next?" wondered Janie, glad that she was no longer lost, yet frightened at the thought of what Granny might say.

While the cold and hungry child was being warmed and fed by her friend, preparations were being made to visit Mrs. Glines. A basket was filled with dainty food, and with it a bundle of comfortable clothing was tucked away in the carriage. Soon Janie was rolling along the paved street homeward. To her it was like a dream from which she dreaded to waken.

But the awakening was not rude as she had expected. Granny and Mrs. Joyce held a quiet conversation. Somehow after that night Janie and Granny never had any more of those awful struggles with poverty. Other ladies called at the old brown house. They brought Granny work that she could do without overtaxing her strength. Janie not only kept her place in the mission class but was sent to a good school besides.

Becoming lost that time proved a great event in Janie's career. Her hope of discovering a good and useful work in life was realized at once and that work kept her busy and contented, so Janie was found indeed.

Tipton, Iowa.



THE QUIET HOUR

LOST IN THE WILDERNESS AGAIN.

IRA P. DEAN.

"YES, I often think of those poor Children of Israel, lost out there in the wilderness; but then it was their own fault. I can't sympathize with them very much because they were too ignorant to do what they were told; they had no business to disobey Moses and be all the time casting up about back in Egypt and wishing they were back there again; then too why didn't they let idols alone? Of course they weren't as smart as people are these days."

Say, brother, don't be too severe; perhaps you haven't gotten out of the wilderness yet, with all your being smarter than the Children of Israel.

What are the churches and Sunday schools having so many conventions for? I notice this on nearly every program: "Ways and Means to Get and Keep People in the Sunday School," and other similar topics. Let us see how much better we are now than the Children of Israel were in their time. God promised to deliver them. The very same God promises to deliver us. God sent Moses to be their deliverer. The same God sent Jesus Christ to be our Deliverer. Moses knew the way and it was their business to follow him; Jesus knew the way and went it, and are we following him? More than that, Jesus *is the Way*. If Jesus is THE WAY, why are we hunting a way to interest people in their souls? Moses knew the way and the people didn't believe it and tried to find some other way. Jesus *is the Way* and yet the churches today are spending time and money trying to find a way to interest the people.

"Yes, but the Children of Israel had no business to worship an idol." Well, the churches today are worshipping money, fancy churches, pipe organs, euchre parties, and you know some other idols too that they are worshipping today. "Yes, but the Children of Israel were contemptible; they wished they were back in Egypt." Listen, my brother: Did you ever hear any one say, "I wish we had prayer meetings like we used to have long ago; the meetings today are nothing compared with those when I was young"? What are they doing? Simply saying that it is worse now than before, wishing to go back instead of forward. If the meetings today are not better than they were years ago, something is dangerously wrong. We are to grow

in grace, to advance, to improve and if the meetings of long ago were better than they are now the church is in a very dangerous condition.

No wonder then the topics are being discussed as to "How to Get and Hold the Young Folks," "New Methods of Interesting the Young," etc. We are lost in the wilderness of doubt, in the wilderness of discontent, seeking a way out while Jesus Christ stands up and calls, "I AM THE WAY, the truth and the life. No man cometh unto the Father but BY ME." And yet the churches are hunting a way to bring people to Christ. The schemes and plans that are introduced only tend to get us tangled up more in the wilderness. There is but one way out and Jesus Christ is that Way. There was but one way out for the Children of Israel and Moses knew that way. However good the newly introduced methods may seem, they are unnecessary, as Jesus himself only is THE WAY, and if we can't be successful that way we will die in the wilderness.

The Children of Israel adopted the idol worship, perhaps thinking it would hold the interest of the people, but they didn't get out of the wilderness by it. Some churches have adopted the euchre party, festival, picnic, dance and poolroom method to interest the people, but they are not getting out of the wilderness and while they are experimenting and speculating in new ways and means, they could be worshipping God in the real way, in the way Christ taught and then you would not hear people wish for the old-time meeting. Some churches give rewards and gifts to those who attend regularly, etc. Who started that method? Did Christ? If not, it is not Christ's way. How did Christ interest the people, by offering presents for the best attendance? If the Christians today would live more like Christ, would be more enthusiastic, more sincere, the church would be such an interesting place the people would find a pleasure in being there, not because they get a reward; but because they get a blessing.

If we are not careful along this line people will place a greater value on the rewards they receive than on the Bible and the cause of Christ. It is a serious matter. We must get out of the wilderness before we can get to heaven and since Jesus is the only Way let us adopt the plan of following that Way.

Harrisburg, Pa.

HOW TO OVERCOME THE LACK OF REVERENCE FOR GOD'S HOUSE.

THAT there is a great lack of reverence for God's house extant becomes apparent to every observant person, no matter where one may attend any religious gathering, be it Young People's meeting, Sunday-school sessions, prayer meeting, or church services. Even Christians seem to forget that he who is the same yesterday, today and forever, is still burning with quenchless zeal for the purging of his Father's house, and are doing a great deal toward making it a den of thieves instead of a house of prayer.

This lack of reverence manifests itself in various ways, conversing about anything and everything except the things of Christ while entering and leaving the house of God, defacing the furniture, inattention to the preaching and reading of the Word, whispering and giggling during the service; especially is this so of the younger people and the so-called back-seat Christians.

I do not wish to say, however, that every Christian that sits on the back seat is a back-seat Christian, far from it. There are busy mothers that have slipped away from household cares at the last moment; there are humble, unfashionable worshipers, too much strangers to go far forward, yet not liking to stay away, who are as near to God in the back seat as if they were next to the speaker's desk. But the fact remains that the man who habitually chooses the back seat in the Lord's house expresses thereby the inward desire of his soul; he wants to follow Christ—afar off. But for all existing conditions there must be some causes. Why, then, such a lack of reverence for God's house? And how to overcome it? The best way to overcome any evil is to remove the cause as far as possible.

One reason, and perhaps the chief reason for lack of reverence for God's house is lack of love for God himself, which is a result of our perverseness by nature and self will. The remedy for this lack of reverence is a thorough consecration to God and love and reverence for his house will be the natural consequence; for no place fills the child of God with awe and reverence as God's house. Here it is the child of God finds refreshment and blessing for its soul. The promises are many which give assurance that God reveals himself in his sanctuary. He is everywhere, but nowhere is he so near his children as in the place where his name is recorded. There he has covenanted to meet with his people and to reveal himself in their midst. Since the days of the tabernacle in the wilderness the place where God is worshipped has been a potent factor in the individual life of the child of God and as a child loves its home so should the whole being, soul, heart and flesh yearn for the courts of the Father's house. Every Christian should possess a spirit like the Psalm-

ist when he says, "One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek after; that I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days of my life, to behold the beauty of the Lord, and to enquire in his temple," also, "For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand. I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God, than to dwell in the tents of wickedness."

However there may be some earnest Christians who lack the attitude of reverence for God's house merely through thoughtlessness or who find it very hard to acquire an attitude of reverence which may come from habits formed during childhood or youth. Such should never in attending divine services speak or think of it as only going to church or preaching service but as a meeting with God or acquiring the habit of self-communion, and everything else will follow. Spend some time every day in the silence of your own chamber talking to your soul about the great concerns of life, and it will not be long before you will have the consciousness of God's presence.

If, then, some Christians lack the attitude of reverence for God's house from habits formed in childhood, how may such habits be prevented from being formed? That is where the work of the home and Sunday school comes in. To the sorrow of many children parental religious training is neglected or entirely omitted. The family altar, the daily reading of God's Word, and family prayer, followed by parental admonitions and instructions are unknown and the consequences are pride, indifference, disregard for parental authority, irreverence. And so the little child without any training goes generally unaccompanied by parents into the Sunday school, properly into the primary department where the teacher is trying to cope with the latest method of teaching the little people. Yes, we must try to impress the truths upon their minds in just as pleasant a way as possible, we must not restrain or rebuke them lest we irritate them and so destroy the mental conditions to receive the lessons we would teach. The result is very often confusion, disorder, disrespect for the Sunday-school room, which is only a part of God's house. If a child with such habits goes into the higher grades of the Sabbath school it requires a tactful, conscientious, prayerful teacher to impress him reverence for God's house.

As already said reverence can not be taught altogether. It is a condition which comes from within, an outgrowth of our spiritual life. But a great deal can be done by the Sunday school to prevent the appearance of lack of reverence for God's house where the home fails to do its part. Make the sessions for the little people in Sunday school even shorter if needs be but hold them responsible for their behavior. Even children should be made to feel that the Lord is in his holy temple and that all the earth should keep silence before him.—*The Mennonite*.



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



The Chicago City council has recently passed an ordinance requiring that in cases of a delay of over ten minutes on surface or elevated lines, fares must be refunded to the passengers.

What is said to be the largest belt in the world has just been completed. It is 240 feet long and 6 feet wide; it has three-ply thickness, and the cost was \$5,800; 540 hides were used in the construction.

One hundred thousand dollars is offered by a Yale alumnus as a prize for a positive cure for tuberculosis. The interest on the \$100,000, which is to be held in trust, is to be used in testing the cures. To win the prize the cure must have been in effect five years and must prove its efficacy in that time.

In an address before the American Civic Association, Mr. Herbert M. Wilson, chief engineer in the United States Geological Survey, places the annual damage and waste by smoke in the United States at \$500,000,000 in the large cities alone, or about \$6 to each man, woman, and child of the population.

Laymen as well as clergymen of Ontario, Canada, are backing a movement to have bookmaking on horse-racing made unlawful. During a day's racing at Woodbine \$1,000,000 was placed in the hands of American bookmakers as bets. A bill to prevent racetrack gambling is in the hands of a committee of parliament.

Congress is to be asked to establish a coal commission and to adopt a plan for making the price of coal uniform in all parts of the country. The plan has been formulated by coal operators and is to be brought to the attention of the President and Congress following a big meeting of coal operators in Pittsburgh the latter part of the month.

John Mitchell, Vice President of the American Federation of Labor, thinks strikes are safer than football. He told the sociological conference of the Presbyterian board of home missions that more football players than disputants in labor troubles were killed every year and that election-brawls cause more injuries and arrests than strikes do.

Cottonseed oil mills in Louisiana, Mississippi, Texas and other southern States are closing their doors because cottonseed has reached the highest price in the history of the business. The outlook is that prices will go still higher. The cottonseed output this year is from 10 to 15 per cent less than last year. The demand for the by-products is said by experts to have increased more than 50 per cent. The effect of the high priced seed is shown in the price of crude oil, which has increased to 44½ cents a gallon from 31 cents at this time last year.

A summary of the accidents which occurred during the hunting season published in Chicago Dec. 1 shows that 86 persons were killed and 67 injured in the United States and Canada. This is an increase of 20 killed over the year 1908 and 5 over 1907. Many of the accidents were caused by careless hunters mistaking men for deer and shooting them down.

The Western Passenger Association has notified the commercial associations of large cities of the country that no more reduced rates will be granted for merchants' meetings. All reduced rates for conventions, State fairs and other meetings are to be done away with and no reductions in fares are to be made except possibly for colonists, homeseekers and summer tourists.

On the return of Charles F. Murphy, leader of Tammany Hall, to New York City it was thought he would confer with Judge William J. Gaynor, mayor-elect, in reference to appointments. Judge Gaynor, hearing of the rumors, promptly announced that he was under no obligations to the "bosses" and would do his own appointing. Murphy says he has not and does not intend to confer with the mayor-elect.

Little progress is expected along the line of establishing a parcels post during the present session of Congress. President Taft will lend no encouragement and Postmaster General Hitchcock is lukewarm. It is proposed to first put up a fight for a postal savings bank. As a substitute for a parcels post, Postmaster General Hitchcock will recommend, as an experiment, the establishment of a "rural packet post" in several counties in several States.

King Gustave of Sweden recently inaugurated a new departure for sovereigns. Disguised as a stevedore, he spent most of a day carrying sacks of coal from a lighter. In an interview after it was all over the king said that this was only the beginning. He intended to mix with all classes of laborers, so that he might ascertain their opinions and wishes. Already, he added, he had obtained many valuable hints from the men with whom he worked.

State's Attorney Ecker of Bureau County has appealed to the Chicago police to assist in apprehending Alex. Rosenjack and Robert Deans, the two men alleged to have been directly responsible for the burning of the St. Paul coal mine and the deaths of 310 miners. Rosenjack fled from Cherry after his life had been threatened and Deans is said by Coroner Maim to have been kidnapped by unknown persons. Evidence tending to show that the management of the mine had no system by which it could know the number and identity of men working in the mine was supplied by the testimony of Martin Powers, a checker and weigher. He testified the number of men in the mine was guessed at by the cage men.

Constitutional prohibition was defeated in Alabama by a majority of about 20,000. All of the large counties gave decided majorities against prohibition, including Jefferson County, the home of Gov. Comer and Fred M. Jackson, State chairman of the anti-amendments. Much feeling was felt against the governor and legislature. Alabama had the strongest anti-liquor laws of any State and the people were opposed to constitutional prohibition until statutory prohibition had been fairly tried.

Rev. Dr. Daniel Ayres Goodsell, resident bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, died at his home in New York Dec. 5. He had been ill several weeks. Dr. Goodsell was born at Newburg, N. Y., in 1840, and entered the ministry in 1859. From 1880 to 1888 he was literary editor of the *Christian Advocate*. In the latter year he was elected bishop by the general conference and three years ago was appointed resident bishop of New York City to succeed the late Bishop Fowler. He celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the ministry last year.

For the purpose of testing the constitutionality of the federal employers' liability act of October, 1908, counsel for the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad have announced their intention of bringing to the United States Supreme Court the case in which the widow of Daniel J. Walsh of New London, Conn., was awarded \$5,500 by the United States Circuit Court. Walsh was killed while acting as inspector for the railroad. As a ground for their attack on its constitutionality counsel assert that the act assumes to control relations between employer and employé, while under the Constitution Congress has the power merely to regulate traffic between States.

A physician who has made a careful study of the effect of roller skating has shown that excessive indulgence in this sport frequently results in flat feet, defective development of the leg muscles, and impairment of the gait and carriage of the body. Roller skating is especially injurious to growing children, whose muscles, bones, and joints are still in process of development. The muscles used in walking, especially those in the feet, remain inactive in roller skating, while other muscles are overworked. Hence the body becomes more or less deformed, especially in the case of young girls, who fail to acquire their normal grace and beauty of form.

Dec. 5 one hundred thousand people packed Trafalgar Square and the adjoining streets for several blocks in six simultaneous mass meetings called to denounce the house of lords for its rejection of the budget. The scene was unique in England's political history. The most significant fact of the protest was that the Liberals and Socialists were about equally prominent, indicating perfect coöperation. The speakers at each of the meetings presented the same resolution: "That the rejection of the budget was a menace to the people's hard won liberties, demonstrating the necessity of the abolition of the house of lords' power to veto the popular will of the people." Everywhere the resolutions were carried amid the wildest enthusiasm.

President Taft has made public an executive order which provides for the putting of appointments in the diplomatic service of the United States upon a merit basis, in which politics shall play no part. The order, which is issued under the civil service act, provides for examinations for embassy clerks and the keeping of an

eligibility list from which promotions in the State Department shall be made. The Secretary of State is directed to report from time to time to the President, along with his recommendations, the names of those secretaries of the higher grades in the diplomatic service who, by efficient service, have demonstrated special capacity for promotion to the chiefs of missions. In order that this may be successfully accomplished the President orders that a careful efficiency record be kept of every officer of the diplomatic service.

Designs for the new postal cards to be issued by the government have been approved by Postmaster General Hitchcock. The cards will be furnished by the government printing office, in accordance with a contract effective on January 1, 1910. On the ordinary card the head of President McKinley will appear, as now, but a much better likeness has been selected. On the new small card, intended for index purposes and for social correspondence, a likeness of President Lincoln will appear. The 2-cent international card will bear a portrait of President Grant. An innovation has been made for the double, or reply, postal card. On the first half will appear a portrait of George Washington, while the stamp on the second, or reply, half will be a likeness of Martha Washington. The borders of the stamps on all the cards will be diversified in design.

In Europe apple, pear, and other trees are trained in espaliers on the south side of the wall where they get the full benefit of the sun and luxuriate there. But the north side of the same wall is practically useless for the same purpose, as the rays of the sun are cut off from it. Recently a number of experiments have been tried with glass walls which permit the passage of the sun's rays through to trees on the other side. The results show that pears which grew on the trees on the north side were almost as heavy as those growing on the south side and were smoother than those on the south side. The difference in temperature between the two sides of the wall is not very great, as the southern face reflects less heat and is therefore cooler than that of a masonry wall, while the northern side is warmed by the rays which pass through. Theoretically the masonry wall has one advantage over the glass wall, for it absorbs more heat during the day, and consequently gives off more at night. The cost for building the glass wall is about the same as that for building the masonry wall.

The lure of the white light by the wayside of railroads will no longer be held responsible for railroad wrecks. The white light as a signal for a clear track is to go. Dec. 15 the yellow light will be substituted for the white light on the Pittsburg and Lake Erie Road of the New York Central system. The entire Central system is preparing to adopt the plan all over the system at as early a date as the changes can be made. Engineers of fast trains have often been confused by white lights in dwellings and other places along the road, and have passed colored lights which were set. Accidents resulted when the set lights were passed. Roads throughout the country have agreed to the change.

Upon recommendation of the secretary of agriculture, Secretary Ballinger has withdrawn from all forms of disposition, except under the mineral laws, approximately 118,611 acres. This land is to be added to the Plumas national forest in California. About 10,000 acres of the area withdrawn are embraced within timber and stone entries.



Among the Magazines



BUSINESS MEN WANT PEACE.*

We want peace, first because we are men and are moved by the humanitarian instinct that rebels against the cruel butcheries of war, and, secondly, because our business is bound to be seriously injured by the interruption of the friendly relations between nations.

There is no need to go into other reasons; these seem sufficient. It has been said that some business men want war because it creates a demand for their products, such as guns, powder, foodstuffs, uniforms, etc. This is absolutely untrue of business men, though there may be a few abnormal beings who would willingly see their brothers slaughtered in order to add to their own commercial profits. Business men all want peace. Why are they, then, not more active in the peace movements of the world? The teachers, the preachers and other professional men have, in the main, carried the burden of peace efforts thus far. They have been the seers and the prophets. There are two principal reasons for this seeming apathy of the men of business: First, they have not looked upon these peace movements as practical in their methods; they have not appreciated the possibility of early realization of the hopes of peace so freely expressed. Secondly, business men have been so engrossed in their own affairs that they have, as a rule, neglected not only their opportunity, but their duty, to coöperate in this greatest cause on earth, in which, as before said, their humanitarian, as well as their selfish, interests, are so vitally involved.

What is there to warrant the men of business to change their view of the impracticability of the peace movement and its hopelessness? If they can be convinced that practical results are possible within a reasonable time, they will throw off some of the meshes of business detail now entangling them and, adding their systematic effort to the enthusiasm of the present forces, will hasten the day when the international court of justice will take the place of battleships in settling differences between nations.

What are the arguments to convince the men of business that peace is now a practical proposition?

1. The growing nearness of the nations through fast steamers, cable, wireless telegraph, rapid and general news exchange, the development of popular education all over the world and the closer personal acquaintance through travel, all tend toward universal brotherhood disregarding national boundaries.

2. The great advance in sentiment toward international arbitration during the last ten years, and the increased number of treaties between the nations that have been signed, surely augur great possibilities of general peace in the near future.

3. The terrible power of destruction now possible through modern war agencies and the still undeveloped air warships force upon all men the absurdity of "set-

ting" international differences by mutual annihilation.

Yes, the day of peace is in sight; it is not a dream any longer; now the dreamers, the far-sighted, the idealists, may at last be joined by hard-headed men of affairs whose daily cry is for results—results!

The merchants of the world have indirectly done much to bring about the improved relations between the various nations. Commerce has been a great educator and has broken down many walls of ignorance and animosity, but only incidentally, in the development of trade, not in the unselfish spirit of the peace societies.

Let these merchants now help finance the peace movements of the world and add unselfish practical coöperation in the great cause. If they do this the heavy burden of armies and navies, now becoming so alarming in the rivalry between European nations, will soon be removed and the immense sums now being used for defense and destruction will be converted to saner, constructive uses which will tend toward the elevation of the human race.—Advocate of Peace.



CHILDREN NOT CRIMINALS.

The State of New York has decided that no child under sixteen shall be called a criminal. It is simply delinquent. This is a step of progress, although not a long one. For many years a child has had no civil accountability until twenty-one, or, in the case of girls, in some States, eighteen years, up to which time he or she cannot acquire property, make contracts, or be held responsible in civil damages. One might suppose that the same restrictions would be placed in criminal law, but New York has gone only so far as to make sixteen years the crime limit, while at the same time it holds punishment in its own hands instead of turning it over to parents. The Chinese make the whole family responsible for the evil act of any member, and the results are astonishingly satisfactory.

It is admitted by students of sociology that our criminal code is crude, that our whole system of criminology is brutal and archaic, and that we must go a long way before we establish one which will really make for the betterment of social conditions. We now punish people without trying to reform them. We make professional criminals by refusing one who has been in jail a right to earn an honest living. Give a dog a bad name and hang him. And this is most illogical since the punishment is supposed to expiate the crime and make a clean sheet. At the same time, plenty of evil-doers, those who are known as such, are received in good society simply because they have managed to escape the brand of criminal conviction.

It is well enough to save children from this dread incubus, but the law has not gone far enough. Conduct is not wholly the result of a deliberately established system of individual ethics. We are affected by heredity, environment, and experience. Moreover, in this country we have forty-six bodies of criminal law—one in each State. What

*Address given at the Chicago Peace Congress in May last, by Marcus M. Marks, President National Association of Clothiers, New York.

is a crime in a given State is not always prohibited in one adjoining. Thus we have all sorts of crimes, with varying penalties, until it is no wonder that the average man is confused as to his own status. Few persons do from mere choice that which is ethically or legally wrong. Original sin, if there be such a thing, does not go so far. Our motives are generally good. Most persons prefer to live in amity with their neighbors, which means a respect for the rights of others and a tolerable performance of duties. But circumstances alter cases so much that we often feel called upon to violate the rights of others for our own salvation. We need the money, or we find ourselves losing in the struggle for existence and feel oppressed by those in power. We take our own chances and often with disastrous results.

Now it must be apparent, after all is said by philosophers and law-givers and prophets, that the conduct of life is based largely on experience. We accept admonition more or less, but learn most by actual contact with problems. It is here that the child fails. His store of wisdom and his experience are small. It is natural for him to gratify his own desires, and he chafes under restraint until a number of years of experience and parental training fit him to become personally responsible for his own acts.

It is gratifying that children under sixteen are to escape the prison mark and the criminal brand, but this is simply a confession that our whole system of criminology is on a false basis. It is well to begin reform with the children, who are perhaps the greatest sufferers and the least offenders, but the principle must be applied all the way up to the end that punishment may have the element of reform in it, so that society may profit. In a few States some progress is being made in this direction. It is one of the Twentieth Century problems to conserve society by making laws and enforcing them with regard to Twentieth Century knowledge instead of acting on the principles and practices of the Dark Ages.—November Lippincott's.



GIFFORD PINCHOT.

Writing of Gifford Pinchot is a difficult task to one who knows him—it is difficult to avoid apparent exaggeration—for Mr. Pinchot possesses in unusual degree all of the best qualities which make a man. Coupled with them he has a unique and ardent ambition to serve humanity; to exercise to the limit his remarkable abilities, his knowledge, which is unrivaled in the field to which he has devoted his life, and his resourceful personality, outside the pale of politics, wholly for the good of his country.

His name has been frequently and freely handled by press and public during the present controversy between the departments of Agriculture and the Interior, over the disposition of public lands, but though he is the responsible and active agency, in the center of the fight, it is noteworthy that not a derogatory word has been said of Gifford Pinchot. To question his integrity would be absurd. To doubt his patriotism, impossible. To criticise his ability and record needs but the reply, "By their fruits ye shall know them." To condemn his policy is to repudiate the vital principle more than anything else making for the safety and prosperity of the country for all time to come. There is no one who is more valuable to the United States today than Gifford Pinchot.

He was born to this work—born in Simsbury, Conn., not quite forty-five years ago, and created the department over which he presides and the office he holds. He is literally responsible for it all—and it is a monument worth

having. Incidentally, Mr. Pinchot was born to a large fortune which obliterated all necessity for further energy, but even while he was in college the passion had such possession of him that, while he found time to captain the football team and carry off several of the most coveted of the college prizes, he also won for himself the reputation of being "mad on trees."

Immediately after graduating from Yale he went abroad, and with ardent energy and thoroughness which are vitally a part of him, he made a complete study of forestry, in countries and localities where the mother of invention had brought the art of highest development. Thoroughly equipped, he returned to America, where, of all places, he was needed, but where there was no place for him until he made it. The public was peacefully sleeping upon convictions of the unlimited and inexhaustible resources of the country, while the lumber interests, coal interests, water-power interests, etc., were absorbing everything, denuding everything and arranging for a sad awakening of the public to general devastation in the near future. His first determined effort to accomplish something was in 1892, when he opened an office in New York, for consultation and advice to owners of timber lands. Sixteen years later, in addressing the great Conference on the Conservation of National Resources, held at the White House, where the Governors and delegates of forty-six States met with the Cabinet, the Supreme Court and the Inland Waterways Commission, President Roosevelt said:

"I want to say, here, that if it had not been for Gifford Pinchot this conference never would or never could have been held."

In a speech in Jamestown, Va., the year before, the President said:

"So much for what we are trying to do in utilizing our public lands for the public in securing the use of the water, the forage, the coal, and the timber for the whole public. In all these movements my chief advisor, and the man first to suggest to me the courses which have actually proved so beneficial, was Mr. Gifford Pinchot."

The story of the sixteen years between the private consulting office and these declarations sounds like a fairy tale. One fancies he must have held a magic wand to have accomplished the apparent impossibilities; but it is only the result of herculean industry and indomitable energy applied, without personal ambition, to one specific end. It was not more than ten years ago when he succeeded in forcing upon public attention the first glimmering consciousness of the ruin which the madness of private greed was working, and the salvation which method must eventually mean if honestly applied to national forestry and conservation of resources.

The United States Forest Service is Mr. Pinchot's own creation, from the inception up. First a Division of Forestry was created, and he was made its head. Then its scope was widened a little and called the Bureau of Forestry. Then the entire forest interests of the United States, which were divided between the Department of Agriculture and the Department of the Interior, were consolidated in the Forest Service, under the Department of Agriculture, and Pinchot was made Chief. Ten years ago he had eleven assistants. Now he has nearly two thousand. The territory under his control is more than five times the size of New England, and the vast machinery of the Forest Service is the best example of economical, energetic, effective and scientific work in the entire executive department of the Government. The House committee which investigated the expenditures, methods and results, a year ago, reported that the standard of the Forest Serv-

ice was fully on a par with the methods of the outside business world and superior to any other part of the public service. There is not another department like it in the world. Go there when you will, every floor of the Forestry Building is alive. Everything is rushing at full speed, but every one is working as though it was the highest joy of life. It is the atmosphere which surrounds Pinchot himself and every one under him. It is refreshing. You come away with a sense that you have been in the woods.

Without his eternal optimism Gifford Pinchot would never have succeeded, in spite of his energy and ability, for a better abused man, through the early stages of his efforts, and one better ridiculed, would be hard to find. By far the hardest part of his labor during the past ten years has been fighting, persuading, urging, educating and trying to adjust matters between the hostile private interests which were being curbed, the indifferent public, and a frequently antagonistic Congress, looking more to the present political interests than to the future public good. He is not an idealist. His policy has been to make all public lands available to the public, so far as they can be used without detriment to the future, by a simple administration which is prompt and effective—anything but bureaucratic. In the results he has seen enemies turn friends and friends become enthusiasts.

To rouse a nation, especially against its great money combinations, and accomplish the results already to his credit, in this short space of time, is almost beyond credulity. To understand it one must know the personality of the man and the spirit behind it. He is tall, but slender; nervously active and athletically self-reliant. Endurance and energy are stamped all over him. He has a handsome face, a high forehead capped with thick brown hair going gray. His eyes are quick and clear, full of fun and courage. He is a natural hunter, and next to any recreation which will take him into the forest he has a passion for deep-sea fishing. He is a leader of men because men like him, and when he convinces them that he is right they are glad to follow him. He has the finest regard for the feelings of others and is generous to a fault, but fortunately does not couple with it the usual quality of supersensitiveness which would have made his life an intolerable burden through several past years. He smiled as we were speaking of some recent attacks, a few years ago, and remarked:

"It really does not trouble me, all this criticism. It only indicates that at last people are thinking, and they cannot think long upon the subject without becoming converts."

Altogether he has one of the most attractive personalities, one of the most inspiring atmospheres and one of the best laughs extant. It is worth going up to the seventh floor of the Forestry Building just to shake hands with him.

He is the right man at the helm for the most momentous question before the nation today, involving as it does not only the exhaustion of our sources of prosperity, but the unjust absorption and unequal distribution without compensation. He is devoting his life to the conservation and replenishment of our natural resources and the equitable distribution of them, so that the people, the rightful owners of the public lands, shall not be ruinously deprived of them, or forever dependent for their homes, their minerals, their water-power and necessities of life upon a few monopolies.—The Independent.



TOADS AS BUG CATCHERS.

As high as \$25 a hundred is sometimes paid for live

toads by English and French gardeners. The toad is a highly appreciated personage in foreign gardens. Shelters are made for the toads—shallow holes in the ground covered with flat stones or boards. The toads will retire into these in the daytime and come forth at dusk for their nightly insect forays.

Prof. Hudge, of Clark University, estimated that every time the farmer's boy killed a toad he was destroying \$20 worth of stock on the farm.—Selected.



NATIONAL FARM LAND CONGRESS.

(Continued from Page 1213.)

the land," he said, "means independence and self-respect for the individual and safety for the nation. Every idle and jobless man that shuffles along a city street becomes a menace to free government and a liability to the community. A title deed to an acre of land is a guarantee of patriotism. Anarchy makes no recruits among taxpayers."



FACTS ABOUT THE PANAMA CANAL.

ESTIMATED cost of the Panama Canal, \$200,000,000.

Amount paid the French company for the title, \$40,000,000.

Amount paid Panama government for perpetual lease of canal lands, \$10,000,000.

Length of canal, 46 miles.

Canal width varies from 250 to 500 feet at the top, the bottom width being 150 feet.

There will be 5 twin locks of concrete masonry, each lock 738 feet long and 82 feet wide, with a lifting capacity of 30 to 32 feet.

Lake Bohio (artificial) covers 31 square miles.

Alhajuela Lake (artificial) covers 5,900 acres, and will furnish motive power for operating the locks and lighting the canal from ocean to ocean.

Distance from New York to Manila by present route via San Francisco and Yokohama, 19,530 miles. Distance from New York to Manila by Panama Canal via San Francisco and Yokohama, 11,585 miles.

Distance saved in a sailing trip around the world by the new route through the Panama Canal, 2,768 miles.—*Woman's Home Companion*.

Between Whiles

Necessary Precaution.—"Prisoner at the bar," said the portly, pompous, and florid magistrate, "you are charged with stealing a pig, a very serious offense in this district. There has been a great deal of pig-stealing, and I shall make an example of you, or none of us will be safe."—*London Daily News*.

ON THE SWEET GRASS



J. F. Appleman and wife, Plymouth, Ind., and R. E. Arnold, Elgin, Ill.

Glass Brothers Land Company, Big Timber, Montana.

Big Timber, Mont., May 8, 1909.

Gentlemen: I have taken several days in looking over Sweet Grass County, Montana, and have looked over your irrigation project. I have been careful in my investigation, looking into the grain, stock and fruit raising, and must say that I am more than pleased with what I have found and wish to recommend same to my friends; and I also feel that anyone looking for a home should not wait until tomorrow, but go now as these lands will surely be sold in a short time on the liberal terms you are offering settlers. The lands and irrigation works are far better than you have told me.

Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing you success, I am,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. F. Appleman, Plymouth, Ind.

Formerly State Superintendent of the Mexico (Ind.) Old Folks' & Orphan Children's Home.

Glass Bros. Land Co., Big Timber, Mont.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 18, 1909.

Gentlemen: It was my pleasure to spend several days investigating your lands and irrigation project in Sweet Grass County, near Big Timber.

The longer I looked the better I was impressed with the possibilities of the country. Alfalfa fields were the finest I ever saw. Oats, wheat and other grains were in abundance. I am fully convinced that apples will grow to perfection there. Wherever orchards were seen the trees were full of perfect apples and not a wormy one could be found.

Your irrigation system is well constructed and my opinion is that it will supply more than ample water for your lands.

I was so well pleased with the conditions and possibilities of the country that I purchased 160 acres and propose to put a tenant on it and improve it, and also expect to put at least 19 acres in apples in the spring.

Persons desiring to better their conditions should investigate your lands. Your terms of sale are very liberal.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

R. E. Arnold.

We invite you to investigate the possibilities of these lands.

For price, terms, etc., address,

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By Charles Foster.



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to instruct the young in the truths of the Bible can scarcely be overestimated. Its very general use, and the sale of more than 180,000 copies is proof of its merit and popularity. Bound in fine cloth, stamped in gilt and colors; with ornamental design. One hundred and fifty illustrations. 366 pages.

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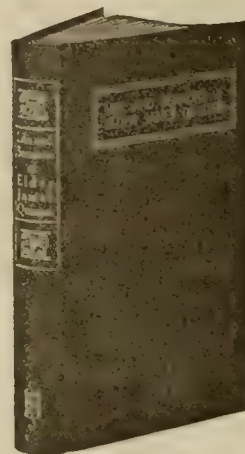
Importance of Personal Work. Personal Experience and Equipment in the Holy Spirit, the Word of God, Prayer and Faith. Personal Conduct in Dealing with Souls. How to Approach Persons. How to Get Cases. The Fundamentals of Salvation Texts for Christians under All Conditions of Sin. The Natural and the New Heart. The Way of Life and the Way of Death. Hell. Answers to Nearly Every Question Asked by Skeptics, and all Classes of Unconverted. False Hopes Swept Away. Guidance for Those Seeking to Find Christ. The Holy Spirit, Acts to First John. The Divine Nature of Christ. The Human Nature of Christ. A Personal Devil. Bible Readings on Prayer and Thanksgiving.



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COLONY NUMBER ONE.

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This picture shows a 20 acre Alfalfa field, seeded March 1, 1909.

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J. M. Bomberger, Modesto, Cal."

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C. A. Gilstrap, Ceres, Cal."

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The earth has grown old with its burden of care,
But at Christmas it always is young;
The heart of the jewel burns lustrous and fair,
And its soul, full of music, breaks forth on the air
When the song of the angels is sung.

It is coming, Old Earth, it is coming tonight!
On the snowflakes which cover thy sod
The feet of the Christ-child fall gentle and white,
And the voice of the Christ-child tells out with delight
That mankind are the children of God.

On the sad and the lonely, the wretched and poor,
That voice of the Christ-child shall fall,
And to every blind wanderer opens the door
Of a hope that he dared not to dream of before,
With a sunshine of welcome for all.

The feet of the humblest may walk in the field
Where the feet of the holiest have trod;
This, this is the marvel to mortals revealed
When the silvery trumpets of Christmas have pealed:
That mankind are the children of God.

—*Phillips Brooks.*

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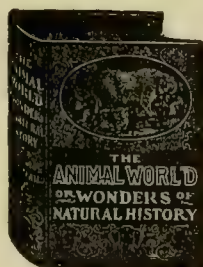
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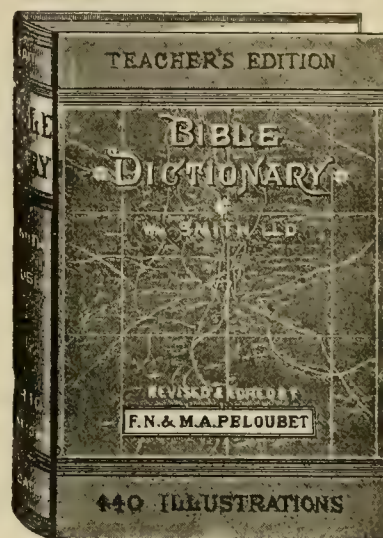
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THE WONDERFUL BIRTH

RICHARD BRAUNSTEIN

THE hour when Jesus was born was an hour for which ages had been waiting. It was an hour that had been destined to have immeasurable influence on all future time, and to prolong its influence into eternity. It was an event toward which all great events looked and back to which all great events point. It is the highest mountain peak of history. From it we look backward to the beginning and forward to the end of all material things, a vision that sweeps the universe and reaches through time into eternity.

This story of the human life of the Son of God, is a simple one. Great things are always simple. They do not need ornamentation, nor elaboration. "*When Jesus was born in Bethlehem of Judea.*" Thus, in striking simplicity, begins the story which not only fills the Bible, but fills innumerable volumes and which age to age has increasingly told in book, in discovery, in invention, in art, in human progress and improvement, until the whole world is filled with the glory and power of that life which began its earthly manifestation in *Bethlehem of Judea*.

As an illustration of the simplicity of this story and of its greatness in its simplicity, compare the Bible story of Jesus with the stories of other distinguished religious characters. Compare it, for example, with the story of Mohammed. It is told for the serious consideration and belief of mankind, that at the age of two years, the young Mohammed was brought by his nurse to visit his mother at Mecca. After a short stay, under the pretense that the climatic conditions there were unfavorable for him, he was carried back to the tribe by his nurse. One day he had wandered with some of his companions into a valley, when, at mid-day, one of them returned home weeping, and besought the foster mother that she hasten in search of the youthful Mohammed for the reason, that a band of wonderful beings had descended from the sky, and snatching the child from them, had carried him to the top of a neighboring hill and were there cutting him open. Hastening to the rescue of the boy, they found

him without a mark of violence on him. In response to inquiries as to what had happened to him, he told this story: "Two persons had suddenly appeared to him, one bearing a sword of burnished silver, the other an emerald basin filled with snow. Conveying him to the hill, they laid him on his back and cut open his body. They then gently removed his intestines, placed them in the basin of snow, and having thoroughly washed them, replaced them in his body. Then one of the persons thrust his hand into the boy's chest, and took out his heart. This was laid open and from the center there was removed a black spot which was declared to be the *Seal of Satan*—the evil propensity, the original sin, and this was cast away. Thus they injected into the heart something which he was unable to describe, but which produced a more delightful sensation than he had ever known. Lastly they rubbed his body with their hands, completely healing the wound and leaving no trace of it, and leaving him spotless, and pure with no taint of sin."

Such is the story told of Mohammed when he was five years of age. Even a child can detect its improbability, and its falsity is plainly apparent. In contrast with this story, and with all other mythical stories of religious leaders and human prophets, how simple is the story of Jesus, how unadorned, how straightforward, how convincing, and how believable. Its truthfulness is evident. Mysterious, and yet not mythical; marvelous but not improbable, simple but not incredible; confirmed in his own day, and to his own generation, by his character and works, increasingly confirmed in all succeeding generations and more believed today than ever—is the story of Jesus Christ. God be praised for a religion which is not founded on a *cunningly devised fable*, but upon a historical fact, and upon a person whose reality, character, teaching, claims, deeds, and all the facts pertaining to whom are historical verities. Christianity, alone, of all religions, can be *proved* to rest its claims, not on a theory, nor a fancy, and a feeling, but on *fact* and *truth*.

The history of Jesus reaches backward from before

time. When he was born the story of his human life began, but Jesus claimed that he came from heaven. When he came to tell his own history, he declared that he was with God before the world existed. He had visited this world ages before he came to it in Bethlehem. In fact, this world was made through him. "In the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made." Thus does John begin the story of Christ. He who was born at Bethlehem was none other but the Son of God. When Jesus was born the Maker of all worlds came to dwell for a few years in this world of man, the Creator of man came to earth in the form of man; the Son of God, became the Son of man; God veiled himself in human form that man might look upon him, the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among men, and man beheld his glory, the glory of the only begotten of the Father, full of grace, and full of truth. Thus when Jesus was born, there began a new chapter of his divine and age-long history.

So wonderful, this story, that it has been repeated in every land, in every language, in every form, for two thousand years, and is still being heard today with more interest and much joy. It is being told among the redeemed in heaven, by happy souls.

When Jesus was born, promises of God, which had waited thousands of years, were fulfilled. Many of God's people had ceased to believe in these promises. The cry of their unbelief was, "Where is the sign of his coming? For since the fathers fell asleep, all things continue as they were." But this was not so. Blinded by doubt, they did not see the changes going on. They forgot that with God a thousand years are as a day, and a day as a thousand years. God's promises were ripening to fulfillment. With God there is neither delay, nor haste. God is never in a hurry, and never late. He has made his own time and keeps it. Therefore, "*When the fullness of time was come, God sent forth his Son.*" He was born when God promised. Even the cruel and murderous Herod learns about the birth of Jesus through the recorded promises of God. The report of the great event coming to his ears, he is anxious to ascertain all about it. What is his method? Does he send his soldiers and servants through the land to find out? There is a quicker and surer way. He calls the men who are well instructed in the Scriptures and demands them to tell him where Christ is to be born. Most remarkable circumstances that, of this heathen ruler seeking accurate knowledge of this great event through the Scriptures. And the men who knew the Scriptures were able to tell him. "And they said to him, In Bethlehem of Judea." Are you sure? How do you know? "For thus it is written."

How surely and gloriously was the Word of God fulfilled when the infant Christ was born! So will it ever be. Are you fearful and doubtful? Are you afraid that the purposes and plans of God may be thwarted? Are you disturbed by the mocking unbelief of the world? In mysterious and trying experience does it seem as if God had forgotten; after long and painful waiting and much prayer with no apparent answer is there no sign of his coming and do all things seem unchanged? *Away to Bethlehem.* Go and stand by the manager cradle of the new-born Christ. Recall how wondrously and exactly the promises of God were fulfilled when he was born; remember that Jesus is the pledge of the fulfillment of every promise of God and that all of God's promises are in him *yea* and *amen*. And your faith shall be renewed and increased! Your heart will thrill with joy. Your lips will confess with confidence and gladness.

Froude, the historian, commenting on the difference between Christ and Cæsar says: "In the most despised of the Roman provinces, among groups of peasants and fishermen, on the shores of a Galilean lake—in the remote and humble region, a new life had begun for mankind. They had looked for a union of God and man. They thought they had found it in Cæsar. Divided from Cæsar by the whole diameter of society, they found it at last in the Carpenter of Nazareth. The kingdom of Cæsar was a kingdom over the world; the kingdom of Jesus was a kingdom in the heart of man." In truth, a new life came into humanity when Jesus was born. The distinction is not to be lost sight of, that Jesus not only came *to*, but that he came *into* humanity. He became part of humanity, not for the brief space of his earthly career, but forever. When he was born into human life he took upon himself humanity. He carried humanity all through his earthly life, and when he left the earth he took humanity with him into the life and glory from whence he came. Veiled in human form, he was as divine as before he appeared. And today, though he has laid aside the earthly form, he is as human in heaven as when he was on earth. He came into humanity to endow it with his divine life and lift it to God. He came that man might have more abundant life: He became the Son of man, that through him men might become the *Sons of God*. Here is a new *life* a new *hope* a new and divine *destiny* for humanity.

Heaven was opened toward earth when Jesus was born. Through heaven's outswinging gates there rushed a light brighter than the stars and more glorious than the sun. Heavenly messengers descended, bringing the message proclaiming God's good will to men, and his peace. The vision was repeated when Jesus was baptized. A voice was heard saying, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased." The vision was again seen on the Mount of Transfigura-

tion. And again the vision when Jesus ascended: "This same Jesus, who is now taken from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye see him go into heaven."

And John, the beloved disciple, he too had a vision. He beholds heaven open, and he sees Jesus enthroned in glory, preparing to come again to earth, and with him millions of triumphant souls chanting the praise of the Redeemer. When Jesus was born, heaven was opened to men; during his stay on earth, heaven remained open to men; and when he ascended he left it open. Millions are following him. They are going

over the same glorious pathway. Will you make one of them? You may be, for he has given his invitation. The message is COME. Let us at this Christmas season, make of our hearts another Bethlehem, and pray his Holy Spirit to be born within us. Thus can we, by faith look into an opened heaven and say:

"Heaven is opened for me and to me, for Jesus says, 'In my Father's house are many mansions: I go to prepare a place for you. I will come again and receive you, unto my self; that where I am, there ye may be also.'"

MISS MARTHA'S IDOL

HATTIE PRESTON RIDER

TWON'T be much of a Christmas in there," said Mrs. Hall, nodding her head toward the big brown house behind the dusky cedars.

"Miss Marthy don't know the meaning of Christmas," Mrs. Graves answered, grimly. "At least, as a time of peace and good will. She hasn't ever forgiven Reuben."

"It's the Channing pride," Mrs. Hall responded. "But she worshiped him. Everybody did. A stroke of lightning wouldn't a-been more surprise than when Austin Dean swore he saw Reuben take that money. Some said having to testify was what broke him down so he had to go away. I don't know."

"Reuben's time must be more'n out, ain't it?" Mrs. Graves remarked, interrogatively.

"A year ago last April," the other answered. "But he'll never come back here. Poor Miss Martha! No Christmas in her heart, and none in her home!"

A slight rustle among the cedars startled the loiterers. As they hurried guiltily on, Miss Martha herself crawled out from beneath the branches and passed up the walk to the porch, with a tiny cheeping sparrow in her hand.

The light she struck in the tidy kitchen showed a pale, unquiet face. It was not the first time she had overheard comments, friendly or otherwise, on her closet skeleton; but tonight, somehow, they carried a fresh sting. Reuben's face obtruded itself between her and her little patient, now bright and boyish, now crazed, hardened, as it had grown under her bitter reproaches. When the time of his sentence expired, she waited, shrinking but expectant, for his return. Then, as the silent months dragged by, there grew and settled upon her the sickening consciousness that he did not intend to come. The Channing pride died hard. Tonight, its misery was keenest upon her.

Resolutely facing the dreary evening, Miss Martha sat down to her sewing. But as she drew the first

thread, a loud knock sounded. Opening the door, she was confronted by a boy with a white scared countenance.

"There's a man out here jest dyin'!" he announced, excitedly.

Miss Martha's hand shook as she reached for her shawl. The catastrophe seemed a climax to her own wretched imaginings.

"How was he hurt," she asked, huskily, as they went down the walk together.

"He ain't hurt," the boy answered. "He jest lays there, gaspin'."

Reuben had had an attack of heart trouble, once. Miss Martha's own vital organ stood still as she recalled the fact. She quickened her steps, and presently came up with the little knot gathered round the unconscious sufferer, whom they had lifted to an improvised stretcher.

"Bring him into my house," Miss Martha commanded, her voice harsh with suppressed feeling; and the bearers obeyed.

When they had laid him on the spotless bed, Miss Martha, shrinking but resolute, brought a light and looked eagerly at the gray, unconscious face. The revulsion of relief was so strong it turned her faint. It was the face of an utter stranger.

The doctor came shortly. When he had made his examination, he shook his head.

"Heart failure, and poor living," he said.

All night long he and Miss Martha worked, the grimy stains on pillow and coverlet passing before the spinster's tidy eyes as things of naught. Ever confronting her mental vision hung a picture of Reuben in such pitiful straits, and at the mercy of strangers. As her hands performed their gentle offices, the softness at her heart grew, and she realized that the idol she had made unto herself was not, as her neighbor had said, the boy whom she had tended with a moth-

er's care all his young years, whose disgrace had broken her heart; but rather pride, selfish, unreasoning, blind, the pride that looked not at the worth of a precious soul, but cringed instead to the pitiless criticism of outsiders. Its dethronement was complete; and when the gray Christmas morning broke it brought peace undreamed-of to her once bitter, troubled soul.

The doctor had taken a cup of coffee, preparatory to starting on his rounds. As he turned back for a final glance at his patient, he called Miss Martha sharply. She came at once, peering past him in alarm. The look of the last great change had settled on the unconscious face, but bringing out another as well.

"Good God!" the doctor muttered. "He was so altered we did not know him! It is Austin Dean!"

He sat down stupefied. Miss Martha stood speechless, grown hot-red and then marble-white. The man whose testimony had convicted Reuben! And she had nursed him with an angel's pity!

Better thoughts came to her presently. Through them broke the doctor's voice:

"I must go, but I'll send over somebody. He mustn't be left alone a minute."

It was Squire Rogers who came, for years the business friend of the Channing family. But as the day waned, life ebbed also to its close, unconscious to the last. Then, as Miss Martha and the squire were making simple preparation of the body, a neighbor who had stepped in opened the bedroom door with a blank, perturbed face.

"There's a—a man out there wants to see the Squire," she stammered.

"Ask him to wait a few minutes," the squire answered.

Miss Martha followed the neighbor out, hospitably bent. At the sitting-room door she stopped short, a mist suddenly blurring her sight. The caller stood before the fire, clad in a long ulster, his cap in his hand, and between his fingers a wisp of yellow paper like a telegram. There were streaks of gray in the little curls above his temple, and a deep line at the corner of his clean-shaven, firmly-molded lips. But it was no mocking vision. Miss Martha gave a gasp as he turned expectantly, and their eyes met. In that one look the heart-hunger of each flashed to sight of the other. With a glad cry, Miss Martha flew into her boy's outstretched arms; and the neighbor, as one who had beheld a miracle, betook herself speechlessly to the kitchen.

"Reuben! O Reuben!" Miss Martha was sobbing like a girl on the ulster shoulder,—“I believe I've—suffered all I—deserve, even! Can you ever—forgive me?”

The big boy smoothed her ruffled hair with unsteady fingers. He still held the yellow slip.

"No doubt you had reason to feel hard, Aunt Martha."

She shook her head.

"Nothing should ever set us against our own," she declared, tremulously.

She slipped back, as the bedroom door opened and Squire Rogers stepped nervously out, carrying a handful of papers. He stared blankly for an instant, for he had clean forgotten the caller. Then a glow lit his face. Crossing the room with great strides, he caught the young man's hand in a crushing grip.

"Reuben. The Lord be praised!" he cried. "What good angel's visit is this?"

A gleam of his old merry self flashed across Reuben's face; but a shadow followed.

"Few would consider it that, sir," he answered.

"Then so many would be correct," the Squire finished, promptly. He paused a moment, and then added, as if puzzled still:

"Was it you, then, that wished to see me?"

"I came in response to this," Reuben replied, handing him the yellow slip.

The Squire looked it over.

"‘To Reuben Channing, Andover,’" he read aloud. "‘Go at once to Benj. Rogers, Warren, and receive important paper.’ Unsigned. Hum!" A great light broke suddenly over his rugged face. "Great heavens! Is it possible here is the very thing?" Eagerly, he sorted over the papers he was still holding, and selected an envelope with its seal intact. By the fading light Reuben read his own name upon it, and underneath, the Squire's.

"I found it only a moment ago, in the pocket of the man who lies dead yonder," the Squire answered his look of amazed questioning. "No doubt, he was bringing it to me, when his illness overcame him. Read it, boy!"

Reuben opened the sheet. It was brief, but he read it twice, thrice. Then it fluttered to the floor, he sank into a chair, and burying his face in his arms, broke into great, shivering, tearless sobs. White as death, Miss Martha reached for the paper, and together she and the Squire read. Though so short, it was witnessed and sealed with a notary's seal.

"Before God, in whose presence I shall soon stand, I swear that I, and I only, committed the crime of which Reuben Channing was convicted through my false testimony, and for which he was sentenced to prison.

(Signed) Austin Dean."

"A coward to the last, in that he dared not meet you face to face!" the Squire's stern voice cut the silence that followed. "But—the evidence clears you, Reuben."

It was late, but Miss Martha and her boy still sat beside the fire. From near-by steeples the Christmas bells were pealing joyfully for the evening service, and

waking a hundred sweet echoes in Miss Martha's soul. Presently she slipped her worn hand under the strong one lying on the arm of her chair.

"Reuben, dear," she said, softly, nodding her head toward the closed door, "I feel, somehow, as if he had found forgiveness, over yonder, on account of that last—thing he did; don't you?"

Reuben smiled somberly back at her, defying the pain that flitted for an instant across his face.

"He righted the wrong of his doing, Aunt Martha, as well as could be done at this late day," he answered.

Miss Martha's eyes shone.

"There is peace and good-will, at last," she said, reverently; adding, as if some memory recurred to her:

"And, we,—O Reuben! We have Christmas in our hearts and our home forever, now!"



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That tenth man wins because self-appreciation and the estimate he has of his own capabilities won't let him stop. He knows he can and therefore does. The other nine stay at the foot of the ladder or mount only a few rounds because—like Lot's wife—they turned and looked backward. Onward, upward are the watch-words.

There are many essentials to a successful life. The one essential without which all others become valueless is that "something within" which tells us we can—that inmost conviction that we will succeed—that inner determination that positively will not be downed.

We all have that power that can,—it is inherent in every mind, is just as natural as life itself. But so few learn to use it. When we become conscious of the power within us—have aroused the power that can, this not only gives *capacity* to succeed but also a *desire* to succeed.

By doubting we suppress the power that can. Doubt must be removed before success can be attained.

Success is for every one. Any man may succeed if he will bring out *all* that is in him.

Another essential and second to none is *faith*, a word which few of us understand; yet it is one of the greatest words in existence; a power through which all things become possible. When we have faith in our powers we feel still greater powers and thus become ambitious which is necessary to keep us going on.

"You can not fail so long as you are growing in power, ability and practical efficiency; so long as you are growing in the power of desire to succeed, in the power of ambition to succeed, and the power of

determination to succeed. And all these things become stronger and greater the more real positive faith you have in everything that is contained in your life." All real abiding faith is calm and strong.

We must have an ideal, an aim. The higher the aim, the higher we reach. We must use all our forces of thought and imagination in working up to our ideal and train all our faculties to focus their activities on the goal we wish to reach. "Hitch your wagon to a star."

The great Power of which we are a part will work with us. "I and God never fails; I alone, seldom succeeds."

Another essential is ability. Yet those of greatest ability are sometimes confused and depressed with so much doubt and fear that not a single faculty gives expression to more than a fractional part of its inherent power. Consequently they fail while those of lesser ability surmount the ladder and reap rich reward because they know they can. There must be something back of ability to push it to the front. Of course we should work in the field in which we have a natural aptitude,—work where the heart is and our success will be many times greater. We may be forced to work elsewhere through adverse circumstances, usually lack of money. This we can use as a "winding up process,"—use our spare moments in preparing to work in the desired field. All this time we must keep within a persistent desire, a striving for, a determination to win at some time. We will reach our field wound up and so much the better prepared.

And always we should keep a deep feeling of calmness and strength. The greatest forces in the universe work in absolute stillness—and it is only the force that is calm that can build.

Neither can we run away from difficulties in our race for success. We will continue to run against them until we meet them face to face and *conquer* them,—not by passive endurance but by battle whereby we are the conquerors.

Honesty and industry are rounds in this great ladder; honest in our dealings with others as we would have them be to us.

The accumulation of wealth is not a requisite of a successful life. We get our necessary portion as a result of success in our special field,—for this is one of the things that shall be "added unto us." The most successful Personality since the creation made no effort to accumulate this world's goods yet he was never in *want*.

To me he is most successful who at eventide can feel he is nearer his goal than at dawn, who has lent a helping, uplifting hand to some needy one, who has strengthened his powers until he knows he can take yet greater strides on the morrow, who has filled with a desire to be truer, purer and more courageous all with whom he came in contact. We are bound to thus succeed for we are joint heirs with—Perfect Success.



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter VI.

IN 1691 ten squaws received the hospitality of the citizens of Dover, New Hampshire, and were lodged in fine garrisoned houses. The people had no suspicion of their treacherous intentions. In the night the squaws, two in each house, arose and unbarred the doors, admitting the savages who were outside, and a terrible massacre followed from which only three persons escaped.

A band of Indians attacked Haverhill, Mass., in March, 1697, killing twenty people and carrying away many of the women and children, who later suffered death. Mr. Dustin, who was working in his field, realizing the cause of excitement, leaped upon his horse, and rode with all his speed to aid his wife and children. He bid his little flock "run ahead" and retreated slowly, keeping the Indians back with his gun, bringing his children off in safety. His wife, being unable to escape, was dragged into captivity, and after marching many days through the forest reached an island in the Merrimac River, where she resolved to escape. A white boy, who had been taken prisoner some time before, found from his master at Mrs. Dustin's request, how to strike a death-blow and how to take a scalp. Having learned these, in the night she awoke the boy and her nurse, and arranged their parts, and the task was soon accomplished. Each seized a tomahawk and killed ten of the sleeping Indians, only one escaping, and scalped them to prove their story upon arriving home. They then hastened to the bank of the river where they found a canoe, descended the river and were soon with their own family.

Another strange paragraph in the history of New England is the Salem Witchcraft. We are at times obliged to turn from the stately progress of affairs to the occult movements of the human mind, and note its diseases and delusions, and mark the crimes which it is capable of committing during these periods of delirium. Over two hundred years ago the fathers of New England were subject to that strange intellectual and moral disease which caused the terrible deeds of the Salem witchcraft. This broke out in a part of Salem village, Massachusetts, known as Danvers, and was traced to the hatred of a minister named Samuel Parris against a former pastor of the church, George Burroughs. Parris brought the charge of witchcraft

against several of the friends and adherents of Burroughs and they were imprisoned and tried before the Deputy—Governor of the colony—Stoughton. Parris, who was in correspondence with several Boston pastors, secured the help of the celebrated Cotton Mather in prosecuting these alleged witches. Mather undertook the cause and was the most responsible for the horrors and crimes that followed. Twenty innocent persons, including many women, were put to death, and forty-five others tortured into confession of abominable falsehoods. One hundred and fifty others lay in prison awaiting their fate. Still two hundred others were accused or suspected, and ruin seemed to hang over New England. The terrible mania spread. Committees of examination were appointed and trials held. Most improbable stories were believed. To express a doubt of witchcraft was to indicate one's alliance with the evil spirits. Clergymen, magistrates, and even the governor's wife, were implicated. After fifty-five people had been tortured and twenty hanged, the people came to their senses. The belief in witchcraft had by this time become universal. Sir Matthew Hale, a most enlightened judge of England, tried and condemned persons who were accused. Blackstone later declared that "to deny witchcraft was to deny Revelation." Cotton Mather, the minister who was active in rooting out the supposed crime, published a book of the most ridiculous witch stories imaginable. One judge who took part in the persecutions, was afterwards so deeply penitent that he observed a day of fasting each year, when he would rise in his place in the Old South Church (Boston) and in the presence of the congregation, hand to the pulpit a written confession of his error and pray for forgiveness.

It is in the nature of such atrocities—diseased as they are—to cure themselves by reaction. The reaction came at the very height of this delusion, and the people arose and righted themselves. Mather cried against it, yet the witch tribunals were overthrown. In October the General Assembly convened and the court appointed by Gov. Phipps to sit on these cases, was at once dismissed. The spell was broken; the thralldom of public mind was broken; reason shook off its terror; and the prison doors were opened and these poor

victims of superstition, malice and delusion were once more free.

The General Court of the Colony of Massachusetts in 1636 appropriated between \$1,000 and \$2,000 to found a college at Newton. Plymouth and Salem helped the enterprise as did the settlements in the Connecticut Valley. John Harvard, a young minister of Charlestown, in 1638, at his death, bequeathed his library and nearly \$5,000 to the institute. The school, in memory of its benefactor, was called Harvard College, and in honor of the place where many of the leading men of Massachusetts were educated, the name of the town was changed from Newton to Cambridge.

In 1638 Stephen Daye, an English printer, came to Boston with his outfit and the following year set up his press at Cambridge. His first publication was an almanac for New England, and in 1639 Thomas Welde and John Eliot—two ministers at Roxbury—and Richard Mather of Dorchester, translated the Psalms from the Hebrew into English verse, and published their work in a volume of three hundred pages—which was the first book printed in America.

The population of New England was now increasing very rapidly. Nearly fifty towns and villages dotted the country. It was estimated that one million of dollars had been spent in settling and developing this country during the first twenty years from the founding of Plymouth. Manufacturers, commerce, and the arts soon began. A ship-builder, John Stephens, who came in 1629, built and launched an American vessel of four hundred tons burden, and before 1640 about two hundred and ninety-eight ships had anchored in Massachusetts Bay. This year showed a population of 21,200.

Early in the history of New England practical measures were taken (1639 and 1643) first in the Massachusetts Assembly, afterwards in the neighboring colonies, looking to the union of all. The act was adopted by the Massachusetts Bay, Plymouth, Connecticut, and New Haven Colonies, which united in a confederacy, called the United Colonies of New England, the chief authority being vested in a General Assembly composed of two representatives from each colony, chosen annually at an election, by all the free-

men voting by ballot. The Colonies being under the general authority of the King of England, no president was provided for, other than a speaker of the Assembly, and he was without any executive powers. The local governments were retained by vote of each colony, and all subordinate questions of legislation were referred to the individual members of the Union.

The people of Massachusetts were not attached to the King's party, but were attached to the Republican and Parliamentary cause. The throne was in fear of peril from those in the English House of Commons who were in alliance with the colonists of New England, many of their friends having become members



of that body. American Puritans by voice and sympathy sustained the revolutionary party during the civil war in England. The feelings of the colonists, however, were modified by distance, and when Charles I was brought to the block those whose fathers had been exiled by his father preserved the memory of his virtues and lamented his tragic fate.

Cromwell, who understood the temper and sentiment of the people of New England was always their true friend, as they were his favorite people. He was bound to them by all the ties of political and religious sympathy. For more than ten years his hand rested heavily upon the English people, and he might be called their oppressor, but Cromwell remained the benefactor of the English in America.

The friends of Roger Williams at Boston led a movement to have him recalled from banishment but the Boston ministers opposed the proposition, on the grounds that his "teachings and principles would subvert the Commonwealth of Massachusetts," and the proposal was rejected.

A company of exiles arrived at Rhode Island in 1638, led by John Clark, William Coddington, and Mrs. Ann Hutchinson who left Massachusetts to found a colony on the Delaware River. They were welcomed by Williams (who had returned) and Henry Vane, Governor of Massachusetts at that time, and induced Minatonomo, Sachem of the Narragansetts, to make a gift of the island of Rhode Island, upon which they planted a colony. Here they first founded Portsmouth. This little party took ancient Israel as a model of their constitution; established a theocracy and made William Coddington judge. It seems strange to see an attempt to revive a form of society upon an island in Narragansett Bay, that had perished three thousand years before.

In a short time the Israel of Narragansett Bay proved a failure, but the colony did not fail, but multiplied and grew stronger. In 1641 they established a civil government, and the style of civil affairs was called a "Democracie," or government by the people. The whole body of freemen were supreme authority, and freemen with them referred to everybody. On the seal of the State was written:—*Amor Vincit Omnia*—Love will conquer all things.

Rhode Island was not allowed to unite with the New England Union. The people of Rhode Island becoming alarmed at the refusal and the claim made by the

Plymouth colony to jurisdiction over the prosperous settlements of that region, determined to secure their existence by obtaining a royal charter, for which purpose Roger Williams was sent to England. He was received by Henry Vane, his old friend, who assisted him in obtaining a charter. Upon returning to Rhode Island he was received with great rejoicing.

The future of Rhode Island was full of promise and prosperity. The people secured from King Charles II through the agency of Geo. Baxter, the confirmation of their charter, and were firmly established as an independent, democratic state.

At the close of the century Sir Edmond Andros arrived, and breaking the seal of the colony, broke up their government, and appointed an irresponsible council and left the little "Democracie" in ruins.

King James and his royal governors passed away together in 1689, and on May 1, 1690, liberty was restored to the people of Rhode Island, their democratic institution was revived, and Walter Clark re-elected governor, but he refused as did Gov. Alny. Henry Bull, a Quaker, was finally chosen, and the little State began to prosper. The colony rested in peace for fifty years, and the principles of the great founder became in a large measure the principles of the State, and remain the same to this day.

CHARACTER STUDY WITH HAWTHORNE

OTHO WINGER

I. Ethan Brand.

ETHAN BRAND lived a solitary and meditative life among the hills of Old New England. His work was that of a lime-burner. Day after day, and night after night he sat by his kiln and kept the fires aglow that turned the mountain stone into lime. He was a close student of human nature, and it was "with reverence that he had looked into the heart of man, viewing it as a temple originally divine, and, however desecrated, still to be held sacred by a brother." He had a reverence for God whom he constantly recognized as the kind and loving Father of the universe.

In the course of time his constant habits of study resulted in great intellectual development. But he also grew cold in his reverence for God. His sense of brotherhood with man grew weaker as his intellect grew stronger. He engaged in philosophical meditations on abstruse subjects. His chief thought was concerning the unpardonable sin. He became desirous

of knowing what it was. It was said that night after night he called forth an evil spirit from the red-hot furnace, and with him he held long conversations, endeavoring to discover some sin that the infinite mercy of heaven could not reach.

Not being able to find the object of his search at home and in the hearts of those he knew, he started out into the world to enlarge the sphere of his observation. He searched in many lives and prompted many to sin for no other purpose but his own investigation. The object seemed to operate as a means of education. He acquired such knowledge that the philosophers and universities of the earth were glad to acknowledge his merit and pronounce him great.

"So much for the intellect! But where was the heart? That, indeed, had withered,—had contracted,—had hardened,—had perished! It had ceased to partake of the universal throb. He had lost his hold of the magnetic chain of humanity. He was no longer a brother-man, opening the chambers of the dungeons

of our common nature by the key of holy sympathy, which gave him a right to share in all its secrets; he was now a cold observer, looking on mankind as the subject of his experiment, and, at length, converting man and woman to be his puppets, and pulling the wires that moved them to such degrees of crime as were demanded for his study."

In Ethan Brand a wonderful transformation was wrought. From a simple-hearted, loving man he was gradually changed into a fiend. His intellect had grown but his moral nature had ceased to keep pace; rather, under the blighting influence of his unnatural ideal, all the better part of his nature had become so dwarfed and hardened that he was no longer susceptible to any good influences. Having chosen to reject and desecrate the good things of God's creation, he lost the capacity of the healthy feeling that he once possessed.

In his wide search he coldly observed and experimented with the blackest sins known to man; but in no heart could he find a sin that seemed to be unpardonable. However, little by little, the truth came to him, that he was to find that dreadful thing. Where was it? In the heart of a murderer? In the life of the profane man? In the vile life of the robber? No, not there; but in his own heart. It had grown within his own breast. "The sin of an intellect that triumphed over the sense of brotherhood with man and reverence for God, and sacrificed everything to its own mighty claims; the only sin that deserves a recompense of immortal agony!"

Having achieved his purpose he returned to his native land. He found another lime-burner, Bartram, at the place where he and the fiend, twenty years before, had held conferences concerning the unpardonable sin. The word quickly spread to the neighbors that Ethan Brand had returned. They came at a late hour in the night to see the almost forgotten wanderer. He cared nothing for their greetings and they were as little attracted toward him; the younger children instinctively recoiled from the sight of the unnatural man. Amid the rambling conversation and the exhibition of some pictures by a wandering, German Jew, a very laughable event occurred. An old dog seemed suddenly possessed with the idea of catching with his teeth his short, stubby tail. Around and around he went with the tail always a little in the lead. This performance continued amid the yells of the laughing villagers until the cur was out of breath.

There was one spectator, however, who saw in this ridiculous affair quite a different analogy from what appeared to the rest of the company. It was, to Ethan Brand, a very likeness of what his own foolish search had been. He had spent a score of years in chasing that which was in his own heart. Seated upon the log, at this strange hour of the night, he broke forth

into an awful laugh—an expression of his own inward being, but to the merry crowd it undoubtedly seemed to be as the laughter of Satan as he was made sure of one more angel.

The crowd scattered to their homes at once. At Ethan Brand's request he was permitted by Bartram to watch the kiln through the night. Then in the awful solitude he recounted to himself his early life; the beginning of his strange desire; the various and foul means by which he had sought it; his loss of sympathy and love for his fellow-men; and his terrible situation now that he had attained it. This consciousness of his condition was too great to endure. He rushed to the top of the hillock overlooking the kiln, and there at his feet he viewed the fiery furnace where dwelt the fiends of long ago. A few words commending himself to the deadly element, a terrible laugh that rolled forth through the nightly air, and all was quiet again.

In the morning when Bartram came to his kiln he found that the fire had gone down, that the lime was burned enough, only there was half-a-bushel more than he expected to find. There lay a human skeleton, thoroughly converted into lime. "Within the ribs—strange to say—was the shape of a human heart."

This stony heart is to be found in the breasts of many men today. Must you go to the murderer's cell, the dismal room of the "white slave," or to the hidden retreat of the robber in order to find it? You may not even find it there. Where then? It may be within the breast of the college graduate who has scaled the heights of intellectual eminence. He may be a far-famed teacher in a modern university, the president of a modern trust; or a member of our national Congress. Whatever his acquired ability, if his heart has lost its tenderness and has ceased to throb with the great pulse of humanity, and if his conscience no longer causes him to recognize the authority of the divine law, he too, like Ethan Brand, is engaged in a vain pursuit. He is becoming more and more an unneeded person in the world. Disgusted with himself, spurned by his fellows, rejected by God, he is a fit candidate for the abode of devils.



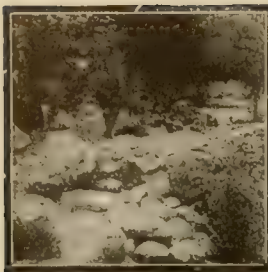
IN some way the first and second columns of page two of last week's INGLENOOK became transposed after the forms reached the press room, and in reading the first-page article it is necessary to read the second column before the first on second page.



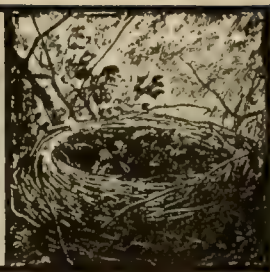
CAN anything be sadder than work left unfinished? Yes; work never begun.—*Christina G. Rosetti.*



"A MAN in anger is like a chariot without a driver, a ship in a storm without a pilot, a scorpion which stings itself as well as others."



NATURE STUDIES



SILKWORMS.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

THE raising and manufacture of silk are among the very ancient arts. Where did they originate? The Chinese claim this, just as they claim every other invention.

We are told that the Empress Si-ling-Chi was the inventor of the industry. 4559 years ago (2650 B. C.) she taught the people to reel and weave silk, for which she was placed among the Chinese divinities as "Sien-Thsan," which means, "The first promoter of Silk Industry."

When the first settlers came to America they soon looked to the raising of silk worms as an industry of great promise. And why not? The climate was suitable, the people were as skillful as others who had made a success at the work, and mulberry trees were plentiful. All these attempts have been failures. Why? The reasons were not climatic, for the ventures extended the whole length and breadth of the land—from Maine and Florida to California. The reason is not to be found in the time of establishing the industry, for the attempts date from colonial times to the present. The chief factor has been and is yet the cost of labor. In Europe wages run from eight to twenty-five cents per day, while in Asia laborers are paid as low as two cents per day.

Just before the period of wildest speculation (from 1837 to 1840) the Cheney Brothers were interested in the raising of silk worms and later in the sale of mulberry trees. Both of these enterprises failed, but in 1838 one of them started a small plant to make sewing silk at South Manchester, Conn., in which he was later joined by his brothers. From this modest beginning has grown a vast industry. This pioneer firm is still in operation, employing thirty-six hundred operatives.

The last estimate of the world's production of silk is given by French authorities as 33,091,000 kilos. A kilo equals about 2.2 pounds. China, Japan and Italy are, in the order named, the greatest producers of raw silk, and China, United States, France, Japan and Germany are the leading manufacturers of raw silks.

Silk is the product of cocoons made by the silkworm which is reared in Asia and Europe. The food of the worms is almost exclusively the leaves of the mulberry tree, though there are certain coarse, wild silks

such as the tussahs, found in China, Korea, Japan and India, the worms of which live on the leaves of a certain species of oak.

The cocoons vary much in color. Most of the European are bright yellow, though some are white. On the other hand most of the Asiatic cocoons are white, while a few are yellow. The wild silks are for the most part ecru color, though some are pale green. As I write, on the table by me are samples showing the colors, ranging from the ecru tussah and bright yellow Italian to the pure white Canton filature. This color, in all but the wild silks, is due to the gum with which the fibres are stuck together, and which is removed by boiling in soap and water before the silk is dyed.

Like all insects of its class the silkworm passes through three stages. The first is the caterpillar or larva, the second the chrysalis, and the last is the perfect insect or imago.

Let us begin with the egg. This is round, slightly flattened, and much resembles a turnip seed. When the egg hatches the worm is scarcely an eighth of an inch long, covered with black hair, and possessed of sixteen small legs. In this stage they are fed on the leaves of the mulberry tree, cut finely, not bruised. At first the worms can only suck the sap of the leaves, but soon are able to eat the tender portions.

The larva has a cylindrical body composed of twelve segments. The black spots on its sides are the breathing tubes, or rather the openings of them. They are known as spiracles.

The worm has four molting seasons, at each of which it sheds its skin and gets a new one. In this the old skin breaks at the nose, the head is pushed out, and the worm wiggles its way out of the skin. A liquid is secreted between the old skin and the new one which assists in the operation of molting.

For some time after each molt the worm remains in a semi-torpid condition, known as a "sleep." During this time changes take place in the appearance of the worm, its body losing the shiny aspect. When fairly over its molt it eats continuously till time for the next change, and rapidly increases in size.

After the completion of the fourth molt its appetite is greater than ever but the worm soon loses its appetite altogether. In this stage it is about three

inches long and prepares to spin its cocoon. It loses about an inch in length, grows nearly transparent, and acquires a white, green, or pinkish hue, according to the race, seeks a quiet place and prepares to spin its cocoon. In about seventy-two hours it has completed its cocoon and is concealed from view. After four or five days the skin breaks and the insect issues from its old covering as a chrysalis.

Although apparently asleep, this is a period of great activity, for the entire anatomy of the insect is transformed. The wings, antennae, legs, etc., are developed and at the expiration of eighteen or twenty days the complete insect emerges from the cocoon.

This will ruin the fibre for unwinding, so to prevent its escape the cocoons are heated by steam to kill the chrysalis, after which they may be kept indefinitely.

The moths begin to lay their eggs in a few hours, which is usually completed in two or three days, then in from six to twelve days the mother moth dies.

The time from the hatching of the egg to the death of the moth is about sixty-five days. Only one brood a year is produced here, but in China they have developed breeds having several generations in a year.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.



THE WONDERFUL ZAPUPE.

At Chihuahua, Mexico, an American merchant sold me a coil of rope that I desired to have used in cording a trunk. The rope, I was informed, was made of the fiber of the zapupe plant, and this meant that it had two qualities not possessed by rope constructed of the usual material, hemp and cotton; it would not kink, neither would it mildew when exposed to water.

This information aroused both my interest and my curiosity, and I forthwith set out to learn all that I could of the wonderful zapupe. My researches but strengthened the conviction I had before entertained that Mexico is indeed a land not only of astonishing but of most valuable products.

Like the henequen plant of Yucatan, the zapupe has long been known to the Indians as producing a fiber of great value in the making of bags, lariats, cordage, and especially of fish nets. The first rope made from the zapupe gave such satisfactory results that it has now become an article of extensive manufacture. Unlike the rope made from henequen, it will run freely through pulleys and through ship-blocks, never kinking. It has been found, too, that it is most durable, as it long withstands the action of water.

The zapupe plant is similar in appearance to the henequen, which grows so abundantly in Yucatan. The leaves, however, are longer and thinner, and there is more fiber. "It is white," says an authority, "when properly extracted, and is very resistant and flexible."

Large plantations for the cultivation of the zapupe plant were set out some five or six years ago in Mexico,

two of them very near to Tuxpam, are now proving the source of considerable revenue to their owners. Each plant when three years old begins to yield two and a half pounds of fiber annually, which increases to four pounds by the time the plant is five years old. One peculiarity of the plant is that the leaves must be cut every ninety days, otherwise the life of the plant is shortened.

From a most interesting article published by the American consul at Tuxpam, Mexico, we learn that if the leaves of the zapupe are not cut regularly, the plant will, at the end of its fifth year, begin to throw upward from its center a long stem which, at the end of the plant's seventh year, reaches a height of eight feet. When this stem arrives at maturity, the plant will shortly thereafter cease to produce leaves and will die. On the other hand, if the leaves are regularly cut, the zapupe will continue to produce fiber of satisfactory quality up to its eighteenth year.

From its fifteenth to its eighteenth year, branches develop at the summit of the stem. These become detached and take root in the ground. Thus many vigorous young plants, sometimes scores of them, are found growing about the old plant. These young plants are reset into other plantations thus a zapupe grower is at no additional cost in procuring young plants, as he has a volunteer nursery constantly at hand.

The zapupe resembles very closely the century plant. The edges of the leaves, however, are more sharply serrated, while the needle-like thorn at the end of each is longer and of more penetrating force. The plant is shunned by stock and does not require fencing.

In making rope from the fiber of the zapupe, on the plantations, modern machinery is used. The fiber, when ready for the market, brings eight to nine cents a pound. I understand that the demand far exceeds the supply, and that zapupe planting is fast coming to be one of the best paying industries of Mexico.—*Young People*.



F. FRITZ has discovered that the domestic cat possesses a peculiar organ of sense, consisting of a few long and stiff bristles, or feelers, which spring from a region of the skin richly furnished with nerves in the vicinity of the wrist joint of the foreleg. These organs, called "carpal vibrassæ," had previously been found in numerous animals, including rodents, edentata, carnivora, the lower quadrumana, and *Hyrax*. They are found chiefly in animals which hold their food with their forepaws, or which crawl and climb. Thus, they are wanting in the ungulata, with the exception of *Hyrax*, and also in the apes and monkeys, which possess, in their fingers and palms, much more delicate tactile and prehensile organs. It is remarkable that they are also wanting in the dog.—*Scientific American*.

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WE wish all our readers a most joyful Christmas.



SOME people think they are observing Christmas when they are simply paying their respects to their selfishness.



THE Christmas spirit is the spirit of "good will toward men." An observance of Christmas is inseparable from an outflow of love, and the material things with which it is expressed, to men.



IT is natural that New Year's resolutions should follow closely after Christmas. Being possessed of the Christmas spirit, realizing the full significance of the day, one naturally desires to turn over a new leaf,—to undertake many improvements.



ONE of the blessed things about Christmas time, if one lives up to its full meaning, is the recognition of the common brotherhood of man. There is no rich and no poor, no great and no small as all together we lean over the lowly manger of Bethlehem. The haughty, caste-making world needs nothing more than it needs this spirit, for out of it grow the virtues that would heal society of most of its diseases.



WITH OUR READERS.

IN a recent issue we published a very interesting article on the "Literary Style of Nathaniel Hawthorne." Those of our readers who are interested in the study of literature should give the article a careful reading; if they have already read it, a second reading will do no harm as the article serves as a very suitable introduction to a series of character studies from the writings of Hawthorne which we have the good fortune to give our readers. Professor Otho Winger, of

Manchester College, is giving us these character studies from Hawthorne. The first one of the series is appearing in this issue, and there will be others to follow.

Writing in regard to this series Professor Winger says: "Of late years I have become a very ardent admirer of Hawthorne, believing him to be one of the very best writers for young people. I find too that many young people know comparatively nothing of his works. He has many very unique characters."

Many of us know only too well of the ignorance of our young people not only with respect to the writings of Hawthorne, but of real literature in general. They have no time to *study* literature at all in their feverish endeavor to keep peace with the "best sellers." It is to be hoped that all our readers, young and old, will follow these articles closely and become somewhat acquainted with a great author and take to heart the lessons which he so beautifully and so forcefully portrays.

In each of these character studies Professor Winger will first sketch the story from which the study is made so that those not acquainted with Hawthorne's writings may have no difficulty in following the study and getting the full benefit of it.



"LIFE IS DUTY."

RECENTLY Thomas P. Gore, the blind Senator from Oklahoma, noted among his colleagues for his oratorical power, addressed a large audience in Chicago on the subject of "Social Duty." He quoted the familiar lines,

"I slept and dreamed that life was beauty;
I waked to find that life is duty."

and based his address on their truthfulness. We here repeat, for the benefit of our readers, some of the very good things he said on the subject:

"Life is duty, and duty performed or duty slighted makes our pleasures or our miseries. We cannot escape from its presence or fly from its power. It is with us from the cradle to the grave.

"The greatest social duty is the brotherhood of man. We do not always understand just what it is, but if this brotherhood is to be a fact instead of a fancy the needy must have relief, grief must be comforted, the fallen must be rescued, the weary and the heavy laden must receive the kindly word and helping hand. Oh, what might be expected if his duty was universally performed by mankind. And why is it not more generally observed? Because of human selfishness, the root of every evil. Selfishness is the very cactus in the human soul, just as fraternal love is the tree of life in the human heart.

"Man's first duty to society is to himself. He must prepare for the discharge of his duties. He must develop his mental and his physical powers to their

utmost, but nature has set a limitation on these, and he must develop his moral character that the others be not vain and unavailing.

"The next duty is to family. Social duty regards the home as a sanctuary and the family as a divine institution. Without performing his duty to his family a man who poses as fulfilling his social obligations is a hypocrite.

"But all of these duties are limited. The universal duty, the greatest duty, is charity. Faith has waged war with faith, conflicting hopes have covered the earth with courage, but charity never harmed a single soul. Charity is humanity; it knows no limitations. It exists because man recognizes in his fellow-men the image of the self-made Creator."

It is unfortunate that the word duty has so generally come to stand for that which is disagreeable or unpleasant. If our duties were looked upon as privileges, and they *are* privileges, and discharged with that spirit, there would need to be little preaching done on the subject of faithfulness to duty.



INFORMATION WANTED.

JOHN WOODARD, of Columbia, Mo., who is giving our readers some excellent articles pertaining to farm life and up-to-date farming would like to have as many of our readers as can to help him get at the real facts as to why so many of our country boys and girls go to the city. He would like the information to cover the following points as nearly as possible:

1. Age.
2. The reasons given for leaving the farm.
3. The conditions of the home: whether both parents were living, or one or both dead, and whether the parents were harsh or indulgent.
4. The condition in the country: the social life of the young; whether there was much visiting among the young and whether the one in question was included in this social visiting or not. Also what forms of amusement there were in the neighborhood, either good or bad, and what they could or could not attend. When prevented, was it because of parental objections or because of natural conditions, as being too far away, etc.?

5. It would be best to have the names of those reported so as not to count anyone twice if reported by two persons. Of course the names would not be used in any way, as they are wanted simply for the reason given. Any reader is at liberty to report for several with whose case he is familiar and who would otherwise not likely be reported.

We earnestly urge our readers to take hold of the matter and help Mr. Woodard to secure the information he desires. With a number of reports from the wide territory covered by the INGLENOOK much light may be thrown on conditions that should be remedied.

WHEN MARY THE MOTHER KISSED THE CHILD.

When Mary the Mother kissed the child
And night on the wintry hills grew mild,
And the strange star swung from the courts of air
To serve at a manger with kings in prayer,
Then did the day of the simple kin
And the unregarded folk begin.

When Mary the Mother forgot the pain,
In the stable of rock began love's reign.
When that new life of their grave eyes broke,
The oxen were glad and forgot their yoke;
And the huddled sheep in the far hill fold
Stirred in their sleep and felt no cold.

When Mary the Mother gave of her breast
To the poor inn's latest and lowliest guest,—
The God born out of the woman's side,—
The Babe of heaven by earth denied,—
Then did the hurt ones cease to moan,
And the long-supplanted came to their own.

When Mary the Mother felt faint hands
Beat at her bosom with love's demands,
And naught to her were the kneeling kings,
The serving star, and the half-seen wings,
Then was the little of earth made great,
And the man came back to God's estate.

—Charles G. D. Roberts.



ONCE UPON A TIME.

My little child comes to my knee,
And tugging, pleads that he may climb
Into my lap and hear me tell
The Christmas tale he loves so well—
A tale my mother told to me,
Beginning, "Once upon a time."

It is a tale of skies that rang
With angel rhapsodies sublime;
Of that great host serene and white,
The shepherds saw one winter night—
And of the glorious stars that sang
An anthem, once upon a time.

This story of the hallowed years
Tells of the sacrifice sublime;
Of one who prayed alone and wept
While his a-wearied followers slept—
And how his blood and Mary's tears
Commingle once upon a time.

And now my darling at my side,
And echoes of the distant chime,
Bring that sweet story back to me
Of Bethlehem and Calvary,
And of the gentle Christ that died
For sinners once upon a time.

The mighty deeds that men have told
In ponderous tones or flowing rhyme,
Like misty shadows fade away—
But this sweet story bides for aye,
And, like the stars that sang of old,
We sing of "Once upon a time."

—Eugene Field.



THE HOME WORLD



THE MERRY CHRISTMAS TIME

MARY C. STONER

On the sacred wall of mem'ry
Is a picture hanging there.
Go with me behind time's curtain,
That the happy childhood veils:
View the plastic years of pleasure
When the heart was free from care,
When the home-nest held its treasures
From the blast of win'try gales.

See the merry-hearted children,
At the early bedtime hour,
Gather 'round the great old hearthstone
For some story mother tells.
'Tis the time when pure white snowflakes
Give to earth their beauteous dow'r,
When the story of the Christ-child
In the thought of mankind dwells.

Listen to the merry prattle
That the cheery household fills.
Childish voices, gleeful frolics,
Through the old brick walls do chime.
Safe are they, these little children,
Guarded by parental wills:
Ah, how happy is that fireside,
At the joyous Christmas time!

How they greet its blest returning
Through the swiftly fleeting years,
Fond of kindly gifts and pleasures,
Of their peace and earth's Yuletide.
How they grow from youth to manhood,
Still so free from anxious fears!
Others fill the outgrown cradles,
Share the happy Christmas time.

Then the youthful hearts so bravely
Go to meet the world's stern care;
In the battle sorely wounded
Long for home's sweet Christmastide;
For the balm that comes with healing
And the blessings they may share;—
Troubled hearts with homesick yearnings
Hail the blessed Christmas time.

Father, mother, honored parents,
Welcome home their children fair;
Joined in heart and aim and purpose,
All the joys and woes confide.
Manly sons and youthful daughters,
Children small, all kneel in prayer
'Round the blessed family altar
At the sacred Christmas time.

Ah! the years so swiftly vanished
With the home nest empty now
For the infants grown to manhood
In their far-off homes abide.
Father, mother sweetly trusting.
Silver, crowns their noble brow
But the great hearts fill with blessings
At the Hallow'd Christmas time.

But so gent'ly slipping from us
At the Savior's loving call
One by one we miss the loved ones
That go out upon the tide.
But beyond the mists and darkness
That the lonely hearts appall,
Sainted souls shall wait in glory
For eternal Christmas time.

North Manchester, Ind.

THE NEVER-LIGHTED FIRE

ELIZABETH D. ROSENBERGER

"I see their unborn faces shine
Before the never-lighted fire—"

—Tennyson

"THERE'S not one of us can hold a candle to Priscilla
when it comes to doin' battenberg work. Now I just

want you all to see if you could tell this piece from real
lace?" And Aunt Viny spread a piece of beautiful
battenberg work on her table for all the other members
of the sewing society to see.

"How do you do it?" inquired Mrs. Adams despair-

ingly. Mrs. Adams prided herself on her ability to do drawn-work and the monograms on her new napkins had been pronounced perfect, but she never dreamed of being able to compete with Priscilla.

"You must dream it out somehow," said one lady. "These stitches are too shadowy to be real."

Priscilla only smiled. She was used to their admiration and she always had done fancywork so easily that she never could imagine how any woman would labor over fine stitches and intricate patterns unless she enjoyed it. "You can have the pattern and I'll show you the new stitches," she said to Mrs. Adams.

"Thank you, but I'll not need them. I can piece a Rose o' Sharon quilt, but I can't do your kind of work," and Mrs. Adams went on patching a sleeve in a little jacket, content that the ordinary things of life were within her reach. And was it only fancy or did Priscilla look wistfully at the little torn jacket?

Priscilla lived alone since her father's death. And she could not bring herself to take some one to live with her as her friends all advised. "I believe you do this work to keep from being afraid," said one woman who owned up to being a coward.

"No," answered Priscilla slowly, "I am not afraid, only once in a while I get lonely."

"No wonder," replied Mrs. Adams sympathetically. "Your house is too large and old Hannah is deaf; whom do you talk to?"

"To Hannah, or rather she talks to me," replied Priscilla. They meant well, all of these women, but how could she confess to them her bitter loneliness. With one accord they would urge her to marry the pastor of their church. He was a widower with one child, and Priscilla had refused him. The strange thing about it was the fact that no one had even dreamed that he admired her. He had not been in the church a month until all the older women had, in a spirit of the most childlike confidence, urged him to marry Priscilla. And without exciting the faintest suspicion he had acted upon their suggestion. Of course there was but little sentiment in the proposal. But Priscilla had colored and faltered in her reply; she was so afraid of hurting his feelings. But he understood that she desired to live alone and did not feel capable of being the wife of so important a personage as himself, and he accepted his defeat calmly and silently.

That evening Priscilla sat down before her grate fire and asked herself if she were indeed lonely. Mrs. Smith scarcely knew what a leisure hour was. And yet Priscilla knew that Mrs. Smith felt sorry for her. And Priscilla herself wondered again as she had wondered many times how it would be to have little children playing around the fire. The sea that breaks ceaselessly along the great shore of the years left her shipwrecked—alone. One for whom she had watched

and waited never came. And Priscilla never whispered her disappointment to any one. Now the pastor had asked her to make a home for him, but she had said "no," with a half question in her mind,—should she always be alone? You know faith is as much the key to happiness here as hereafter. With the bit of battenberg in her hand she sat long over the fire, till it had died and fallen to ashes, her face buried in her hands, her heart sick within her.

With the morning life began again for Priscilla.

"I am going for a walk," she told Hannah.

"I am goin' to bake the fruit cake for Christmas this mornin'; shall I put plenty citron in?"

"Put just as much in as you like," replied Priscilla, and Hannah was pleased.

Priscilla walked out in the country to a small house on the edge of the woods where a distant cousin lay dying of an incurable disease. The silvery greenness of the maple was gone, the leaves at her feet were brown and withered. The sturdy oaks, unyielding to the winds and to the frosts were struggling, against the approaches of winter; the beeches had yielded to the December gales and the ground was covered with the scattered glories of their summer strength.

When she came to the house in the clearing as the neighbors designated it, she found several persons there. Her cousin lay white and still. "She died a half hour ago," volunteered a kind woman who was taking charge of things.

After a little, Priscilla, who had been wondering dully what she could do to help, timidly said, "If there is anything I can do, I am ready to assist in any way."

The capable woman paused for a moment with a broom in her hand: "If you'd take Sereny with you, it'd help. The child needs cloe's fur the funeral too."

Sereny herself came into the room, a forlorn little figure that mutely appealed to Priscilla, only she had never thought of taking a child into her home. What would Hannah say? Hannah who always was in a state of warfare with the bad boys of the town. Then Priscilla realized that the woman only meant for her to take Sereny till the funeral was over. "If she were older some of us'd adopt her but she is too little to do much work; reckon we'll put her to the orphanage."

Sereny went home with Priscilla. Hannah scowled, but said nothing. However, she had a plate on the tea table for Sereny and she brought out a plate of small cookies and placed them before the child.

"Can you find some clothes about the house that Serena can wear?" asked Priscilla. Hannah nodded grimly and Priscilla was forced to be content.

That first night Priscilla sat long with the little girl in her arms, telling her stories and crooning old songs until the child was asleep. Hannah with a tender awkwardness disrobed her and put her to bed. When she came downstairs, she said, "She's a likely baby,

peart an' pretty." And Priscilla knew that Hannah was willing to keep Serena.

After the funeral Serena came home with Priscilla. On Christmas eve the two watched the lights and shadows of the fire burning in the grate. Serena was glad with a sort of solemn joy; she was going to have a real Christmas tree, and some toys. The wonder of it and the anticipation of something so new and delightful and so little understood made her ask many questions of Hannah and Priscilla. After she was asleep and the Christmas tree was in place, Priscilla sat down in her low rocker to dream dreams. There was a tender regret for the one who never came to claim her, then she thought of Serena, and the dancing firelight reflected a peaceful, happy face. "The never-lighted fire," she said, "may warm her and myself."



CHRISTMAS LIKE IT USED TO BE.

Christmas like it used to be!
That's the thing would gladden me;
Bells a-jingling down the lane,
Cousin Tim, and John, and Jane,
Sue and Kate and all the rest,
Dressed up in their Christmas best.
O, for Christmas, like it used to be!
It's been a long, long time since we,
Wished (when Santa Claus should come)
You a book and I a drum,
You a doll and I a sled
Long and swift and painted red.
Wouldn't it gladden your heart to see
A good old fashioned Christmas tree
And everything as it used to be?

—Richard Braunstein.



A CHRISTMAS CHAT.

THERE is perhaps no time of the year when shopping is more fascinating than at Christmas time, and no time when it is so hard to keep sane and self-controlled in our buying. The stores are full of pretty things so alluring that they almost coax the money out of our pocketbooks in spite of us. But unless we have money to spare, it is not very safe to buy an attractive thing thinking it will do for "somebody." Unless we have in mind a particular person, such purchases have a way of being "left over." Who of us has not gone home laden with spoils from a Christmas sale, only to find when we try to fit them to the people for whom we want gifts, that none of them are exactly suited to a single person on our list? We do not want to give anyone a gift simply for the sake of giving, without regard to whether it is what that one would like or not. When we do not know precisely what we do want, it is a wise plan to make a trip or two through the shops just for the purpose of seeing what is to be had there, and then sit down quietly to think it over and decide in some measure what we will buy. Then when we go shopping we will have a definite purpose, and may be

better able to steel our hearts against what we do not really want. While this way might seem to take more time, it is likely to save it in the end as well as prove more satisfactory.—*Selected.*



TOO MUCH VENEERING.

"WE appear to think that our girls need more veneering than solidity." We want them to shine in outward appearance without much regard for the stability of what may be within.

"This is giving us, through the fault or carelessness of over-indulgent fathers and mothers, a mighty useless class of girls. They have the appearance of good things without being able to produce them. We pinch and scrimp to give them a seminary or college education, so-called, where more attention is paid to the whiteness of their hands, their dress, and their company manners, than to the solid virtues of practical knowledge, prudence, thrift, and womanliness.

"A womanly girl is deep in her emotions, and capable in her actions. She has a purpose in her life, but the veneered girls that both poverty and wealth are giving us, have neither emotion nor capability. They are neither child-bearers, home-keepers, nor love-guardians.

"The old-fashioned American girls were born gentle and democratic women, and where they lacked in poise and graciousness, the experience of the family and community life supplied the want. Finishing schools have come up since the American democratic ideal has begun to go down."—*May Warwick.*



THE POOR CHINESE WOMAN!

EDWARD W. BOK, in an editorial in the *Ladies' Home Journal*, emphasizes an important point in the following way. A woman not long ago listened to an eloquent missionary address on the Chinese women, in which special stress was laid upon the "barbarous dress" of the women of China; particularly their "bound feet." At the close of the address the woman was so impressed with the necessity of "doing something" for the Chinese women that she contributed ten dollars and said to a friend, "Isn't it awful?"

Next to this woman sat her daughter, a girl of seventeen. She wore a tight high collar, in which she could hardly turn her head; a lingerie shirtwaist was so thin that it fairly beckoned one to look at the overtrimmed underwear beneath it; her eyes looked out from under a veritable life-preserver of hair, the source of which she had no idea; she wore two combs bejeweled with cheap rhinestones; her waist was screwed into a "Number 19," and her feet were pinched into a pair of high-heeled shoes which the girl herself confessed were "all right for anything but walking!" And yet the mother of this girl is, as the world would say, a

very good mother! But for which one—the American girl, the Chinese women, or, perhaps, the American mother—should the missionary fund of education and relief have really been raised?



THE VIRTUES OF BUTTERMILK.

THE virtues of buttermilk are claimed to be manifold. Among other advantages, it possesses a large share of the acid which destroys the incrustations which form on the arteries, cartilages, and valves of the heart, and it is asserted that a constant use of it would free the system from troubles which inevitably cause death between the seventy-fifth and one hundredth years of man's life.

Buttermilk may be used freely and to good advantage by every one. Another point in its favor: Churning, the first process of digestion, is gone through with, making it one of the easiest and quickest of all things to digest. It makes gastric juice and contains properties which readily assimilate with the digestive organs. It prevents indigestion, foul stomach, headaches, aids action of healthy bowels, and saves doctor bills.—*Exchange*.



To make smooth, thick starch, free from lumps, and which never needs straining, out of the common bulk variety, take amount of starch required, a small lump of lard, and a little borax dissolved in water and sufficient cold water to dissolve starch. Have ready your kettle of boiling water, half of which add to the starch. Place over the fire and stir until it thickens. Add gradually the rest of the water, stirring vigorously until smooth. Boil two or three minutes.

The Children's Corner

FRISKY'S CHRISTMAS.

DANNY and Olive came in from school. They could hardly wait to see Mamma.

"Mamma," said Danny, "Miss Ray told us something to do." Miss Ray was Danny's teacher. "She said that at Christmas we ought to give something to somebody who couldn't give anything to us. We want you to help us think of somebody to give to."

"Suppose you try to think of somebody," Mamma answered.

Olive put her head in her hands, as if she were thinking very hard, indeed. Danny looked out the window. As he looked a squirrel scampered behind a tree.

"I have it," he cried. "We will help make Christmas for the squirrels."

Danny and Olive lived in New York. In Central

Park there are many families of squirrels. They are so tame that they are great pets.

"Oh, yes," cried Olive, "we will."

"What do you want to do for the squirrels?" asked Mamma.

"We want to trim one of their houses, and give them a Christmas dinner," Danny answered. "Last year ever so many of their houses were bea-u-ti-fully decorated."

"We must have pop corn," said Olive. "I will get the popper out."

"Squirrels must have nuts," said Danny. "I will go to the store for some."

So Olive and Danny went to work.

Olive made long strings of white pop corn kernels. Danny fastened nuts together with red and blue ribbons.

"We must have some Christmas greens, too," said Danny. So he broke some sprays from an evergreen tree.

They packed a basket. Mamma gave them some cake and candy to take. The afternoon before Christmas Mamma, Olive and Danny started for the park.

There were ever so many people at the park. They were feeding the squirrels and trimming the little homes, too. There were troops of squirrels running about. Danny threw a nut. A squirrel caught it and sat up on his hind feet while he cracked it in his white teeth.

"There are so many people here," said Olive. "Let us go back among the trees where there is no one else."

So Mamma led the way. At last they found the house they wanted to decorate. It was made of sticks and bark and set in the crotch of a tree. It was so low that Danny could climb up to it.

String after string of pop corn and nuts were hung about the little home. A plate of cake and candy was set right on the front door step. Then Mamma had a surprise ready for Olive and Danny. She took from the basket some gilt letters. They spelled "Merry Christmas." She had the hammer and tacks ready so Danny could tack the letters over the door.

Olive clapped her hands. "A Merry Christmas to the squirrels," she cried.

Then the children went a little way off and waited to see Frisky Squirrel come home.

Soon a squirrel whisked up the tree trunk. He stopped to nibble the cake on the door step. Then his sharp teeth went into a nut on one of the strings.

"Frisky will soon have his decorations eaten," laughed Mamma.

"It will be all the merrier Christmas for him," said Danny.

"And we have given to some one who can't give back," said Olive.—*Little Chronicle*.



THE QUIET HOUR



THE BIRTH OF JESUS.

D. Z. ANGLE.

'Twas not in a palace of marble,
'Twas not in a kingly home;
But 'twas from a common manger,
Came the heir to heaven's throne.

Mary the mother pure and spotless;
Joseph the husband kind and true;
Born of the Spirit by God implanted,—
Jesus the Savior for me and you.

Long had the Jews in patience awaited,
The Lord to redeem his promise once given;
To send earth his Son to atone for his people,
Cleanse and prepare them for a home in heaven.

Yet when he came, they unexpected,
That he would appear from place so obscure;
A Nazarene born in a lowly manger!
Could they accept and his teachings endure?

No! their proud hearts with envy were hardened,
Herod had heard of the Wise Men's great search;
Feared that his scepter from him would be taken,
And crimsoned his people with infantile blood.

But 'twas not meet that the Babe be thus offered,
He who must teach his Gospel to men;
Powers of earth are no match for heaven,
Jesus escaped to Egypt's fair clime.

Angels from heaven sang their glad anthems,
Shepherds and prophets gave praises to God;
A Savior is born in the City of David,
Bringing peace and good-will to children of men.

Peace to the Christian doth come like a mantle,
His sins have been lost in the crimson stream;
Christ is his model, a perfect ensample,
Good-will to all—he came to redeem.

Mt. Vernon, Ill.



THE ETERNITY OF RIGHTEOUSNESS.

PAUL MOHLER.

DID you ever see so many unbelievers? Did you ever see so many men of influence denying the truth of the Gospel? If you have, you are an older man than I am. Thousands of men, many thousands of those who should be the defenders of the Faith, are indifferent if not directly opposed to the religion of Christ. It is out of style to be pious; it takes a pretty bold Pharisee to stand on the street corner and pray in these days.

I suppose you have seen and thought about all these

conditions, haven't you? Are you too losing faith? Does it seem like a hopeless fight? Does it seem like all those smart critics **MUST** be right? Wouldn't you just like to be able to stand right up and show them all? Don't you wish you could perform a miracle or something and confound all doubters once and for all? Isn't it about time somebody is propping up the Rock of Ages?

I suppose everybody who loves the Lord feels that way sometimes, but there is no call for it. No need to worry about the Lord or his Gospel. If you are going to worry about anything, worry about the poor fools that say "there is no God."

After all, I wonder if this is really the worst time that ever has been. Might it be possible that unbelief was more general at other times than now? How about the days of Noah, or Abraham, Elijah, Jeremiah, John the Baptist, Jesus Christ, Wesley, or Moody? Every one of them came upon the stage of action in worse times than our own; and yet our time is bad enough. These are the times that try men's souls, truly; but in these times men have less excuse than ever before for losing faith. There never has been a time when Isaiah 51:6 was more clearly proven.

Do you know what Isaiah says? "Lift up your eyes to the heavens, and look upon the earth beneath; for the heavens shall vanish away like smoke, and the earth shall wax old like a garment; and they that dwell therein shall die in like manner; but my **SALVATION SHALL BE FOREVER**, and my **RIGHTEOUSNESS** shall not be abolished." Isaiah wrote that thousands of years ago; and Isaiah had never seen what we have seen. Evidently he was not judging by what he had seen, but was moved by the Holy Spirit to voice God's marvelous promises. But today we can bear witness that his salvation still endures, yea, it abounds, and everywhere that men call upon his name, he delivers them. The vilest drunkard, the foulest blasphemer, can be saved today, saved to the uttermost!

The righteousness of God, Isaiah never saw. Sinless men were unknown. It is likely that the best men Isaiah ever saw would make sorry church-members today until given the Gospel of Christ. The righteousness of men is only comparative, it is never absolute. A literal observance of the law, and faith in the prom-

ises of God, was the ideal of the Jewish church. The marvelous purity of the life of Christ was beyond the highest aspirations of the holiest men of all the ages. How could men be righteous!

But the righteousness of God is not that of men; it is the righteousness that is in Christ Jesus, the righteousness which is imputed unto us through faith in him. That righteousness is eternal, and it is ours if we are his. Thank God there is something better than we have seen! What a glory will be ours when we are clothed with his righteousness; when we are in him! That righteousness endures forever; it shall not be abolished; it can not be defiled.

But even today, I see the righteousness of God shown forth; imperfectly, indeed, and scarred by error, but the righteousness of God just the same. For "in these latter days," God has poured forth his Spirit upon his servants, and they are truly living in him; those who are "transformed by the renewing of their minds that they may prove what is the good and acceptable and perfect will of God."

Have I lost hope? I have not! The righteousness of God shall yet cover the earth as the waters cover the sea. It is in righteousness that God delights; it is righteousness that his Spirit brings forth. That Spirit is calling men and women all over the world, and they are responding.

Let critics rail,
And weaklings wail;
God cannot fail!
His righteousness must prevail.

Bethany Bible School, Chicago.



GROWTH THROUGH EFFORT.

WE were watching the plumbers as they worked on the new home. One with a simple little cold-chisel had, by dint of numerous brisk taps in a circle around it, cut in two a large iron pipe. Another was busy with a similar chisel cutting in halves a large piece of lead.

"Easy work," I said, as I watched the latter drive the chisel into the soft material.

"Yes," he replied, "but this work spoils the chisel."

"Lead is not hard enough to spoil a chisel," I insisted.

"No," the workman replied, "but it takes all the temper out of it, so that it is good for nothing else. To cut much lead will spoil the finest cold-chisel."

Soft seats, easy tasks and pathways strewn with roses, take the temper out of character, and produce good-for-nothing lives. Difficulties impart their own splendid fiber to those who master them.—*Selected.*



THE MYSTERY OF PRAYER.

It is sometimes urged that prayer is mysterious. So is everything, if we stop to think about it. Force is a mystery. Nobody knows what force is. Gravitation is a mystery. Nobody knows what gravitation is.

Nobody knows what takes place when we drop a lump of sugar into a cup of coffee. Whether the change is mechanical or chemical the very wisest men are not able to say.

We know just one thing, that by dropping a prayer into a day we sweeten the day. How that is brought about we do not know. Who has sight so keen and strong that it can follow the flight of song or flight of prayer?

Why should we not be as reasonable and practical in our religion as we are at the dinner-table?—*Charles E. Jefferson.*



WE RECEIVE AS WE GIVE.

WE receive from others exactly that which we send to them—love for service, blessing for ministry. As we gently take the trembling hand which seeks our guidance, virtue comes forth from it to make us rich and glad. There is no good deed which is interred with our bones. No kindly act can ever die. It flows from heart to heart, and makes the whole world richer. Stretch out your hand in loving-kindness, and a hundred will grasp it. Sing one song of trust and hope, and a hundred will take up the melody and send it down the years. Do one real deed of Christlike service, and it will not only prove a gift of bread, but of seed corn which shall produce a harvest after its own kind. We receive as we give, only in richer measure.

"There are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,
There are souls that are pure and true;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you.

"Give love, and love to your heart will flow,
A strength in your utmost need;
Have faith, and a score of hearts will show
Their faith in your word and deed.

"Give truth, and your gift will be paid in kind,
And honor with honor meet;
And a smile that is sweet will surely find
A smile that is just as sweet.

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,
'Tis just what we are and do;
Then give to the world the best you have,
And the best will come back to you."

—Robert P. Downes, LL. D.





ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



As agricultural commissioner of the Russian government Theodore Krystofovitch will establish a permanent office in St. Louis for the study of American agriculture for the benefit of Russian farmers.

The Carnegie Steel Company of Sharon, Pa., has announced that it will give preference to total abstainers in promotions. Also notices have been posted. Its employes are forbidden to drink in saloons on or off duty.

Interest in the question of home rule for Ireland was revived recently when Herbert Henry Asquith, the British prime minister, promised that in case he was returned the liberal party would grant self-government to Ireland. He also said the government would demand the limitation of the power of the House of Lords.

Representative Mann's bill looking to the suppression of the white slave traffic in the United States makes enticing a woman from one State to another for immoral purposes a felony punishable by a fine of \$5,000 or five years' imprisonment. The penalty is twice as great if the enticed person is under the age of 18 years.

Addressing the Iowa State Horticultural society, Dr. Samuel Bailey of Mount Aire, a member of the National Medical society, declared that apple-eating would kill the taste for cocktails and other strong drinks. He said it was the meat eaters who become addicted to strong drink and advocated fruit eating as a solution of the liquor problem.

It is said that the costs of the entire Texas litigation, criminal and otherwise, in which the Waters Pierce Oil Company and its directing officials have been involved, have cost the company practically \$2,500,000. The defense made by H. Clay Pierce in the criminal suit is presumed to have cost \$100,000. His leading Texas counsel received \$25,000.

An event of the greatest importance to the cotton trade is the expiration of the patent rights held in Germany on the large class of goods known as mercerized. American manufacturers of these goods hitherto have paid large royalties to the German owners of the process. American mercerizers can now go in for the oriental trade on an even basis with the Germans.

M. Bleriot, the French aeroplaneist whose flight across the English Channel was one of the most remarkable achievements of the year and who has had more narrow escapes from death than any other aviator, has met with another serious accident. He was giving an exhibition in the presence of an immense crowd in Constantinople when his aeroplane collided with a house. He was injured on the left side, and, it is feared, internally hurt.

The College Prohibition Movement is now thoroughly organized and at work in seventeen States and in 129 colleges, universities, theological seminaries, law schools and other institutions of higher education. Last year 50,000 college men and women were reached through this movement and many of them enlisted in the cause of prohibition. The organization is not in any way a party movement, but one of education for the accomplishment of the general welfare.

A library of over one score volumes treating on the banking and monetary systems of all the civilized nations is to be published during the coming year under the auspices of the national monetary commission. The works have been prepared by leading authorities in America, England and Europe and they supply information concerning the modern development of the financial systems of the world that at present is absolutely lacking in English banking literature.

Finnish statesmen look upon the appointment of Grand Duke Nicholasevich, a cousin of the Czar, as governor-general of Finland as the most overt action yet taken by Russia in her scheme of crushing out the last vestige of Finnish autonomy and of "Russianizing" the grand duchy. The Finns now realize that unless pressure from other powers is brought to bear there will be no way of checking Russia's plan and they have about given up hope of European intervention.

Notice has been served on jewelers that gold and silver coins must not be converted into jewelry, as it is a violation of Revised Statutes No. 5459 because the coin's identity is not completely destroyed. It is customary for jewelers to smooth coins and engrave monograms on the mutilated side. Edward J. McHugh, secret service agent, conferred with United States Assistant District Attorney Daves in regard to several cases discovered by him where coins had been smoothed on one side for engraving purposes.

The postoffice department has received notice from Great Britain, Rhodesia, Orange River Colony, and the Transvaal that hereafter they will not accept mail which bears upon it the Red Cross holiday stamp which is sold so extensively in this country at Christmas time for the benefit of consumptives. The stamps, it is alleged, cause confusion in the foreign offices. The State department is to take up the matter with these countries. Germany has agreed to admit the stamps, provided they are on the other side of the letter or package from the regular postage stamps. In Germany, Denmark, Sweden and some of the other countries such stamps have long been in use. Japan makes use of them, too. This action, however, will not greatly impede the sale of the Red Cross stamps, as most of them are used on letters sent to addresses in this country.

For the purpose of destroying the bugs and worms which are attacking crops of farmers in Mexico, Miguel Diebold, local consul for Mexico, has purchased for his government five tons of arsenic. The poison will be distributed through the Mexican agricultural department. It is the largest shipment of arsenic ever made in the United States, the wholesale druggists claim.

In order to stop the continued decrease in the population of France, Deputy Gauthier de Clagny advocated a bill to encourage parenthood by giving a bonus to mothers. The pro-Catholics lay the blame for the depopulation of France to the separation of church and state and the absence of religious instruction in the public schools. Statistics for the first half of the present year show 28,000 fewer births than during the corresponding period last year.

In the hope of checking the powers' plan to reform its methods of dealing with the Kongo natives, the Belgian government has hinted to Germany that it will not participate in an international conference on Kongo affairs. Belgium's move is cleverly taken, inasmuch as nothing in the way of reform can be accomplished without a revision of the Berlin treaty of 1885, which specifies that another change in its provisions must be approved by all the signatories. Belgium is thus in a position to block reform.

Emperor William opened the reichstag or imperial parliament at Berlin Nov. 29, and read a speech from the throne. Government money matters, said he, were improving; the German colonies were getting to be more nearly self-supporting, and it was now planned to extend the railway system in German East Africa to the great mountain of Kilimanjaro. The "dreibund" or triple alliance (Germany, Austria and Italy), he said, was still a strong combination, always on the watch to protect the interest of its peoples and yet maintain peace.

Sixty saloons will be put out of business in Siskiyou County, California, as a result of a special election which resulted in an anti-saloon majority of 165. The incorporated towns of Yreka, Fort Jones, Etna, Eisson, Dunsuir, Montague and Dorris are not affected. Plumas County, Sutter County and Yolo County, with the exception of Woodland and Washington, have recently voted "dry." All expenses of the election were defrayed by the Anti-Saloon League, the board of supervisors agreeing to be governed by the expressed will of the majority of the voters.

Secretary of the Treasury MacVeagh has issued a statement for the guidance of the officers of more than 400,000 corporations, which fall within the corporation excise tax provision of the new tariff act. The statement interprets the intent of the law, defines "net income" and "gross income," classifies corporations into six groups and sets forth just what the government expects. It says that some of the returns will doubtless be inaccurate, due to two causes—honest error or wilful intent to defraud—and it issues the warning: "Where fraudulent purpose is discovered, vigorous prosecution will follow."

The Astronomical and Astrophysical Society of America, through the chairman of its committee on comets, Professor George C. Comstock of the University of Wisconsin, has just issued a statement to astronomers throughout the country in regard to the observation of Halley's comet. A long and continuous photographic campaign, in

order to secure the best possible picture of the interesting visitor to the solar system is urged by the committee. As there is no observatory with proper facilities for photographing the comet in the large area of the Pacific Ocean, the committee is about to send an expedition to the Hawaiian Islands to photograph the comet during its greatest brilliance, which will be in May.

Nobel prizes of \$40,000 each are awarded annually to the persons who are considered to have conferred the greatest benefit on mankind during the preceding year. The prizes are provided by the will of Alfred Bernard Nobel, a Swedish engineer, who died in 1896. The winners this year are: For physics, divided between Mr. Marconi and Prof. Ferdinand Braun, of Strausburg; for chemistry, Prof. Wilhelm Ostwald, of Leipsic; for physiology or medicine, Prof. Theodore Kocher, of Berne; for literature, Selma Lagerlof, the Swedish authoress. The "peace" prize, has not yet been awarded.

After three months' work the special commission appointed by the President has completed a bill amendatory of the interstate commerce act. The bill provides for the creation of a commerce court whose decisions shall be final. Telephone and telegraph companies are made common carriers. The court may review and suspend or modify rates. It also, despite the Sherman anti-trust law, authorizes railroads to unite in fixing published rates. No road is allowed to buy or own stock in a competing line. Any officer assenting to the issuance of forbidden securities may be fined \$10,000 or imprisoned three years or both.

"The Beast in the Jungle" is seeking the blood of its author. Judge Ben B. Lindsey, author of the serial now running in Everybody's Magazine, is put on the defensive, being made defendant with Harvey J. O'Higgins, who collaborated with him in the preparation of the article, in a damage suit for \$50,000. Knowing that the famous founder of the juvenile court does not possess \$50,000, or any considerable part of it, the plaintiff in the suit, who happens to be tax agent for the tramway, asks that the judge be imprisoned for a year in the county jail. The suit against Lindsey is brought in the name of W. G. Smith, who alleges that he has been cruelly libeled.

Among the important recommendations, the President's message, which contains about 19,000 words, lays emphasis on the work that is being done by the administration to curtail federal expenses, recommends the immediate establishment of postal savings banks without waiting for the report of the National Monetary Commission, advocates the passage of laws to suppress the white slave traffic and the appropriation of \$50,000 to prosecute offenders, asks for an inquiry into our judicial system with a view to simplify it and making litigation less expensive, urges limitation of the powers of Federal courts in injunction cases, suggests that magazines be required to pay a higher rate of postage than is charged for newspapers, recommends that candidates for the House of Representatives and for other offices involved in elections over which Congress has control be required to file statements with the government showing their campaign expenses, suggests that Alaska be given a legislative council, to be named by the President, and which shall have power to make laws for that territory, urges the passage of a ship subsidy bill and recommends the admission as States of New Mexico and Arizona.



Among the Magazines



SAVING THOUSANDS A YEAR BY TRUSTING YOUNG THIEVES.

In the days before we got our Detention School, any boy sentenced to the Industrial School at Golden had to be returned to the jail to wait until a deputy sheriff could "take him up." I found that the deputies were keeping the boys in jail until there were several under sentence, and then making one trip and charging the county mileage on each boy. Petty graft again! And conditions in the jail were such as I have already described.

I tried to make the deputies take the boys separately, immediately after sentence; but I did not succeed. The grafters were protected by the politicians, and I was powerless. "Very well," I said, "I'll see whether I cannot send these boys to Golden alone, without any guard, and cut out your fees entirely." And I succeeded.

I took each boy into my chambers and told him that I wanted him to go to Golden. "Now," I would say, "if you think I'm making a mistake in trying to save you—if you think you're not worth saving—don't go. Run away, if you feel that way about it. I can't help you if you don't want to help yourself. You've been a weak boy. You've been doing bad things. I want you to be a strong boy and do what's right. We don't send boys to Golden to punish them. We do it to help them. They give you a square deal out there—teach you a trade so you can earn an honest living and look anybody in the face. I'm not going to bring a deputy in here and handcuff you and have you taken away like that. Here are your commitment papers. Go yourself and go alone—or don't go at all if you don't think I'm trying to help you and sending you there for your own good."

And invariably the boy went. In eight years, out of 507 cases I had only five failures. One of these was a boy who thought he was being followed and who ran away instinctively "to beat the game." Another was a boy who confessed that he couldn't "make it" because the route to Golden led him past his old "stamping grounds"; and when I gave him tickets over another route he made the trip successfully. A third was an hysterical youngster who got as far as the railroad station with an older lad, but broke down there and could not go on. None of the failures was outright; and none of the boys was lost. (During these eight years I am told the police lost forty-two "breakaways" who were never recovered.) And we saved the county several thousand dollars in mileage fees. —Judge Lindsey in December Everybody's.



HOW COLUMBIA GETS ON WITHOUT FOOTBALL.

It is four years since football was abolished at Columbia, and there are now no undergraduates left there who have known or seen the demoralizing influence of intercollegiate football. It is the unanimous testimony

of Columbia professors that the autumn weeks have now, for the first time, become quiet, orderly, and abundant in work. Previously serious academic work began after Thanksgiving. Football dominated everything until that day. The tone of the student-body has improved, and now on the university exercising ground, South Field, there may be seen every afternoon hundreds of young men actively engaged in sports, in games, and physical exercise, where, during the football period, there were but twenty-two rushing and tearing at each other, while a few score or few hundred stood on the side lines watching and cheering.

Football makes athletics impossible. Athletics cannot flourish until football is gotten out of the way. The rational and regular participation in outdoor sport by hundreds of students is an end devoutly to be wished for. It cannot be obtained, however, so long as the body of the whole student interest is focused on the gladiatorial struggle between two trained bodies of combatants, leaving to the students as a whole nothing to do but to watch. The alternative is between the real and the vicarious. Football for the mass of American students is a vicarious participation in athletics.

It is deplorable that Columbia's example has not been followed by other large institutions. President Eliot talked and thundered against football, but Harvard did not uphold him. Other college presidents have gone to the length of defending football as a moral agent. One hardly knows how to deal with men who take such an attitude. Columbia has gained for itself a proud pre-eminence by an act of conspicuous moral courage, good sense, and high intelligence.—From "Effects of Football Reform at Columbia," in the American Review of Reviews for December.



THE PRESIDENT'S IDEA OF A COLLEGE LEADER.

President Taft gave utterance to his ideal of the college president when he assisted the other day at the induction of Wesleyan's new executive. He was frank in going counter to a widespread notion that a college president should primarily be a good business man. This was not to be taken in disparagement of business men, he explained, but as pointing to some inherent incompatibility in the order of mind of the man of affairs and the scholar. It was business enough for the college president to see that his college should fulfil its function as a teaching institution. President Taft, who already had a personal acquaintance with this educator who comes to the East from a similar Western post, was present at the inaugural exercises in Middletown, Conn., on November 12, and said this:

"Dr. Shanklin, I am one of those 'who have advice and nothing else to offer.' I congratulate Wesleyan upon its new president. I have known of colleges thinking that

they need a business man for a head, a man who knew the value of a dollar and who knew how to get it. I am glad this is not the ideal for a college president. This is not an attack on business men, but it must be admitted that one who is a business man has limitations and these ought to exclude him from being a college president. The first requisite for a college president is that he must be a teacher. That is primarily his profession, and combined with that he must have executive ability, to possess the power of properly selecting men for the work of the institution. If he does not possess these qualities, he is not fitted to build up an institution, and a faculty for its work. I congratulate the Wesleyan upon their president, believing that in Dr. Shanklin they have found one who will fill to the fullest measure the requirements which I have described."

A similar line of thought was taken by Prof. William North Rice, the professor of geology, who, during the interregnum since ex-President Raymond ceased active leadership, has guided the university's career. He is reported by the daily press as saying:

"Whatever other influences may be felt in the life of college students, the primary and essential character of a college is that it is a teaching institution. The relation of teacher and pupil is the foundation upon which the whole fabric of the college is built. When the old universities of Europe kindled anew the light of learning in the Dark Ages, it was the fame of great thinkers and great teachers that caused the ardent youth to throng by thousands to those centers of learning. Vast endowments and stately halls were a secondary development. And today the title of a college to the love of students and alumni and to the support of the public rests upon the intellectual activity, the high scholarship, the aptness to teach, the loyalty to truth and to all high ideals, of the members of the faculty. Secondary to these are stately buildings, rich museums, and even well-furnished libraries and laboratories; and without these the college is dead—a body without the inspiring soul."—Literary Digest.



FEDERAL ECONOMY.

Lives there a man with memory so green that he can recall the time when party platforms did not pledge their candidates for office to promote economy in the administration of government. We doubt it. And yet economy, as the average man defines the word, has been as foreign to our government as an Eskimo is to the tropics. Neither promises or demands have been partisan; all the parties have promised and all of the people have united in the demand. The tendency all of this time has been to greater and greater extravagance. Congressional appropriations have grown faster than the nation has. In 1904, they amounted to 464 million dollars, in 1905 they were 467 millions, in 1906 they were 489 millions, in 1907, 549 millions, in 1908, 555 millions, and in 1909, 627 millions. Their revision, like that of the tariff, has been habitually upward. Up to 1894 our revenue was always in excess of ordinary expenditures. Since 1894 the revenue has exceeded the expenditures on six annual occasions and on nine occasions there have been annual deficits. In the years of 1881-4, inclusive, the total revenues for the 4-year period exceeded total ordinary expenditures by about \$483,000,000. In the last five years, 1904-8, inclusive, the total expenditures have exceeded the receipts by about \$12,000,000. So heavy have been the expenses in recent years, or since the early 90's, that the early excess of revenue over expenditures has been nullified and we find

total receipts of the government since its beginning, amounting to \$20,741,630,749 more than offset by a total of expenses aggregating \$20,825,050,821.

This result has in part been due to our loose system of adjusting the revenues. The executive and the legislative departments have each sought to place the responsibility on the other. Departmental chiefs have made their estimates of probable expense higher than was necessary because they expected congress to cut them and desired to save enough to provide a working margin. Our right hand consequently has never known what our left hand was doing. There has been no co-operation. And "in this way," as Secretary MacVeagh says, "the government arrived at the farthest extreme from a responsible budget." But we have at last reached the point where expenses are so greatly in excess of revenues that there is no prospect of making ends meet unless economy of the strictest sort is practiced. We have been sliding down hill for so many years that the present administration is unable to avoid economizing without involving itself and the government in disaster. And so—we might as well recognize the fact now as later—the great work of the Taft administration, the work on which Mr. Taft will go before the people as a candidate for re-election in 1912, will be the reduction of government expenses.

Economy is the watchword in Washington at last. And the best feature of it is that the foundation is being laid for permanent economy. Departments are being reorganized, old methods of transacting business are being overturned, provision is being made against duplication of work, and extravagance, waste, inefficiency and poor administration are being weeded out. The dollars thus earned are not only saved this year, but the saving continues as long as the system remains in force. The foundation laying is in the hands of an expert in business methods—a man who has been employed by many of the great corporations. He has only just begun his investigations and they will probably not be completed for two or three years, but step by step, bureau by bureau, department by department, he is progressing, wielding the pruning knife as he goes. This news is almost incredible, we confess, but whether we can bring ourselves to believe it or not, long accustomed as we have been to governmental waste and extravagance, it is nevertheless true. With our approval, or without it, the work goes steadily on and by next campaign time we may reasonably expect to find government economy a rival of conservation of national resources for honors as the "paramount issue" of the hour. —Woman's National Daily.



OREGON'S NATURAL ICE HOUSE.

IN Cook County, in the central part of the State, there is a cuplike formation in the earth at the bottom of which ice forms a floor of an area of some fifteen square feet. At one side of the chamber is a small tunnel, and if you crawl through this you will find yourself in another chamber of about the same size in which the ice likewise forms the floor. It is not muddy, dirty ice, either, but is nice and clean and wholesome, and a company mines it just as one would mine salt, and sells it in the neighboring town of Bend. At the top of the cuplike hole the temperature in the summer time often stands as high as 105, but about fifty feet down the freezing point is reached. It used

to be that cattlemen would dig the ice out and lift it to the surface, where it was melted for the stock, for the cave is in a very arid, volcanic region where water is scarce, but now a thriving business is done in mining the ice in great blocks.

Just what the process of manufacture here in nature's ice plant is is not known to man. The geological and geodetic surveys have made an investigation and have presented their theories, but it will never be positively known how the work is done until some one digs through the ice and the rock which subtends it and examines the condition of the earth deeper down; and this the owners of the ice mine are not likely to permit as long as they wish to make anything out of it, for just as a spring can be lost by digging into and around it so the ice laboratory might be put out of business. Blocks of ice weighing from 200 to 500 pounds are daily taken from the floors of these chambers, and by the same time next day the space is filled with the congealed water again.—*The Pathfinder*.



HOW THE CHIMES RANG

AN old legend says that there was in a city in Germany an old church in whose belfry were the most beautiful chimes in the world. No man or woman living had ever heard them ring, but each one had heard his father or grandfather tell of their wonderful beauty.

There was a belief among the people that the chimes would ring on Christmas Day if they brought their most precious gifts and laid them on the altar of the church. The king appointed the next Christmas for every man, woman, and child in the city to bring his gift.

First came the king and laid his crown upon the altar. The people gazed in wonder and sat waiting expectantly; for surely no gift could be more precious than the king's crown. But the chimes did not ring. Then a soldier came and laid his sword upon the altar, but the chimes did not ring. A woman brought a beautiful dress, all of her own weaving and laid it by the soldier's sword, but there was no sound from the old belfry. A maiden brought flowers, planted and watered by her own hand, but still the chimes did not ring.

Now there was in a distant part of the city a little boy named Peter, who for weeks had been saving a few small coins for his gift. It had been very hard to save them. But at last he was on his way with these, his most precious gift, to lay on the altar. He had nearly reached the steps of the church when a whine made him look down on the sidewalk. There in a doorway crouched a little dog with a broken leg. What should Peter do? It was getting late. If he waited to take the dog home and bind up his leg, the church would be closed and he would lose his little chance to

make the beautiful chimes ring. But another whine came from the dog. Peter took his hand from the pocket where the hard-earned money lay, picked up the dog in his arms and ran home as swiftly as he could. As he came to the door he called to his Brother Hans. "Hans, quickly, take the money and run back to the church. Quickly, Hans! it may be closed and the chimes have not been rung."

Then he set to work binding up the dog's leg. His little brother ran to the church. The western sunlight was throwing long shadows down the aisles as the people sat waiting, discouraged, hoping against hope as one gift after another was laid upon the altar and still the chimes were silent. Just as a few left their places to pass out, giving up hope, a tiny boy came panting, breathless, up the steps, down the long aisle, straight to the altar where he laid a few small coins.

Suddenly from out the long, silent belfry broke the most wonderful music—filling the church, the air, the city, with glorious harmony. People fell upon their knees in joy and thankfulness, men who had not prayed in years praised God, mothers held their little children more closely to their hearts. The whole city seemed caught up in heavenly melody and held close to the heart of God.

And from a window in a distant part of the city little Peter's face looked out, its great longing changed into great peace. His own small gift had made the chimes ring out at last.—*Selected*.

Between Whiles

A High Financier.

Little three-year-old Elner received a dime for taking a dose of castor-oil. The next day her big brother Fred asked her to pick up a basket of cobs.

"How much will you give me?" she asked.

"A nickel," replied her brother.

"Humph!" said Elner, "I can make more than that taking castor-oil."—*The Delineator* for November.

WANT AND EXCHANGE

To accommodate some of our readers and bring them in closer touch with each other, we have opened this "want and exchange" column.

Rates, twenty-five cents per insertion, not exceeding four lines, including name and address. Five cents per line for additional lines. However, no "want" may exceed six lines altogether.

WANTED.—Buyers for some good well improved farms near the following (Brethren's) churchhouse, Rockingham, Wacanda and Bethany, in Ray Co., Mo. Write me.—J. H. Shirky, Norborne, Mo., R. 4.

ON THE SWEET GRASS



J. F. Appleman and wife, Plymouth, Ind., and E. E. Arnold, Elgin, Ill.

Glass Brothers Land Company, Big Timber, Montana.

Big Timber, Mont., May 8, 1909.

Gentlemen: I have taken several days in looking over Sweet Grass County, Montana, and have looked over your irrigation project. I have been careful in my investigation, looking into the grain, stock and fruit raising, and must say that I am more than pleased with what I have found and wish to recommend same to my friends; and I also feel that anyone looking for a home should not wait until tomorrow, but go now as these lands will surely be sold in a short time on the liberal terms you are offering settlers. The lands and irrigation works are far better than you have told me.

Thanking you for your kindness, and wishing you success, I am,

Yours truly,

(Signed) J. F. Appleman, Plymouth, Ind.

Formerly State Superintendent of the Mexico (Ind.) Old Folks' & Orphan Children's Home.

Glass Bros. Land Co., Big Timber, Mont.

Elgin, Ill., Oct. 18, 1909.

Gentlemen: It was my pleasure to spend several days investigating your lands and irrigation project in Sweet Grass County, near Big Timber.

The longer I looked the better I was impressed with the possibilities of the country. Alfalfa fields were the finest I ever saw. Oats, wheat and other grains were in abundance. I am fully convinced that apples will grow to perfection there. Wherever orchards were seen the trees were full of perfect apples and not a wormy one could be found.

Your irrigation system is well constructed and my opinion is that it will supply more than ample water for your lands.

I was so well pleased with the conditions and possibilities of the country that I purchased 160 acres and propose to put a tenant on it and improve it, and also expect to put at least 19 acres in apples in the spring.

Persons desiring to better their conditions should investigate your lands. Your terms of sale are very liberal.

With best wishes, I am,

Yours very truly,

R. E. Arnold.

We invite you to investigate the possibilities of these lands.

For price, terms, etc., address,

GLASS BROS. LAND CO.

BIG TIMBER, MONTANA.

Words of Help and Cheer



Only a faint idea of the beauty of these cards is conveyed by the accompanying illustration. The text matter is attractively arranged and printed on a hand-made three-ply ripple board and artistically decorated in water colors by hand in violets or clover as designated in list. A plain white envelope of antique paper to match, is furnished with each card. Size of each card, 7x9 inches. Order by number.

Price, postpaid, each,25 cents

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Brethren Publishing House, Elgin, Illinois

DAYBREAK IN THE DARK CONTINENT

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Read and Learn OF THE Great Future for Miami Valley in Apple Culture

ENORMOUS APPLE CROP

Cimarron Citizen—

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You should own a farm in Miami Valley.

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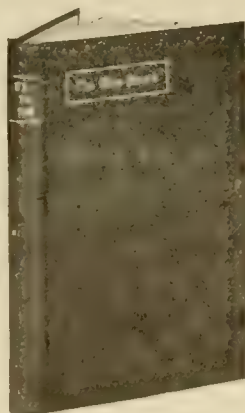
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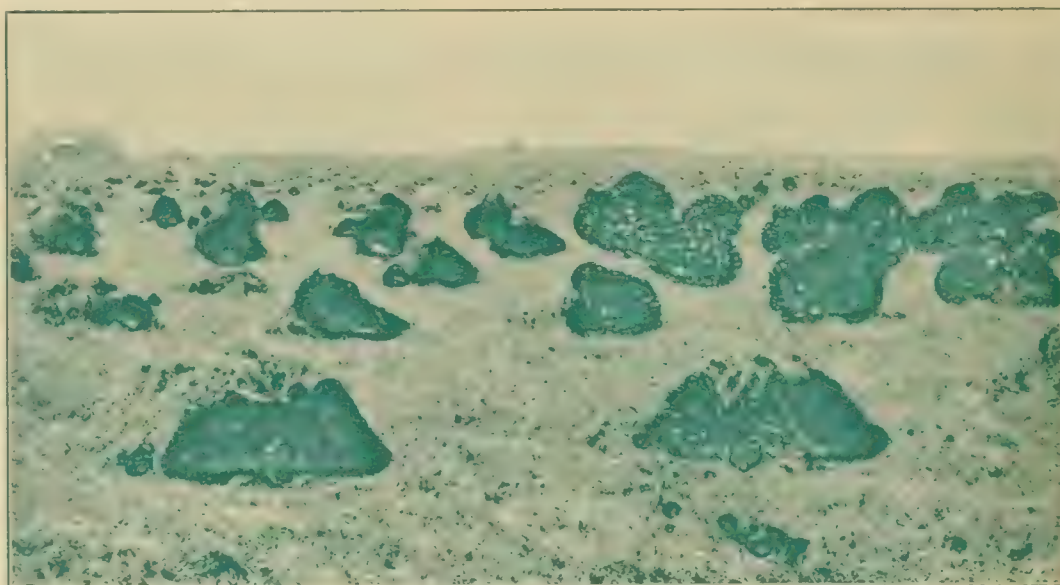
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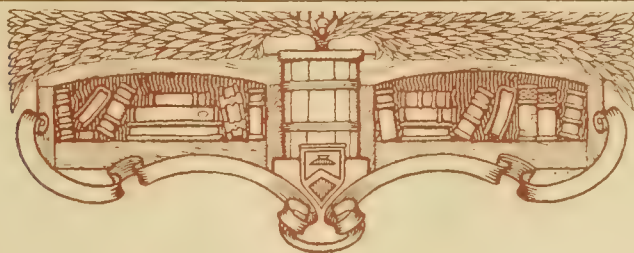
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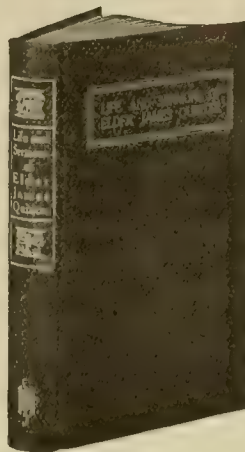
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OF THE

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in Apple Culture

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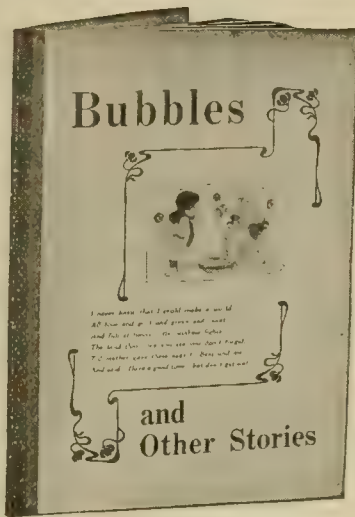
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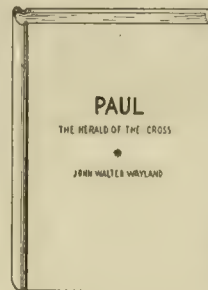
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THE INGLENOOK

Vol. XI.

December 28, 1909.

No. 52.

"THE GRAND OLD MAN" OF ENGLAND

DALLAS B. KIRK

WILLIAM EWART GLADSTONE was born in Liverpool, England, of Scotch parents, December 29, 1809. This was the year that Robert Peel entered Parliament at the age of twenty-one. Young William attended his first school at Seaforth, and entered Eton in 1821, when eleven years old.

Roderick Murchinson said, "Gladstone was the prettiest little boy that ever went to Eton." Gladstone's closest friend here was Arthur Hallam, and among his other friends were Alexander Kinglake, James Bruce and Charles Canning.

Young Gladstone was an active athlete and a good debater in the Eton society. He was also editor of the *Eton Miscellany* which he had helped to start. He left Eton at the close of 1827. Next he studied under private tutors until October 28, 1828, when he entered Christ Church College, Oxford.

Gladstone founded and named the Oxford Essay Club, then often spoken of as the "Weg," from the founder's initials. He was secretary, and afterwards president of the Union Debating Society. He studied long and hard and did much reading before bedtime. He said of books: "Books are delightful society. . . . They seem to tell you that they have got something inside their covers that will be good for you, and that they are willing and desirous to impart to you. Value them much. Endeavor to turn them to good account."

Gladstone was a close student of the Bible and of Hebrew while attending college and noted for his regular attendance at church which he kept up during his busy life. He graduated with high honors in 1831, gaining a noble distinction in classics and mathematics.

He now spent six months in Italy. Gladstone was elected to Parliament by the Conservatives in 1832. This was the commencement of his public career. The Reform Bill of this year took the power away from the rich and placed it into the hands of the common people. In 1834 Gladstone was appointed Lord of the Treasury by Sir Robert Peel. About this time he

published his first book entitled, "The State in Its Relation With the Church." It shows the author's view on this vital question and proves that he was always on the lookout for new fields of labor.

Gladstone was married to Miss Catharine Glynne in Hawarden Castle, July 25, 1839. The following year, February 10, the English queen, age twenty-one, was married to Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

Gladstone was made vice president of the Board of Trade 1841. In 1842 some great fiscal reforms were inaugurated; some being traced directly to Gladstone. In the winter of 1845 he injured the first finger of his left hand by the exploding of his gun while he was loading it. The finger had to be taken off and always afterward he appeared with a black ribbon around his hand.

Gladstone and Peel worked together for the repeal of the Corn Laws but it cost Gladstone his seat from Newark. He delivered a retiring address in 1846, but appeared again in the House of Commons in 1847. With the exception of one and one-half years he sat continuously in the House from 1832 to 1895. In April, 1850, Catharine J., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone died, aged about five years. This was the death angel's first visit into this happy household and he left very sorrowful hearts. Now Gladstone and family went to Naples, which resulted in the publishing of the *Neapolitan Letters* (1850) which stirred the civilized world. Sir Robert Peel died this year, aged only sixty-two. In 1851 Lord Palmerston was dismissed from office and when he died in 1865 it left Gladstone in full power. Gladstone became Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1852. The statesman made use of quotations from Homer, Dante, Schiller and Goethe, adapting them to carry his arguments. Macaulay, the historian, and Edward Bulwer, the novelist, were members of the House at this time.

The remarkable ability of Gladstone as a financier was shown when he attacked Disraeli's Budget of

1852. This was the beginning of a lengthy Parliamentary duel between the Earl of Beaconsfield and Gladstone, which lasted until 1876 when the Tory government was defeated. Gladstone began life a Tory and slowly turned into a Radical while his opponent turned in the opposite direction.

Educationally these two men were extremely different. Gladstone studied to learn something of everything, while his rival did not try to possess such a varied knowledge. Disraeli made use of much sarcasm while Gladstone's replies were serene and dignified. Disraeli is noted as a novelist; his speeches could be likened to a meteor, while visible, of great brilliancy, but soon forgotten. He died in 1881.

Gladstone delivered a speech at the unveiling of a statue to Peel in 1853. In 1854 war was publicly announced between Crimea and England. Gladstone was opposed to this war. He intelligently opposed the Divorce Bill of 1857. To listen to him was to imagine one's self listening to a theological discourse by some divine.

Gladstone's "Studies of Homer" appeared about 1858. He became at this time High Commissioner Extraordinary of the Ionian Islands. Gladstone and Bright did much toward the reforms now as well as later. John Bright was a staunch supporter of Gladstone in and out of Parliament. Being of Quaker descent he opposed war and large standing armies, and was an enlightened statesman for his time.

The Northern States were greatly disappointed during the American Civil War, when Gladstone in a speech favored the South although he had not such a wide knowledge of America as Bright, Mill and Cobden. However he acknowledged his mistake after a standing of five years. He was a supporter of popular suffrage. In 1868 the abolishing of the Compulsory Church Rates was due to Gladstone. He became a premier this year on the Liberal side. Victoria was the first constitutional sovereign who acted upon the advice of the Prime Minister, Gladstone. The taxes on education were repealed about this time. Gladstone denounced the Bulgarian Atrocities, the Afghan War, and the Anglo-Turkish Treaty during Lord Beaconsfield's tenure of office. During his Midlothian Campaign he delivered a speech, "On the Domestic and Foreign Affairs of England." This oration is worth a careful study. His speeches both in and out of Parliament were pronounced by his opponents as "wonderful and awe-inspiring." Gladstone ranks with the distinguished list of statesmen which includes our Henry Clay and Daniel Webster.

He opposed the annexing of the Transvaal Republic and thought that the English nation had no right to interfere with the industrious Boers.

Gladstone's second Irish Land Bill became a law in 1881 and the year following "A Prevention of

Crimes and Arrears Act" for Ireland was passed. He became converted to the Irish Home Rule Bill in 1885. The next year Gladstone again came into power over Lord Salisbury. He resigned on March 2, 1894 at the age of eighty-five. Stephen G., a son, is a minister. Gladstone addressed a meeting in Liverpool for one and a half hours on September 14, 1896. But he was not able to go to London and take part in the Queen's Jubilee held there in 1897.

January 5, 1898, there appeared in the *Daily Telegraph* a lengthy article entitled, "Personal Recollections of Arthur Hallam." It was nearly four columns long, and was a reprint from *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Mass. The statesman was a highly valued contributor to this American paper. "In Memoriam" by Tennyson was also dedicated to Hallam. The fact that Gladstone and Tennyson each paid a loving tribute to their departed friend shows the lasting impressions that Arthur Hallam had made upon the greatest statesman and the greatest poet of the Victorian age.

A portion of Gladstone's last days were spent at Cannes, on the Riviera. But he finally returned to Hawarden Castle where he died on Ascension Day, May 19, 1898, at the advanced age of eighty-nine.

He was buried in Westminster Abbey with a state funeral, May 28, 1898. John Hay, representing the United States, was there. December 29, 1909, marks the one hundredth anniversary of Gladstone's birth.

Our reverence for his memory as a true, noble and upright statesman and a Christian father is unbounded.
Rockton, Pa.



HALLEY'S COMET.

S. Z. SHARP.

COMETS constitute one of the three classes of the heavenly bodies which adorn the sky on a cloudless night. They are peculiar in form and varied in times of appearance. Before their nature was understood and the law of gravitation discovered by Newton which controls them as well as every other heavenly body, it was supposed that they were signs of some great public calamity and brought terror and consternation on nations as well as on individuals. So great was the fear of these harmless visitors that sometimes great armies were demoralized and wars abandoned. When the law of gravitation was discovered by Sir Isaac Newton in 1667 or rather was demonstrated by him, then it was made possible to prove that comets were not wild untrammelled wanderers, let loose among the other heavenly bodies, but like planets, had their regular orbits around the sun, around which they made their periodical visits and then went back into unfathomable space to return again at their regular time.

A comet is considered as having three parts,—the *nucleus* or bright dot in its head, the hair like mass that surrounds the nucleus and is called the *coma*, and

the *tail* which is but the continuation of the coma in a more rarefied form, always on the opposite side from the sun and sometimes extending millions of miles in length.

It was in December, 1681, that Prof. Edmund Halley set out to make a tour through Europe and when near Paris he discovered the comet which since bears his name. By the demonstration of the law of gravitation made by Sir Isaac Newton, Prof. Halley was enabled to calculate the orbit of this comet and predicted its return. So elated was Halley over the laws which Newton had formulated that, at his own expense, he published Newton's "Principia."

Halley was born near London, England, Oct. 29, 1656, and died near Greenwich, Jan. 14, 1742. He was graduated at Queen's College, Oxford. As a student he distinguished himself as a mathematician and an astronomer. He discovered the variation of the magnetic needle, published his method of finding the longitude at sea, and drew up tables for computing the places of the planets. He filled the chair of astronomy at Oxford and carried on the observations in the Observatory at Greenwich. He was regarded as one of the foremost astronomers of his age as well as a philosopher, a naturalist, and an all-round scholar.

According to Halley's Calculation, this comet reappears in about every seventy-four or seventy-five years. Its last appearance was in 1835, seventy-four years ago. And by referring to history it will be seen that such a comet had appeared a number of times at such a distance apart or in 1456, 1531, 1607, 1682, 1758, 1835, leaving no doubt as to the correctness of Halley's predictions.

Exact astronomy has calculated its speed at this time at 60,000 miles an hour and by April it will have reached a speed of 100,000 miles an hour. It will then have approached within 13,000,000 miles of the earth, being about its nearest approach and should not give any one much of an alarm. Even should it strike the earth, the comet would get the worst of it. It is claimed that in 1864 the earth passed through the tail of a comet and many will remember that during the months of July, August, and September of that year there was a haze in the air much in appearance like smoke. It is claimed that the tail of a comet is composed of very minute meteoric particles which have the quality of being repelled by the sun; though following the nucleus they are always on the side farthest away from the sun.

In 1858 when all great astronomers had trained their large telescopes upon that part of the heavens where it was supposed the comet would first appear, all striving for the honor of making the first discovery, they were greatly chagrined when a Saxon farmer, George Palitch by name, by means of his small tele-

scope saw it on Christmas eve of that year and announced his discovery.

Halley's Comet was first seen this year at Kiel, Germany, on Sept. 11, and photographed by Wolf at Heidelberg on the night of Sept. 11. Sept. 12, 13 and 14 it was seen and photographed at the Lick Observatory. Prof. E. B. Frost, director of the Yerkes Observatory, Chicago, states that Halley's Comet was observed visually on Oct. 24. As the comet approaches it is steadily brightening and on the night of Nov. 5 it was discovered at Goodsell Observatory as a small round object and was also photographed. During November the course of the comet has been steadily westward along the north boundary of Orion to the Hyades. In the first days of December it will pass through the Hyades and during the rest of the month and through January, February and March it will continue to move westward, through Taurus, the head of Cetus, and Pisces.

It is not certain just when it will be visible to the naked eye, but not likely before February or March. In this respect the writer is favored above the readers of this article. We happen to have in Fruita a mechanical genius in the person of Dr. J. M. G. Beard who not only made his excellent automobile, constructed a number of first class X-ray machines and secured patents for improvements on them, but has constructed a powerful telescope and mounted it with all its delicate fixtures. By the doctor's courtesy we expect to watch the approach of the comet, and if the Pope will not issue a bull against it and we see there is danger of a collision with the earth, we expect to give the readers of the INGLENOOK due notice. Better get your friends to subscribe for this paper that they may be informed of any approaching danger. It seems almost certain that the earth will pass through the tail of the comet on May 18. And for several mornings before and several evenings after that date the comet will be a magnificent object in the heavens.

To find the place in the heavens to look for the comet, take the middle star in the belt of Orion, draw a line to the left through Taurus, the head of Cetus and Pisces. Any map found in a book on popular astronomy will help you.

Fruita, Colo.



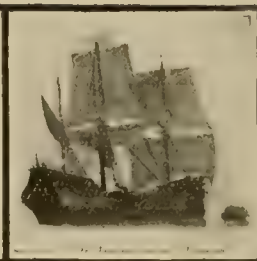
MAPS MADE OF JEWELS.

THE jeweled map of France, owned by the Emperor of Russia, is a rare mosaic of precious stones that has no equal anywhere. In it Paris is represented by an enormous brilliant, Marseilles by an emerald, Bordeaux by an opal, and so on, each town or city being indicated by a gem of the average value of 30,000 roubles. Each province or department of the republic is shown by a special stone, the entire map presenting a glittering array of gems of every hue.—*San Francisco Argonaut.*



Historic New England

T. H. FERNALD, BELFAST, MAINE



Chapter VII.

THE Colonists were all Protestants, but the intolerant religious spirit of the earlier days had somewhat moderated. The people had become truly American in manners and customs. Massachusetts, Rhode Island, and Connecticut had chartered governments while New Hampshire was directly subject to the crown. Agriculture was the main dependence of the people, although manufactures had at this early period received some attention. Hats, paper, shoes, household furniture, farming tools, and coarser kinds of cutlery were made to some extent. Cloth weaving had been introduced, the most thrifty people weaving their own cloth. For many years money was scarce. In 1635 musket bullets were made to pass in place of farthings (English money being used wholly), the law providing that not more than twelve should be used in making one payment.

Most of the books of these days were collections of sermons. The *Boston News Letter* was the first permanent newspaper published (1704). The first stage route was between Providence and Boston and took two days for the trip. A postoffice system had been established and mail was started in 1672 between New York and Boston via Hartford. The round trip was made once each month. The *New England Courant*, a newspaper, was soon after published by James and Benjamin Franklin. It was a free-thought sheet and exposed rascality wherever found. Benjamin Franklin, one of the first postmaster-generals, made a tour of the country in his chaise, perfecting and maturing the postoffice plan. His daughter Sally accompanied him, sometimes riding by his side in the chaise, and at other times on an extra horse which he had with him. The rounds were made in five months. At the present time they could be made in less than five days.

As shipbuilding was now well established (1738) there had been more than forty-one sailing vessels, with an average tonnage of one-hundred and fifty tons, built and launched in Boston. We all know this was done against the orders of the "Mother Country."

New England had now become the seat of the principal manufacturing interests, but the British Board of Trade checked everything of this kind, and the restrictions acted as a damper on all colonial

thrift and enterprise. A young and prosperous company of New England men would just get established in an enterprise when this "Board" would interfere and success would be impossible. England became jealous of the American Colonists and the success of any Colonial enterprise before the Revolution was against the will of Great Britain.

In the Massachusetts Colonies a man who did not bear a good reputation and own property could not keep a tavern. All drunkards' names were published in the alehouses and keepers were forbidden to sell to them. By order of the Colony of Connecticut no person under twenty years of age could use any tobacco without a physician's orders; and no one was allowed to use it oftener than once a day, and then not within ten miles of any house. Articles of dress were also limited by law. No person whose estate did not exceed two hundred pounds could wear gold and silver lace, or any lace above two shillings per yard. The selectmen were required to take note of the apparel of the people, especially their "ribbands and greate boots."

The severe Puritanic laws of Connecticut were called Blue Laws, and were as near as we are able to ascertain, as follows:

"The governor and magistrates convened in general assembly are the supreme power, under God, of the independent dominion. From the determination of the assembly no appeal shall be made.

"No one shall be a freeman or have a vote unless he is converted and a member of one of the churches allowed in the dominion.

"Each freeman shall swear by the blessed God to bear true allegiance to this dominion and that Jesus is the only King.

"No dissenter from the essential worship of this dominion shall be allowed to give a vote for the electing of magistrates or any officer.

"No food or lodging shall be offered to a heretic.

"No one shall cross a river on the Sabbath but authorized clergymen.

"No one shall travel, cook victuals, make beds, sweep houses, cut hair or shave on the Sabbath Day.

"No one shall kiss his or her children on the Sabbath or feasting days.

"The Sabbath Day shall begin at sunset Saturday.

"Whoever wears clothes trimmed with gold, silver or bone lace above one shilling per yard shall be presented by the grand jurors and the selectmen shall tax the estate three hundred pounds (\$1500).

"Whoever brings cards or dice into the dominion shall pay a fine of five pounds (\$25).

"No one shall eat mince pies, dance, play cards or play any instrument of music except the trumpet, drum or jewsharp.

"No gospel minister shall join people in marriage. The magistrate may join them, as he may, do it with less scandal to Christ's church.

"When parents refuse their children convenient marriages, the magistrate shall determine the point.

"A man who strikes his wife shall be fined ten pounds (\$50).

"A woman who strikes her husband shall be punished as the law directs.

"No man shall court a maid in person or by letter without obtaining the consent of her parents; five

would float upon the water, and he told of many animals which were evidently related to the jabberwok.

In the Colonial days the titles "Mr." or "Mrs." were given only to the gentry, and ministers and their wives. "Goodman" and "Goodwife" were the titles given to others who were above servitude.

Carpets were hardly known before 1750 and the pride of each housewife was her white sanded floor.

Many of the customs which came from the Dutch at New York still remain with us, such as the New Year calling, the Christmas visit of "Santa Claus," colored eggs at Easter, and doughnuts, crullers and New Year's cookies.

The Puritans prized education next to their religion. Boston when only six years old made an appropriation of \$2,000 to the Seminary at Cambridge, now known as Harvard University. Some years after each family gave a peck of corn or a shilling in money to support it. Common schools had been provided at even an earlier date, and in 1665 every town had its free school, with a grammar school in towns containing over one hundred families.

In 1700 ten ministers having previously agreed, brought a number of books, saying as they laid them down: "I give these books for founding a college in Connecticut." This was the beginning of Yale College, which was first established at Saybrook, but in 1716 was removed to New Haven. It was named for Gov. Yale who had befriended it most generously.

In Connecticut every town that did not hold school for three months was heavily fined. The

"town meetings," as they were called, were of great value in creating democratic ideas. Old and young, rich and poor, met there on a perfect equality for the discussion of local questions. In Hartford, every free-man who neglected to attend town meeting was fined sixpence, unless he could give a good excuse.

New England from the first had led in this great principle. Free schools were found in every village and hamlet from the Penobscot to the Hudson. Each town or district furnished its own facilities for this purpose. So complete and universal were the means of education that there was said not to be an adult born in New England who could not read and



West Brookfield, Mass. The Old Indian Burial Ground—1640.

pounds (\$25) penalty for first offence, ten pounds (\$50) for the second, and for the third imprisonment during the pleasure of the court."

These were not really laws but selections from the decisions of the judges. They were printed on blue paper and from this got their name.

It is claimed that these "Blue Laws" never really existed. The story of these laws was first told by a Tory refugee in London, Rev. Samuel Peters, who delighted in horrifying the British with tales of wholesale tarring and feathering by the patriots of the Revolution. Dr. Peters reminds one of Baron Munchausen as to his truthfulness. He declared that the river at Bellows Falls flowed so fast that iron crowbars

write. If the narrowness and bigotry in religious matters of the Puritans was great, its record on the question of education should be written in letters of gold. It is true that the general education of the people situated as they were during the first half of the eighteenth century, was simple as compared with the universal instruction of such people as now inhabit these same States.

The Colonists believing "every man's house is his castle," resisted the power of English petty custom-house officials to enter their homes and stores at will and search for smuggled goods, with warrants from the King, as a violation of their rights, and brought the matter before the general court at Boston, where James Otis, advocate-general, came out boldly for the Colonists, exclaiming: "To my dying day I will oppose, with all the powers and faculties God has given me, all such instruments of slavery on the one hand and villany on the other." "Then and there," said John Adams, who was present, "the trumpet of the Revolution was sounded."

The people agreed not to use any article of British manufacture. The newspapers of the day gave names of many wealthy people who conformed to this agreement. On one occasion between forty and fifty young women, calling themselves the "Daughters of Liberty" brought their spinning-wheels to the house of Rev. Mr. Moorehead in Boston, and during the day spun two hundred and thirty-two skeins of yarn and presented them to the pastor. "Within eighteen months," wrote a Newport, R. I., gentleman, "four hundred and eighty-seven yards of cloth and thirty-eight pairs of stockings had been spun and knit in the family of James Nixon of this town." In Boston and Newport the ladies, at their tea-drinkings used the dried leaves of the raspberry instead of imported tea, and this substitute they called "Hyperion." The class of 1770 at Cambridge took their diplomas in homespun suits.

Associations of "Sons of Liberty" were formed to resist the Stamp Act in 1765. Delegates from nine of the Colonies met at New York and framed a Declaration of Rights, and a petition to the King and parliament. November 1, when this act was to take effect, was a day of general mourning. Bells were tolled, flags put at half-mast, and business suspended. At Portsmouth, N. H., A coffin inscribed "LIBERTY, aged CXLV years," was carried to an open grave. With drums muffled and solemn tread, the procession moved from the State House. Minute guns were fired till the grave was reached when a funeral oration was pronounced and the coffin lowered. Suddenly it was proclaimed that there were signs of life, and the coffin was raised. A new inscription, "LIBERTY REVIVED," was appended. Bells rung, trumpets sounded, men shouted, and a jubilee followed.

The English government became frightened and repealed the Stamp Act, but declared its right to tax the Colonies, and new taxes were levied upon tea, glass, paper, etc. A Board of Trade was established in Boston to act independently of the Colonial assemblies. British troops were sent to enforce the laws. The "Mutiny Act," so-called, aroused burning indignation in the Colonies by its attempt to enslave them. "It was bad enough to be enslaved but to feed and house their enemies was unendurable." The Massachusetts Assembly sent a circular to the other Colonies urging a union for redress of grievances. Parliament, in the name of the King, ordered the assembly to "rescind its action," which was unanimously refused.

New England contributed to the original thirteen colonies Massachusetts, Rhode Island, Connecticut, and New Hampshire. Massachusetts at the time of the breaking out of the War for Independence contained more than 200,000 people, and was the strongest of the Colonies.

In New England, especially Massachusetts and Connecticut, the principles and practices of the Puritans prevailed, and were universally recognized as the foundation of good society. Though the church was the power over secular society, yet its tyranny was not so absolute and galling as it had been. The general bearing of society was against the Moravians, who were, like the Quakers, made objects of persecution, especially by the Catholics of Connecticut. They were charged with inciting the Indians to hostility, and other alleged crimes were made against them and they became hated and abused. They refused to take an oath on religious scruples, which was made an excuse for passing laws prohibiting any person living in the province who refused being bound by such laws. The Moravians were attacked in the most inhuman manner and with blows driven from their fields, their homes, and workshops. Intolerance did its work, and bigotry was increased to the insecurity of society.



A BEAUTIFUL LEGEND.

LUELLA G. FOGELSANGER.

A BEAUTIFUL legend is told about the great canyons in Switzerland. On the side of a mountain Nature in a playful mood formed with rocks the features of a great face. The features could not be seen distinctly except at a distance, when they would stand out clearly, and appear majestic and godlike. The people in the valley grew to love this great stone face. They attributed the fertility of the valley to its kindly beaming aspect. One little boy was peculiarly impressed by it. As he sat on his mother's doorstep he could see the kindly visage beaming upon him from the distance. The boy loved the face, and he imagined it returned his affection. The face seemed to him to be the glow of a

great warm heart. It was so tender, kind, noble and lovable thought the little boy. Thus pondering on the attributes the face seemed to express, his soul gradually became good and noble. His own face came to have the same expression as the gigantic one in the distance.

A story had been murmured by the mountain streams and whispered by the winds, that some day a child would be born in the valley who was destined to become the greatest and noblest man of his time. Many times the village folk were deceived by men who returned to their native village, great in the eyes of the world, but small in the eyes of God. Their names were great, but their souls were small.

The little boy who had seen so much sympathy, kindness and love in this face, grew to manhood with the majestic features ever before him. He was a quiet, unobtrusive boy, and much loved by his neighbors and friends. One day as he was, in his simple manner addressing a crowd of people, his face became illumined by his emotions, and some one cried, "Look, he is the very image of the great stone face." Sure enough, there in the distance was the Titanic face, and here before them was the very image of it.

Hawthorne heard this legend and its spiritual significance appealed strongly to him. He has given us the beautiful story in matchless English, entitled *The Great Stone Face*. It is an American masterpiece. Every boy and girl should read this tale for its excellent style, and for the spiritual truth it contains.

What we think, what we read, what we hear, has much to do with the forming of our characters. We are forming a mould into which our minds are cast. If our thoughts are pure and noble, if we read choice literature, if we talk about the good and beautiful, our souls will become more beautiful each day. Our lives will be the outward expression of our meditations.

So may our faces reflect souls that may be an inspiration to others, even as the Great Stone Face was an inspiration and ideal to little Ernest. No one can become purer and stronger without influencing many others, so in realizing our ideals we are making all life better. Owen Meredith has said, "No life can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife, and all life not be purer and stronger thereby."

Elizabethtown, Pa.

SOME AMERICANS OF ACHIEVEMENT

O. H. KIMMEL

Dr. Samuel Francis Smith.

WE all sing "America." We do not remember when we learned it, but like Dodd Weaver with the A B C's, we always knew it. It has been sung in the home and in the school, at church, at entertainments, at celebrations—sung everywhere ever since we can remember, and who is there in all America who does not love this song? It is a song that is sung in the primary school and in the high school. A song for the Southland, for the snow-capped Northland, for the traditional East and the golden West of our great stretch of country. It is an anthem for any occasion, for all occasions. It is a song as simple as nature, yet broad and classical enough in its scope for the most technical. In fact it is a song for America, and for all that America stands for, and no matter where the strains of "America" are started, soon a chorus is singing:

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty."

The author of this song, Dr. Samuel Francis Smith, was a minister and educator in Massachusetts who gave some of his time to the composition of hymns. He was born in Boston in October, 1808. He studied at Harvard and Andover, and for a time was professor

of modern languages at Waterville, Maine. In 1842 he removed to Newton, Massachusetts, where for a period of seven years he conducted the *Christian Review* and wrote hymns.

Dr. Smith was an earnest worker and a good man whose greater energies were bent on his life's work. He wrote quite a number of hymns, but this work was done in his recreation hours when he listened to the muse. So, we remember him, not for the work which took his great energies, and consumed his vitality at last, but for the work he did in response to the call of the muse. We think of Dr. Smith when the stirring lines of "The Morning Light Is Breaking" are being sung in revival service, but we think of him most when that little classic, "My Country 'tis of Thee," is being sung, though this was composed while he was yet a student at Andover, in 1832. This is the little work that has made the name of Dr. Smith immortal. It is this little anthem that is sung all over this country, and it is this little anthem that follows the stars and stripes all over the world. It is said that an American traveling in a foreign country who has forgotten to carry along the American flag to look upon when he hums America is lonely indeed. It is this little song

that follows us in our national life wherever we may drift.

An enthusiastic reception was given the author in Music Hall in Boston April 3, 1895. On that same day the school children in all America sang "America" in his honor. This just praise was given him in glad refrain which was heard throughout the land. The nation formally showed its appreciation for the life in song that he had given to it. And it did not act too soon, for on the sixteenth of the following November the grim reaper came and claimed him as his own, and Dr. Smith was given over to the ages.

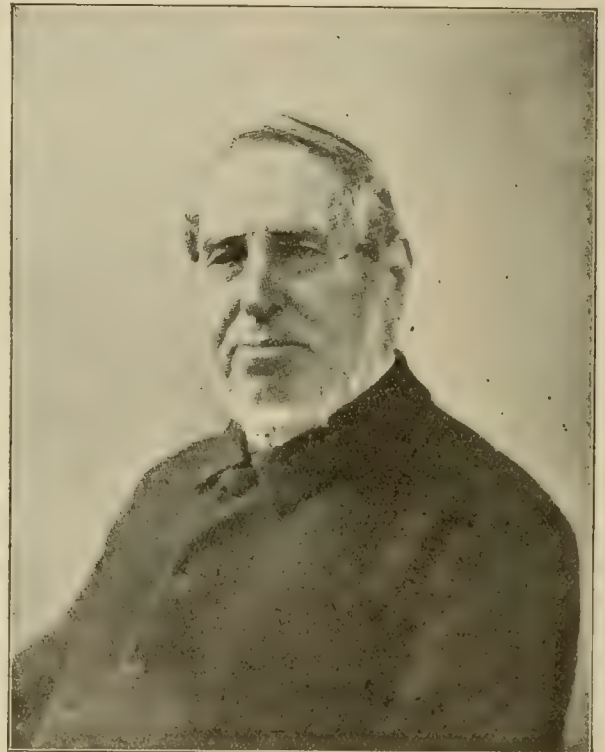
Some people are wont to criticise this anthem. Some say that it is not wholly American, that in part it was copied from a European air, which is true. Others say that it is not as attractive either in phrase or music as our national air should be, while still others say that it is entirely too plain and simple to express all that a national air should express. But while the critics are talking the great mass of the people sing the song and love it in its plainness and its natural simplicity. The critics criticise, but they produce no song that will take its place. Some songs have been written and sung which were designed to take its place, and though they were beautiful songs, the great mind of the nation soon tired of them and went back to "America," where in all probability it will stay. It is true that it is not wholly original, and that it is not wholly American. Of course it is not. Nothing is wholly original, and no music in America is wholly American. America is too young in national life as yet to even have national traditions and national characteristics. It has no original literature independent of Europe; it has no complete line of thought and philosophy independent of Europe; it has no governmental traditions entirely independent of Europe; and it has no music entirely given over to its own developing traditions, so that criticism is surely hastily given. An any rate, whatever the critics say, the people are singing "America" with greater enthusiasm, and "America" is recognized as a classic in literature and song, for, after all, classics are made by the people and not by the critics. And such is "America."

This anthem stands as the crowning work of Dr. Smith. It stands as a living monument, beaming out as a silver crown of all his work here on earth. It is an expression of simplicity and patriotism, of loyalty and love to one's country that cannot be imitated, that has not been improved upon and that will never die in the hearts and minds of the American race. As this nation shapes its traditions and characteristics, it will shape them around this song and under the stars and stripes of our national banner, and through it all the name of Dr. Smith will stand as immortal because it was he who composed this anthem.



America.

My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died!
Land of the Pilgrims' pride!
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring!
My native country, thee—
Land of the noble free—
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.



Dr. Samuel Francis Smith.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake;
Let all that breathe partake;
Let rocks their silence break,—
The sound prolong.
Our fathers' God! to thee,
Author of liberty,
To thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright
With freedom's holy light;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King.

SILK MANUFACTURE.

JOHN H. NOWLAN.

AFTER the chrysalids have been killed the cocoons are sent to the reelers or filatures. A number of cocoons are placed in a basin of hot water which softens the gum that sticks the threads together. The operator brushes the cocoons with a small broom to the threads of which the fibers become attached. After the outside fibers are removed and the thread runs free, just as you would unwind a ball of yarn, the ends are collected together and wound upon a reel. As the silk cools and dries the gum hardens and fastens the fibers into one smooth thread, the size depending upon the number of cocoons used. The finest sizes reeled are but little coarser than a spider's web. Three thousand cocoons will yield about one pound of silk fiber which would reach seven hundred miles.

The silk in this state is known as reeled or raw silk. It is wound into hanks or skeins of 400 French ells—520 yards. The size is denoted by the denier, $533\frac{1}{3}$ deniers being equal to one ounce. An 8-10 denier silk runs 491,000 yards to the pound, or a pound would stretch 297 miles. It is seldom reeled coarser than 28-30 denier which runs 150,000 yards per pound. The number of deniers that one hank weighs is the count of the yarn.

Very little raw silk is produced in the United States. The writer has known quite a number of persons who have gone into the silk industry, but can not now recall a party who made a second attempt.

We import most of our raw silk from Italy, China and Japan. It is handled first by the throwster, who winds it from the skein and makes various kinds of threads for the different purposes.

Raw silk wound on spools in a single thread and called singles is often used to make warps (the threads running lengthwise of a piece of goods) for piece-dyed goods, which are woven with the gum in the silk and afterwards boiled out and dyed. In very thin goods singles are sometimes used as filling, which is the threads running across the goods.

For yarn-dyed goods organzine is usually used. These goods are made of yarn which is dyed before weaving.

Organzine is raw silk wound, then twisted in the singles, two or more strands put together, twisted in the reverse direction, then reeled into skeins for dyeing.

Tram is used for filling of either yarn or piece-dyed goods, and also in piece-dyed goods it is sometimes used for the warps. Tram is raw silk wound two, three or more threads put together and twisted, usually rather slack.

Crepe yarn, used in making crepe, in chiffon and other purposes, is a hard-twisted thread, generally tram, from forty to eighty turns to the inch.

Floss silk is a very slack-twisted tram composed of a large number of singles.

Embroidery silk is made by winding the raw silk, putting a large number of ends together, giving them slack twist, doubling and twisting in the reverse direction with a slack twist.

Sewing silk is made by winding and doubling the raw silk, twisting into tram, hard twisted, doubling and twisting in the reverse direction, drawing the thread tight at the same time that it is twisted. Machine silk is the same, only three strands are used instead of two.

Perhaps you think that there would be much waste in the course of the manufacture of the various threads. All the cocoons from which the moth has emerged by breaking the fibers at one end of the cocoon, the fibers taken from the cocoons in the production of reeled silk and the waste in manufacture are used to make spun silk. The waste silk is ungummed, that is, it is boiled in soap and water, after which the chrysalids are picked from the cocoons.

The silk is then combed, lapped, put through a number of drawing frames to get the fibers even, next to the roving frames where it takes the form of thread, and then to the spinning frames where it is twisted. It is now singles. If two or three ply yarn is to be made, the singles are doubled, twisted again, run through a gas flame to remove the loose fibers, the knots and lumps are taken out (controlled), and then reeled into skeins for dyeing, or spooled.

The system of numbering used most in this country is the English method. The hank is 840 yards and the count of the yarn is the number of hanks in a pound avoirdupois. Thus, No. 50 thread has fifty hanks to the pound, each hank being 840 yards, or 42,000 yards to the pound.

Weaving of silk is the same as of any other goods—by means of a loom. Ribbons are woven several pieces in one loom with a separate shuttle for each piece.

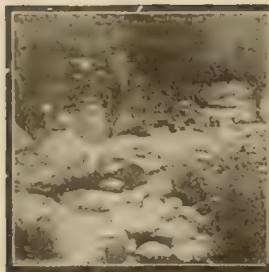
Teachers who are teaching commercial geography can at little cost secure samples which will be both interesting and instructive.

Mulberry Grove, Ill.

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THE ONLY EASY PLACE.

HENRY WARD BEECHER once received a letter from a lad, asking him to find "an easy place." This was his reply: "You cannot be an editor; do not try the law; do not think of the ministry; let alone all ships, shops, and merchandise; be not a farmer nor a mechanic; neither be a soldier nor a sailor; don't work, don't study, don't think. None of these are easy. Oh, my son, you have come into a hard world. I know of only one easy place in it, and that is the grave.—*The Methodist Protestant.*"



NATURE STUDIES



THE DOGWOOD FAMILY.

M. E. S. CHARLES.

THE dogwoods, or dogwoods and cornels, form a very attractive family group of plants which consists of herbs, shrubs and trees. The trees are small and sometimes play at being shrubs; the shrubs now and then try to be trees; and the herbs are woody at base as if they hope some day to be trees.

Recent botanists have placed the two trees belonging to this group into a family by themselves; but as so many of their characteristics are identical with the other members of the family, I like to think of them, with the others, as composing one harmonious family.

The winter aspect of this group is no less interesting to an observing person than when nature is at her floodtide of growth and beauty.

Beginning with the trees, the largest members of the family, we find there are two species, both small; the one with which we are familiar being rather larger of the two; and one very similar which grows west of the Rocky Mountains. The most noticeable difference between them being that instead of the leaves of the involucre of the western species being notched at the apex, they are more or less pointed, and do not meet at the base, thus leaving the cluster of flower buds naked.

The striking thing about the dogwood tree in winter is the alligator-skin appearance of its gray, checkered bark. This identifies it in any stretch of woodland without further aid to the observer. One notices, too, the grayness and the platformed stratification of its bushy top, from whose larger branches the twigs rise with curious bendings so as to hold their clustering buds into the light. The tree has a picturesque waywardness of habit in the woods; it crouches in the shadows of larger trees and leans out to reach the sunshine that sifts through the forest cover. The twigs are thick set with buds, formed in midsummer, for the flowering dogwood is a thrifty, far-sighted tree. The slim leaf buds are inconspicuous among the squat, four-cornered buds that contain the flowers.

I need not tell any one how beautiful a dogwood tree is when the thick cloud of white or pink-flushed blossoms covers its bare branches to their utmost twig. It is a sight to be remembered to the end of one's days. The beauty of the tree is not in its flowers, but in the

four petal-like scales, or bracts, that surround the greenish bunch of small, tubular flowers. They are the outer envelopes of the little flattened buds. In spring these bud scales do not fall but grow at an amazing rate. Only the very tips of them are too dry to grow. They form the peculiar notch at the apex, and give the bract an artistic, if irregular, twist.

These bracts are merely leaves changed for the special purpose of notifying the little mining bee and other insects of like appetites, that there is nectar in the flower tubes they guard. Leafy in texture, though white and delicately tinted, these bracts develop before the flowers, and last beyond their fading; so we enjoy the dogwood bloom for weeks in spring instead of days, merely. This is the fact that counts after all, and the added one that we may go out again and again and bring home sprays of the flowers, and yet leave the tree in better state than it was before, if only we cut judiciously, where the top is thickest. Dogwood trees suffer from lack of pruning; their flowers are stunted by crowding.

The grace and beauty of the leaves, with their channeled, curving, parallel veins, must strike one in summertime. Before they change color the clustered fruits, standing where the flowers grew, gleam bright against the leafy background. These shining, waxy berries are never lost to view, even when the foliage takes on shades of crimson and scarlet.

The winter coloring of the shrubby cornels or shrub dogwoods, is equally as interesting as that of their larger relatives. They all bear their flowers in flat cymous clusters, one to three inches across. The individual flower is a four-pointed star with four exerted stamens. The only flowering shrubs with which the cornels could be confused are the viburnums, but their flower is a star with five rounded divisions and five stamens. If it is remembered that the cornels are always in fours and the viburnums always in fives, the difficulty is removed.

The fruits of this family come in assorted colors; they range from bright scarlet, dark blue, pale steel blue, bluish white and pure white. In flavor they vary simply in degrees of unpleasantness, all being more or less acid, bitter and aromatic, and the bitter is of a particularly persistent and pervading kind. An extract from the bark is often used as a medicine.

Another family characteristic is the brilliant stems of many of the species. The blue cornel is a tall shrub, that with its profusion of bloom, red-stemmed, blue fruit, and autumnal coloration of its leaves, is a striking form most desirable in any situation.

The rough-leaved cornel is a shrub of wet soils. The bark is thick, fissured and of dark reddish brown. The twigs are slender, light green and hairy at first, soon becoming red-brown. Its fruit is white and in large clusters.

Clumps of the red-osiered cornel burns in the spring woods with stem and bursting leaf buds all of the same deep garnet, and near by are masses of dull purplish-red, where the silky cornel stands, still unprovided with green leaves large enough to hide its stems.

The most marked example of winter coloring among the cornels is the white-fruited dogwood of Siberia, which is the species usually cultivated in our gardens. The blood-red twigs and stems which glow throughout the winter, and deepen and flame as winter merges into spring, are well known, especially in the eastern States.

But an extensive and pleasing range of winter coloring can be had by means of our native dogwoods alone.

The single species of the dogwoods that is classed with herbs is a small plant, but it does its best to attract attention by surrounding its clusters of small flowers with a decorative involucre in imitation of its largest relative—the dogwood tree.



IDEAL TREATMENT OF ANIMALS.

A LARGE part of the energy of civilization has come out of the bodies of the great four-footed races. The horse, the ox, the mule, the elephant, the camel, the reindeer, the water buffalo, the yak, the dog, and the donkey—on the powerful and patient backs of these patient beings civilization has been borne for unknown hundreds of years. The power and nobility of these races have enabled man to carry out enterprises he never could have dreamed of undertaking single handed. Without horses or other beings able and willing to wield the great implements, agriculture, the most basic of human industries, would be almost impossible.

In the ideal state man treats the races of beings affiliated with him not as objects of pillage, but as beings with rights and feelings and capabilities of happiness and misery like himself. He is kind to them and ever mindful of how he may gladden and enrich their necessarily meager lives.

He gets real pleasure by simply seeing them happy and realizing that he has in some measure contributed to that happiness. He provides them plenty to eat, comfortable homes, vacation days in which to rest, opportunities for pleasure and pastime, an education, and infirmaries for times of misfortune and decline.

He does not drive them until they are ready to drop.

He does not abuse them until they are so nervous and soured that they have to be muzzled to keep them from biting at passersby. He does not cut off their pretty tails nor rein up their heads into horrible positions in the interest of an illiterate vanity. He does not go around with a stick or a whip with which to attack them whenever he does not feel well or things go against him at home.

He talks to them. He treats them as the Arab treats his horse. The Arab regards his steed always as his comrade, as one whom he delights to please, taking him into his own tent if necessary, and putting his arms around his neck, and looking into his beautiful eyes, the assurance of true love and fellowship.

In short, man, when he acts ideally, treats these beings at all times as associates, not as slaves or machines; as his best friends and most faithful and valuable allies. They, on the other hand, come to recognize man as their true guide and benefactor.—*Chicago Tribune*.



WAYS OF EMPEROR PENGUIN.

VISITORS to the Auckland Museum now have the opportunity of inspecting an interesting memento of the recent antarctic expedition, presented by Lieutenant Shackleton, in the shape of a specimen of the emperor penguin, the largest and finest and in other respects the most interesting of all known penguins. It was obtained at Cape Royds, at the base of Mount Erebus, and has been kindly forwarded to the museum by Professor David of Sydney, at the express request of Lieutenant Shackleton. Considering the circumstances under which the specimen was obtained and preserved, it is in good condition, and has been excellently mounted by Mr. Griffin. The emperor penguin is absolutely confined to the shores of the ice-covered lands within the antarctic circle, and is remarkable for breeding during the middle of winter, when the sun is below the horizon, and when the temperature often falls to 50 degrees below zero. Only one egg is laid, which is supported in the closely placed broad flat feet, and partly concealed in a kind of pocket in the dense coating of feathers on the lower part of the body, the bird standing bolt upright on the ice-covered ground. If disturbed, the penguin moves away with a succession of hops and jumps, still keeping the egg on its feet. The young bird is fed by the parent until it is old enough to swim, when it is led to the sea, and left to find its food for itself.—*Auckland News*.



In a deep cut near Spokane, Wash., a scientist has found a ginkgo leaf, which he says proves that Japan and America were once united. The ginkgo is distinct among plants, and is now found only in Japan.

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WE may not undo our misdoings of the past, but we may use them as warnings to keep us out of the way of danger in the future.

THE Sixty-first Congress has been sitting for more than two weeks in its second session and should be well started in its business of law-making. However, the people have learned from past experience not to be too sanguine in their expectations in this direction. Sometimes individuals in the business world become noted because of a lack of attention to the business they profess to follow. And, unfortunately for those whose welfare depends on prompt and wise legislation, the same thing is sometimes true even of august legislative bodies.

AND yet there is little apparent reason why this session of Congress should make itself "noted" in this way. There is so much legislation needed that would clearly benefit the majority of the people concerned and the greater part of the country that a fine opportunity is open for Congress to make the session renowned rather than merely noted. President Taft is helping to broaden the opportunity by recommending a number of important measures for legislation in his regular message and he promises to bring other very important matters to the attention of the legislators later on.

TRUE, wise legislation demands the turning down or blocking of some measures as well as the prompt enactment of others. What is wisely to be turned down or wisely to be placed on the statute books must be determined according as it does not or does work out for the ultimate good of the large body of people whom the lawmaker represents. This is the test for the true lawmaker, and this is the point on which the people today have a quarrel with their legislative bodies. They feel that the men to whom they

have for the time delegated their power have turned things about and are looking after the interests of a favored few who offer attractive and speedy returns for their services. And there is much evidence to support this feeling; it cannot be ignored or passed over lightly. An awakened, intelligent, determined people means circumspect, faithful, earnest lawmakers. The sarcastic flings now indulged in by the people at the expense of legislators prove that the people are awake. It is the lawmakers' turn to move.

THIS week we are publishing a brief biographical sketch of one of the last of the long list of men and women born in 1809 whose lives are stamped indelibly on the pages of history. So much have these men and women had to do with the history of the last century that one cannot imagine what the world, and especially our part of it, would be like if they had never crossed the stage of time. And from this thought we turn to the question, What of the year that is passing? Has it given us possibilities that shall develop into powerful uplifting agents, molding the future into a world after the Father's will? It is for us to see that that which we control is so directed. A hundred years hence the world may look back and marvel over what we now consider a simple, insignificant (?) duty.

RESOLVING ANEW.

NOTWITHSTANDING the witticisms of the funny man and the sarcasms of the critic on the making of resolutions at this season of the year, there is, in fact, little that can be said against the custom and much to be said in its favor. People are so constituted that they like the idea of a change—of new beginnings. Whether it is simply an illusion, as in the case of the new year which after all is only a continuation of time, or a fact, as the beginning of a new book, the pleasure is the same and the happy results also.

We shall say nothing on how these resolutions shall be made or entered upon. We wish simply to encourage a hopeful beginning of the new year which will naturally breed a determination to make the period a witness to marked advancement toward one's ideals. The hope itself is born of the thought that the new year stands out from the years preceding and those following, in a sense independent, and therefore offering inducements for new beginnings and for beginning anew.

The thought of "another chance" has often called into use all of a man's powers and won for him the success he had long strived to gain. He had the power to win all along, but the vision of a clean slate—a new trial—put the spur to his endeavors and landed him at the coveted goal.

And so the new year will find many of us welcom-

ing its beginning with new hopes and increased energy and enthusiasm, resolving with a blare of trumpets or in the secret chambers of our being to surpass all previous accomplishments.

With this spirit ruling, we can with the greatest earnestness give voice to the greeting, A happy New Year!



PUTTING IT TOO STRONG.

If one reads the advertisements of various articles in magazines and circulars, he knows that no one undervalues what he has to sell. If he has a remedy to sell, it is good for nearly every disease to which flesh is heir. If it is a piece of machinery, it is perfect. If it is land that is to be sold, it is a rich soil, no rocks, no swamps, adapted to any crop a man may want to raise. The same holds good if a horse or a cow is to be sold: the animal is strictly all right, and it is only because there is no other way that it is let go.

And this is true of printers, as well as of other people. Each office does the best work in the town, carries most advertisements, has the largest circulation, gets out altogether the best paper. The railroad has the most direct line, the best service, the grandest scenery. The steamer makes the best time, has the most comfortable staterooms, sets the best table, takes most precautions against danger. The college has an ideal location, a faculty that cannot be excelled, takes every care to guard its students from moral and physical sickness, gives more for the money than any other school does; and all this is done just because the management are so interested in young men and women that they must do something for them. There is no selfish purpose, no desire to get gain—philanthropy pure and simple.

Then the way stores advertise! Not long ago we were looking over the advertisements of the dry goods houses in a paper. We were surprised to learn how many there were that carried positively the largest and best and cheapest stock in the city. None of them carried any goods that were not all wool, a yard wide, and the colors warranted not to run in the wash." Each one had the best suits, the best boots and shoes, the best hats and caps and gloves. How many best watches there are—perfect time-keepers. There are several large packing houses which furnish the best beef, ham, bacon, lard. There are numerous best brands of whiskey and beer and wine. No one knows how many tobacco houses furnish the best chewing and smoking tobacco, the best cigars and cigarets, the best snuff.

There is scarcely an article or an occupation which is not excessively praised by those interested in it. This has been done so much and so long that we do not believe what we read about anything, unless we have some other evidence than the advertisement. And

thus it comes about that we fail to believe many things which are of vital concern to us, and which are not advertisements. The habit of exaggerating is a bad one—a shorter word describes it better. Most of it is done with a selfish purpose in view. Whether what is said is true or false, is not a matter of great concern.

We do this of ourselves perhaps more often than we do of what we have for sale; for we are before the people all the day, every day. Defects are carefully hidden by paint or padding. Moral defects are covered by an assumption of the virtues which are just the opposites of the defects to be hidden. We pose as public spirited, when we are utterly selfish; as generous, when we are miserly and covetous; as not seeking office, when we would give almost anything to secure a certain position; as honest, when we are only afraid of the results if we are dishonest.

Isn't it time to stop and consider? Haven't we gone far enough in this business of deception and self-deception? Wouldn't it be better to be really honest and true? Such a change as that would be a revolution; but not all revolutions are to be dreaded; some of them have in the end brought great blessings to mankind, and we believe this one would be most beneficent of all. Of course, we are afraid to try it. We are sure to be laughed at if we start out on such a line; for we shall be alone at first. But isn't it our business to be true in spite of the world, the flesh and the devil? Will not our truth help others to be true? Suppose we try it for the rest of our life, and see.

We have been putting our merits and those of our wares pretty strong for a good while. It hasn't really paid: it will pay a great deal less in the end. It is the time of the year when new leaves are turned over; let us not forget to turn this one over. Let us not overvalue what we have and are. It is a poor policy, and is wrong.



SONG OF THE RYE.

SELECTED BY A. J. SMITH.

"I was made to be eaten,
And not to be drank;
To be thrashed in a barn,
Not soaked in a tank.

"I came as a blessing
When put through a mill;
As a blight and a curse
When run through a still.

"Make me up into loaves,
And your children are fed;
But if into drink,
I'll starve them instead.

"In bread I'm a servant,
The eater shall rule;
In drink I am master,
The drinker a fool."

Ware, Texas.



THE HOME WORLD



YOUNG MAN, GET A HOME

J. G. ROYER

EVERY young man who begins to think and plan for himself, looks forward to a time when he shall have a home he can call his own. He may not have a definite notion as to what that home shall be in style and furnishings, but he has within him a longing for a spot that shall be his. Such longing is a soul impulse implanted by nature, and it should be cherished and encouraged in every laudable way; for every young man who has passed the "majority mark" should aim at having a home of his own as soon as possible. If he is practically wise and frugal he will in due time have one. The sooner a young man makes up his mind that he will have a home of his own, the better it will be for him.

I am sure young men are aware of all this, and many a one feels it keenly; but he does not have the money necessary to set up a home according to present-day social demands. Therefore he cannot marry and have a home. He may form an engagement, but he must put off marriage and be without a home until he has acquired a sufficient amount of money to secure the home. Such is a misconception of the real aim and purpose of life; and it is a lowering and degrading of womanhood. Think of a young man commencing life alone, fighting its battles alone, winning if possible, by years of arduous toil a competence alone, and when the conflict is over, the toil is past, and the victory is won, then he can have a wife and a home. If he fails in getting the money alone, he cannot have a home. What folly; what nonsense, this modern idea of home-making!

Another home-ruinous custom of present-day society is for young people to marry and take up their abode at some boarding house. It is right that they should marry, but they should at once establish a home of their own, even though they cannot own the rooms or house in which they live. It is intended that husband and wife shall constitute a sufficient society for the enjoyment of life. If they are only two members of a large boarding house family in which they have no special control or interest, the exclusive enjoyment of

each other's society is continually disturbed. Besides, those who thus defer establishing their own home any length of time, seldom succeed afterwards in making one to their liking. The reason for this is plain. They have become accustomed to enjoy the comforts of life without trouble on their own part. They have been waited upon and received hospitality without returning it, and afterward when the more sane and natural life is attempted in their own home, they almost invariably find themselves too old to learn.

If possible young people should begin a permanent home in the outset, instead of settling down in one of a temporary character with the intention of building a "grand house" when the "better times" come. The better times are when youth and health and love join hands and set out upon life's journey together. Yes, better build a home now, even though you must begin with only a room or two beside a kitchen. Those who do so will find that the seasons will come and go, bringing their gifts of improvement and comfort; and in twenty years your home will be a far more lovely and enjoyable abode than any "grand new house" can possibly be. Those who have begun in this way and afterward attained to the possession of wealth, always look back to those days of "small things" with peculiar delight and satisfaction. They speak of those days as the "golden age" of their hearts, if not of their purses as well.

I am not here to praise poverty. No one ought to remain poor if he can help it; yet poverty certainly has its compensations. We say the man who has no money is poor; but surely the one who has nothing but money is poorer. Many of the greatest benefactors of the world began with very little money. Many of them were poor. And they who now are afraid to marry because they have but little money and so deny themselves the pleasures of the home, because their house must be small, and their furniture plain, do not deserve to be happy. Let young people begin according to their means, however small, and honestly live within their income,—if possible not quite up to it, by

no means beyond it—and be content with what they have. To be content, but not satisfied with what they have will cause every added comfort to be appreciated, and if wealth be attained later on, it will be enjoyed.

The social sentiments of today may not agree with the home-getting and home-making sentiments here expressed. There are those who say they are proud of not having married until they saw their way clear to a "good living." To all such I take pleasure in saying that there is an infinitely larger company of us who are equally proud that we "fell in love like the birds, and like them mated with as little fear of being able to find our daily crumbs." Did not the good God make us to love and to live? Why then should we be afraid to do either? History shows that if you do not marry when you want to, you will not be likely to do so when you wish to.

Mt. Morris, Ill.



"HOME, SWEET HOME."

LILLIAN M. WIRE.

OH! what is home without the "loving words"? We can manage very well without the "low of cattle and song of birds." And even without the "health and quiet." But unless we have the "loving words," it is not home. It is simply a place in which to eat and sleep and to shelter us from the storm.

When the warmth and friendliness are gone, it is a lonely place. No amount of costly furniture can take the place of *love*. I have entered homes that were rich in upholstered furniture and beautiful pictures but there was a chill. While in a *real* home, though it was poor and tiny, how the atmosphere seemed to cheer one, the moment he steps inside the portals. "Ah!" you say to yourself, "this is home."

I see such a difference in going about. Some women have a knack of making everything look home-like. But remember, it is the "ornament of a meek and quiet spirit" that goes farthest in making home pleasant.

"Mid pleasures and palaces
Tho' we may roam,
Be it ever so humble,
There's no place like home."

Although John Howard Payne was homeless, who has written more tenderly on the subject than he?

Where love reigns in the home, surely

"A charm from the skies,
Seems to hallow us there."

Happy is the one who has such a habitation. But we have the assurance of having "a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And the beauty of our heavenly home will far exceed anything "of earth, earthy." For with the home in heaven, "the Builder

and Maker is God," "and eye hath not seen, neither hath the ear heard the glories that God has prepared" for us.



DREAMS.

Of all the mysteries, sweet and rare,
That the years, as they come and go, unfold,
There is one ever fresh to the young and the old—
One sweeter than ever the others are;
'Tis the happiest thing, in this life of ours—
The dreams that we dream in our waking hours.

Ah, some may be wise, and scornfully say,
"No room for the dreamer on life's stern field;
The sword is for war, and the sceptre to wield,
And work is our motto from day to day."
Let them practice and preach; let them toil and fret,
But women and men will be dreamers yet.

And the dreams? Ah, well, no friend may know
Where the spirit wanders, unfettered and free—
What sunny skies and gardens fair there be
In the mystical land where our fancies go;
We pity the builder, so prosy and plain,
Who builds no beautiful castles in Spain.

'Tis true that the waking may bring but care,
And the fairy structures may tumble and fall
At the sound of war, like Jericho's wall,
Because, forsooth, we've been building in air.
But 'tis better to see one's castles fall
Than never have known a castle at all.

"For women will dream:" Aye, women and men
Will dream and dream, 'till the night comes on;
Dream after life's fever and fret are done;
Nor waken to find their dreams are vain
If, perchance, the best dreams that our hopes can build,
In the "after-while" we shall find fulfilled.

—M. I. Bliss, in Fireside.



KEEPING STEP.

It began when Hilda was in the second grade. The diacritical marks first called Mrs. Hunter's attention to the need of keeping step with her children through school courses. Hilda had already begun to bring her "work" home, and, of course, mamma helped her.

"Oh, it isn't broad a; it's short a, with a breve. Mamma, you don't know," the little maiden cried pettishly.

Mr. Hunter looked up from his paper. "That is not the way for you to speak to mamma, Hilda. She was a teacher for several years, and I think she can help a little girl of eight."

"But there are new ways; Miss Briggs said so. Maidie's mamma helped her with her number work, and Miss Briggs said it was old-fashioned."

Mr. Hunter had gone back to his paper. It was his wife who said:

"It is time to put away the books now. You and Joyce shall have a story before you go to bed."

An hour later Hilda, Joyce and baby Raymond, who had just passed his first birthday, were all sleeping. Mrs. Hunter sat down opposite her husband.

"Harry, if I am not able to help Hilda now, what will be my position when she enters the high school? I have always thought of my teaching with satisfaction, because it would enable me to keep in touch with the children in their school work."

"And now to be told, when Hilda, has not been in school two years, that your methods are old-fashioned!" Mr. Hunter laughed, but there was a serious tone in his voice as he went on. "Think how far behind the babies I must be; I finished the high school when I was eighteen, sixteen years ago."

"What are we to do about it?" Mrs. Hunter asked.

"Why, I don't suppose we can do anything. Just step aside and let our present excellent school system have its way."

Mrs. Hunter said no more. However, she thought much and seriously on the subject.

One May afternoon she sat down in her cozy sitting room to decide a weighty matter. Raymond was sleeping, while Joyce was playing with building blocks.

"Next year I's to go to school and learn things, like Hilda does," the little girl crooned as she laboriously built a tall tower.

"Yes, and that will complicate matters," Mrs. Hunter said to herself. "For the first two years I must do the work of two grades. After that Joyce's work would be only a review, supplemented by the new methods acquired in two years. In five years Raymond will begin—the year before Hilda enters the high school. I—why, I hope that I am not regretting that there are three of the darlings."

She laughed, albeit her lips trembled.

Could she do each year the same work that her children were doing in school? Hilda's next teacher was a warm friend of the Hunters; she would understand, sympathize, help. The mother felt sure that with her own training, textbooks, an educational journal and frequent visits to school she could keep pace with her children, not only through the primary and intermediate grades, but also through the high school.

She was confident of her ability. What about the time that it would take?

Mrs. Hunter did her own work, excepting the washing, house-cleaning, and a part of the sewing. She had decided domestic tastes and loved the care of her children.

"Perhaps I can cut down some minor luxuries, such as hemstitching the ruffles for Joyce's dress and making fancy desserts," she thought. "Still, the work of the house must not be neglected. What other things can I give up?"

From church she or Mr. Hunter had to stay away, on account of Raymond. She had to give up Sabbath school, although she taught her little daughters the lesson.

"I must do that, and, as soon as Raymond is old

enough, we must all go. That is duty. While I cannot attend the meetings of the missionary society with regularity, I want to retain my membership. There is nothing but the Reading Club. Mother has always been glad to keep the children, and I have felt that the work was a stimulus to my thinking powers."

The Reading Club consisted of twenty ladies who met fortnightly. Each year they studied the history of some country, giving a short time each day to reading. Together they reviewed their work, preparing papers on various topics connected with the history.

At last Clara Hunter resolved to give up the club and study the work done in the first and third grades of the school. It was only to Hilda's teacher and to Mr. Hunter that she told her plan. To herself she said:

"When I have proved its worth I will ask other mothers to try it."

That was a busy year for Mrs. Hunter. It was not learning the lessons that took her time; it was familiarizing herself with the ways of doing the work.

In six months' time she found herself mistress of the situation. Her greatest triumph was that she was able to look at things from the view-point of her children.

The mother's interest grew. She found that the new work supplied the mental stimulus that she had before received from the club.

Hilda was in the fifth grade before she fully comprehended just why it was that mamma was always able to understand all about the lessons. In the beginning Mrs. Hunter had promised herself that she would not make the mistake of giving her daughters too much help. She was their fellow student, not their teacher.

When Hilda entered the high school, she said:

"Mamma, we will have such good times together, over the English. Miss Barker says that I remember my back work well, and I think it must be because we all study together, so I review what you and Joyce are doing."

After a trial of eight years Clara Hunter feels that she has succeeded. There have been some sacrifices. Sewing and ironing have been lessened only by doing away with many of the ruffles and frills dear to girlish hearts. However, studying with her daughters has made working with them only natural, and they are much help to her.

Mrs. Hunter has kept step with her children. She believes her plan, possibly with modifications, would be a blessing to other mothers and daughters.—*Hope Daring, in American Motherhood.*



"TAKE flour and water and make a stiff dough instead of batter. Then have a little water in the bowl and wash the dough until all the white part has dissolved. The yellow, gummy part which remains is what makes the clothes yellow. Strain the starch and pour it into boiling water and allow it to come to a boil."

FOR THE HAIR.

As a preventive treatment for dry or faded hair, the scalp massage is to be recommended. It takes time, but it pays in the added luster of the hair. To massage the scalp, rest the tips of the fingers on the scalp, the thumb being firmly placed; the balls of the fingers are then pressed in and the scalp moved, the finger tips remaining where they were placed on the scalp. Unless they are held rigid, they will move the hair, giving no massage. The scalp should have this treatment all over the head, giving three or four minutes to each place, and paying particular attention to the scalp on the temples, as that is where the hair thins and grays first. This movement of the scalp will restore circulation, and give better health to the hair follicles. Oils will not make the hair greasy if properly applied; that is, if the hair is parted and the tonic rubbed in on the bare line with the finger tips or a bit of sponge. This should be done before the massage, and oils or liquids can be applied with a little sewing machine oil can, so that the scalp, and not the hair receives the tonic. One of the best scalp tonics is crude petroleum; vaseline is good; beef marrow is one of the best simple scalp foods, and can be made pure at home. Melt and strain a gill of beef marrow and add a teaspoonful of sweet oil; twenty-five drops of tincture of benzine will help to keep it sweet, but it should be made in small quantities.—*The Commoner*.

**PUMPKIN PIES.**

PEEL, seed and cut a hard yellow field pumpkin into inch pieces; put into a kettle (iron is best) with a very little water and slowly bring to a boil—it should take about half to three-quarters of an hour at least, and by that time there will be juice enough to cook it without scorching. Let cook slowly, stirring often, until all the water is apparently cooked out of it, then let get cold.

A plain pie is made by using, for two pies, one pint of stewed pumpkin, one cupful of sugar, two eggs, one pint of nice milk, a pinch of salt, and a half teaspoonful of ginger.

Old Style—One quart of stewed pumpkin, teaspoonful of ginger, teaspoonful of cinnamon, same of salt and two teaspoonfuls of flour. Mix well with the pumpkin, add one large cup of good molasses, cup of sugar, two pints of milk, and beat well. Bake slowly in deep tins with a single crust.—*Selected*.



"OLD FASHIONED BATTERCAKES.—Heat one pint of milk to near the boiling point, and stir into it one tablespoonful of butter; stir gradually into the scalding milk one pint of sifted cornmeal and one scant teaspoonful of salt; when cool, add two eggs beaten light without separating the white and yolk, and one tablespoonful of sifted flour. Beat the batter until

thoroughly blended and light, and it should be quite thin. Have the griddle very hot, but not so hot as to burn the batter, and it must be well greased with lard. Pour the batter on the griddle by generous spoonfuls, and turn the cakes as soon as the under side is browned. They should be thin, and quite brown when done, and should be eaten with pork gravy or butter."



Camphor as a Deodorizer.—Camphor is most useful as a deodorizer for the sick-room. Place a lump of it in an old saucer, and when required apply to it the tip of a red-hot poker. The fumes which arise will impart to the room a pleasing freshness.

The Children's Corner

PAVE YOUR WAY TO INDEPENDENCE.

"COME, Charlie, I want you to drive a few nails in the shed for me," said Nettie to her brother the other day.

Charlie was splitting wood at the time, and her father, overhearing the request of his daughter, said:

"Why not drive them yourself?"

"Because I can't," she replied.

"Because you can't!" he responded. "Why, McCarty says there's no such word in the book. Come here, and I'll show you how to drive the nails."

With hammer in one hand and nails in the other he went into the shed, drove a few into the door, and then gave the remainder to Nettie. She found it an easy thing to drive the nails, and felt quite proud of her achievement in the mechanical art. She having completed the work, her father said:

"Now, my girl, that lesson makes you independent. Some of these days I'll teach you how to drive a horse, sharpen a knife, and whittle, too, without cutting your fingers. Don't you let the doors creak on their hinges for want of an oiled feather; or the little children's shoes, or your own shoes, get hard in the winter time for want of a little grease.

"And as for you, my boys," said his father, turning to Charlie and his little seven-year-old brother, "you ought to learn how to make a bed, sweep a room, or sew on a button. A little cooking will not hurt you. Many a beefsteak and fresh fish have I cooked in my day, and my mother told me when I was a boy I could beat any boy making a pot of coffee. There is no telling what your lot may be, or where you will be cast, some time during life. The most helpless people I have met were those who could do only one kind of work. All you boys and girls should learn some one thing very well, and make that your dependence for a living, but add to it as much skill as you can; for it costs nothing to carry knowledge, and it enables you to pave your way to independence."—*Selected*.



THE QUIET HOUR

TELL YOUR TROUBLES TO THE LORD.

IRA P. DEAN.

Let me tell the troubled sister who is filled with grief
and woe,

Who is seeking peace and comfort, but she don't know
where to go,

When you've sung sweet hymns and read good books
and they no peace afford,

Never bother with your neighbors,

Tell your troubles to the Lord.

When you've just hung out the wash and it begins to rain.

And everything you try to do just seems to be in vain,
Do not sit around and worry, though you've lost the
golden cord,

Never bother with your neighbors,

Tell your troubles to the Lord.

When evil seems to be with you, and stay the whole day
through,

And when your husband comes from work and tells
his griefs to you;

'Tis just the devil trying to tempt you with his fiendish
horde.

Never bother with your neighbors,

Tell your troubles to the Lord.

When a tender tie is broken and there is a vacant spot,

And all the greatest troubles really seem to be your lot,
Remember how the widow's son our Savior once restored,

Never bother with your neighbors,

Tell your troubles to the Lord.



MIRACLES, PAST AND PRESENT.

IRA E. LONG.

God through his prophet Isaiah speaking to men says, "For as the heavens are higher than the earth so are my ways higher than your ways and my thoughts higher than your thoughts." The truth of this statement is strikingly attested by the miracles wrought by God in all the dispensations of his dealings with men.

Generally speaking, we may divide the history of time into three epochs or dispensations. The first covered the time from the creation to the birth of Christ. During this time God dealt direct with men through individuals chosen by him for the express purpose of revealing his will.

The second dispensation was ushered in by the birth of Christ and continues indeed until the end of time but was most active during the sojourn of Christ here on earth.

The last began upon the day of Pentecost and under the direction of the Holy Ghost will continue until God comes to reign personally and universally over his kingdom.

In each of these dispensations miracles were wrought but we notice a marked difference in their nature. In Old Testament times miracles were mostly performed upon matter merely. Water came from the rock, manna fell from heaven, cities fell down, men were saved from furnace of fire, etc.

In the second dispensation the miracles were largely of the same nature and consist for the most part of the suspension or temporary changing of the laws of nature. But coming to the last dispensation we find this difference that miracles were performed upon the souls of men rather than upon material substance.

The first miracles then were only a sign of something greater to come. They were temporary in nature. The blind eye saw and the dumb tongue spake but afterward nature asserted itself and the eye that saw was closed in death and the tongue that spake was hushed by the same agency. The dead were raised to life but finally nature prevailed and the person was forced to go the way of all the earth.

In 1 Cor. Chap. 6, Paul gives us an example of the kind of miracles being wrought by the Holy Ghost. He says, "Neither fornicators nor idolaters . . . nor thieves nor covetous nor drunkards . . . shall inherit the kingdom of God," and continuing says, "and such were some of you but ye are washed, but ye are sanctified, but ye are justified in the name of the Lord Jesus and by the Spirit of our God."

This is the nature of miracles wrought by the Holy Ghost. Men who were adulterers, thieves, drunkards, etc., are cleansed, sanctified, justified. Miracles performed upon the souls of men. These are enduring. Upon these nature has no effect. They last not only in time but stretch away into eternity.

The day of miracles then is not past. These miracles are being performed now. These miracles we should expect through faith in God and the power of the Holy Spirit to accompany our praying and preaching now. The Lord grant that it may be so.



"THE great test of what a man is at heart is what he does with Jesus Christ."

LIFE.

ZACH. NEHER.

THE means of life is death, or giving up. Years ago the cradle and hand sickle were the only means of harvesting grain here. Why are they not so recognized now? Has the means of life changed? No, only the means of harvesting grain. We have something better. All life is continually throwing off the old and taking on new. If we progress we must cast aside the old and take up with the new. It is possible by our strenuousness we may cast aside the old too soon, or stick to the old too long. Then is our progress hindered, but it must go to keep alive. That is fundamental. All vegetation must die to live again, in other forms.

This is true in the Christian life, business world, and fashion of society. No person can possibly live in the fashion of society without casting aside the old and putting on the new. His own will or notion does not figure in the matter. Even his purse does not change the principle of living. He *must* do it or *die*,—step down and out. The same is true in Christian living. Our own notions or views do not count in this (giving up) law of life.

The throwing off of the old and taking on the new is not done by exertion or effort. It is the life within pushing out. Our part is to yield, give up, and *live*.

It is hard, very hard to give up something that possibly was at one time very useful and a good means to maintain life. But it is no more useful as a means; therefore should be cast aside.

Many people worship the form and lose sight of the ideal which is the real cause of much spiritual sickness and death. Life is all in all; death the means to gain it all.

Reeds, Mo.



FACTS ABOUT MISSION WORK.

A RETURNED missionary to India, H. M. Scudder, drew up a statement of the principal facts relative to mission work, as they have been verified in his experience of many years. What he has to say is so impressive and suggestive that we here reproduce it for permanent reference.

1. The heathen are conscious of sin. Their religious works contain affecting confessions of sin and yearnings for deliverance.

2. The heathen feel the need of some satisfaction to be made for their sins. They have devised many penances, asceticisms, and self-tortures. These fail to break the bondage. They do not give the conscience peace.

3. The heathen need a divine Deliverer, one who can make the satisfaction and inspire the peace.

4. There is a command in the New Testament to

go and disciple all the heathen nations in the name of this Deliverer.

5. This command emanates from the Supreme Authority. It is from the lips of Christ himself.

6. This command is addressed to all Christians in every age, until every human being is converted. He who said, "Go preach to every creature," added: "Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." The command and promise reach unto the end.

7. The missionary spirit is the spirit of Christ. The soul or the church that does not possess it is dead.

8. If we love the person of Christ, we shall desire that his glory shall fill all lands.

9. If we love the truth of Christ, we shall be intent upon its proclamation till every false religion is vanquished by it.

10. We are not Jews, but Gentiles. Our lineage is heathen. The missionary enterprise rescued us from paganism. Gratitude for our own emancipation and love for our brethren, the heathen of all countries, should move us with a mighty impulse to engage in the missionary work.

11. We ourselves are the offspring of the missionary enterprise. To turn against it is like a man's turning against his own mother.—*The Missionary Outlook*.



WHAT IT COSTS.

MEN forget that, if they would reign with Christ, they must also suffer with him. They have not understood that whosoever would be a disciple must take up his own cross. True refinement implies the fire of the smelting furnace as the purified result which issues therefrom. Character, like conquest, presupposes conflict, none the less, that it has come by the way of faith. Men easily forget that Egypt and the wilderness came before the promised land. They need always to be reminded that thorns composed the Messiah's first crown, and that the sign of God's choice, in men's sight, is as likely to be pains and perils as it is any earthly pleasures. Christians must bear about in their bodies the marks of the Lord Jesus, as evidence that they belong to the elect race, the royal family of God. Refinement must in some sense have been an experience before it can become a possession. Faith implies active fellowship with a living Redeemer, and not merely passive assent to a work performed. The culture that comes from God is a gift which is costly to the receiver as well as the giver. No man can surely have faith in Christ and him crucified who does not in his refinement show signs of the cross.—*Selected*.



"SOME men gaggingly strain at a gnat of error in the life of another, but they swallow with ease a whole camel of inconsistencies in their own lives and give no evidence of digestive disturbance after it is down."



ECHOES FROM EVERYWHERE



Five miles of the Panama Canal have been opened to navigation. This includes the channel from the point in the Bay of Panama, where the water is forty-five feet deep at mean tide, to the wharves at Balboa. Steamships are using this part of the canal daily.

Central Illinois trappers say the fur harvest this year will exceed that of former years and will aggregate \$1,000,000. Some of the trappers earn from \$10 to \$20 a night. Kane county alone is expected to ship \$20,000 worth of raw fur, mainly muskrats.

The Italian Parliament will soon be called upon to provide for a special department to unroll and decipher papyri discovered at Herculaneum. It is trusted that this action may be taken immediately. Some previous documents have been damaged irrevocably because of legislative delay and neglect.

The French chamber of deputies has adopted an amendment to the tariff bill that materially increases the duty on American agricultural machinery. French manufacturers claim that the proposed increase is so great that it is likely to cause foreign manufacturers to establish plants in that country.

Hazing in all its forms has been permanently abolished at the University of Wisconsin by the final step taken by the freshmen class in a recent meeting, in which the first year students unanimously ratified the resolutions of the student conference committee ruling against all forms of hazing. All of the student organizations have ratified the resolutions.

Recognizing that those representatives of modern hygiene who advocate fresh air and plenty of it should be deferred to as well as those who delight to smoke the weed, the Erie railroad has decided to put on a fresh-air car with every train. It will have open windows and ventilators, so that not even the most addicted fresh-air fiend can complain.

A resolution calling for the appointment of a commission of seven persons to inquire into the advisability of holding a negro exposition in 1913, the semi-centennial of the emancipation proclamation, was introduced in the National House by Representative Rodenberg of East St. Louis. The resolution calls for an expenditure of \$5,000, but provides that the commissioners shall serve without pay.

Some years ago when the life insurance scandals shocked the world and investigation began, the fire insurance companies were found not to be tainted. Now, however, a big scandal comes out for the Phoenix Insurance Co. of Brooklyn, one of the oldest in the country, showing that on account of irregularities and overdrawings on the part of the president of the company the surplus is impaired by at least \$1,000,000.

An international conference is proposed for the preservation of the fur seal and all marine mammals, including whales, walruses, sea lions, and sea elephants. Some of these animals are now all but extinct, and the government considers it time to formulate an international law for their preservation. The Japanese seem to be the chief offenders, for they have even ventured within the three-mile limit to carry on their work of destruction.

In Halmstad, Sweden, a manufacturer has started a spinning mill for making yarn out of paper. Such mills already exist in Germany and France. So far the manufacture of rugs and carpets seems to be the best practical use of this new paper yarn. It is said that people in Sweden, especially in the province of Ostergotland, are already making carpets with paper weft. Narrow rolls of paper tape are used, but this of course is not spun.

King Leopold of Belgium, after an illness of two weeks, died Dec. 17. Prince Albert, a nephew of the king, has succeeded to the Belgian crown. King Leopold is survived by three daughters, and since the king's death his marriage to Baroness Vaughan in 1908 has been made public and she is therefore left his widow. Because of this fact, she will doubtless come in for a large share of Leopold's ill-gotten riches and his daughters are already preparing to contest her claims.

Representatives of J. P. Morgan & Co. of New York emphatically deny that either the first or the second purchase of independent telephone systems in Indiana and Ohio, recently made by Morgan interests, was in behalf of the Bell people. The companies, it is declared, will continue to be operated independently. The first purchase was of two companies, and the second was of six. The eight comprise all of the important independent systems of Ohio and Indiana. Morgan is said to have paid \$10,000,000 to complete the second deal.

The annual report of the United States life saving service shows that during the fiscal year there were 1,376 marine disasters involving the lives of 8,900 persons that called the life saving service into activity. Seventy-two vessels were totally lost, although only thirty people gave up their lives in consequence. The total value of the property involved in the disasters was \$16,106,000, the value of property lost being \$2,295,380. Of the 1,376 vessels meeting disaster the life saving service rendered aid to 1,319 valued with their cargoes at \$13,316,815.

William Loeb Jr., collector of the port of New York, has approved the claim to moiety by Richard Parr, the deputy collector and original informer in the sugar frauds, on the \$2,135,486 paid into the United States treasury by the American Sugar Refining Company as restitution for duties evaded by underweighing. According to the statutes regulating such awards, Parr will receive "not exceed-

ing in amount one-half of the net proceeds," which will mean in this case, if the claim is approved by the Treasury Department, approximately \$1,000,000. There is some confiction of statutes concerning payments of this character, but it is said that in any event Parr will receive 30 per cent of the amount named, or approximately \$700,000.

Herr Wannowski is at present the great German popular hero; he is the Berlin detective who has ferreted out the grafts at the Kiel shipyards by which the government has lost millions of dollars. He is an improvement even on Sherlock Holmes, as he uses not only the classic devices of the regular detective police but brings to his aid also the keenest deductive logic. He has run to ground a number of crimes which had baffled the regular police of Alexanderplatz, the Berlin "Scotland Yard," and has been decorated by the emperor for his wonderful work.

Governor General Zyn returned from St. Petersburg recently armed with a warrant from the czar to revive immediately the most oppressive Finnish regulations, which amount to the enslavement of Finland. One of the regulations is for a new system of taxation in Finland by which it will have to pay \$8,000,000 for Russia's national defense, instead of \$4,000,000 as heretofore, and will also have to pay the expenses of Russia's policing of Finland itself. At the first sign of resistance to Zyn's orders the constitution will be suspended and the governor general will become the absolute dictator.

It begins to look as if the snubbing of trusts would become popular among departmental heads in Washington. The Secretary of War recently issued an order forbidding the purchase of oil from the Standard company and now it is announced that the Secretary of the Navy has begun an investigation to ascertain whether or not such an order can be put into effect in his department. The use of oil is becoming more general in the navy and it is essential that a uniform quality be secured. A large corporation that has branches in all parts of the world is of course better able to serve the government than a smaller independent concern.

At the meeting of the Illinois Grange at Rockford Dec. 16 unalterable opposition to any ship subsidy legislation was expressed. The State grange went on record as favoring postal savings banks, but opposed any postal savings act prepared for the benefit of Wall Street and the banking interests. Resolutions favoring a country-wide parcel post, election of United States senators by direct vote and asking for a law requiring that all moneys collected for automobile licenses be turned over to the State highway commission, to be used in building permanent highways, were adopted. Springfield was selected as the place of meeting next year.

All miners should obtain a copy of a publication just issued by the United States geological survey. In it will be found instructions which, if followed, will save many lives. It is a primer on explosives and represents the results of the investigations which the survey has been conducting in the laboratory at Pittsburg. Vigorous objection is made to the use of black powder in any mine where there is danger of a gas or coal-dust explosion. Investigations have proved that the flame from the explosion of black powder lasts from 2,500 to 3,500 times as long as the flame from the newer explosives and therefore is more likely to ignite gas or dust in mines.

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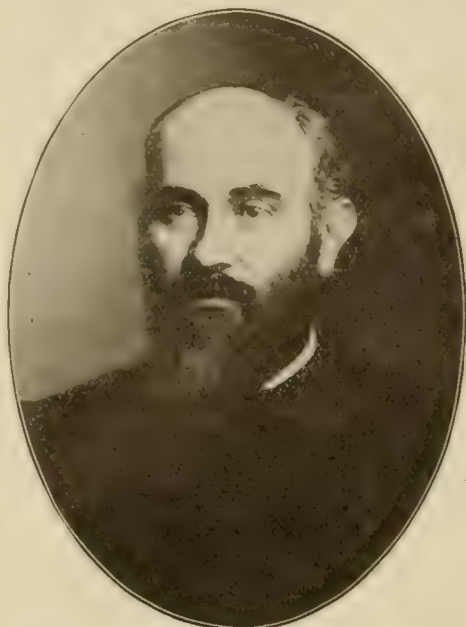
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